CHAPTER XI.

THE REVOLUTION—(*Continued*).

Williamson's Expedition—Crawford's Sandusky Expedition.

THE unsuccessful campaign of Gen. Clarke down the Ohio was followed by two expeditions sent from Western Pennsylvania against some settlements or villages on the Muskingum occupied by Indian converts, usually known as the Moravian Indians.

Both these expeditions were under command of Col. David Williamson, of Washington County, and were made up of volunteers from the region between the Monongahela and Ohio Rivers. It is not known or believed that any men from what is now Fayette County served in these campaigns under Williamson, and they are only noticed here because they were connected in some degree with Col. Crawford's Indian campaign, which immediately followed them, and of which a more extended narrative will be given.

Williamson's first expedition, consisting of between seventy-five and one hundred men, went out late in the fall of 1781. The reason for this movement against the peaceable Moravian Indians was that many of the frontiersmen believed, or professed to believe, that they (the Moravians) were secretly in league with the warlike savages who lived farther to the west; that even if they did not take active part in the frequent raids and butcheries, they did at least give shelter, subsistence, and information to the Shawanese and Wyandot warriors, and some even believed that the Moravians themselves mingled with the war-parties and wielded the knife and tomahawk. Williamson, in this expedition, did not intend to use fire and sword, but to induce the Indians of the Moravian towns to remove farther from the Ohio, or, if he failed to accomplish this, to take them all as prisoners to Fort Pitt. With this intention he moved his force rapidly towards their towns on the Muskingum. But in the mean time he had been forestalled in his projected work by a large party of the hostile Indians, who charged the Moravians with being in league with the whites, and on this plea had visited their towns, broken them up, driven the people away to Sandusky, and carried the white Moravian missionaries residing among them, prisoners to Detroit.

On his arrival at the towns, Williamson found them deserted, except by a small party of the Moravians, who had been driven away, but who had been allowed by their captors to return for the purpose of gathering some corn which had been left standing in the fields near the villages. This party he took prisoners and marched them to Fort Pitt, where, however, they were soon after set at liberty by Gen. Irvine, the commandant.

The second expedition led by Col. Williamson against the Moravian settlements was made up, on the frontier in the latter part of February, and completed its bloody work in March, 1782. It was composed of volunteers (mostly mounted) from the country west of the Monongahela,[1] but no lists of their names or places of residence have been preserved, a fact which is not strange in view of the odium which has justly attached to the expedition and its barbarous work during the century which has followed its execution.

In the winter of 1781–82 about one hundred and fifty of the Moravian Indians (including many women and children), who had been driven away from their towns in the preceding autumn, were permitted by the Wyandot chiefs to return to them to secure the corn which was still left in the fields there, and to make preparations for a new crop. The kind manner in which Gen. Irvine had treated their people who had been carried as prisoners to Fort Pitt the previous fall had reassured them, so that they came back to the villages without much fear of violence from the whites east of the Ohio.

The weather in the month of February had been remarkably fine, so that war-parties of Indians from Sandusky had been able to move earlier than usual, and had committed many depredations in the white settlements. As these inroads had occurred so early in the season it was generally believed by the settlers that the hostile parties had not come all the way from the Sandusky towns, but that the outrages were either committed by Moravians or by hostile Indians from the west who had been sheltered by them, and had

[1] Stone, in his "Life of Brant," ii. 220, says, "A band of between one and two hundred men from the settlements of the Monongahela turned out in quest of the marauders [those who had committed atrocities on the frontier east of the Ohio, and part of whom were supposed to be the Moravians], thirsting for vengeance, under the command of Col. David Williamson."

On page 143 of "Contributions to American History," published by the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, is found the following: "In March, 1782, one hundred and sixty militiamen living upon the Monongahela set off on horseback to the Muskingum, in order to destroy three Moravian Indian settlements."

Col. Whittlesey, in the "American Pioneer," vol. ii, p. 428, says, "They were principally from the Monongahela region, and appointed Williamson to the command."

made the Muskingum settlements their base of operations. It was declared that in either case the blame was chargeable on the Moravians, and as a consequence the frontiersmen resolved to destroy them. The horrible story of the manner in which this was accomplished by Williamson's men is told in the Pennsylvania Archives, 1781–83, page 524, as follows:

"Relation of what Frederick Linebach was told by two of his Neighbours living near Delaware River, above Easton, who were just returned from the Monongahela:

"That some time in February one hundred & sixty Men, living upon Monaungahela set off on Horseback to the Muskingum, in order to destroy Three Indian Settlements, of which they seemed to be sure of being the Touns of some Enemy Indians. After coming nigh to one of the Touns they discovered some Indians on both sides of the River Muskingum. They then concluded to divide themselves in Two parties, the one to cross the River and the other to attack those Indians on this side. When the party got over the River they saw one of the Indians coming up towards them. They laid themselves flat on the ground waiting till the Indian was nigh enough, then one of them shot the Indian and broke his arm; then three of the Militia ran towards him with Tomahawks; when they were yet a little distance from him he ask'd them why they had fired at him; he was Minister Sheboshch's (John Bull's) Son, but they took no notice of what he said, but killed him on the Spot. They then surrounded the field, and took all the other Indians Prisoners. The Indians told them that they were Christians and made no resistance, when the Militia gave them to understand that they must bring them as Prisoners to Fort Pitt they seemed to be very glad. They were ordered to prepare themselves for the Journey, and to take all their Effects along with them. Accordingly they did so. They were asked how it came they had no Cattle? They answered that the small Stock that was left them had been sent to Sandusky.

"In the Evening the Militia held a Council, when the Commander of the Militia told his men that he would leave it to their choice either to carry the Indians as Prisoners to Fort Pitt or to kill them; when they agreed that they should be killed. Of this Resolution of the Council they gave notice to the Indians by two Messengers, who told them that as they had said they were Christians they would give them time this night to prepare themselves accordingly. Hereupon the Women met together and sung Hymns & Psalms all Night, and so likewise did the Men, and kept on singing as long as there were three left. In the morning the Militia chose Two houses, which they called the Slaughter Houses, and then fetched the Indians two or three at a time with Ropes about their Necks and dragged them into the Slaughter houses, where they knocked them down; then they set these Two houses on Fire, as likewise all the other houses. This done they went to the other Towns and set fire to the Houses, took their plunder, and returned to the Monaungahela, where they held a Vendue among themselves. Before these Informants came away it was agreed that 600 men should meet on the 18th of March to go to Sandusky, which is about 100 Miles from the Muskingum."

The number of Moravian Indians killed was reported by Williamson's party on their return at eighty-eight, but the white Moravian missionaries in their account gave the number of the murdered ones as ninety-six,—sixty-two adults, male and female, and thirty-four children.

The result of this expedition gave great mortification and grief to Gen. Irvine, who tried, as far as lay in his power, to suppress all accounts of the horrible details. By those who were engaged in the bloody work it was vehemently asserted that their action was generally approved by the people of the frontier settlements; but it is certain that the statement was unfounded. Col. Edward Cook, of Cookstown (now Fayette City), the county lieutenant of Westmoreland (who had succeeded the unfortunate Col. Lochry in that office in December, 1781), in a letter addressed by him to President Moore, dated Sept. 2, 1782, expressed himself in regard to this Moravian massacre as follows:

" . . . I am informed that you have it Reported that the Massacre of the Moravian Indians Obtains the Approbation of Every man on this side of the Mountains, which I assure your Excellency is false; that the Better Part of the Community are of Opinion the Perpetrators of that wicked Deed ought to be Brought to Condein Punishment; that without something is Done by Government in the Matter it will Disgrace the Annals of the United States, and be an Everlasting Plea and Cover for British Cruelty." And the testimony of a man of the character and standing of Col. Edward Cook is above and beyond the possibility of impeachment.

CRAWFORD'S SANDUSKY EXPEDITION.

Even before the disbandment of the volunteers composing Williamson's expedition the project had been formed for a new and more formidable one to be raised to march against the Indian towns at Sandusky, the headquarters of the hostile tribes that were so constantly and persistently depredating the frontier settlements east of the Ohio. Mention of such a project is found in Linebach's "Relation" (before quoted), where he says, "It was agreed that six hundred men should meet on the 18th of March to go to Sandusky. . . ." Whether this was the inception of the plan or not, it is certain that immediately afterwards it was known to, and favorably entertained by, nearly all the people living west of the Laurel Hill.

As a matter of course, the first step to be taken was to lay the matter before the commandant at Fort

Pitt, Gen. Irvine, to secure his countenance and approbation. That this was successfully accomplished is shown by the following extract from a letter written by the general to President Moore of the Council, dated Fort Pitt, May 9, 1782, viz.:

"A volunteer expedition is talked of against Sandusky, which, if well conducted, may be of great service to this country; if they behave well on this occasion it may also in some measure atone for the barbarity they are charged with at Muskingum. They have consulted me, and shall have every countenance in my power if their numbers, arrangements, etc., promise a prospect of success." There is in the tone of this letter an evident resolve on the part of the general that this new expedition should be very different in character from that which had so recently and so barbarously executed vengeance against the unresisting Moravians; and this was afterwards made still more apparent by his determined opposition to Col. Williamson as commander.

The direction and control of the projected expedition was, of course, with Gen. Irvine, as the commanding officer of the department. "It was as carefully considered and as authoritatively planned as any military enterprise in the West during the Revolution. As a distinct undertaking, it was intended to be effectual in ending the troubles upon the western frontiers of Pennsylvania and Virginia. Its promoters were not only the principal military and civil officers in the Western Department, but a large proportion of the best-known and most influential private citizens." According to the plan of the expedition, it was to be made up of volunteers, each one of whom was to equip himself with a horse, arms, and supplies; and it was given out, and not doubted, that the State of Pennsylvania would reimburse all who might sustain losses in the campaign. Great exertions were made to induce men to volunteer, and the result was a rapid recruitment. Many who were willing to serve in the expedition were unable to equip themselves for a campaign in the Indian country, but in nearly all such cases some friend was found who would loan a horse or furnish supplies. The dangerous and desperate nature of the enterprise was fully understood, yet such enthusiasm was exhibited in all the settlements that in the early part of May the number of men obtained was regarded as sufficient for the successful accomplishment of the purposes of the campaign.

The volunteers composing the expedition were nearly all from the country then comprised in the counties of Westmoreland and Washington. Of those raised in the former county many were from the vicinity of Uniontown and Georges Creek, and from the valleys of the Youghiogheny and Redstone. These collected at Redstone Old Fort, where they were joined by men from the settlements lower down the Monongahela and Youghiogheny. Crossing the Monongahela at the mouth of Dunlap's Creek, they proceeded northwestwardly, receiving considerable accessions to their numbers from the settlements on Ten-Mile and at Catfish.[1] From the latter point they moved on through Washington County and across what is now known as the Pan Handle of West Virginia (where their numbers were still further augmented) to the Ohio River, at a point on its left bank opposite Mingo Bottom,[2] the appointed rendezvous of the expedition, where the volunteers had been directed to assemble on the 20th of May.

The enthusiasm in favor of the expedition was so great in the settlements and among the volunteers that as early as the 15th of the month a great proportion of them had made all their arrangements[3] and were on their way to the place of meeting. But they did not all arrive at the time appointed, and it was not until the morning of the 24th that the last of the volunteers had crossed from the Virginia side to the rendezvous. When, on the same day, the forces were mustered on the Mingo Bottom, it was found that four hundred and eighty[4] mounted men were present, ready and eager for duty.[5] Of this number fully three hundred were from Washington County, while of the remainder the greater part were from the territory of the present county of Fayette, only a comparatively small number having been raised in the other parts of Westmoreland, and about twenty in the Pan Handle of Virginia.[6]

Following is a list of men from what is now Fayette County who accompanied the expedition. The

[1] Now Washington, the county-seat of Washington County, Pa.

[2] Mingo Bottom, the site of the "Old Mingo Town," is on the west bank of the Ohio River, about two and a half miles below Steubenville, Ohio.

[3] Butterfield, in his "Expedition against Sandusky," says, "It is a tradition—nay, an established fact—that many, aside from the ordinary arrangements necessary for a month's absence (not so much, however, from a presentiment of disaster as from that prudence which careful and thoughtful men are prone to exercise), executed deeds 'in consideration of love and affection,' and many witnesses were called in to subscribe to 'last wills and testaments.'" The commander of the expedition, Col. Crawford, executed his will before departing on the fatal journey to the Wyandot towns.

[4] Lieut. John Rose (usually mentioned in accounts of the expedition as *Maj.* Rose), an aide-de-camp of Gen. Irvine, who had been detailed for the same duty with the commander of this expedition, wrote to the general on the evening of the 24th from Mingo Bottom, and in the letter he said, "Our number is actually four hundred and eighty men." This was a more favorable result than had been anticipated, as is shown by a letter written three days before (May 21st) to Gen. Washington by Gen. Irvine, in which the latter said, "The volunteers are assembling this day at Mingo Bottom, all on horseback, with thirty days' provisions. . . . If their number exceeds three hundred I am of opinion they may succeed, as their march will be so rapid they will probably, in a great degree, effect a surprise."

[5] "All were in high spirits. Everywhere around there was a pleasurable excitement. Jokes were bandied and sorrows at parting with loved ones at home quite forgotten, at least could outward appearances be relied upon. Nevertheless furtive glances up the western hillsides into the deep woods kept alive in the minds of some the dangerous purpose of all this bustle and activity."—*Butterfield's Historical Account of the Expedition against Sandusky under Col. William Crawford.*

[6] Col. Marshal, of Washington County, in a letter addressed to Gen. Irvine, dated May 29, 1782, claimed that of the 480 men composing the forces of the expedition 320 were from his county, 20 from Ohio County, Va., and the remainder (or, as he said, about 130) from the county of Westmoreland, including the present territory of Fayette.

list (which is not claimed to be a complete one, but which certainly embraces the greater part of those who went from this county) is made up from various sources, but principally from the minutes of a "Court of Appeal" (a military tribunal) held at various times in the spring and summer of 1782 at Uniontown, before Alexander McClean, sub-lieutenant of the county, viz.:

James Collins.	John Smilie.
Abraham Plunket.	Michael Frank.
John Alton.	James Wood.
Moses Smith.	James Rankin.
Thomas Patton.	Edward Hall.
Reuben Kemp.	James Downard.
Barnabas Walters.	Zachariah Brashears.
John Patrick.	Henry Coxe.
Josiah Rich.	John Chadwick.
Michael Andrews.	John Hardin, Jr.
Peter Patrick.	George Robins.
Thomas Ross.	Dennis Callaghan.
Isaac Prickett.	Thomas Kendall.
William Ross.	Joseph Huston.
Jeremiah Cook.	Crisley Cofman.
James Waits.	Jacob Weatherholt.
Thomas Carr.	John Jones.
Joshua Reed.	John Walters.
Richard Clark.	Charles Hickman.
Silvanus Barnes.	Henry Hart.
George McCristy.	Caleb Winget.
Joseph Moore.	Webb Hayden.
John Collins.	William Jolliff.
George Scott.	Benjamin Carter.
Edward Thomas.	John Orr.
Alexander McOwen.	Daniel Barton.
Obadiah Stillwell.	Providence Mounts.
Levi Bridgewater.	Philip Smith.
Jonas Same.	Aaron Longstreet.
Matthias Neiley.	William Case.
George Pearce.	Richard Hankins.
Abraham White.	John White.
James Clark.	James McCoy.
John Lucas.	George McCoy.
Jeremiah Gard.	—— McCaddon.
Daniel Harbaugh.	Nicholas Dawson.
James Paull.	Daniel Canon.
John Rodgers.	Alexander Carson.
John Sherrard.	Richard Hale.
John Crawford.	Robert Miller.
Uriah Springer.	John Custard.
Christopher Beeler.	

It was in the afternoon of the 24th of May that the force was mustered and divided into eighteen companies, their average strength, of course, being about twenty-six men. They were made thus small on account of the peculiar nature of the service in which they were to engage,—skirmishing, firing from cover, and practicing the numberless artifices and stratagems belonging to Indian warfare. Another object gained in the formation of these unusually small companies was the gathering together of neighbors and acquaintances in the same command. For each company there were then elected, a captain, a lieutenant, and an ensign. One of the companies was commanded by Capt. John Beeson,[1] of Uniontown; another by Capt. John Hardin, with John Lucas as lieutenant; a third by Capt. Joseph Huston, of Tyrone, father of Joseph Huston, afterwards sheriff of Fayette County; and a fourth by Capt. John Biggs,[2] with Edward Stewart as lieutenant, and William Crawford, Jr. (nephew of Col. William Crawford), as ensign. One or two other companies were made up largely of men from the territory which now forms the counties of Fayette and Westmoreland, but of these the captains' names have not been ascertained. "Among those [captains] chosen," says Butterfield, in his narrative of the expedition, "were McGeehan, Hoagland, Beeson, Munn, Ross, Ogle, John Biggs, Craig Ritchie, John Miller, Joseph Bean, and Andrew Hood, . . . and James Paull remembered, fifty years after, that the lieutenant of his company was Edward Stewart."

After the several companies had been duly formed and organized, the line-officers and men proceeded to elect field-officers and a commandant of the expeditionary force. For the latter office there were two candidates. One of these was Col. David Williamson, who had previously led the expedition against the Moravian Indians on the Muskingum, and his chances of election seemed excellent, because he was a resident of Washington County, which had furnished two-thirds of the men composing the forces. His competitor for the command was Col. William Crawford, whose home was on the Youghiogheny River, near Braddock's Crossing, in what is now Fayette County. He was a regular army officer in the Continental establishment of the Virginia Line, well versed in Indian modes of fighting, and had already made an enviable military record; he enjoyed much personal popularity, and was also the one whom Gen. Irvine wished to see selected for the command.[3]

When the votes—four hundred and sixty-five in number—were counted, it was found that Williamson had received two hundred and thirty against two hundred and thirty-five cast for Col. Crawford, who thereupon became commandant of the forces of the expedition.[4] Four majors were then elected, viz.:

[1] In the minutes of the military "Court of Appeal," before referred to, is this entry, under date of June 5, 1782: "Capt. John Beeson's Company—9th. No Return for Duty, being all out on the Expedition."

[2] It is not known that Capt. Biggs was of Fayette, but his lieutenant, ensign, and many of the men of his company were residents of this part of Westmoreland.

[3] Gen. Irvine wrote to Gen. Washington on the 21st of May,—"I have taken some pains to get Col. Crawford appointed to command, and hope he will be."

[4] Doddridge, in his "Notes" (page 265), says of Crawford that "when notified of his appointment it is said that he accepted it with apparent

David Williamson, of Washington County, Thomas Gaddis and John McClelland, of that part of Westmoreland which is now Fayette, and —— Brinton, their rank and seniority being in the order as here named. Daniel Leet was elected brigade-major. John Slover, of Fayette County, and Jonathan Zane were designated as guides or pilots to the advancing column. Dr. John Knight,[1] post surgeon at Fort Pitt, had been detailed as surgeon to the expedition.

Instructions addressed "to the officer who will be appointed to command a detachment of volunteer militia on an expedition against the Indian town at or near Sandusky" had been forwarded by Gen. Irvine from Fort Pitt on the 21st of May. In these instructions the general expressed himself as follows:

"The object of your command is to destroy with fire and sword, if practicable, the Indian town and settlement at Sandusky, by which we hope to give ease and safety to the inhabitants of this country; but if impracticable, then you will doubtless perform such other services in your power as will in their consequences have a tendency to answer this great end.

"Previous to taking up your line of march it will be highly expedient that all matters respecting rank or command should be well understood, as far at least as first, second, and third.[2] This precaution, in case of accident or misfortune, may be of great importance. Indeed, I think whatever grade or rank may be fixed on to have command, their relative rank should be determined. And it is indispensably necessary that subordination and discipline should be kept up; the whole ought to understand that, notwithstanding they are volunteers, yet by this tour they are to get credit for it in their tours of military duty, and that for this and other good reasons they must, while out on this duty, consider themselves, to all intent, subject to the military laws and regulations for the government of the militia when in actual service.

"Your best chance of success will be, if possible, to effect a *surprise*, and though this will be difficult, yet by forced and rapid marches it may, in a great degree, be accomplished. I am clearly of opinion that you should regulate your last day's march so as to reach the town about dawn of day, or a little before, and that the march of this day should be as long as can well be performed.

"I need scarcely mention to so virtuous and disinterested a set of men as you will have the honor to command that though the main object at present is for the purpose above set forth, viz., the protection of this country, yet you are to consider yourselves as acting in behalf of and for the United States, that of course it will be incumbent on you especially who will have the command to act in every instance in such a manner as will reflect honor on, and add reputation to, the American arms, of nations or independent States.[3]

"Should any person, British, or in the service or pay of Britain or their allies, fall into your hands, if it should prove inconvenient for you to bring them off, you will, nevertheless, take special care to liberate them on parole, in such manner as to insure liberty for an equal number of people in their hands. There are individuals, however, who I think should be brought off at all events should the fortune of war throw them into your hands. I mean such as have

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reluctance." Concerning this, Butterfield, in his narrative of the expedition, says,—

"It has been extensively circulated that Crawford accepted the office of commander of the expedition with apparent reluctance, but Rose (Maj. Rose, of Gen. Irvine's staff) settles that question. His reluctance was not in taking command of the troops after the election, but in joining the expedition. He left his home with the full understanding that he was to lead the volunteers. Gen. Irvine, it is true, allowed the troops to choose their own commander, but he was not backward in letting it be known that he desired the election of Crawford."

[1] Dr. John Knight was a resident of Bullskin township, in what was afterwards made Fayette County. In 1776 he had enlisted in the West Augusta regiment (13th Virginia) as a private soldier. Soon after enlisting he was made a sergeant by Col. Crawford, the commanding officer of the regiment. On the 9th of August, 1778, he was appointed surgeon's mate in the 9th Virginia. Afterwards he was promoted to surgeon of the 7th Virgina (under command of Col. John Gibson), and held that position in the same regiment at the time the Sandusky expedition was fitted out. He was then detached by order of Gen. Irvine, and at the request of Col. Crawford, to act as surgeon of that expedition. On the 21st of May he left Fort Pitt to join the expeditionary forces, and reached the rendezvous at Mingo Bottom on the 22d. After encountering all the dangers and hardships of the campaign, from which he narrowly escaped with his life, he returned to his regiment, and remained on duty as its surgeon at Fort Pitt till the close of the war, when he left military life. On the 14th of October, 1784, he married Polly, daughter of Col. Richard Stevenson, who was a half-brother of Col. Crawford. Subsequently Dr. Knight removed to Shelbyville, Ky., where he died March 12, 1838. His widow died July 31, 1839. They were the parents of ten children. One of their daughters married John, a son of Presley Carr Lane, a prominent public man of Fayette County. Dr. Knight was the recipient of a pension from government, under the act of May 15, 1828.

[2] These directions were observed, Maj. Williamson being designated as second, and Maj. Gaddis as third in command.

[3] Yet the Moravian historians and their imitators have heaped unmeasured abuse on the brave men who composed this expedition. Heckewelder, in his "History of the Indian Nations," calls them a "gang of banditti;" and Loskiel, writing in the same vein in his "History of Indian Missions," said, "The same gang of murderers who had committed the massacre on the Muskingum did not give up their bloody design upon the remnant of the Indian congregation, though it was delayed for a season. They marched in May, 1782, to Sandusky, where they found nothing but empty huts." The Rev. Joseph Doddridge, D.D., following the lead of these Moravian defamers, in his "Notes on the Settlement and Indian Wars of the Western Parts of Virginia and Pennsylvania" (page 264), says of Crawford's expedition, "This, in one point of view at least, is to be considered as a second Moravian campaign, as one of its objects was that of finishing the work of murder and plunder with the Christian Indians at their new establishment on the Sandusky. The next object was that of destroying the Wyandot towns on the same river. It was the resolution of all those concerned in this expedition not to spare the life of any Indians that might fall into their hands, whether friends or foes. . . . It would seem that the long continuance of the Indian war had debased a considerable portion of our population to the savage state of our nature. Having lost so many relatives by the Indians, and witnessed their horrid murders and other depredations on so extensive a scale, they became subjects of that indiscriminating thirst for revenge which is such a prominent feature in the savage character, and having had a taste of blood and plunder, without risk or loss on their part, they resolved to go on and kill every Indian they could find, whether friend or foe." Does not the tenor of Gen. Irvine's instructions to Col. Crawford completely disprove the allegations of Loskiel, Heckewelder, and Doddridge?

deserted to the enemy since the Declaration of Independence."

The forces of Col. Crawford commenced their march from Mingo Bottom early in the morning of Saturday, the 25th of May. There was a path leading from the river into the wilderness, and known as "Williamson's trail," because it was the route over which Col. Williamson had previously marched on his way to the Moravian towns. This trail, as far as it extended, offered the easiest and most practicable route, but Col. Crawford did not adopt it,[1] because it was a principal feature in his plan of the campaign to avoid all traveled trails or routes on which they would be likely to be discovered by lurking Indians or parties of them, who would make haste to carry intelligence of the movement to the villages which it was his purpose to surprise and destroy. So the column, divided into four detachments, each under immediate command of one of the four field-majors, moved up from the river-bottom into the higher country, and struck into the trackless wilderness, taking a course nearly due west, piloted by the guides Slover and Zane. The advance was led by Capt. Biggs' company, in which were found young William Crawford (ensign), James Paull, John Rodgers, John Sherrard, Alexander Carson, and many other Fayette County volunteers.

Through the depths of the gloomy forest, along the north side of Cross Creek, the troops moved rapidly but warily, preceded by scouts, and observing every precaution known to border warfare, to guard against ambuscade or surprise, though no sign of an enemy appeared in the unbroken solitude of the woods. No incident of note occurred on the march until the night of the 27th of May, when, at their third camping-place, a few of the horses strayed and were lost, and in the following morning the men who had thus been dismounted, being unable to proceed on foot without embarrassing the movements of the column, were ordered to return to Mingo Bottom, which they did, but with great reluctance.

On the fourth day they reached and crossed the Muskingum River, and then, marching up the western side of the stream, came to the ruins of the upper Moravian village, where they made their camp for the night, and found plenty of corn remaining in the ravaged fields of the Christian Indians. This encampment was only sixty miles from their starting-point on the Ohio, yet they had been four days in reaching it. During the latter part of their journey to this place they had taken a route more southerly than the one originally contemplated, for their horses had become jaded and worn out by climbing the hills and floundering through the swamps, and so the commander found himself compelled to deflect his line of march so as to pass through a more open and level country; but he did this very unwillingly, for it led his army through a region in which they would be much more likely to be discovered by Indian scouts or hunting-parties.

Up to this time, however, no Indians had been seen; but while the force was encamped at the ruined village, on the evening of the 28th of May, Maj. Brinton and Capt. Bean went out to reconnoitre the vicinity, and while so engaged, at a distance of about a quarter of a mile from the camp, they discovered two skulking savages and promptly fired on them. The shots did not take effect and the Indians fled, but the circumstance gave Col. Crawford great uneasiness, for, although he had previously supposed that his march had been undiscovered by the enemy, he now believed that these scouts had been hovering on their flanks, perhaps along the entire route from Mingo Bottom, and it was certain that the two savages who had been fired on would speedily carry intelligence of the hostile advance to the Indian towns on the Sandusky.

It was now necessary to press on with all practicable speed in order to give the enemy as little time as possible to prepare for defense. Early in the morning of the 29th the column resumed its march, moving rapidly, and with even greater caution than before. From the Muskingum the route was taken in a northwesterly course to the Killbuck, and thence up that stream to a point about ten miles south of the present town of Wooster, Ohio, where, in the evening of the 30th, the force encamped, and where one of the men died and was buried at a spot which was marked by the cutting of his name in the bark of the nearest tree.

From the lone grave in the forest they moved on in a westerly course, crossing an affluent of the Mohican, passing near the site of the present city of Mansfield, and arriving in the evening of the 1st of June at the place which is now known as Spring Mills Station, on the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad. There by the side of a fine spring they bivouacked for the night. In the march of the 2d they struck the Sandusky River at about two o'clock P.M., and halted that night in the woods very near the eastern edge of the Plains, not more than twenty miles from the Indian town, their point of destination. They had seen no Indian since their departure from the night camp at the Moravian Indian village on the Muskingum, though they had in this day's march unknowingly passed very near the camp of the Delaware chief Wingenund.

On the morning of the 3d of June the horsemen entered the open country known as the Sandusky Plains, and moved rapidly on through waving grasses and bright flowers, between green belts of timber and island groves such as few of them had ever seen before. Such were the scenes which surrounded

[1] Dr. Doddridge, in his "Notes," says, "The army marched along *Williamson's trail*, as it was then called, until they arrived at the upper Moravian town." In this, as in many other parts of his narrative, Doddridge was entirely mistaken.

them during all of that day's march, and at night they made their fireless bivouac on or near the site of the present village of Wyandot, not more than ten miles from their objective point, where (as they believed) the deadly and decisive blow was to be struck.

Two hours after sunrise on the 4th the men were again in the saddle, and the four squadrons began their march, moving with greater caution than ever. A march of six miles brought them to the mouth of the Little Sandusky; thence, having crossed the stream, they proceeded in a direction a little west of north, past an Indian sugar-camp of the previous spring (which was all the sign that they had seen of Indian occupation), and passed rapidly on towards the Wyandot town,[1] the objective point of the expedition, which, as the guide Slover assured the commander, lay immediately before them within striking distance. Suddenly, at a little after noon, the site of the town came in full view through an opening in the timber, but to their utter amazement they found only a cluster of deserted huts without a single inhabitant! The village appeared to have been deserted for a considerable time, and the place was a perfect solitude. This was a dilemma which Col. Crawford had not foreseen nor anticipated, and he at once ordered a halt to rest the horses and give time for him to consider the strange situation of affairs, and to decide on a new plan of operations.

The guides, Slover and Zane, and some others in Crawford's command were well acquainted with the location of the Indian town. John Slover had previously been a prisoner with the Miamis, and during his captivity with that tribe had frequently visited the Wyandot village on the Sandusky. In guiding the expedition there he had, of course, expected to find the village as he had before seen it, and was, like the rest, astonished to find it deserted. The fact, as afterwards learned, was that some time before Crawford's coming, but how long before has never been definitely ascertained, the Indians, believing that their upper village was peculiarly exposed to danger from the incursions of the whites, had abandoned it and retired down the river about eight miles, where they gathered around the village of the Half-King, Pomoacan; and that was their location when the columns of Col. Crawford descended the Sandusky.

Contrary to the belief of the Pennsylvania and Virginia settlers that the mustering of their forces and the march of their expedition was unknown to the Indians, the latter had been apprised of it from the inception of the project. Prowling spies east of the Ohio had watched the volunteers as they left their homes in the Monongahela Valley and moved westward towards the rendezvous; they had seen the gathering of the borderers at Mingo Bottom, and had shadowed the advancing column along all its line of march from the Ohio to the Sandusky. Swift runners had sped away to the northwest with every item of warlike news, and on its receipt, the chiefs and warriors at the threatened villages lost not a moment in making the most energetic preparations to repel the invasion. Messengers were dispatched to all the Wyandot, Delaware, and Shawanese bands, calling on them to send in all their braves to a general rendezvous near the Half-King's headquarters, and word was sent to De Peyster, the British commandant at Detroit, notifying him of the danger threatening his Indian allies, and begging that he would send them aid without delay. This request he at once acceded to, sending a considerable force of mounted men, with two or three small pieces of artillery. These, however, did not play a prominent part in the tragedy which followed.

The Indian scouts who had watched the little army of Crawford from the time it left Mingo Bottom sent forward reports of its progress day by day, and from these reports the chiefs at the lower towns on the Sandusky learned in the night of the 3d of June that the invading column was then in bivouac on the Plains, not more than eighteen miles distant. The war-parties of the Miamis and Shawanese had not come in to the Indian rendezvous, nor had the expected aid arrived from the British post at Detroit, but the chiefs resolved to take the war-path without them, to harass and hold the advancing enemy in check as much as possible until the savage forces should be augmented sufficiently to enable them to give battle with hope of success. Accordingly, in the morning of the 4th of June, at about the same time when Col. Crawford was leaving his camp-ground of the previous night to march on the deserted Indian town, the great Delaware chief, Capt. Pipe, set out from his town with about two hundred warriors, and marched to the rendezvous, where his force was joined by a larger party of Wyandots under their chief Ghaus-sho-toh. With them was the notorious white renegade, Simon Girty, mounted on a fine horse and decked out in full Indian costume. The combined Delaware and Wyandot forces numbered in all more than five hundred braves, —a screeching mass of barbarians, hideous in their war-paint and wild with excitement. After an orgie of whooping, yelling, and dancing such as savages were wont to indulge in before taking the war-path, the wild crowd relapsed into silence, filed out from the place of rendezvous, and glided away like a huge serpent across the grassy plain towards the cover of the distant belt of forest.

In the brief halt at the deserted village Col. Crawford consulted with his guides and some of the officers as to the most advisable course to be adopted under the strange circumstances in which he found himself placed. John Slover was firm in the opinion that the inhabitants of the village had removed to a town situ-

[1] The location of the old Wyandot town was three miles southeast of the present town of Upper Sandusky, or five miles below by the course of the river, and on its opposite bank.

ated a few miles below. He also believed that other villages would be found not far away from the one which had been abandoned, and that they might be surprised by a rapid forward movement. Zane, the other guide, was less confident, and not disposed to advise, though he did not strongly oppose a farther advance into the Indian country. The commander, after an hour's consideration of the embarrassing question, ordered the column to move forward towards the lower towns. Crawford's army and the combined Indian forces under Pipe and Ghaus-sho-toh were now rapidly approaching each other.

Crossing the river just below the abandoned village, the Pennsylvania horsemen pressed rapidly on in a northerly direction to the place which afterwards became the site of Upper Sandusky. There was no indication of the presence of the foe, but the very silence and solitude seemed ominous, and the faces of officers and men grew grave, as if the shadow of approaching disaster had begun to close around them. A mile farther on, a halt was ordered, for the gloom had deepened over the spirits of the volunteers, until, for the first time, it found expression in a demand from some of them that the advance should be abandoned and their faces turned back towards the Ohio River. At this juncture Col. Crawford called a council of war. It was composed of the commander, his aide-de-camp, Rose, the surgeon, Dr. Knight, the four majors, the captains of the companies, and the guides, Slover and Zane. The last named now gave his opinion promptly and decidedly against any farther advance, and in favor of an immediate return; for to his mind the entire absence of all signs of Indians was almost a sure indication that they were concentrating in overwhelming numbers at some point not far off. His opinion had great weight, and the council decided that the march should be continued until evening, and if no enemy should then have been discovered, the column should retire over the route by which it came.

During the halt Capt. Biggs' company, deployed as scouts, had been thrown out a considerable distance to the front for purposes of observation. Hardly had the council reached its decision when one of the scouts came in at headlong speed with the thrilling intelligence that a large body of Indians had been discovered on the plain, less than two miles away. Then, "in hot haste," the volunteers mounted, formed, and moved forward rapidly and in the best of spirits, the retiring scouts falling in with the main body of horsemen as they advanced. They had proceeded nearly a mile from the place where the council was held when the Indians were discovered directly in their front. It was the war-party of Delawares, under their chief, Capt. Pipe,—the Wyandots being farther to the rear and not yet in sight.

When the Americans appeared in full view of the Delawares, the latter made a swift movement to occupy an adjacent wood, so as to fight from cover, but Col. Crawford, observing the movement, instantly dismounted his men and ordered them to charge into the grove, firing as they advanced. Before this vigorous assault the Delawares gave way and retreated to the open plain, while Crawford's men held the woods. The Indians then attempted to gain cover in another grove farther to the east, but were repulsed by Maj. Leet's men, who formed Crawford's right wing. At this time the Wyandot force came up to reinforce the Delawares, and with them was Capt. Matthew Elliott, of the British army, dressed in the full uniform of an officer in the royal service. He had come from Detroit, and arrived at the Indian rendezvous a little in advance of the British force, but after Pipe and Ghaus-sho-toh had set out with their braves to meet Crawford. He now came up to the scene of conflict, and at once took command of both Indian parties. On his arrival he immediately ordered the Delaware chief to flank the Americans by passing to their left. The movement was successfully executed, and they held the position, much to the discomfort of the frontiersmen, who, however, could not be dislodged from their cover. But they had no great advantage of position, for the Indians were scarcely less sheltered by the tall grass of the plains, which almost hid them from view when dismounted, and afforded a considerable protection against the deadly fire of the Pennsylvania marksmen.[1]

The fight commenced at about four o'clock, and was continued with unabated vigor, but with varying success, through the long hours of that sultry June afternoon. Through it all, the villanous Simon Girty was present with the Delawares, and was frequently seen by Crawford's men (for he was well known by many of them), riding on a white horse, giving orders and encouraging the savages, but never within range of the white men's rifles. The combined forces of the Wyandots and Delawares considerably outnumbered the command of Col. Crawford, but the latter held their own, and could not be dislodged by all the artifices and fury of their savage assailants. When the shadows of twilight began to deepen over grove and glade, the savage hordes ceased hostilities and retired to more distant points on the plains.

The losses in Col. Crawford's command during the afternoon were five killed and twenty-three wounded, as reported by the aide-de-camp, Rose, to Gen. Irvine. One of the killed was Capt. Ogle, and among the officers wounded were Maj. Brinton, Capt. Ross, Capt. Munn, Lieut. Ashley, and Ensign McMasters. Philip Smith, a volunteer from Georges Creek, Fayette County, received a severe wound in his elbow, which

[1] "Some of the borderers climbed trees, and from their bushy tops took deadly aim at the heads of the enemy as they arose above the grass. Daniel Canon [of Fayette County] was conspicuous in this novel mode of warfare. He was one of the dead shots of the army, and from his lofty hiding-place the reports of his unerring rifle gave unmistakable evidence of the killing of savages. 'I do not know how many Indians I killed,' said he, afterwards, 'but I never saw the same head again above the grass after I shot at it.'"—*Butterfield.*

protruded slightly from behind the tree which he had taken as a cover while firing.[1]

The losses of the Indians were never ascertained. Though doubtless greater than those of the whites, they were probably not very heavy, because the savage combatants were to a great extent hidden from view by the tall grass which grew everywhere in the openings. A number of Indian scalps were taken by Crawford's men, but no prisoners were captured on either side.

At the close of the conflict of the 4th of June the advantage seemed to be with the white men, for the foe had retired from their front, and they still kept possession of the grove,[2] from which the red demons had tried persistently but in vain for nearly four hours to dislodge them. The officers and men of Col. Crawford's command were in good spirits, and the commander himself felt confident of ultimate victory, for his volunteers had behaved admirably, exhibiting remarkable steadiness and bravery during the trying scenes of the afternoon. But the Indians were by no means dispirited, for they had suffered no actual defeat, and they knew that their numbers would soon be augmented by the Shawanese and other war-parties who were already on their way to join them, as was also the British detachment which had been sent from Detroit.[3] The night bivouac of the Wyandots was made on the plains to the north of the battle-field, and that of the Delawares at about the same distance south. Far to the front of the Indian camps, lines of fires were kept burning through the night to prevent a surprise, and the same precautionary measure was taken by Col. Crawford. Outlying scouts from both forces watched each other with sleepless vigilance through the hours of darkness, and frontiersmen and savages slept on their arms.

It was the wish of Col. Crawford to make a vigorous attack on the Indians at daylight on the morning of the 5th, but he was prevented from doing so by the fact that the care of his sick[4] and wounded was very embarrassing, requiring the services of a number of men, and so reducing the strength of his fighting force. It was determined, however, to make the best preparations possible under the circumstances, and to attack with every available man in the following night. The Indians had commenced firing early in the morning, and their fire was answered by the whites; but it was merely a skirmish at long range, and in no sense a battle. It was kept up during the greater part of the day, but little harm was done, only four of Crawford's men being wounded, and none killed. Col. Crawford, as we have seen, was not prepared for a close conflict, but he, as well as his officers and men, felt confident of their ability to defeat the enemy when the proper time should come, attributing the apparent unwillingness of the Indians to come to close quarters to their having been badly crippled in the fight of the 4th. But the fact was that the savages were content with making a show of fight sufficient to hold their white enemies at bay while waiting for the arrival of their reinforcements, which they knew were approaching and near at hand.

The day wore on. The red warriors kept up their desultory firing, and the white skirmishers replied, while their comrades were busily and confidently making preparations for the intended night assault; but it was a delusive and fatal confidence. Suddenly, at a little past noon, an excited scout brought word to Col. Crawford that a body of *white* horsemen were approaching from the north. This was most alarming intelligence, but it was true. The British detachment from Detroit—Butler's Rangers—had arrived, and were then forming a junction with the Wyandot forces. But this was not all. Almost simultaneously with the arrival of the British horsemen, a large body of Shawanese warriors appeared in the south, in full view from Col. Crawford's position, and joined the line of the Delawares.

In this state of affairs the idea of an attack on the Indian camps could no longer be entertained. The commandant at once called a council of war of his officers to determine on the course to be pursued in this dire emergency. Their deliberations were very short, and the decision unanimously rendered was to retreat towards the Ohio. In pursuance of this decision, preparations for the movement were at once commenced. The dead had already been buried, and fires were now built over them to prevent their dis-

[1] Butterfield, in his account of the expedition, mentions the following incident of the battle, as narrated by Smith himself: "About a hundred feet off an Indian was hid in the tall grass, firing at me. I felt the bark of a tree where I stood fly in my face several times. Having discovered the position of the savage, I fired several shots, and at the seventh one, catching sight of his body, I brought him down. No more balls came from that quarter. After waiting a reasonable time I crawled along to find his body, but it had been dragged away. I could plainly see the trail of blood it made."

[2] "The battle of Sandusky was fought in and around the grove since well known as 'Battle Island,' in what is now Crane township, Wyandot Co., three miles north and half a mile east of the court-house in Upper Sandusky. The spot has always been readily identified by reason of the scars upon the trunks of the trees, made by the hatchets of the Indians in getting out the bullets after the action. But the 'island' may now be said to have disappeared. Cultivated fields mark the site where the contest took place. Occasionally an interesting relic is turned up by the plow-share, to be preserved by the curious as a memento of the battle."—*Butterfield.*

[3] The British force from Detroit, consisting of Butler's Rangers, had arrived on the evening of the 4th at a point only six miles north of the battle-ground, and there encamped for the night. The Indians knew of this, and as they had also begun to receive reinforcements by small parties of Shawanese, they knew that they had only to hold Crawford's force at bay until all their succors should arrive, when victory would be certain. Col. Crawford was entirely ignorant of the proximity of any *white* enemies, though he had no doubt that Indian reinforcements were on their way. Had he known all the facts his feeling of confidence must have been changed to the most gloomy forebodings of disaster.

[4] A considerable number of his men had been made sick by the great fatigue and excessive heat of the previous day, and by the very bad water which they had been compelled to drink, the only water which could be found in the vicinity of the battle-ground being a stagnant pool which had formed under the roots of a tree which had been blown over. Maj. Rose, in his report to Gen. Irvine, said, "We were so much encumbered with our wounded and sick that the whole day was spent in their care and in preparing for a general attack the next night."

covery and desecration by the savages. Most of the wounded were able to ride, but for the few who were not, stretchers were prepared. These and other necessary preparations were completed before dark, and the volunteers were ready to move at the word of command. Meanwhile, war-parties had been hourly arriving to reinforce the Indian forces, which had now become so overwhelming in numbers that any offensive attempt against them would have been madness.

As soon as the late twilight of June had deepened into darkness, all scouts and outposts were called in, the column was formed in four divisions, each under command of one of the field-majors, as on the outward march,[1] and the retreat was commenced, the command of Maj. John McClelland leading, and Col. Crawford riding at the head of all. Usually in a retreat the post of honor, as of danger, is that of the rear-guard, but in this case the head of the column was as much or more exposed than the rear, as the line of march lay between the positions held by the Delawares and Shawanese. That the advance was here considered to be the post of danger is shown by the fact that orders were given to carry the badly wounded in the rear.

The Indians had discovered the movement almost as soon as the preparations for it commenced, and hardly had the head of the column begun to move when it was fiercely attacked by the Delawares and Shawanese. The volunteers pushed on, fighting as they went, but they suffered severely, and soon after, Maj. McClelland was wounded, and, falling from his horse, was left behind to the tender mercies of the savages.[2] The division, however, fought its way clear of the Indians, who did not then follow up the pursuit, probably for the reason that they felt doubtful as to the actual intent of the movement, thinking it might prove to be but a feint, covering the real design of a general assault; so, fearful of some unknown stratagem or trap, they remained within supporting distance of the Wyandots and Rangers, and by failing to pursue probably lost the opportunity of routing, perhaps annihilating, the head division.

When the advance-guard received the attack of the Delawares and Shawanese, the other three divisions, which, although not wholly demoralized, were undoubtedly to some extent panic-stricken, most unaccountably abandoned McClelland's command, and in disregard of the orders to follow the advance in a solid column, moved rapidly off on a line diverging to the right from the prescribed route. They had not proceeded far, however, before some of the companies became entangled in the mazes of a swamp, in which several of the horses were lost. During the delay caused by this mishap, the rear battalion was attacked by the Indians, and a few of the men were wounded, but the enemy did not push his advantage, and the divisions pushed on as rapidly as possible, and deflecting to the left beyond the swamp, and striking the trail by which they came on the outward march, came about daybreak to the deserted Indian village on the Sandusky, where they found the men of McClelland's division, who had reached there an hour or two earlier, disorganized, panic-stricken, and leaderless, for Maj. McClelland had been left for dead on the field, as before narrated; and during the hurried march, or more properly the flight, from the scene of the fight to the abandoned village, the commander, Col. Crawford, had disappeared, and no one was able to give any information concerning him, whether he had been wounded, killed, captured, or lost in the woods. John Slover, the guide, and Dr. Knight, the surgeon, were also missing. These facts, when known by the men, greatly increased their uneasiness and demoralization.

At this point (the deserted Wyandot village), Maj. Williamson, as Col. Crawford's second in command, assumed the leadership of the forces, and after a brief halt the entire command, now numbering something more than three hundred and fifty men, continued the retreat over the route by which they had come on the outward march. The new commander, never doubting that the Indians would pursue him in force, hurried on his men with all possible speed, keeping out the most wary and trusty scouts on his rear and flanks. The command passed the mouth of the Little Sandusky without seeing any signs of an enemy, but while passing through the Plains, at about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the scouts discovered far in their rear a pursuing party, apparently composed of both Indians and white men. They were afterwards found to be Wyandots and British Rangers, all mounted. It was now the purpose of Maj. Williamson to cross the Plain country and reach the shelter of the timber before being overtaken by the pursuers; and the latter were equally determined, if possible, to possess themselves of the woods in advance of the Americans. The race was an eager and exciting one on both sides, but at last Maj. Williamson found that the Indians were gaining on him so rapidly that he would be compelled to stand for battle before reaching the timber. Maj. Rose, in his report of these operations to Gen. Irvine, said, "Though it was our business studiously to avoid engaging in the Plains, on account of the enemy's superiority in light cavalry, yet they pressed our rear so hard that we concluded on a general and vigorous attack, whilst our light-horse[3] secured the entrance of the woods."

The place where Maj. Williamson found himself compelled to stand at bay before the pursuing horde

[1] Excepting that of Maj. Brinton, who was wounded. His division was now commanded by Brigade-Major Daniel Leet.

[2] It was believed at the time by his officers and men that Maj. McClelland was killed outright, and this was doubtless the reason why no effort was made to save him from capture. The belief was erroneous, as will hereafter be shown.

[3] Referring to one of the companies, which Col. Crawford had selected and equipped for special duty as skirmishers and scouts.

of Wyandots and British Rangers, in the early afternoon of the 6th of June, was near the creek called Olentangy,[1] a tributary of the Scioto, near the eastern edge of the Plains, where the column of Col. Crawford had first debouched from the shades of the forest into the open country on the morning of the 3d, when moving towards the Wyandot town, which they found deserted. But the aspect of affairs was materially changed since that time. Then they were advancing in high spirits and confident of victory over the savages, now, in headlong flight before the same barbarous foe, they were turning in sheer desperation to fight for their lives.

The battle-line of the Pennsylvanians faced to the west, and in its rear, holding the edge of the woods, and ready to act as a reserve corps in case of emergency, was the company of light-horsemen. The pursuing force, close upon them, attacked unhesitatingly and with fierce energy, first striking the front, then quickly extending their battle-line around the left flank to the rear of Williamson's force, which was thus compelled to meet the savage assault in three directions. But the panic and demoralization of the volunteers had entirely disappeared,[2] and they met each successive onslaught with such cool bravery and steadiness, and fought with such desperation, that at the end of an hour from the commencement of the battle the enemy withdrew, discomfited, and apparently with heavy loss. Perhaps the sudden cessation of their firing was in some degree due to the fact that just then a furious thunder-storm, which had for some time been threatening, burst upon the combatants. The men were drenched and chilled to the bone, while much of their ammunition was rendered useless by the rain. This, however, operated quite as unfavorably to the Indians as to the whites.

As soon as the savages and Rangers withdrew, Maj. Williamson, without a moment's delay, caused the dead to be buried and the wounded[3] cared for, and then the retreat was resumed. Capt. Biggs' company, which seems to have always held the post of danger, leading the advance in the outward march, now formed the rear-guard, though its ranks were reduced to nine men and all its officers were missing. It was afterwards relieved, however, and from that time each of the companies in turn took position to guard the rear of the retreating column.

When Williamson commenced his retreat from the battle-field, the enemy, who had in the mean time scattered over the Plains, soon concentrated and renewed the pursuit, firing rapidly but at long range. Soon, however, they began to press the rear more closely, throwing the volunteers into some disorder, which must have grown into a panic but for the coolness and intrepidity of the commander and Maj. Rose. These officers were unceasing in their efforts, constantly moving along the line, entreating the volunteers to keep solidly together and preserve unbroken the order of march, and warning them that if any should leave the column and attempt to escape singly or in squads they would certainly lose their scalps. Finally they became steady, and the order of march was preserved unbroken during the remainder of the day. The Indians kept up the pursuit, and occasionally attacked with much vigor, though, as Williamson's force was now moving through the timbered country, the savages no longer held the relative advantage which they had possessed in fighting on the Plains.

The volunteers bivouacked that night (June 6th) on the Sandusky River, about six miles from the battle-field of the afternoon; the enemy's force camped about a mile farther to the rear. Unusual precautions were taken by Maj. Williamson to guard against a surprise during the night, and at the first streakings of dawn on the 7th the men fell in to resume the march; but hardly had the column been formed when the Indians came up and opened fire upon the rear. A lively skirmish followed, in which two of the men fell into the hands of the savages, but no disorder ensued. The retreat was continued steadily and in good order, and, much to Maj. Williamson's surprise, the Indians suddenly abandoned the pursuit. The last shot from the savages was fired at a point near the present town of Crestline. From there the column moved rapidly on in good order and without molestation to the Ohio, which it crossed on the 13th of June. On their arrival on the Virginia side of the river, the men not being compelled to wait for a formal discharge, dispersed to their homes.

Having seen how Maj. Williamson with the main body of the troops reached and crossed the Ohio River, let us return to trace the adventures and misfortunes of the brave Col. Crawford, his faithful friend Dr. Knight, and others who had become separated from the column and were struggling on through the wilderness, with dangers surrounding them on every side, in their endeavors to escape from the savages.

When the volunteers commenced their retreat from the battle-field of the 4th and 5th of June, at about

[1] This battle of Olentangy was fought on a plain about five miles southeast of Bucyrus, Ohio.

[2] Before the fight Maj. Williamson addressed his men, telling them that the only possible chance they had of escaping death and probably torture was to stand solidly together and fight with the determination never to yield; that if they should break and endeavor to save themselves by flight there would be but faint hope that any of them would ever again see their homes. The aide-de-camp, Maj. Rose, rode along the line, cheering the men by his own coolness and apparent confidence. "Stand to your ranks," he cried, in clear, ringing tones, and with his slightly foreign accent; "take steady aim, fire low, and waste not a single shot! Be steady, steady, for all our lives depend upon it!" These admonitions from their officers, and the evident hopelessness of escape by flight, caused them to stand firm, resolved to fight to the last, with no thought of surrender.

[3] The loss of the volunteers in this fight was three killed and eight wounded; that of the enemy was not known, but must have been much greater.

nine o'clock in the evening of the last-mentioned day, Col. Crawford rode at the head of the leading division (McClelland's). A very short time afterwards they were attacked by the Delawares and Shawanese, and (as has already been mentioned) the rear divisions left their position in the line of march and moved away to the right, leaving the front division to extricate itself from its perilous situation. They left in such haste that no little disorder ensued, in which some of the sick and wounded were left behind, though it is believed that all but two were finally saved from the enemy. While the Indian attack on the advance division was in progress, Col. Crawford became anxious concerning his son John, his nephew, William Crawford, and his son-in-law, William Harrison, and rode back to find them or assure himself of their safety, but in this he was unsuccessful. While engaged in the search he was joined by the surgeon, Dr. Knight, whom he requested to remain with and assist him. With this request the doctor readily complied. He thought the missing men were in the front, but as the colonel assured him they were not, the two remained behind a considerable time after the last of the troops had passed on, the commander in the meanwhile expressing himself in terms of indignation at the conduct of the three battalions in disobeying his orders by leaving the line of march and pressing on in their semi-panic, forgetting the care of the sick and wounded, and regardless of everything but their own safety.

After the last of the troops had passed on, and when Crawford and the surgeon found it useless to remain longer, they followed as nearly as they could in the track of the larger column, which, however, by this time was a considerable distance away and lost to view in the darkness. Proceeding rather slowly on (for the colonel's horse had become jaded and nearly worn out by the fatigues of the day), they were soon after overtaken by two stragglers who came up from the rear, one of them being an old man and the other a stripling. Neither of these had seen or knew anything about the two young Crawfords and Harrison.

The colonel and his three companions had not proceeded far when the sound of fire-arms was heard in front of them and not very far away. It was from the attack which the savages made on the rear of the retreating column at the time when a part of it became entangled in the swamp, as has been mentioned. The noise of the firing before them caused Crawford's party to turn their course in a more northerly direction, on which they continued for two or three miles, when, believing that they were clear of the enemy, they turned at nearly a right angle, now facing nearly east, and moving in single file, Indian fashion. At about midnight they reached and crossed the Sandusky River. Near that stream they lost the old man, who had lagged behind, and was probably killed by Indians.

From the Sandusky they continued in an easterly direction, but when morning came, they turned more southerly. Early in the day the horses ridden by Col. Crawford and the boy gave out entirely and were left behind. Early in the afternoon they were joined by Capt. Biggs and Lieut. Ashley, the latter mounted on Biggs' horse, and suffering severely from the wound received in the battle of the 4th. The captain had bravely and generously stood by the wounded lieutenant, and was now marching on foot by his side, resolved to save him if possible, even at the risk of his own life. And a fearful and fatal risk it proved to be.

At almost precisely the time when Biggs and Ashley were found by Col. Crawford's party (about two o'clock P.M. on the 6th of June), the main body of volunteers, under Williamson, were facing to the rear, forming line of battle to meet the attack of the pursuing Indians, as has already been noticed. The distance from the field where the battle was raging to the place where the party of fugitives were at that time was about six miles in a northwest direction. After being joined by Biggs and Ashley, the colonel and his companions moved on slowly (being encumbered by the care of the wounded officer) for about an hour, when their flight was interrupted by the same thunderstorm that burst over the battle-field of Olentangy at the close of the conflict. Being now drenched with the rain, and wearied by their eighteen hours' flight, the commander thought it best to halt, and accordingly they made their night bivouac here,[1] amid the most cheerless surroundings, wet, shivering, and in constant dread of being discovered by prowling savages.

Early in the morning of the 7th the party pushed on in nearly the same southeasterly direction, recrossing the Sandusky River. An hour or two after their start they came to a place where a deer had been killed. The best parts of the carcass had been cut off and wrapped in the skin of the animal, as if the owner had intended to return and carry it away. This they took possession of and carried with them, as also a tomahawk which lay on the ground near by. A mile or so farther on they saw smoke rising through the trees. Leaving the wounded officer behind, in charge of the boy, the others advanced cautiously towards the fire. They found no person there, but they judged, from the indications, that some of the volunteers had been there, and had left the place only a short time before. Lieut. Ashley was then brought up, and they proceeded to roast the venison which they had captured. As they were about finishing their meal a white man was seen near by, who, on being called to, came up very cautiously, and was recognized by Col. Crawford as one of his own men. He said he was the slayer of the deer, and that he had been frightened away from the carcass by the approach of the colonel

[1] The place where they encamped that night is about two miles north of Bucyrus, Ohio.

and his companions. Food was given him, and after eating he moved on with the party.

About the middle of the afternoon they struck the route of the army's outward march, at a bend in the Sandusky, less than two miles distant from the place where Williamson's force had bivouacked the night before, and where, in the morning of the same day, the pursuing Indians had made their last attack on the retreating column. They were still nearer to the camping-place occupied by the Indians during the previous night, and it is difficult to understand how the practiced eye of Col. Crawford could have failed to discover the proximity of Indians, but it is certain that such was the case, for when Dr. Knight and Capt. Biggs advised him to avoid following the trail, for fear of encountering the enemy, he replied with confidence that there was little danger of it, for the savages would not follow the retreating column after it reached the timbered country, but would abandon the pursuit as soon as they reached the eastern verge of the Plains.

From the point where they struck the trail at the bend of the river, then, they moved on over the route which had been passed by the troops in their outward march. Col. Crawford and Dr. Knight, both on foot, led the way; Capt. Biggs (now riding the doctor's horse) followed some fifteen or twenty rods behind, and in the rear marched the boy and the killer of the deer, both dismounted. In this manner they proceeded along the south side of the river until they came very near the place where Williamson had made his camp of the previous evening. It does not appear that they had yet detected the proximity of an enemy, or that they were using more than ordinary precaution as they traveled. Suddenly, directly in front of Crawford and Knight, and not more than fifty feet from them, three Indians started up in full view. Crawford stood his ground, not attempting to gain cover, but the surgeon instantly took to a tree and raised his piece to fire, but desisted from doing so at the peremptory command of the colonel. Immediately afterwards, however, Capt. Biggs saw the savages and fired, but without effect. One of the Indians came up to Crawford and took him by the hand, while another in like manner advanced and took the hand of the surgeon, at the same time calling him "doctor," for they had previously been acquainted with each other at Fort Pitt.

The Indians told Crawford to order Biggs and Ashley, with the two other men in the rear, to come up and surrender, otherwise they would go and kill them. The colonel complied, calling out to them to advance, but this was disregarded, and all four of them escaped, though Biggs and Ashley were afterwards taken and killed by the savages.

It was a party of the Delawares who captured Col. Crawford and Dr. Knight, and they immediately took their captives to the camp of their chief, Wingenund. The time this occurred was in the afternoon of the 7th of June (Friday), only five days after the army had passed by the same place in its outward march in the highest spirits, and with the brave Crawford riding at its head, happily unconscious of the awful doom which awaited him.

Crawford and Knight remained at the camp of the Delawares for three days. During their stay there (in the evening of Sunday, the 9th) a party of outlying scouts came in, bringing the scalps of Lieut. Ashley and Capt. Biggs, as also the horses which had been ridden by those unfortunate officers. Besides Crawford and Knight, there were nine other white prisoners at the Delaware camp, all half-starved and guarded with the utmost vigilance by the seventeen warriors who composed the war-party at the camp. Several of these savages were personally known to Crawford and Knight.

On the morning of the 10th the camp was broken up, and the warriors set out with their prisoners for the Sandusky towns. All of them except Crawford were taken to the old town at Upper Sandusky; but the colonel was taken by a different route to the headquarters of Pomoacan, the great sachem of the Wyandots. There were two reasons for his being sent to that village, one of them being to have him guide his captors over the route by which he and Knight had come, so that they might possibly find the horses which had been left behind, and the other reason being to allow the colonel to see Simon Girty, who was known to be at the Half-King's town. Girty was an old acquaintance of Crawford's, as has been seen, and the latter had a faint hope that by a personal interview with the renegade he might be induced to use his influence with the Indians to save the prisoner's life, or at least to save him from the torture by fire. The hope was a vain and delusive one, as the event proved, but the doomed man in his extremity clung to it as drowning men catch at straws. His savage custodians well knew that he would gain nothing by the interview with Girty, but they granted his request, apparently for the demoniac satisfaction of witnessing the despair and agony of his certain disappointment.

The prisoners bound for the old town arrived there the same evening. Later in the night Crawford and his guards reached Pomoacan's village, where he had the desired interview with Girty, during which he offered the wretch one thousand dollars to interfere and save his life. Girty promised to do what he could, though he had not the slightest intention of keeping his word. He also told the colonel that his nephew, William Crawford, and his son-in-law, William Harrison, had been captured by Shawanese scouts, but that the chiefs of that tribe had decided to spare their lives, the latter portion of his statement being false, as he well knew. But the story, with the promise to intercede in his behalf, had the effect to allay for the time the colonel's worst fears.

On the following morning (June 11th) Crawford was informed that he must go to the old town, to join the other prisoners, so that all could be marched in a body to the village of the Half-King. Under this order he was taken to the upper village, where he arrived about the middle of the forenoon, and there found the main body of the white prisoners, including Dr. Knight, and the Delaware chiefs, Pipe and Wingenund, who had come there at an earlier hour in the morning. Here the hopes which had been raised in Crawford's mind by the promise of Girty were suddenly extinguished when Wingenund approached him and painted his face black. The hypocritical chief,[1] while he was performing the ominous operation, professed to be extremely glad to see the colonel, and assured him that he was to be adopted as an Indian; but Crawford was not deceived by this dissimulation, for he well knew that when the Indians painted the face of a prisoner black it meant but one thing,—that the person so marked had been doomed to death. All the other prisoners, including Dr. Knight, had previously been painted black by the implacable Delaware, Capt. Pipe.

A little later in the day the whole party of prisoners, under their Indian guards, moved out from the old town and took the trail down the river. Col. Crawford and Dr. Knight (who were regarded by the Indians as their principal prizes) were marched some distance in the rear of the others, and were kept in charge by no less personages than the chiefs Wingenund and Pipe. They had not proceeded far from the village before they passed the corpse of one of the prisoners who preceded them. A little farther on they saw another, then another and another, four in all, killed by their guards only a few minutes before, and all bearing the bloody marks made by the scalping-knife.

They had supposed that their destination was the town of the Wyandot sachem, Pomoacan, but their hearts sank within them[2] when, at the Big Springs, on the present site of Upper Sandusky, the Indians left the trail leading to the Wyandot headquarters and took that leading to the villages of the Delawares. On this trail they proceeded in a northwesterly course until they reached Little Tymochtee Creek, where Crawford and Knight, with their guards, overtook the other surviving prisoners, only five in number. Here several squaws and young Indians were met, and all the prisoners were halted and made to sit on the ground. The object of this movement became apparent when, a few minutes later, the five prisoners were set upon by the squaws and boys, who tomahawked and scalped them all. Some of the boys took the warm and bloody scalps and repeatedly dashed them into the faces of Crawford and Knight, who had also been seated on the ground a short distance away from but in full view of the butchery.

Of the prisoners who had set out from the old town only Crawford and Knight now remained. The march was resumed on the trail to Pipe's town, the two prisoners being now separated and made to walk a hundred yards or more apart. On their way they were met by Simon Girty on horseback and accompanied by several Indians. Girty spoke to Crawford and also to Knight, heaping upon the latter the vilest epithets and abuse. As the party moved on they were met by many Indians, all of whom maltreated the prisoners, striking them with clubs and beating them with their fists. About the middle of the afternoon the party with their dejected captives arrived at a piece of bottom-land on the east bank of Tymochtee Creek, where a halt was made, and it became at once apparent that with this halt the journeying of one at least of the prisoners was ended. Crawford and Knight were still separated, and were not again allowed to hold any conversation together. Knight was in charge of a peculiarly villanous-looking Indian named Tutelu, who had been made his special guard, and who was to take him on the following day to the Shawanese towns, which had been decided on as the place where he was to be put to death.

The spot where the party halted on the banks of the Tymochtee was the place[3] where Col. Crawford was to die. It had been fully and finally decided by the chiefs that he should suffer death by the torture of fire, and as all the barbarous preparations had been made there was but little delay before the commencement of the infernal orgie. The fatal stake had already been set, and fires of hickory sticks were burning in a circle around it. About forty Indian men and twice that number of squaws and young Indians were waiting to take part in the torturing of the unfortunate prisoner.

Immediately on his arrival the colonel was stripped naked and made to sit on the ground, with his hands firmly bound together and tied behind him. Then the yelling, screeching crowd fell upon him and beat

[1] The treacherous Wingenund was well acquainted with Col. Crawford, had always professed great friendship for him, and had more than once been entertained by the colonel at his house on the Youghiogheny. Capt. Pipe was also acquainted with Crawford.

[2] The Wyandots had advanced much farther on the road towards civilization than had the Delawares or Shawanese, and not only had they, long before that time, wholly abandoned the practice of burning their prisoners, but they discountenanced the horrid custom among the other tribes. The prisoners, knowing this, had consequently regarded it as a sign in their favor that they were to be taken to the home of the Wyandot sachem, but when they found that they had been deceived, and that their real destination was the towns of the cruel Delawares, they knew too well that mercy was not to be expected. The fact was that Pipe and Wingenund, being fully determined to inflict the fire torture on Crawford and Knight, had recourse to stratagem and deceit to obtain from the Half-King, Pomoacan, his consent to the commission of the barbarity, for, as the Wyandots were more powerful than they, and in fact masters of that section of the Indian country, they dared not do the dreadful deed without the consent of the Wyandot sagamore, and that consent they knew could never be obtained if their request was accompanied by a straightforward statement of their real intentions.

[3] The spot where Col. Crawford met his horrible death is on a piece of slightly rising ground in the creek bottom, as above mentioned, a short distance northeast of the village of Crawfordsville, Wyandot Co., Ohio.

him without mercy until he was exhausted and covered with blood. When they had tired of this the victim was dragged to the centre of the fiery circle preparatory to the last act in the hellish drama. A rope had previously been tied around the stake near its foot, and now the other end of it was made fast to the cord with which his wrists were bound together. The rope was some six or eight feet in length, allowing him to pass two or three times around the stake. He could also sit or lie down at will.

The infamous Simon Girty was present, and remained there during all the dreadful proceedings which followed. When Crawford was led to the stake he called out to the renegade (who stood among the foremost in the ring of savage spectators), asking him if they had determined to burn him to death, and upon Girty's unfeeling reply in the affirmative he replied that if so he would try to endure it with patience and die like a soldier and Christian. Then the vindictive Capt. Pipe addressed the savages with violent gesticulations, and at the close of his speech the assembled barbarians applauded with wild delight, whilst some of the crowd rushed in upon the prisoner and cut off both his ears.[1]

As a prelude to the still more terrible tortures that were to follow, the Indians closed in on the miserable man and fired charges of powder into his unprotected body. More than fifty times was this repeated, and the pain thus inflicted could scarcely have been less than that produced by the flames. After this satanic procedure was concluded the fires (which up to this time had been burning but slowly) were replenished with fresh fuel, and as the heat grew more intense, and the sufferings of the victim became more and more excruciating, the joy and shouting of the red devils rose higher and higher.

Burning at the stake is universally regarded as among the most terrible tortures that human cruelty can inflict. But the Delaware chiefs had prepared for the brave Crawford an agony more intense and protracted than that of the licking flames,—they roasted him alive! The fires were placed at a distance of some fifteen feet from the stake, and within that dreadful circle for three and a half hours he suffered an almost inconceivable physical torment, which death would have terminated in one-tenth part the time if the fagots had been piled close around him.

As the fires burned down the Indians seized burning brands and threw them at the victim, until all the space which his tether allowed him was thickly strewn with coals and burning embers, on which his naked feet must tread as he constantly moved around the stake and back in the delirium of his pain. To intensify and prolong the torture the savages applied every means that their infernal ingenuity could suggest, and which to describe or even to think of fills the mind with sickening horror.

To Simon Girty, who was in prominent view among the savage throng,[2] Crawford called out in the extremity of his agony, begging the wretch to end his misery by sending a ball through his heart. To this appeal Girty replied, sneeringly, that he had no gun, at the same time uttering a brutal laugh of derision and pleasure at the hideous spectacle. If, as tradition has it, he had once been repelled in his attempted addresses to the colonel's beautiful daughter, Sally Crawford, he was now enjoying the satisfaction of a terrible revenge on her miserable father for the indignity.

Through it all the brave man bore up with as much fortitude as is possible to weak human nature, frequently praying to his Heavenly Father for the mercy which was denied him on earth. Towards the last, being evidently exhausted, he ceased to move around the stake and lay down, face downwards, upon the ground. The fires being now well burned down the savages rushed in on him, beat him with the glowing brands, heaped coals upon his body, and scalped him. Once more he arose, bloody, blinded, and crisped, and tottered once or twice around the stake, then fell to rise no more. Again the barbarians applied burning brands, and heaped live coals on his scalped head, but he was fast becoming insensible to pain, his end was near, and after a few more vain attempts by the savages to inflict further torments death came to the rescue and the spirit of William Crawford was free.

It was on the 11th of June, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, that the torture commenced. The end came just as the sun was sinking[3] behind the tops of the trees that bordered the bottom-lands of the Tymochtee. Then the savages heaped the brands together on the charred and swollen body and burned it to a cinder, dancing around the spot for hours, yelling and whooping in a wild frenzy of demoniac exultation.

It will be recollected that Dr. Knight was brought from the Indian old town to the place of torture on the Tymochtee with Col. Crawford, though the two were kept apart and not allowed to converse together. The doctor remained a horrified spectator of the burning of his superior officer until near the time of his death. On his arrival at the place, Knight was fallen upon by the Indians and cruelly beaten. While Crawford was in the midst of his greatest suffering Simon Girty came to where Knight was sitting

[1] This statement is made in the narrative of Dr. Knight, who, after witnessing the dreadful scenes of Col. Crawford's murder, made his escape (as will be mentioned in succeeding pages) and wrote an account of the events of the expedition. That narrative and the report of Maj. Rose, the aide-de-camp, furnish the facts on which this and other reliable accounts of Crawford's campaign are based.

[2] It has been stated in some accounts of the death of Col. Crawford that the British captain, Matthew Elliott, was also present during the dreadful scenes of the torture. It may have been so, but the statement has never been fully substantiated, and there are serious doubts of its authenticity.

[3] "It was a tradition long after repeated by the Delawares and Wyandots that Crawford breathed his last just at the going down of the sun." —*Butterfield's Expedition against Sandusky.*

and told him that he too must prepare for the same ordeal, and he need have no hope of escaping death by torture, though he would not suffer at the same place, but would be removed to the Shawanese towns to be burned. Soon after an Indian came to him and struck him repeatedly in the face with the bloody scalp which had just been torn from Crawford's head. Towards the end of the diabolical scene, but while Crawford was yet living, Knight was taken away and marched to Capt. Pipe's house, some three-fourths of a mile distant, where he remained during the night, securely bound, and closely guarded by the Indian Tutelu, who had him in his especial charge.

In the morning (June 12th) his guard unbound him, and having again painted him with black, started out on horseback, driving Knight before him on foot, bound for the Shawanese towns, where the doctor was to suffer the torture. Passing by the spot where Crawford had suffered on the previous day, they saw all that remained of the colonel, a few burned bones, when the Indian told his horrified prisoner that this was his "big captain." They moved on towards the southwest, on the trail to the Shawanese town of Wapatomica, nearly forty miles away.

Knight had not wholly abandoned the hope of escaping the torture, though his case looked wellnigh hopeless. He carried as cheerful a countenance as he could, concealed from his guard his knowledge of the import of the black paint on his face, and conversed with him as well as he could, pretending that he expected to be adopted into the Shawanese tribe on arrival at their destination. Tutelu asked him if he knew how to build a wigwam, and Knight assured him that he was excellent at that business. All this pleased the Indian, and to some extent threw him off his guard. The journey of the first day was about twenty-five miles. At the night-camp Tutelu again bound his captive, and watched him closely through the night, so that the doctor, although he tried hard to free himself, did not succeed.

At daybreak Tutelu rose, stretched his limbs, unbound his captive, and renewed the fire, but did not immediately prepare to resume the journey. They had been greatly tormented by gnats during the night, and the doctor asked him if he should make a smudge in their rear to drive the pests away. Tutelu told him to do so, whereupon Knight took two sticks (one of them about a foot and a half in length, which was the largest he could find), and holding a coal between them carried it behind the Indian as if to start the smudge, but as soon as he had got the right position suddenly turned and dealt the savage a blow over the head with all his strength, partially stunning him and knocking him forward head first into the fire. His hands were badly burned, but he immediately recovered himself, rose, and ran away, uttering a hideous yell.[1] The doctor seized the Indian's gun and followed him, determined to kill him; but in his eagerness he broke or disarranged the lock of the piece, so that he could not fire. This being the case he followed only a short distance, and then returned to the place where they had passed the night.

Here the surgeon lost no time in making preparations for a desperate attempt to effect his escape from the Indian country. He possessed himself of Tutelu's ammunition, his blanket, and an extra pair of moccasins, and without delay commenced his long journey, taking a course about east by north. All day he traveled without molestation or notable incident, and at night had emerged from the timbered country and entered the Plains, where he made his lonely bivouac. But he was too uneasy and anxious to remain long, and so after two or three hours' rest resumed his way, and traveling all night, guided by the stars, had crossed the open country and entered the forest to the east before daylight appeared. During this day (June 14th) he struck the track of the troops on their outward march, but having already received a severe lesson on the danger of following this he avoided it and took a north course, which he kept during the rest of the day. That night he camped in the forest and slept on undisturbed.

The next morning he shaped his course due east, and moved on with greatly lightened spirits but exceedingly weak from lack of food. He could shoot no game, for his utmost endeavors failed to put the lock of his gun into working condition, and finding at last that it was useless to make further attempts, and that the piece could be only an encumbrance to him, he threw it away. He caught a small turtle, and occasionally succeeded in taking young birds, all of which he ate raw. In this way, and by making use of nourishing roots and herbs, he succeeded in sustaining life through all the weary days of his journey to civilization. As he traveled eastward he found heavier timber, and saw everywhere great quantities of game, which was very tantalizing, as he could not kill or catch any, although nearly famished.

For twenty days from the time of his escape from his guard Tutelu, Dr. Knight traveled on through the wilderness, unmolested by savages, but suffering terribly of hunger and cold,—for he had not the means of making a fire,—and on the evening of July 3d struck the Ohio River about five miles below the mouth of Beaver. On the 5th he arrived safely at Fort Pitt,[2] where he remained as surgeon of the

[1] Tutelu fled to the village of the Delawares, and was seen on his arrival by John Slover, who was then a captive there. He (Tutelu) reported the loss of his prisoner, with whom he said he had a hard battle, and had given the doctor fearful and probable fatal knife-wounds in the back and stomach, although (as he said) Knight was a man of immense proportions and physical power. Slover told the Delawares that this was false, and that the doctor was a weak, puny man, whereat the Indians ridiculed Tutelu without mercy.

[2] In a letter from Gen. Irvine to President Moore, dated Fort Pitt, July 5, 1782, he says, "This moment Doctor Knight has arrived, the surgeon I sent with the volunteers to Sandusky; he was several days in the hands of the Indians, but fortunately made his escape from his keeper, who was conducting him to another settlement to be bound [burned]. He brings the disagreeable account that Col. Crawford and

Seventh Virginia Regiment until after the declaration of peace.

James Paull was but a private soldier in the forces of Col. Crawford, but as he afterwards became an officer of some distinction, and was for many years a very prominent citizen of Fayette County, it is proper to make special mention of his adventures, escape, and return from the disastrous expedition.

When, on the evening of the 5th of June, the forces of Col. Crawford commenced their retreat from Battle Island, and the combined Delawares and Shawanese attacked the advance battalion under Maj. McClelland, it will be recollected that the three other divisions precipitately abandoned the line of march and moved away on a route diverging to the west, and that soon afterwards the head of the column marched by mistake into a bog or swamp, where a number of the volunteers lost their horses by reason of their becoming mired in the soft muddy soil. Among those who were thus dismounted were James Paull[1] and the guide, John Slover, who was also a Fayette County man (or rather a resident of that part of Westmoreland which afterwards became Fayette). Of course they could not keep up with the mounted men of the column, and as the Indians were then attacking the rear, their situation was a very critical one.

Under these circumstances instant flight was necessary, and accordingly Paull and Slover, with five other dismounted men, struck into the woods in a northerly direction, thinking it most prudent to keep at a distance from the route of the column. They continued on their course till the latter part of the night, when they suddenly found themselves floundering in the mud of a bog, and were then compelled to remain stationary until daylight enabled them to move with more certainty and safety. They then changed their course towards the west, but as they progressed gradually wore round more to the south, skirting the edge of the Plains, until they found themselves headed nearly southeast. During the day two or three small parties of Indians were seen to pass them, but by hiding in the long grass the party remained undiscovered. At about three o'clock they were overtaken by the furious rain-storm which (as before noticed) came down just at the close of Williamson's battle with the Indians and Rangers. Paull and his companions, being drenched and chilled through, made a halt, and remained stationary until evening. Then they again moved on to the eastern edge of the Plains, and thence into the forest. Their route since the morning had been the arc of a circle, heading successively west, southwest, south, southeast, east, and northeast, the latter being the direction of their course when they entered the woods. A few miles farther on they turned nearly due east, thinking that they were far enough north of Williamson's track to be comparatively free from danger of the pursuing savages. They had made rather slow progress, for one of the men was suffering from rheumatism in one of his knees, and one of Paull's feet was quite as much disabled by his accidentally stepping on a hot spade which some of the men were using (in the afternoon of the 5th) for baking bread in preparation for the retreat of that evening.

On the following day (June 7th) the party continued on the same course, crossed the waters of the tributaries of the Muskingum about noon, and at their camp of the same night cooking the flesh of a fawn which they had been fortunate enough to catch during the day, this being the second meal that they had eaten since leaving Battle Island. On their march of this day the man afflicted with rheumatism had fallen out, and the party now numbered but six.

Danger was now before them. They started on their way at daybreak in the morning of the 8th, and had made some nine or ten miles' progress, when, at about nine o'clock in the forenoon, they fell into an ambuscade of Shawanese Indians, who had followed their trail from the Plains. The savages fired on them and two of the men fell. Paull ran for his life and made his escape, notwithstanding his burned foot, but Slover and the other two men were taken prisoners and conducted back to the Shawanese towns.

Paull in his flight was followed by two Indians, but he felt that his life was at stake, and strained his limbs to their utmost speed, regardless of the pain to his disabled foot. His pursuers found that he was gaining on them and fired after him, but their shots passed harmlessly by. He soon came to the bluff bank of a small stream, and unhesitatingly leaped down. The savages came up to the bank, but there gave up the pursuit. He soon discovered that he was no longer followed, but he was still very cautious in his movements, using every precaution to cover his trail. That night he slept in the hollow trunk of a fallen tree.

From this time he pursued his way unmolested. Passing down Sugar Creek, a tributary of the Muskingum, he came to the main stream at a place where it was too deep to ford, which compelled him to change his course up the river to a shallow place, where he crossed in safety and with ease. Near by this crossing was an old Indian camp, "where there were a large number of empty kegs and barrels

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all the rest (about twelve, to the doctor's knowledge) who fell into his [their] hands were burned to death in a most shocking manner; the unfortunate colonel in particular was upwards of four hours burning. The reason they assign for this uncommon barbarity is retaliation for the Moravian affair. The doctor adds that he understood those people had laid aside their religious principles and have gone to war; that he saw two of them bring in scalps who he formerly knew."—*Penna. Archives*, 1781-83, p. 576.

[1] John Sherrard, whose home was with the widowed mother of James Paull, and who was his particular friend, said that when the forces commenced moving on the retreat he found young Paull fast asleep, and shook him, telling him that the troops were moving off, and that he was in danger of being left behind. Upon that Paull started to his feet, but disappeared at once in the darkness, and he (Sherrard) then lost sight of him, and saw him no more during the retreat.

lying scattered around. It was now nearly dark; so he built a fire—the first he had ventured to kindle since his escape from the ambuscade—and cooked some of his venison (he had shot a deer in this day's journey, it being the first time he had dared to discharge his gun, for fear it might bring Indians upon him); the smoke, as he lay down to rest for the night, protecting him from the gnats and mosquitoes, which were very troublesome."

Two days after he made this night-camp on the Muskingum, James Paull reached the west bank of the Ohio River at a point a short distance above the present site of Bridgeport. A little higher up the river he found a favorable place for crossing, and building a rude raft he ferried himself to the Virginia side without much difficulty, and for the first time since the evening of the disastrous 5th of June felt himself absolutely secure against capture.

Near the place where he landed on Virginia soil he found a number of horses running loose. Improvising a halter of twisted strips of elm bark, he commenced operations, having for their object the catching of one of the animals. For a long time his efforts were unavailing, but necessity compelled him to persevere, and at last he succeeded in placing his rude halter-bridle on the head of a rather debilitated old mare, on whose back he then mounted and started on his homeward journey. At Short Creek he procured another horse and proceeded to Catfish (now Washington, Pa.), where he stopped for some time on account of his foot being badly inflamed and very painful. This soon became better under proper treatment, and he returned home to his overjoyed mother, who had been apprised of his arrival at Catfish, but who had previously almost abandoned all hope of ever again seeing her son.

John Slover and the two other men who had been made prisoners by the Shawanese party at the time when Paull made his escape from them were taken by their captors back to the Indian main body on the Plains, and thence to the Shawanese towns on Mad River, which they reached on the 11th of June. On their arrival they were received by an Indian crowd such as always collected on such an occasion, and were made to "run the gauntlet" between two files of squaws and boys for a distance of some three hundred yards to the council-house. One of the men had been painted black (though why the Indians had thus discriminated against this man does not appear), and he was made a special target for the abuse and blows of the barbarous gang. He reached the door of the council-house barely alive, but was then pulled back and beaten and mangled to death, his body cut in pieces, and these stuck on poles about the village.

Slover and the other man ran the gauntlet without fatal or very serious injury, but the latter was sent away the same evening to another village, and no more was heard of him. As to Slover, he was kept at the village for two weeks, during which time councils were held daily and war-dances every night, to all of which he was invited and most of which he attended.[1] The Indians also assigned to him a squaw as a companion, with whom he lived in comparative freedom during his stay at the village.[2] Finally, a council was held, at which it was decided that he should be put to death by torture.

The next day "about forty warriors, accompanied by George Girty, an adopted Delaware, a brother of Simon and James Girty,[3] came early in the morning round the house where Slover was. He was sitting before the door. The squaw gave him up. They put a rope around his neck, tied his arms behind his back, stripped him naked, and blacked him in the usual manner. Girty, as soon as he was tied, cursed him, telling him he would get what he had many years deserved. Slover was led to a town about five miles away, to which a messenger had been dispatched to desire them to prepare to receive him. Arriving at the town, he was beaten with clubs and the pipe-ends of their tomahawks, and was kept for some time tied to a tree before a house-door. In the mean time the inhabitants set out for another town about two miles distant, where Slover was to be burnt, and where he arrived about three o'clock in the afternoon. They were now at Mac-a-chack, not far from the present site of West Liberty, in Logan County. Here there was a council-house also, as at Wapatomica,[4] but only a part of it was covered. In the part without a roof was a post about sixteen feet in height. Around this, at a distance of about four feet, were three piles of wood about three feet high. Slover was brought to the post, his arms again tied behind him, and the thong or cord with which they were bound was fastened to it. A rope was also put about his neck and tied to the post about four feet above his head. While they were tying him the wood was kindled and began to flame. Just then the wind began to blow, and in a very short time the rain fell violently. The fire, which by this time had begun to blaze considerably, was instantly extinguished. The rain lasted about a quarter of an hour."[5]

The savages were amazed at this result, and perhaps regarded it as an interposition of the Great Spirit on behalf of the prisoner. They finally decided to allow him to remain alive until morning,

[1] Having previously lived much among the Indians, Slover was well acquainted with their language, and spoke it, particularly the Miami and Shawanese dialects, with great fluency.

[2] "There was one council at which Slover was not present. The warriors had sent for him as usual, but the squaw with whom he lived would not suffer him to go, but hid him under a large quantity of skins. It may have been done that Slover might not hear the determination she feared would be arrived at,—to burn him."—*Butterfield's Expedition against Sandusky.*

[3] James and George Girty, as well as Capt. Matthew Elliott, of the British service, were present at the Shawanese town, and took part in the Indian councils before mentioned.

[4] The Indian village to which he had first been taken.

[5] Butterfield's "Expedition against Sandusky."

when, as they said, they would recommence the torture, and devote the whole day to it. He was then unbound and made to sit on the ground, where he was beaten, kicked, and otherwise maltreated by the Indians, who continued dancing round him and yelling till nearly midnight. Three guards were then detailed to watch him during the rest of the night; he was again bound and taken to a house, where a rope was fastened about his neck and tied to a beam of the house. His guards kept awake taunting him about the torture he was to endure until towards morning, when two of them fell asleep, and not long afterwards the other followed their example. Soon they were all asleep, and when he was entirely sure that they were so Slover commenced attempts to unbind himself. He had comparatively little difficulty in slipping the cords from one of his wrists, which left him at liberty to work at the rope around his neck. This he found much more securely tied, and he began to despair of loosening it, as the daylight had begun to appear and the Indians would soon be on the alert. At last, however, he succeeded in untying the knots, and rose from his painful position, free, but still in the greatest danger of discovery.

Stepping softly over the sleeping warriors, he quickly left the house, and ran through the village into a cornfield. Near by he saw several Indian horses grazing, and having with no little difficulty caught one of these, using the rope with which he had been bound as a halter, he mounted and rode away, first slowly, then more rapidly, and finally with all the speed of which the animal was capable. No alarm had been given in the village, and he had therefore reason to believe that the Indians were still ignorant of his escape.

Slover forced the horse to his utmost speed for a long time, but gradually his pace slackened and grew slower and slower until about two o'clock in the afternoon, when, finding it impossible to urge him beyond a walking gait, he dismounted, left the animal, and pushed on on foot. He had heard the distant hallooing of Indians behind him, showing him that he was pursued, but he kept on, using every precaution to cover his trail as he proceeded. No Indians appeared, and he traveled on without a moment's stop until ten o'clock at night, when, being very sick and vomiting, he halted to rest for two hours. At midnight the moon rose, and he proceeded on, striking a trail, which he kept till daylight, and then, as a measure of precaution, left it, and struck through the woods along a ridge at a right angle from his previous course. This he continued for about fifteen miles, and then changed to what he judged to be his true course. From this point he met with no specially notable adventure. On the third day he reached the Muskingum, on the next he reached and crossed the Stillwater, and in the evening of the fifth day of his flight he camped within five miles of Wheeling. Up to this time he had not closed his eyes in sleep since he left his cabin and squaw companion at Wapatomica.

Early on the following morning he came to the Ohio River opposite the island at Wheeling, and seeing a man on the other side, called to him, and finally induced him to come across and take him over in his canoe, though at first he was very suspicious and unwilling to cross to the west shore. On the 10th of July Slover reached Fort Pitt.

Col. Crawford's nephew, William Crawford,[1] the colonel's son-in-law, William Harrison,[2] and John McClelland, of Fayette County, the third major of the expeditionary force, all lost their lives at the hands of the Indian barbarians. It has already been noticed that when the unfortunate colonel was at Pomoacan's headquarters, on the night before he suffered the torture, he was told by Simon Girty that his nephew and son-in-law had been taken prisoners but pardoned by the chiefs. This false story of their escape from death reached the settlements by some means, and the hearts of their relatives and friends were thus cheered by hopes of their ultimate return.

No particulars of the time or manner of the deaths of Harrison, McClelland, or young Crawford are known, except that McClelland was shot from his horse in the first attack by the Delawares and Shawanese on the night of the 5th, but the fact of their killing by the savages was established by John Slover, who, on coming to the upper Shawanese town on the evening of the 11th of June, saw there the mangled bodies of three men bloody, powder-burned, and mutilated, who, the Indians assured him, had been killed just before his arrival; and two of these he at once recognized as the bodies of Harrison and young Crawford. The other he was not entirely sure of, but had no doubt that it was the corpse of Maj. McClelland. At the same time the Indians pointed out two horses, and asked him if he recognized them, to which he answered that he did, and that they were the ones which had been ridden by Harrison and Crawford, to which the Indians replied that he was correct.

John Crawford, the colonel's son, kept with Williamson's forces on their retreat to the Ohio, and reached his home on the Youghiogheny in safety. He afterwards removed to Kentucky, and died in that State soon after his settlement there.

Philip Smith[3] was, as we have seen, an active participant in the battle of June 4th, in which he received a wound in the elbow. When the retreat commenced on the night of the 5th, he and a companion named

[1] Son of Valentine Crawford, of Fayette County.

[2] Husband of the beautiful Sarah Crawford, the colonel's daughter.

[3] At the time when he volunteered for Crawford's expedition, Philip Smith was a resident of that part of Westmoreland County which soon after became Fayette, his home being on a small tributary of Georges Creek. Soon after returning from the expedition (in 1784) he removed to Ohio, and remained in that State during the remainder of his life. He was born in Frederick County, Md., in 1761, and died in East Union township, Wayne Co., Ohio, March 27, 1838. Several of his children are yet living in Ohio and Indiana.

Rankin became separated from their company, and found themselves under the necessity of shifting for themselves. Both had lost their horses, and they were without provisions, but had their guns and ammunition. They struck off from the track of the troops, and for two days were successful in evading the savages. Most of their traveling was done by night. They suffered greatly for food, for, though there was plenty of game, they were afraid to shoot it, for fear that the noise of their pieces would bring Indians upon them. They ate berries and roots, and once or twice were fortunate enough to catch young birds. Afterwards they found an Indian pony, which (not daring to shoot) Smith killed with his tomahawk after repeated ineffectual strokes at it. The liver of the animal was then taken out and broiled, and it made what seemed to them a delicious meal.

On the night of the 7th, as they were moving along, they were overtaken by two other fugitives, mounted. The four now traveled on together for a time, when, on a sudden, as they had stopped at a stream, a party of Indians fired on them from the high bank, and the two mounted men tumbled from their horses, dead. Smith had just stooped to drink at the stream, and a ball whizzed over his head; but he was unhurt, and seizing the gun of one of the dead horsemen, he leaped up the opposite bank and fled, but soon threw away his gun. His companion, Rankin, had also escaped injury from the fire of the savages, and was running for life ahead of Smith. As the latter pressed on towards him, Rankin, thinking that it was an enemy who was pursuing, turned to shoot him, but Smith saved himself by taking to a tree. This was repeated three times, but finally Rankin discovered that he was being pursued, not by an enemy, but by his companion, Smith. The latter then joined him, and the two ran on together and made their escape, traveling all night, and making no halt until the middle of the next forenoon, when they suddenly came upon an Indian camp, which appeared to have been very recently left by the party who had occupied it, as the fires were still burning, and a kettle of hominy was on one of them cooking. The fugitives were half famished, but dared not eat the inviting mess, fearing that it might have been poisoned. But there was another object lying near the fire which sent the blood curdling to their hearts. It was the still warm dead body of a man who had been murdered by the Indians and scalped, evidently while alive, as the marks showed that he had drawn his hand across the scalp-wound several times and smeared his face with blood from it. It was a sickening spectacle, and they were glad to fly from it and from the dangerous proximity of the camp-fire, where they were liable at any moment to be surprised by the return of the savages.

They moved on in haste, and from that time saw no Indians, nor any sign of any, though during the succeeding night they heard whoopings, apparently a long distance from them. At this warning they put out their fire and moved away, traveling the rest of the night. During the remainder of their flight no incident of an exciting nature occurred, and on the ninth day of their journey they reached the left bank of the Ohio, foot-sore, famished, and emaciated, but safe beyond reach of their savage enemies.

Nicholas Dawson (whose home was in what is now North Union township, Fayette Co.) was one of the volunteers under Crawford. In the disorder of the night of the 5th of June he became separated from his command and wandered away, with nothing to guide him in the right direction. While attempting thus to make his way alone he was met by James Workman and another straggler, who saw that he was heading towards Sandusky, and consequently running directly into danger instead of escaping from it. They tried to convince him that he was wrong, but he obstinately insisted that he was not. Finding it impossible to persuade him to change his course, they at last told him that as he would certainly be taken by the Indians if he kept on, and as it was better for him to die by the hands of white men than to be tortured by savages, they were determined to shoot him then and there unless he consented to turn his course and go with them. This was an unanswerable argument, and Dawson finally yielded to it, though with a very bad grace. He changed his route, joined company with the two men, and so succeeded in making his escape, and arrived in safety at his home beyond the Monongahela.

John Sherrard, a private in the Sandusky expedition, was a man well and favorably known among the early residents of Fayette County, and as he was also one of Col. Crawford's most valuable men, it is not improper to make special mention of his services and adventures in the campaign. He does not come into particular notice until the afternoon of June 4th, when the northern and western borders of the grove known as Battle Island were fringed with the fire of the Pennsylvanians' rifles. In that conflict he held his own with the best among the volunteers, until in the excitement of the fight he drove a ball into the barrel of his rifle without any powder behind it, and by this means disarmed himself by rendering his piece useless.

From this time he employed himself in bringing water to his comrades in the grove from a stagnant pool which he discovered beneath the roots of an upturned tree. This employment lacked the pleasurable excitement which was with the marksmen on the battle-line, but it was quite as dangerous, for the balls whistled past him continually as he passed to and fro; and it was also a service which could not be dispensed with, for the battle-ground was entirely without water (the river being more than a mile away), and the terrible heat of the afternoon brought

extreme thirst to the brave men who held the flaming line on the edge of the timber. Sherrard performed this service well, and was uninjured by the bullets which flew so thickly about him.

Again, on the 5th (his rifle being still unserviceable for the reason before noticed), he was employed as a water-carrier to the skirmishers. Years afterwards he spoke of his experience on that day as follows: "After searching the grove around I was fortunate enough to find another supply, and again busied myself relieving the men of my company. At length, overcome with heat and fatigue, I sat down at the foot of a large oak-tree, and in a short time fell asleep. How long I slept I cannot say. I was aroused by some bark falling upon my head from above, which had been knocked off the tree by the enemy. I then resumed my task of carrying water."

In the disorder of the retreat on the night of the 5th, Sherrard, like many others, became separated from his command, and being left in the extreme rear, followed as well as he was able the trail of the three divisions which took the route to the southwest of the prescribed line of march. With him was Daniel Harbaugh, also from Fayette County, and together these two moved on in the darkness, expecting every moment to be confronted by Indians, but in some unaccountable way they escaped discovery by the savages during the night. Early in the following morning, as they were riding through the woods, an Indian was seen skulking in the undergrowth to their left. Sherrard, who was first to see the savage, instantly dismounted and took cover behind a tree, at the same time warning Harbaugh to take a like precaution. The latter not seeing the Indian and misapprehending the direction of the danger took the wrong side of his tree, and being thus fully exposed was immediately shot, receiving the fatal bullet in his right breast. He sunk to the earth, moaning, "Lord have mercy on me! I am a dead man," and died in a few moments. Sherrard, with his gun at his shoulder, watched closely for the Indian, intending to send a bullet through him, but the smoke of the savage's rifle hid him for a few seconds, and when this cleared away Sherrard saw him running for his life and beyond the range of his piece.

Sherrard examined the body of his fallen companion and found that life was extinct. The ghastly features of the dead man and the suddenness of the event horrified and almost unmanned him, but, collecting his thoughts, in a moment he took the saddle and bridle from the riderless horse and turned him loose. Then he took from his own horse the rude and uncomfortable saddle on which he had been riding, and substituting for it the good one which he had taken from Harbaugh's horse, he mounted and rode on. He had not gone far, however, before he recollected that in his excitement he had left behind his blanket and provisions strapped to the abandoned saddle. In his present situation he could not think of losing these, so he returned to secure them. On reaching the spot he found that the savage had returned, stripped the scalp from Harbaugh's head, and captured the dead man's horse, bridle, and gun. But he had not discovered the abandoned saddle, and Sherrard found it with the blanket and provisions undisturbed. These he at once secured, and having done so left the spot and rode swiftly away. No more Indians were encountered by him, and two or three hours later he had the good fortune to come up with the retreating force under Maj. Williamson. Soon after he rejoined his company, the battle of the 6th of June (at Olentangy Creek) occurred, as has been related.

From this place Sherrard marched with the column on its retreat to Mingo Bottom, and arrived in safety at his home, which at that time was at the house of Mrs. Paull, the mother of James. To her he brought the sad intelligence that her son was missing, and had not been seen nor heard of since the night of the 5th, when the troops left Battle Island. This ominous report nearly crushed the widowed mother, but she was afterwards made happy by the return of her son in safety, as we have seen.

Some of the stragglers from the retreating column under Williamson had reached the Ohio considerably in advance of the main body. These stragglers immediately returned to their homes, and spread through the frontier settlements the most alarming and exaggerated reports[1] of the disaster which had befallen the expedition. These reports not only caused great grief and extreme anxiety for the fate of relatives and friends who were with the forces of Col. Crawford, but the wildest consternation also, for it was feared and believed that the victorious savages—red and white—would soon be across the Ohio, and would carry devastation and butchery to the valleys of the Monongahela and Youghiogheny. When the grief and anxiety of the people was to a great extent allayed by the return of the volunteers, and the consequent discovery that the disaster was by no means as overwhelming as had at first been reported, the dread of Indian invasion still remained, and the bold frontiersmen, discarding the idea of waiting for the coming of the foe and then merely standing on the defensive, began at once to urge the forming of a new expedition to carry the war into the heart of the Indian country, and to prosecute it to the point of extermination, or at least to the destruction of the Wyandot, Delaware, and Shawanese towns, for they believed that in no other way could security be had for the settlements along the border. It was the wish of the lead-

[1] The earliest reports which obtained currency were to the effect that the army of Crawford was almost annihilated, and that the Indians were pursuing them to the Ohio, and would doubtless cross the river and carry rapine and desolation through the border settlements. The fact was that, including all those killed in battle, those who afterwards died of wounds, those who suffered death at the hands of their savage captors and those who were missing and never heard from, the total loss sustained by Crawford's forces was less than seventy-five men.

ing spirits—such men as Maj. Gaddis, Williamson, Marshal, and Edward Cook—that the proposed expedition should be made as strong, numerically, as possible, that it should include, besides volunteers from the militia of Westmoreland and Washington Counties and the Pan Handle of Virginia, as many regular Continental troops as could be spared from Fort Pitt, and that it should be commanded by Gen. Irvine in person.

Capts. Robert Beall and Thomas Moore, of the Westmoreland County militia, wrote from near Stewart's Crossings, under date of June 23d, to Gen. Irvine, informing of the sentiment of the people in favor of a new expedition. "The unfortunate miscarriage of the late expedition," they said, "the common interest of our country, and the loss of our friends induce us to be thus forward in proposing another. . . . We do not wish to be understood as giving our own private sentiments, but of those of the people generally in our quarter; for which purpose we are authorized to address you, and from accounts well authenticated we assure you it is the wish of the people on this side the Monongahela River without a dissenting voice." From the west side of the Monongahela, John Evans, lieutenant of Monongalia County, Va., wrote Irvine a week later (June 30th), informing him that Indians had made their appearance in that quarter, and that great alarm was felt in consequence, adding, "Without your assistance I much fear our settlements will break. The defeat of Col. Crawford occasions much dread."

In his reply to Beall and Moore (dated June 26th) Gen. Irvine said, "Inclination as well as duty is a continual spur to me, not only to acquiesce in, but to encourage every measure adopted for the public good. Your proposals on this occasion are so truly patriotic and spirited that I should look on myself unpardonable were I to pass them unnoticed." In a letter of the same date, addressed to Col. Edward Cook, lieutenant of Westmoreland County,[1] Irvine said, "Your people seem so much in earnest that I am led to think, if other parts of the country are so spirited and patriotic, something may probably be done, but as it will take some time to come to a proper knowledge of this matter, and that must be accurately done, there can be no harm in making the experiment. . . . I have no intimation of any plan being on foot in Washington County for this purpose, though it is said the people wish another expedition."

The project of raising another force for the invasion of the Indian country seems to have originated with the people of that part of Westmoreland which is now Fayette County. The manner in which it was proposed to form it and carry it through to a successful issue is indicated in a letter written by Gen. Irvine to the Secretary of War, Gen. Lincoln, on the 1st of July, from which the following extracts are made: "The disaster has not abated the ardor or desire for revenge (as they term it) of these people. A number of the most respectable are urging me strenuously to take command of them, and add as many Continental officers and soldiers as can be spared, particularly officers, as they attribute the defeat to the want of experience in their officers. They cannot nor will not rest under any plan on the defensive, however well executed, and think their only safety depends on the total destruction of all the Indian settlements within two hundred miles; this, it is true, they are taught by dear-bought experience.

"They propose to raise by subscription six or seven hundred men, provisions for them for forty days, and horses to carry it, clear of expense to the public, unless government at its own time shall think proper to reimburse them. The 1st of August they talk of assembling, if I think proper to encourage them. I am by no means fond of such commands, nor am I sanguine in my expectations, but rather doubtful of the consequences; and yet absolutely to refuse having anything to do with them, when their proposals are so generous and seemingly spirited, I conceive would not do well either, especially as people too generally, particularly in this quarter, are subject to be clamorous and to charge Continental officers with want of zeal, activity, and inclination of doing the needful for their protection. I have declined giving them an immediate, direct answer, and have informed them that my going depends on circumstances, and in the mean time I have called for returns of the men who may be depended on to go, and the subscriptions of provisions and horses. The distance to headquarters is so great that it is uncertain whether an express could return in time with the commander-in-chief's instructions.

"As you must know whether any movements will take place in this quarter, or if you are of the opinion it would on any account be improper for me to leave the post, I request you would please to write me by express. But if no answer arrives before or about the 1st of August, I shall take for granted you have no objections, and that I may act discretionally. Should it be judged expedient for me to go the greatest number of troops fit to march will not exceed one hundred. The militia are pressing that I shall take all the Continentals along, and leave the defense of the fort to them; but this I shall by no means do. If circumstances should seem to require it, I shall throw in a few militia with those regulars left, but under Continental officers."

There were good grounds for the alarm felt by the people between the Ohio and the mountains, for a few days after the return of Williamson's forces the Indians appeared in large numbers along the west bank of the Ohio, their main force being concentrated at Mingo Bottom, with smaller parties at various points on both sides of the river, and these were closely and constantly watched by several detachments

[1] Residing on the Monongahela, at the place now Fayette City, in Fayette County.

of the militia of Washington County. The settlers west of the Monongahela were almost in a state of panic. Col. Marshal, of Washington County, wrote Gen. Irvine on the 4th of July, informing him that the people of that section were determined to abandon their settlements if a force was not sent to protect them. A great number of the inhabitants moved from their homes to the shelter of the forts and block-houses. Nearly as much consternation prevailed in the settlements east of the Monongahela, and the general alarm was greatly increased by the sudden appearance of the enemy in Westmoreland County, where, on the 11th of July, they killed and scalped three sons of Mr. Chambers, and two days later, attacked and burned the old county seat of Westmoreland, Hannastown. This event was narrated in a letter[1] written by Ephraim Douglass to Gen. James Irvine, dated July 26, 1782, as follows:

"My last contained some account of the destruction of Hanna's Town, but it was an imperfect one; the damage was greater than we then knew, and attended with circumstances different from my representation of them. There were nine killed and twelve carried off prisoners, and instead of some of the houses *without* the fort being defended by our people, they all retired within the miserable stockade, and the enemy possessed themselves of the forsaken houses, from whence they kept up a continual fire upon the fort from about twelve o'clock till night without doing any other damage than wounding one little girl within the walls. They carried away a great number of horses and everything of value in the deserted houses, destroyed all the cattle, hogs, and poultry within their reach, and burned all the houses in the village except two; these they also set fire to, but fortunately it did not extend itself so far as to consume them; several houses round the country were destroyed in the same manner, and a number of unhappy families either murdered or carried off captives; some have since suffered a similar fate in different parts; hardly a day but they have been discovered in some quarter of the country, and the poor inhabitants struck with terror through the whole extent of our frontier. Where this party set out from is not certainly known; several circumstances induce the belief of their coming from the head of the Allegheny, or towards Niagara, rather than from Sandusky or the neighborhood of Lake Erie. The great number of whites, known by their language to have been in the party, the direction of their retreat when they left the country, which was towards the Kittanning, and no appearance of their tracks either coming or going having been discovered by the officer and party which the general[2] ordered on that service beyond the river, all conspire to support this belief, and I think it is sincerely to be wished, on account of the unfortunate captives who have fallen into their hands, that it may be true, for the enraged Delawares renounce the idea of taking any prisoners but for cruel purposes of torture."

Intelligence of the attack on and destruction of Hannastown did not reach Gen. Irvine, at Fort Pitt, until three days after the occurrence, and of course it was then too late for the commandant to send a force in pursuit of the savages with any hope of success. The Indians who made the foray were from the north, mostly Mingoes. The surviving prisoners captured at Hannastown and Miller's were taken to Niagara and delivered to the British military authorities there. At the close of the war they were delivered up and returned to their homes.

Before the events above narrated, Gen. Irvine wrote (July 11th) to Gen. Washington, saying that the people were constantly growing more determined in their efforts to raise a new force to operate against the Sandusky towns, that solicitations to him to assist in it and to assume the command were increasing daily, and that the militia officers had actually commenced preparations for the expedition. The news of the descent of the savages on Hannastown caused these preparations to be urged with greater energy by the bolder and more determined men, while it increased the general alarm and apprehension in a great degree. Gen. Irvine, in a letter witten to President Moore, of the Executive Council, on the 16th of July, said, in reference to the probable results of this affair, "I fear this stroke will intimidate the inhabitants so much that it will not be possible to rally them or persuade them to make a stand. Nothing in my power shall be left undone to countenance and encourage them."

Notwithstanding Gen. Irvine's fears to the contrary, the raising of the new expedition was strenuously urged, and pushed forward with all possible vigor by the principal officers of the militia in this region. The commanding officers of companies at that time in what is now Fayette County were:

Capt. John Beeson.	Capt. Moses Sutton.
" Theophilus Phillips.	" Michael Catts.
" Ichabod Ashcraft.	" John Hardin.
" James Dougherty.	" John Powers.
" Armstrong Porter.	" Daniel Canon.
" Cornelius Lynch.	" Robert Beall.
" William Hayney.	" —— McFarlin.
" —— Nichols.	" —— Ryan.

Capt. Thos. Moore.

Every person liable to do military duty was required to report to the commanding officer of the company in which he was enrolled. Other than clearly established physical disability, or having served in the then recent campaign under Col. Crawford, very few pleas for exemption from service were deemed valid. Men were required to perform regular tours of duty at the several "stations" in anticipation of Indian at-

[1] Now in existence, with the "Irvine Papers," in possession of the Pennsylvania Historical Society.

[2] Gen. Irvine.

tack, but were excused from this duty if disposed to volunteer for the new expedition.[1]

The destruction of Hannastown was quickly followed by other Indian forays at various points along the border, and as the continual alarms caused by these attacks rendered it necessary to keep large numbers of the militiamen constantly on duty at the stations, it soon became apparent that the requisite number of volunteers could not be raised and equipped for the new expedition by the time originally designated, which was the 1st of August.[2] "The incursions of the Indians on the frontier of this country," said Gen. Irvine, in a letter written on the 25th of July to the Secretary of War, "will unavoidably prevent the militia from assembling as soon as the 1st of August. Indeed, I begin to entertain doubts of their being able to raise and equip the proposed number this season." Under these circumstances the general thought it proper to extend the time of preparation for the expedition, and accordingly he directed that the forces should assemble on September 20th (instead of August 1st), at Fort McIntosh, as a general rendezvous, and march thence to the invasion of the Indian country.[3]

In the mean time the Indians continued to grow bolder and more aggressive in their attacks along the border. On the night of the 11th of September an Indian force of two hundred and sixty warriors, under the renegade George Girty (brother of the infamous Simon), accompanied by a detachment of about forty British Rangers from Detroit, under Capt. Pratt, of the royal service, attacked the fort at Wheeling,[4] but were repulsed. Other attempts were made by them during the day and night of the 12th, but with no better success. In the morning of the 13th the besiegers withdrew from Wheeling, but proceeded to attack Rice's fort, some fourteen miles distant. There also they were repulsed, their loss being four warriors killed. These and other attacks at various points on the frontier materially dampened the ardor of the people

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[1] Many of these facts are obtained from the old manuscript book which is still in existence in the court-house at Uniontown, and contains the minutes of the several military "Courts of Appeal" held in the spring and summer of 1782, as before mentioned. Some extracts from these minutes are here given, viz.:

"*At a Court of Appeal held at Beeson's Town the 5th day of August*, 1782.

"Present

Alexander M'Clean, Sub. Lieut. for West^{d} County } Members { Lieut. Robert Richey, Esq^{r} / Ensign William McCoy.

"*Captain Ichabod Ashcraft's Return.*

"John Griffith.—Excused on Oath of inability of Body.

"Alexander Buchanan.—Adam McCafferty appears a Substitute for the Station, but chooses rather to go on the Expedition. He is therefore excused for that purpose.

"Joshua Robinson.—Substitute, Daniel Barton, for the Station.

"Thomas Bowel.—Excused on the Credit of his brother, Bazil Bowel, who is Enrolled under Capt. Ashcraft for the Expedition.

"*Capt. Daniel Cannon's Return—7th Class.*

"Matthey Willey.—Clerk to the Company, to turn out on duty with the Capt.

"James Robeson.—His son a Volunteer for the Expedition—Enrolled.

"Burditt Clifton.—Rendezvoused agreeable to order the 30th July at Rob^{t} Rogers.

"James Burns.—A Volunteer for the Expedition.

"James Finley, Junior.—Excused on acc^{t} of a Tour on the Relief of Tuscarawas, provid. by Mr. John Kidd.

"Abraham McDonald.—Fined.

"Michael Daley.—Excused on Oath of present inability of Body.

"Philip Records.—Excused on acc^{t} of Services perform^{d} on Mackintosh's Campaign by Alexander M'Clean.

"*Captain Sutton's Return—5th Class.*

"James Donaldson.—Excused on account of Services performed on Mackintosh's Campaign, not before credited for.

"Obadiah Stillwell.—Levi Bridgewater excuses him by a tour on the Sandusky.

"John Hawthorn.—David Brooks, a Substitute, appears for the Station.

"Webb Hayden.—Appears for Station; excused by William Jolliff, on Expedition.

"John Scott.—Bit by a Snake, & not able to perform the next Tour.

"*Capt. Beeson's Return—6th Class.*

"Thomas Brownfield.—To be determined by the Court of Common Pleas.

"Samuel Rich.—John Beeson answers a Tour of Duty by the Relief of Tuscarawas.

"Christian Countryman.—Excused on Condition He perform the next Tour of Duty yet to be Ordered.

"Ben. Carter.—John Orr, of Capt. Sutton's Company, answers a Tour on Sandusky Ex^{n}.

"John Stitt.—Produced a Certificate of his having produced a Substitute during the War.

"Samuel Boyd.—Excused on account of Two Tours of duty allowed by Capt. Anderson for bringing in prisoners from Carolina taken by Coll^{o} Morgan.

"John M'Clean, Junr.—Performed on the Line [meaning a tour of duty as one of the guards to the surveyors running the line between Pennsylvania and Virginia].

"*At a Court of Appeal held at Union Town the 13th day of August*, 1782.

"Alexander M'Clean, Sub. Lt. Esq^{r}, Daniel Culp. } Present.

"*Return of Capt. Beall.*

"James Stephenson.—At the Station.

"John Love.—An apprentice to Mr. Craftcort, & was at his father's when Hannahs Town was destroyed, and continued there to assist his father.

"Moses White.—At the Station.

"Thomas Stasey.—Enrolled for the Expedition.

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The book contains a great number of entries similar to those given above. It closes with minutes of business done "At a Court of Appeal held at Riffles Fort, the third day of September, 1782.

"Present.—Alexander M'Clean, Sub Lieut. Pres^{d}
Andrew Rabb, Esq^{r} } Members."
John P. Duvall. }

[2] The volunteers for the expedition in that part of Westmoreland County which is now Fayette were ordered to rendezvous at Beesonstown (Uniontown) on the 30th of July, to proceed thence to the general rendezvous at the mouth of Beaver.

[3] Both the State and general government had approved the plan of the expedition, and Gen. Irvine had been appointed to the command of it.

[4] John Slover, the guide in Crawford's expedition, who made his escape from the Indians after having been tied to the stake for torture, as before narrated, had given warning that the savages were meditating an extended series of operations against the frontier settlements, and that among these projected operations was an attack in force on the post at Wheeling. This information he said he gained by being present at their councils for several days while in captivity, and fully understanding every word that was uttered by the chiefs on those occasions, as he was entirely familiar with the Delaware, Wyandot, and Shawanese languages. The tale which he brought of these intended expeditions by the Indians against the white settlements was not believed by Cook, Marshal, Gaddis, and Gen. Irvine, but the result proved that Slover had neither misunderstood nor falsified the intentions of the savages as expressed by their chiefs in council.

with regard to the expedition, though the government had ordered that a considerable body of regular Continental troops should accompany it, in accordance with the requests of Col. Cook, Col. Marshal, and several of the more prominent among the officers of the militia between the Monongahela and Youghiogheny Rivers. The minutes of the "Courts of Appeal," before referred to, indicate that in what is now Fayette County the men liable to military duty were, after the 1st of August, 1782, much less disposed than before to volunteer for the expedition in preference to doing duty on the stations in the vicinity of their homes.

On the 18th of September, two days before the time which he had appointed for the rendezvous at Fort McIntosh, Gen. Irvine addressed communications to Col. Edward Cook (of Cookstown, now Fayette City) and Col. Marshal, respectively county lieutenants of Westmoreland and Washington, saying, "I have this moment received dispatches from the Secretary of War informing me that some regular troops are ordered from below to assist us in our intended expedition. I am therefore to beg you will immediately countermand the march of the volunteers and others of your counties until further orders. As soon as I am positively assured of the time the troops will be here I shall give you the earliest notice." But the notification was never given, for the war between England and the United States was virtually closed, and with the approach of peace the Secretary of War countermanded the order for the regulars to join in the expedition.

A letter from Gen. Lincoln to Gen. Irvine, dated September 27th, notified the latter that information had been received from Gen. Washington to the effect that "the Indians are all called in" (by the British government). It is evident that on the receipt of this communication, a few days later, Irvine abandoned all idea of prosecuting the expedition, and on the 18th of October, in a letter to Col. Cook, he said, "I received your letter by Sergt. Porter, and one last night from Col. Marshal, which is full of despondency. Indeed, by all accounts I can collect, it would be vain to insist on bringing the few willing people to the general rendezvous, as there is not the most distant prospect that half sufficient would assemble. Under the circumstances I think it will be most advisable to give up the matter at once, and direct the provisions and other articles be restored to the owners."

About two weeks after Gen. Irvine wrote this letter he received official notification from the Secretary of War (dated October 30th) that the Indian expedition had been abandoned, and thereupon the fact was officially communicated to the lieutenants of Westmoreland and Washington Counties. This ended all thoughts of raising a force to invade the Indian country, and it also closed the military history of this section of country for the period of the war of the Revolution. After the official proclamation of peace, however, and as late as the end of the spring of 1783, Indian depredations were continued to some extent along the Western Pennsylvania and Virginia border, though none of these are found reported as having been committed within the territory which now forms the county of Fayette.