

INDIAN ADVENTURES IN OHIO

NARROW ESCAPE OF TWO SCOUTS

The history of many of the pioneers of the West is replete with bold adventures and hair-breadth escapes. We copy from the lecture of Gen. Sanderson following thrilling narrative of a visit of two gallant scouts to the spot where the town of Lancaster now stands.

Their successful fight with the Indians upon Mount Pleasant, then the Standing Stone—their capture of a female prisoner—and their narrow and perilous escape from their wary enemy.

Cleveland Herald.

As early as the year 1790, the block-house and stockade, above the mouth of the Hocking river, was a frontier post for the hardy pioneers of the Northwest Territory, now that portion of the State from the Ohio River to the northwestern lakes. Their nature wore her usual livery of dark and thick forests interspersed with green and flowing prairies. Then the axe of the woodman and not been heard in the wilderness for the plough of the husbandman marked the beauties of the green prairies.

Among the many rich and luxuriant valleys, that of the Hocking was the most fertile and the most beautiful. The portion of it between Lancaster and some stands, was marked as the most luxuriant and picturesque, and became the seat of an Indian village, at a period so early that the memory of man runneth not parallel thereto. On the green bank of the prairie was held many a gambol of the Indians; and here, too, was many an assemblage of the warriors of the most powerful tribes.

Being council for a war-path, upon some of these war-stirring occasions, intelligence reached the little garrison above the mouth of the Hocking, that the Indians were gathering in force somewhere up the valley, for the purpose of striking a terrible blow on one of the few and scattered defences of the whites.

A council was held by the garrison and scouts sent up the Hocking, for the purpose of ascertaining the strength of the foe, and the probable point of attack. In the month of October, and the balmy days of the Indian summer, two men could have been seen emerging out of the thick alder and hazel bushes skirting the prairie, and stealthily climbing the eastern declivity of that remarkable promontory, now known as Mount Pleasant.

These eastern summit gives a commanding view to the eye, of what is doing on the prairie. Every day brought an accession of warriors to those already assembled, and every day the scouts witnessed, from their eyrie, the horse-racing, leaping, running, and throwing the dead tomahawk, by the warriors.—The old schemes looked on with indifference—the squaws for the most part, engaged in their usual drudgeries; and the papooses manifested all their noisy warlike joy of childhood.

The arrival of any new party of warriors was hailed by the terrible war-whoop, which striking the mural face of Mount Pleasant, was driven back into the various indentations of the surrounding hills, producing reverberation on reflection, and echo on echo, till it seemed as if ten thousand fiends were gathered in their orgies. Such yells might well strike terror into the bosoms of those unaccustomed to them. To our scouts these were but martial music—trains which waked their watchfulness, and newly strong their iron frames.

From their early youth they had always been on the frontier, and therefore were practiced in all the subtlety, craft and cunning, as well as knowing the ferocity and blood-thirsty perseverance of the savage. They were not likely to be circumvented by the cunning of their foes; and without a desperate struggle, would not fall victims to the scalping knife.

On several occasions, small parties of warriors left the prairie, and ascended the mount, on which occasional our scouts would hide in the fissures of the rocks, lying by the side of some long prostrate tree, covered with the sere and yellow leaf, and again leave their hiding places when their uninvited guests had disappeared. For food they depended on jerked venison and cold corn-bread, with which their blankets had been well stored. Fire they drew not from the flint.

bring upon them the entire force of the Indians. For drink they depended on some rain water, which still stood in the crevices of the rocks; but in a few days the store was exhausted and M'Clelland and White must abandon their enterprise, or find a new supply. M'Clelland being the elder resolved to make the attempt. With his trusty rifle in his grasp and two canteens slung across his shoulders, he cautiously descended to the prairie, and skimming the hills to the north as much as possible, within the hazel thickets, he struck a course for the Hocking river. He reached its margin and turning an abrupt point of a hill, he found a beautiful fountain of limped water, now known as the Cold Spring, within a few feet of the river.

He filled his canteens and returned in safety to his watchful companion. It was now determined to have a fresh supply of fresh water every day, and this duty was to be performed alternately. On one of these occasions, after White had filled his canteens, he sat a few moments, watching the limped element, as it came gurgling out of the bosom of the earth—the light sound of footsteps caught his practised ear, and upon turning round, he saw two squaws, within a few feet of him; these upon turning the jut of the hill, had suddenly come upon him. The elder squaw gave one of those far reaching whoops, peculiar to the Indians. White at once comprehended his perilous situation—for if the alarm should reach the camp, him and his companion must inevitably perish.

Self-preservation impelled him to inflict a noiseless death on the squaws, and in such a manner as to leave no trace behind. Ever rapid in thought and prompt in action, he sprang upon his victims with the rapidity and power of a panther and grasping the throat of each, with one bound he sprung into the Hocking and rapidly thrust the head of the elder one under the water, and making strong efforts to submerge the younger, who, however, powerfully resisted.

During the short struggle, the younger female addressed him in his own language, though almost inarticulate sounds. Releasing his hold, she informed him, that, ten years before, she had been made a prisoner, on Grave Creek Plains, and that the Indians in her presence, butchered her mother and two sisters; and that an only brother, who had been captured with her, had succeeded, on the second night, in making his escape, but what had become of him she knew not.

During this narrative, White, unobserved by the girl, had let go his grasp upon the elder squaw, whose body floated down the river, not, probably soon to be found. He now directed the girl hastily to follow him, and with his usual energy and speed pushed for the mount.

They had scarcely gone two hundred yards from the spring, before the alarm cry was heard some quarter of a mile down the river. It was supposed that some warriors returning from a hunt, had struck the Hocking just as the body of the drowned squaw floated past. White and the girl succeeded in reaching the mount, where M'Clelland had been no indifferent spectator to the sudden commotion among the Indians. As the prairie parties of Indians were seen to strike off in every direction, before White and the girl arrived, a party of some twenty warriors had gained the eastern declivity of the mount, and were cautiously ascending—carefully keeping under cover. Soon the two scouts saw the swarthy faces of the foe, as they glided from tree to tree, and they took to the heels, until the whole base of the mount was surrounded, and all hopes of escape cut off.

In this peril, nothing was left, other than to sell their lives as dearly as they could—this they resolved to do, and advised the girl to escape to the Indians as soon as possible and tell them she had been a captive to scouts. She said 'No,' death, and that in the presence of my people, is to me a thousand times sweeter than captivity. Furnish me with a rifle, and I will show you that I can fight as well as die. This spot I leave not; here my bones shall lie, bleaching with yours; and should either of you escape, you will carry the tidings of my death to my remaining relatives.

Remonstrance proved fruitless; the two scouts matured their plans for a desperate defence—upon the summit of the mount, which they had gained, they were now situated. The attack commenced in front, where, from the narrow backbone of the mount, the swarthy faces of the foe, were seen, and where they could avail themselves of the rocks and trees. In advancing, the warriors must, however, be momentarily exposed, and two bare inches of his swarthy form, was target enough for the unerring rifles of the scouts. After bravely maintaining the fight in front and keeping them in check, they discovered a new danger threatening them. The wary foe now made every preparation to attack them in the flank, which could be most successfully and fatally done by reaching an isolated rock lying in one of the ravines on the southern hill-side. This rock once gained by the Indians, they could bring the scouts under point blank shot of their rifle, without the possibility of escape.

Our brave scouts saw the hopelessness of their situation which nothing could avert, but a brave companion and an unerring shot—they had not. But the brave never despair. With this certain faith resting upon them, they continued calm, and as calculating, and as unweary, as the sturdiest of warriors. As the treacherous foe could possibly produce a cover so near the fatal rock, that a single bound must reach it, and all hope would be destroyed. He felt that all depended on one advantageous shot, although but one inch of the warrior's body was exposed; and that at the distance of one hundred yards—he resolved to risk all, coolly he raised the rifle to his eye, carefully shading the sight with his hand, he drew a bead so close that he felt conscious it would do—he touched the hair trigger with his finger—the hammer came down—but instead of striking fire, it crushed his flint into a hundred fragments! Although he felt that the savage must reach the fatal rock before he could adjust another flint, he proceeded to the task with the utmost composure, casting many a furtive glance towards the fearful point. Suddenly he saw the warrior stretching every muscle for the leap—and with the agility of a deer he made a spring—but instead of reaching the rock, he sprang ten feet in the air, and giving one terrific yell, he fell to the earth, and his carcass rolled fifty feet down the hill. He had evidently received a death shot from some unknown hand. A hundred voices from behind re-echoed the terrible shout, and it was evident they had lost a favorite warrior, as well as being foiled for the time in the most important movement. A few moments proved that the advantage so mysteriously gained would be of short duration; for already the scouts caught glimpses of a swarthy warrior, cautiously advancing towards the cover so recently occupied by a fellow companion. Now, too, the attack in front was resumed with increased fury, so as to require the incessant fire of both scouts to prevent the Indians from gaining the summit.

In a short time M'Clelland saw the wary warrior behind the cover, preparing for a leap to gain the fearful rock—the leap was made—and the warrior, turning a summerset, his corpse rolled towards his companion—again a mysterious agent had interposed in their behalf. This second sacrifice cast dismay into the ranks of the assailants, and just as the sun was disappearing behind the western hills, the foe withdrew for the purpose of devising new modes of attack. The respite came most seasonably to the scouts, who had bravely maintained the unequal fight from the middle of the day.

Now, for the first time, was the girl missing, and the scouts supposed that through terror she had escaped to her former captors, or had been killed during the fight. They were not long left to doubt, for in a few moments the girl was seen emerging from behind a rock, and coming to them with a rifle in her hand. During the heat of the fight she saw a warrior fall, who had advanced some fifty yards before the main body in front. He at once resolved to possess herself of his rifle, and crouching in the undergrowth, she crept to the spot, and succeeded in her enterprise, being all the time exposed to the cross-fire of assailants and defendants. Her practised eye had noticed the fatal rock, and her were the mysterious hands by which the two warriors were now situated.

Their escape from the Indians proved a narrow one, and the girl, who had been rescued from the clutches of the Indians, was now in a position to be the savior of the two scouts. The result proved the correctness of their plan.

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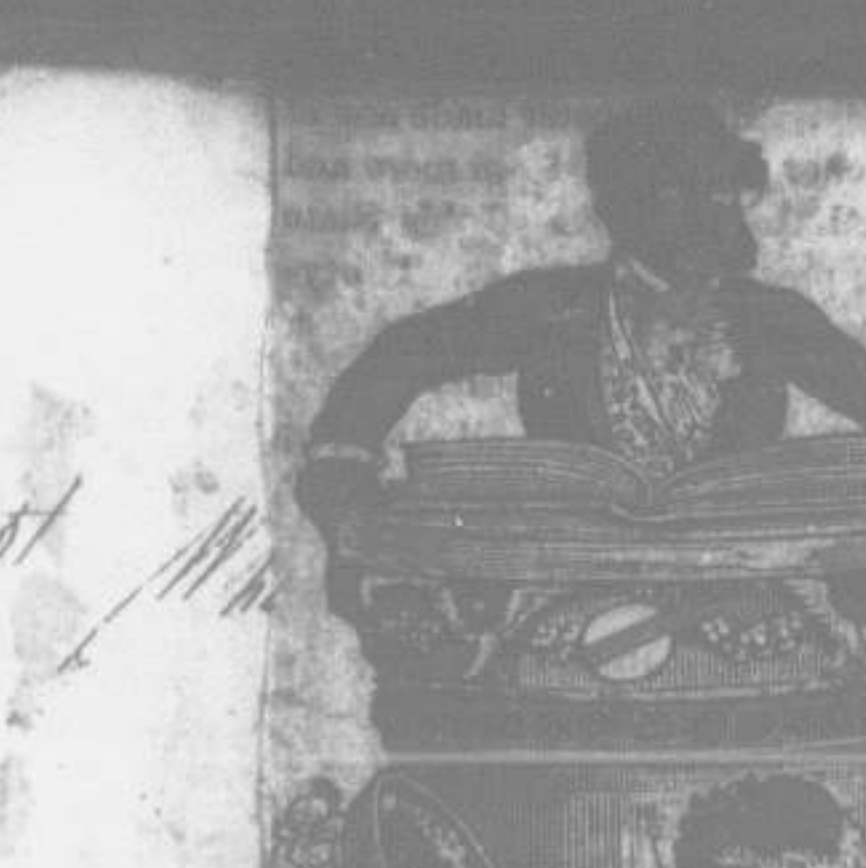
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Deacon Snowball's FORTY-FIRST SERMON. NEW SERIES.

DELUDED BRUDER. Your 'spected preacher on dis day ob grace tink it am be duty to liffetize dis congregation ob color wid de follerin' portion ob 'criptur in dese words:—

"Six gentlemen upon de road
This seeing Gilep fly
Stop thief! stop thief! a highwayman!
They all at once dey cry."

When your 'spected preacher 'peak to de people ob color, he 'speak dat dey will pay 'ticklar' tention to his words, and pay proper 'speak to de cloff. Charity Phillis will please for to leab off peakin' at de butt niggar through her fan. I 'speak she hab got little hole in her fan and look through him in dem he nigger wid ruffle on dar shirt and look feel look. Dar nigger gal vander wid green spectacles on, will please for to leab off whisperin' to dat long nigger behind her, and tend to de sarnment.

De fust division ob de text tell you dat dar six gemmen upon de road. I 'speak dat is spiritual and 'lude to six gemmen ob color dat lay drunk upon de road. I tink it 'lude to Simon Botch, Peter Phillips, George Washington Jumbo, Cesar Widgeon, Hugh Scraggs, and Pompey Butts.

De second division say dat dey go, Gilep fly. Dat is de spiritual meanin' ob Chloe Fortunatus. Dey lay on de ground, and dey see Chloe fly on her leg. Darfore dey know dat Chloe had took de hat ob Peter Phillips and was gwine off wid it. 'She tink dey didn't know what dey was 'bout; but Pompey hab one eye open and see her take it. Darfore dey all sing out 'top tief' as loud as dey could boller.

Den dat young lady ob color 'ceive dat dey hab dar eye open. She was gwine to drop de hat at fust; but afterward she concluded dat she run wid all her might.

Dem six gemmen ob color get up on dar feet and try to run arter her, but dey tumble down; and den Chloe run into de sular to sell de hat to Sam Jonson; for Sam was 'live in dem days. Darfore Sam took de hat and looked at it, and he see a name rit in de hat, and he ax her if she count 'honestly by him. Den Chloe blush rit off, and Sam believe dat she 'tole de hat.

He sent right off to Miss Garrison and got him to come down de sular and read de name dat was rit on de inside ob de hat. So he cirk down and he seed it was de name ob Peter Phillips.

Darfore Sam ax Chloe what she waited for de hat, and she telled him she would take a bowl ob clam soup, and bottle ob spruce beer, for dey hab no root beer in dem days.

Den Sam ax her to walk into de odder room to get de soup, and when he got her dar, he shut de door and lock de door. He kep dar till ebenin' when Peter Phillips cirk in and get his hat, and den he let her out and tell her to go 'bout her buxiness and nebbber 'teal nossin nebbber agin.

Arter she was gone, Sam went into de room whar he had locked up de young lady ob color, and he found dat she had carried a beautiful pitcher under her armp, for de pitcher had been left in dat room when she was taken dar.

De fust division 'lude to dat report last week about your 'spected preacher and Dinah Deacon. He can't see no good by him.

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De white fokes tell you dat de debble am brack; and dey say dat to gib you 'pinio dat de people ob color am de same 'plexion as de debble; but Tony Snags hab seen de debble, and he say dat de ole sarprint am as white as chalk. I 'spose you heah dat de ole sarprint am all about now. Don't you know de meanin' ob dat? I believe dis ole sarprint is de debble, and dat he is gwine about to see who he can dewour; so look out nigger how you go in swimmin' or you will get carried off, sure enough.

Your 'spected preacher is gwine to get up a society to go out and fight de debble in a bote, and Cesar will let us hab his bote for dat propos. On dis 'portant 'casion prayer is 'quested in all de churches for de success ob de voyage, and two Namicket whalemen is 'quested to come to dis place, to go out wid us, and spear de debble wid dar harpoon. When we ketch him we will 'tuff him wid 'traw and hab him put in de Museum ob Masses Kimball.

Dar will be a lub feast next Tuesday ebenin'. It will be held in de sular ob Cesar, for de benefit ob habbin' de wittles convenient, 'specially clam supe, for dat 'portant 'casion.

Brooder Widgeon will now pass round de hat. AMEN.

Deacon Snowball's TWENTY-NINTH SERMON. NEW SERIES.

DELUDED BRUDER. On dis 'ticklar and 'portant 'casion, your 'spected preacher abrogate de follerin' text ob 'criptur, from de 'ossible Dinah ob de Peezhanik.

Strange dat such difference there should be 'twixt twiddle-dum and twiddle-dee.

Dis text ob 'criptur is divided into fifty parts; arter dat it is divided into two parts. De fifty two parts is too tedious to mention. Darfore, we will take hold ob de two parts. De two parts are twiddle-dum and twiddle-dee. De fust part ob de one is like de todler, and de fust part ob de todler is like de todler. Dey boffam twiddle in de beginning, and de fust one is dum in de ending and de todler is dee in de ending. But de text tell you it is berry 'trange dat dey aint boff alike. Dey might as well hab been de same ting. It must hab been made by white fokes and darfore dey hab 'em different. But de text is 'stonished becase dey is boff different.

Darfore, you must find out what is dis twiddle-dum and twiddle-dee. You 'spected preacher hab lookt in de dictionary and can't find dem. Dis is becase dem two word hab spiritual meanin' and must be 'plained by your 'spected preacher. 'Twiddle-dum 'ply to de sular kepp by Cesar Widgeon, and twiddle-dee 'ply to de sular kepp by Peter Widgeon.

Darfore say it is 'trange dar should be so much difference 'tween de two. In de sular of Cesar you get clam soup for fourpence; and in de sular ob Peter, you hab to pay a fourpence too, but you get no cracker in de soup. Dey ax you free cent for root beer in Peter's sular, and don't blow off de froff from de top; but dey charge de same price in Cesar sular and blow off de froff into de bargain. Dar is grate difference in de quantity when de tumbler is huff full ob froff.

Darfore de froff is de third division. De froff ob root beer is spiritual and 'lude to de speeches in 'lection times. Dem speeches is de froff, and de sarnments ob your 'spected preacher is de beer.

De fust division 'lude to dat report last week about your 'spected preacher and Dinah Deacon. He can't see no good by him.