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The Red Men of Ohio

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OHIO, THE RED MAN'S PARADISE

The Indians played a conspicuous part in the early history of Ohio. Long before the state had a name, and while, to the whites, it was still but an indistinguishable part of the trans-Allegheny wilderness, it possessed all the attractions of a red man's paradise. Its softly swelling prairies, its forest covered hills and plains, its picturesque streams and great, blue lake, constituted an ideal home for the savage hunters and warriors.

For nearly a century the Ohio Indians waged unceasing war against the encroaching civilization of the whites. They clung to their favorite forest home with the love of patriots and the tenacity of savage despair. They apprehended their doom in the aggressive activity of the whites of the Atlantic slope.

The waving crops, the lowing of the cattle, the crash of falling forests, the columns of ascending smoke along the western slopes of the Alleghenies proclaimed the sure and steady advance of the white settler. The sight filled the red man's savage heart with rage and cruelty. The Indians of the Ohio forests trooped together, and fired with malignant jealousy and vindictive ferocity, rushed year after year against the advancing tide of pioneer settlements. The whole frontier was again and again laid waste by the rifle, tomahawk, knife and firebrand of the Indian. The air was darkened with the smoke of burning homes and crops. The cleared fields and woods were strewn with the slaughtered bodies of men, women and children, while thousands were hurried away into the wilderness to torture or captivity.

It is not strange that the popular view of the Indian among the whites came to be that he was a bloody and remorseless fiend, to be quickly exterminated at any cost. But the historical student, considering the Indian's provocation, his environment and his stage of social development, finds much in his character and social life to modify the extreme view of his blood-thirsty and cruel nature. There is abundant evidence that although a savage he was not a stranger to the noble and tender sentiments common to humanity; that while cruel, crafty and treacherous in dealing with enemies he could be generous, kind and hospitable among friends, and often magnanimous to a foe.

The red man is an interesting character and claims attention for two reasons: first, that the reader of Ohio history may understand the nature of the foe with whom the white man had to contend for possession of the land, and second, because Indian life and character constitute a most prominent and interesting element in the early history of our state.

The number of savages on this western continent when the Spaniard first reached it has been roughly estimated at about five millions. Of these, perhaps one-half million occupied what is now the United States. Columbus called them Indians, not knowing that he had discovered a new continent. He died in the belief that he had only discovered a westward course to farther India. The red man often asked the whites, "Why do you call us Indians." He probably never fully understood the answer.

It would be idle to discuss the origin of the Indian①. Whether he is autochthonous, sprung from the soil on which he was found, can never be determined. He probably reached this continent in a very remote period by way of the Bering Strait, or possibly by the Aleutian Islands, which reach like stepping stones almost across the northern Pacific.

When the Europeans first reached these shores the Indians were here, all strongly resembling each other in their physical, mental and social characteristics. The Indians of Peru and Mexico had attained a slight degree of civilization because the nature of their country protected them in a large measure from savage attacks by other tribes. They had abandoned the chase and taken to agriculture and had domesticated one or two animals which furnished them with meat and wool and served as beasts of burden. With the exception of these tribes and the Iroquois of New York, the American aborigines were in a condition of savagery. Some of them cultivated in a rude way a little maize and a few vegetables, but most of them depended upon the chase and the spontaneous products of the soil, and all of them waged incessant and relentless warfare against one another. The whites constantly took advantage of this state of internecine strife and purposely, and sometimes mischievously, for their own advantage, pitted one tribe against another, thus tending to hasten their own defeat and destruction, as a race.

THE VARIOUS INDIAN TRIBES

When America first became known to white men the vast tract of wilderness stretching from the Atlantic to the Mississippi and from Hudson Bay to the Carolinas was divided between two great families of Indian tribes known as the **Algonquins** and the **Iroquois.** These families were distinguished from each other by a radical difference of language. The Iroquois, the most warlike and the most civilized, occupied a limited portion of territory in central New York extending from the Hudson river to the Genesee. The Iroquois in prehistoric times had formed a confederacy consisting of five tribes extending westward from the Hudson in the following order: **Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas** and **Senecas.** This great savage confederacy is known in history as the Five Nations. In 1715 they incorporated a kindred southern tribe, the **Tuscarawas,** and were henceforth known as the Six Nations.

This fierce confederacy formed a nation of the most aggressive and invincible savage warriors known to history. They were the tigers of the human race. They carried their conquests from the Atlantic to the Mississippi and from the mountains of Tennessee and the Carolinas far into the northern wilds of Canada. Had not the white man reached this continent and arrested the pitiless arm of the Iroquois, his merciless and savage butcheries must soon have left the whole vast region a tenantless and dreary waste. The territory of the Iroquois tribes lay like an island in the midst of the great ocean of Algonquins surrounding them on every side.

The **Hurons,** closely related to the Iroquois by blood and language, were the most formidable tribe of North America outside of the Iroquois confederacy of central New York. They inhabited what is now the western part of Ontario, Canada, on the shore of the lake which bears their name. They had thirty-one villages, a population of 15,000, and could muster 3,000 warriors. The Iroquois regarded the Hurons with relentless hatred and waged bitter and unceasing warfare against them for many years. They finally surprised the Hurons, massacred most of them, together with the Jesuit missionaries in their midst, and drove the fragments of this great nation that escaped far into the desolate northern wastes about Lake Superior. This remnant of the Hurons, after

①See "The Ohio Mound Builders" in Bulletin of April, 1931.

wandering for nearly a century about the solitary wildernesses of northern Michigan, recovered something of their ancient vitality and finally descended to the region about Detroit where they were known as the Wyandots. Their principal villages lay opposite Detroit where the city of Windsor now stands. Many of them wandered as far as northern Ohio and settled in the region near Sandusky where we find them during the historic period. The **Wyandots** were among the fiercest and bravest of the Ohio Indians. When Wayne, during his Ohio campaign asked Wells, his spy and interpreter, to go to Sandusky and capture an Indian that he might learn their plans, Wells who had been brought up among the Indians, replied, "I can capture one from any other tribe, but a Wyandot will never be taken alive."

The **Delawares** were one of the strongest, bravest and most influential tribes of Ohio from about 1750 until after Wayne's victory in 1794. Their home was originally in the valley of the river which bears their name, but before the victorous assaults of the Iroquois and the advance of the whites they retreated westward, crossed the Alleghenies and by permission of the Wyandots settled in the alluvial valley of the Muskingum. Here they flourished and became famous and powerful, their roving hunters and prowling warriors ranging far eastward to the frontiers and northward along Lake Erie to Niagara in search of game and scalps. They were always friendly to the French and inveterate haters of the English whom they remembered as having cheated them of their lands, with the help of the Iroquois, in the valleys of the Delaware and Susquehanna.

The fierce tribe of the **Shawnees,** so conspicuous in Ohio Indian history, were the lawless, roving free booters of the savage world. It is exceedingly difficult to trace their origin and wanderings. They seem to have emerged at a remote period from the forests of Wisconsin and traveled eastward. The Iroquois did not long permit them to exist in their vicinity and drove them southward with great slaughter into the region of Tennessee and the Carolinas.

The **Catawbas** could not long endure such mischievous marauders in their locality and soon drove them northward again into New York. The Iroquois again expelled them and drove them into Ohio where by permission of the Wyandots and Delawares they settled along the valley of the Scioto and on the Pickaway plains, living there some fifty years. They aided the French against the English and sided with the British in the War of the Revolution. They carried terror and desolation to many a frontier home and filled their Scioto villages with white captives and adorned their wigwams with the scalps of countless victims.

They surrendered their captives during Bouquet's expedition into Ohio and sued for peace, but were soon in arms again. When defeated with the other Ohio Indians by Anthony Wayne at the Maumee Rapids in 1794, they were the last to appear at Greenville and sign the treaty and surrender their captives. In the war of 1812 they allied themselves with the British under the leadership of their great chiefs, Tecumseh and the Prophet, and were again crushed by General Harrison. Some time after this they migrated westward and were finally removed to the Indian Territory where they now live, together with the Delawares and Wyandots.

These three great Ohio tribes have abandoned the tribal relation and cultivate farms. They have schools and churches and many of them are beginning to live the lives of prosperous and civilized citizens.

There were other tribes and fragments of tribes in Ohio during the interval between the French and Indian War and the war of 1812.

The **Ottawas** lived about the shore and islands near Sandusky Bay.

The **Miamis,** a numerous and warlike tribe, lived near the headwaters of the Maumee and in the region between the Great Miami and Wabash rivers. The great and eloquent war chief Logan and his Iroquois, called **Mingoes** by the traders, but really renegade Senecas, lived along the Ohio near where Steubenville now stands. A band of the **Caughnawagas,** in company with a few Delawares and Mohicans, lived on the Walhonding river near Coshocton in a village called Tullihas.

There were many villages containing a sort of mixed population made up of renegade Indians and white bushrangers, French and English traders and individuals and families that have not been named. But not many of the Ohio tribes were located for any great length of time in one place. They were constantly splitting up, roving about, and intermarrying with tribes from distant regions.

THE NUMBER OF INDIANS IN OHIO

In 1764, during Pontiac's War, the total number of Indians in Ohio was estimated at 15,000 and they were judged capable of mustering 3,000 warriors. In 1811 there were still five tribes with 2,000 warriors remaining in Ohio. They were limited to small reservations, as they gradually ceded their lands to the government. After Wayne's treaty the game disappeared rapidly as the tide of white settlers poured in, and the Indians slowly followed the bear and the deer into the wilderness of the north or far beyond the Mississippi.

Charles Whittlesy of the State and United States Geological Corps, made a careful study of the government treaties and transactions with the Ohio Indians. He found that for the lands ceded by all the tribes, closing with the cession of the twelve-mile square reservation at Upper Sandusky by the Wyandots in 1842, 3,231,560 acres in all, just $140,893 had been paid, or three cents and eight mills per acre.

The fact that there were only from twelve to fifteen thousand Indians in Ohio during that long period when they were most troublesome to the white settlers is no doubt in conflict with the popular notion as to their numbers. We are accustomed to think of Ohio in the early days as swarming with vast throngs of painted savages. But such was not the case. The territory was very sparsely populated. It requires a vast area of land to support a few savages. Ohio now has a population of three and one-half millions and yet between towns and villages one may travel far and see vast unoccupied spaces and but a few human beings. There is room for many millions more. In the days of the Indian, Ohio was one great wilderness. A few Indian villages along widely separated points on the lake shore and the larger rivers, occasionally an isolated group of lodges in the forest, a roving band of hunters, a narrow trail winding among trees and bushes and ever grassy plains furnished the only evidences of human population. Deer, bears, wild cats, wolves and turkeys swarmed in the woods or frequented the grassy glades of the forest, and great herds of buffalo thundered over the prairies and were but seldom molested by the bullet or arrow of the wandering savage. White captives doomed to the stake once escaping from the Indian villages in Western Ohio, traveled to Wheeling and Pittsburgh, in day time, without seeing a human being during the journey.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE OHIO INDIANS

The Ohio Indians are said by ethnologists to have been superior specimens of their race. They were tall, lithe and finely formed with the typical savage head and face, having the long, lank, black hair, the bright, deep set, coal black eyes, the high cheek bones, the dark copper complexion, deepened in hue by frequent application of bear grease and war-paint. The women were smaller and feebler in physical structure but were inured to all sorts of hardship, privation and toil. Some of the younger squaws are said to have been tall and shapely, with regular features and a wild, savage beauty of no common order. They soon lost all their comeliness amidst the degrading life which surrounded them and degenerated into smoke begrimed, withered, vicious hags whose ugliness and cruelty have become proverbial. It was beneath the dignity of a warrior to engage in any kind of manual labor. War and the chase were the only pursuits worthy of a brave. The women invariably cleared the patches of soil, planted, tended and harvested the corn and vegetables, erected the wigwams and carried them from place to place, gathered the fuel and did the cooking. They went far into the forest where deer or bear had fallen before the hunters' weapons and bore the game to their lodges by successive wearisome journeys. They even tanned the skins and made them into moccasins, leggings and mantles to decorate the lords of the forest who reclined upon the bear skin couches and smoked at their ease.

The male Indians when not engaged in war or hunting, occasionally deigned to fell a huge tree by aid of fire and hatchet and by burning, gouging and hacking, made the pirogue or dug-out canoe. But more frequently they constructed a light serviceable canoe by making a simple frame of split poles which the women covered skillfully with birch, elm or chesnut bark. The seams of the bark were stitched with bone awls or needles, the thread used being strips of tanned skin or more often split roots of the cedar or white spruce pine. The seams were filled with a resinous gum to make the canoe water tight. Their bark canoes were marvelous products of savage skill. They were made of various sizes to hold from two to forty occupants. They were light, strong and beautiful. In them the Indians rode airily and safely the heaving billows of our inland seas in stormiest weather, or plunged fearlessly into the white and seething rapids of the St. Lawrence. In these canoes large war parties bent on murder and devastation, paddled swiftly through lake and river from Mackinaw to Montreal. Trading expeditions with their canoe loads of beaver, buffalo, mink and otter skins threaded the mazes of winding rivers or coasted the interminable expanse of the great lakes to the fort or trading post of the white man to exchange their precious freight for rum, beads, tobacco, blankets and fire arms. The squaw on land and the birch canoe on water were the Indians' beasts of burden. Until the red man learned to plunder the white man of his horses he used no other. He had a dog which aided him in hunting, a poor kind of wolfish cur which could not bark, but could make night and solitude hideous with its howling. He cultivated corn and vegetables. The woods, prairies, lakes and streams abounded with everything else necessary for the sustenance of the improvident savage. The sunless and tangled forests teemed with game, large and small, the prairies and lightly wooded uplands swarmed with wild fowl, and in spring and fall the bays, rivers and marshes were dotted with innumerable flocks of ducks, swans and geese. Perhaps no part of our continent was better adapted to the support of a savage population than primeval Ohio.

Besides its inexhaustible resources of large forest game, wild fowl and fish, there abounded everywhere a great variety of wild fruits, such as the plum, apple, cranberry, strawberry and grape. In the groves and more sparsely wooded hilly regions and along the banks of rivers, butternuts, walnuts, chestnuts, hickory nuts, and hazel nuts grew in rank profusion and were gathered by the Indian women, boys and girls. The favorite roots and herbs that served for dyes and medicines were found everywhere.

The Indians were adept in the art of maple sugar making. Groves of the sugar yielding maple flourished throughout Ohio. The Indians manufactured the sugar in immense quantities and transported it on their backs or in birch canoes to distant settlements of the French and English for sale. They kept large quantities of it in their lodges, mixing it with bear's oil, thus forming their favorite article of food.

IMPROVIDENCE OF THE INDIANS

In spite of the fact that nature had provided bounteously for the Indians' wants, owing to their improvident and wasteful habits, they often suffered intensely from hunger. After the sugar making season or a successful hunting or fishing expedition, during the green corn season or following the harvesting of their corn and vegetables, they all indulged in wasteful and extravagant feasts. They gorged themselves to repletion, day and night for weeks at a time. With no regular hours for meals they cooked and ate constantly whenever hungry, or so long as they had provisions. They seem to have believed literally in the injunction of taking no thought for the morrow. As a natural result they were subjected to frequent famines. In the long cold winters, when the snows lay deep and icy blasts howled through the forests, the hunters often failed to find game. Or perhaps the skilled hunters were all on the war path and none were left in a village but women and children and decrepit old men. Under these circumstances those left behind experienced the extremes of suffering which they usually bore in stoical silence, the children alone crying piteously. They were sometimes compelled to boil the bones thrown from the feasts of their prosperous days and gnaw the skins upon which they slept. An Indian chief once said to a missionary, "A white man can have no true sense of the Great Spirit's care. He has droves of tame cattle which he can kill at any time. He has houses filled

with grain and cellars stored with vegetables. But the Indian feels his dependence and looks forward with thankfulness for what the Great Spirit may give to his hand on the morrow."

INDIAN WIGWAMS AND LODGES

Contrast the modern village of the white man with the squalid huts of the savage, perhaps clustered upon the self same spot one hundred years ago in the rigors of mid-winter. The former is filled with bright homes, stored with food and adorned with all the comforts and conveniences of civilization. Churches and schools abound and the inhabitants are linked with the rest of the world by the railroad and telegraph. The desolate snowy fields and the blasts of winter only increase the feeling of comfort and security.

Their conical lodges were made by planting a circle of poles in the ground, lashing their tops together and covering them with bark, skins or plaited mats of rushes. An aperture left at the top for the smoke to escape, a door made by hanging a bear skin at the side of the lodge for egress or entrance completed the Indian dwelling. Among these wretched hovels famine often stalked with all its horrors. The hunters and warriors are perhaps away scalping and plundering on the frontiers of Pennsylvania, as was often the case. Fires burn in the center of the wigwams. Around these fires in smoke, squalor and filth are grouped old squaws, old men, boys, girls, papooses and dogs, shivering, chattering and screaming, all gnawed by the pangs of hunger. The little supply of hominy, dried pumpkin, venison, bear grease and maple sugar has long been squandered in riotous feasts. They gnaw bones and refuse matter dug from beneath the snow, they chew the skins of their beds and twigs broken from the forest. Without perhaps the snow lies three feet deep, the streams are ice bound, the dense black forest stretches endlessly away, the pitiless blasts of winter wail through the naked, swaying boughs. The feeble old men and boys can approach no game because of the deep crust upon the snow and they return day after day heart-sick and weary. The famished children cling to their dejected and despairing mothers who have nothing to give them but bark and the refuse of the village. At last after inconceivable suffering the south wind comes, the snows melt, the river loosens its icy fetters, the sap begins to run, the buds unfold and the birds appear. The warriors and hunters return, laden with game, scalps, captives and plunder of every kind from the far off settlements. Then ensue the scenes of feasting, dancing, singing and savage merriment.

This is no fancy picture but only a feeble portrayal of actual scenes that very frequently occurred, as we learn from the narratives of captives, missionaries and traders who lived long among the Indians.

CAPTIVITY OF JAMES SMITH

The most interesting and reliable narrative of this kind ever written is that of James Smith who was a captive among the Ohio Indians for the space of about five years. He roamed over the greater part of this state and traversed Lake Erie several times with roving bands of men, women and children. Smith's narrative is invaluable because of the plain, homely and faithful account it gives us of the Ohio red man's mode of life and the thoughts and feelings that animated him.

Smith was taken prisoner in 1755 when eighteen years old, near Fort Du Quesne by the Ohio Indians. He had been sent out with three hundred men to cut a wagon road from Fort London to join Braddock's road along which that ill-fated commander was marching his expedition against Fort Du Quesne held by the French. Smith was sent back with a companion to hurry forward some provision wagons. Three Indians, two Delawares and one Caughnawaga, concealed themselves in bushes by the roadside and fired upon Smith and his comrades as they approached. Smith's companions fell dead, and the horse of Smith reared and plunged, throwing him in the road. The Indians rushed upon him, seized him before he could escape and bore him away to Fort Du Quesne. Here he was compelled to run the gauntlet. The Indians formed themselves into two long lines a rod or two apart, armed with switches, knives, clubs and stones. Smith was compelled to run between the lines and endure the horrible beating which they inflicted upon him. He ran bravely and as swiftly as he could but

was flogged, pounded and gashed most unmercifully, the whole ceremony being accompanied by the most unearthly yells and savage laughter. As he neared the end of the lines he was struck by the handle of a tomahawk and felled to the ground. Recovering his senses he again tried to run but someone cast a quantity of sand into his eyes, blinding him so that he could not see the goal. They then beat him until he fell insensible. Through this terrible ordeal of the gauntlet all the captives, male and female, carried into the Ohio wilderness during fifty years of Indian warfare were compelled to pass. When Smith came to himself he was in the fort, bruised, bleeding and racked with pain, under the care of a French physician. He recovered in time to see the Indians arming themselves at the gates of the fort with flints, powder and bullets for the conflict with Braddock who was then approaching. He hoped for a speedy release not doubting that Braddock's army would make short work of the few French and Indians who went out to meet the British regulars. He was doomed to bitter disappointment. The Indians soon began to troop back, yelling like fiends, loaded with scalps and plunder and wearing officers' uniforms with sashes and laced hats. He saw the victorious savages drive in from the woods a band of British regulars stripped naked and painted black. These unfortunate soldiers were doomed to a cruel death, and the miserable captive, who had himself so nearly tasted death stood upon the ramparts of the fort until the torture fires were built about these wretched victims of savage fury. When the Indians started the fires and began yelling and touching the soldiers with fire brands and red hot irons, Smith could endure the sickening scene no longer and retired horror stricken to his lodgings.

A few days after Braddock's memorable defeat the Ohio Indians who had participated in the massacre plunged into the dense forest, taking Smith with them. They traveled westward about one hundred and fifty miles to the Indian village of Tullihas on the Walhonding river, fifteen miles above the present site of Coshocton.

SMITH, THE CAPTIVE, ADOPTED BY THE INDIANS

On the day after Smith's arrival he was formally adopted into the Caughnawaga tribe. He did not understand this ceremony and had no doubt they were making ready to roast him at the stake. His hair was first plucked out except a scalp lock on the top of his head which was plaited and dressed with brooches in the usual Indian fashion. His ears and nose having been pierced and adorned with rings and jewels he was stripped and painted various brilliant colors and a large belt of wampum was hung about his neck. He was then handed over to three young squaws and led by them down to the river and plunged repeatedly beneath the water and rubbed and scrubbed severely that all the white blood might be washed from his veins. He was then taken back to the council house, his head and face repainted, his hair adorned with feathers, his body bedecked with a ruffled tunic, beaded leggings and moccasins. An old chief then declared him bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh and adopted him into the great and valiant nation of the Caughnawagas in place of a mighty warrior who had fallen. He was then seated on a bear skin and feted and toasted and assured that they were now under full obligation to love, support and defend him as one of themselves. During his entire sojourn among them he never found himself treated otherwise than as a full blooded Indian, born in their midst. They shared their food, clothing and weapons with him and instructed him carefully and kindly in woodcraft and all the arts of hunting. He proved an apt pupil, took part in their feasts, dances and frequent hunting expeditions and rapidly won the confidence and admiration of the Indians by his skill in woodcraft and his daring and success as a hunter.

ESCAPE OF JAMES SMITH

After his escape Smith became a colonel in the Revolutionary War and is celebrated in border history as a daring leader of military expeditions in which he dressed and painted his troops like Indians and employed the military tactics of the savages, which he thoroughly understood.

A TYPICAL HUNTING EXPLOIT

If we follow the captive Smith and his Indian companions on one of their hunting exploits it will serve to shed considerable light upon some phases of savage life and character. After he had become an adept in forest arts and customs and had led the roving hunter life for two or three years, Smith and a few of his kindred found themselves encamped with some Wyandots and Ottawas near an Indian village in the vicinty of Sandusky. It was in November, that season when Indian hunters and their squaws were accustomed to leave their villages and penetrate far into the forest in quest of game and furs. It was a stormy morning and the Indians held a council to determine whether they should embark upon the angry lake and set sail for the country of the beaver. They decided to go and immediately began to carry birch canoes down to the shore. The lake was running high and great waves were breaking white upon the beach. After much difficulty, and the filling of several of their ticklish craft with water, they succeeded in launching them all and paddled out about a mile. The Ottawas of the party were furnished with a kind of light mat, five feet wide and fifteen feet long, ingeniously made of flat reeds or flags plaited and stitched together. When on land these mats served as coverings for the wigwams. On the lake they answered the purpose of sails. After getting out far enough to be clear of rocks and breakers, the Indians raised their sails and sped swiftly eastward before the northwester over the great heaving swells of Lake Erie for a distance of more than sixty miles, landing at the mouth of the Cuyahoga river. The Indians then proceeded slowly up the river to the falls, camping at night and hunting by day, securing large numbers of bear, deer, beavers and raccoons. After many days of hunting they determined to abandon the river. They dug deep pits in which they buried their bark canoes, in the customary Indian fashion, to preserve them from the rains, snows and frosts of winter.

THE HUNTERS GO INTO WINTER QUARTERS

They then journeyed on until coming to where game and beaver were abundant, they built a winter cabin of logs and covered it with bark, the squaws gathering moss from the trees to stop the crevices between the logs. The hunters ranged the woods in every direction bringing in great quantities of bear meat, venison, beaver and racoon skins. The bear is hibernating during this cold season and seldom comes out of his winter lair but he is nevertheless a prey to the Indian hunters. Their keen eyes soon detect the scratches of his claws upon the large smooth tree which he has climbed, perhaps forty feet high to the entrance of his den. They fell a sapling against the tree, a hunter goes nimbly up with a firebrand and tosses it into the hole. A scratching and sneezing is soon heard, the hunter slips to the ground and with gun or bow in hand awaits the appearance of the bear, who rushes furiously out, scorched by the fire and blinded by the smoke; he is pierced by an arrow or bullet and falls lifeless to the ground.

At this point some of the Indians of our hunting party grew tired of carrying the meat and skins to the camp and the squaws could not go far into the snowy forest. So four of the Indians determined to go on the war path and secure horses to carry their burdens. They immediately began to sing their war songs and dance their war dances and strike their tomahawks into the trees for imaginary victims. When they had gone through with these customary preparations and had aroused their war fever to the proper pitch, they marched off single file into the forest, slowly firing their guns and singing their traveling war songs, bound for the frontier cabins of Virginia.

The other members of the camp now concluded to go about forty miles eastward to a little lake near the Mahoning river where beavers lived in great abundance. Before starting they put away their skins according to the usual Indian method. They made a sort of gallows-like affair by planting two white oak posts twelve feet high and fifteen feet apart and forked at the top. From fork to fork they laid a pole across which they carefully hung all their skins to cure, out of reach of wild beasts. They had no fear of theft by other Indians, claiming that only white men practiced the art of stealing. In a few days they found themselves on the margin of the little lake, the favorite haunt of the beaver. This animal was the Indian's richest source of profit and he thoroughly

understood the beaver's nature and habits. The Indian knew the white man's greed for beaver skins and their plentiful acquisition meant to the savage, limitless quantities of rum, blankets, trinkets, powder and firearms. Consequently the Indian used his sharpest wits, and endured hunger, cold and fatigue to obtain the precious skins. On the banks of the little lake and the adjacent streams flowing into the Mahoning, the Indian party had great success during eight weeks of the cold mid-winter in trapping and shooting the beaver and tomahawking him on the ice. They lived in their tents covered with the sail mats and feasted on venison and beaver meat and the abundance of cranberries gathered from beneath the ice of the shallow lake margin. The snow fell several feet deep and the cold became intense. The Indians clad only in blankets, leggings and moccasins took to their snow shoes and chased the deer, tomahawking them easily while struggling to escape through the deep drifts and hard frozen crusts.

THE MAPLE SUGAR INDUSTRY

In February, the Indians scaffolded up their furs again and traveled ten miles to a river bottom where the sugar maple grew large and abundant. It was now the sugar making season. The making of sugar was a great industry among the Indians. The squaws did this work without any help from the men. They first stripped the bark from elm trees and in a curiously skillful manner made a great number of bark pails to catch the sap. They then cut a long groove or perpendicular notch in the sugar tree and at the bottom of the notch struck in a tomahawk making a hole into which they drove a long chip down where the sap flowed into the bark vessel. They also made large bark vessels for carrying the sap to the brass kettles in which it was boiled down into the form of syrup or sugar. The sap flowed faster than they could boil it down, so they made large bark vessels holding a hundred gallons each as reservoirs, thus being able to continue boiling on days when the sap did not flow. The Indians used this sugar in camp by immersing it in bear's fat until the fat was completely sugared. Into this rank mass of sweetened bear's grease the Indian plunged his chunks of roasted venison and greedily consumed it as a dish fit for the gods.

The corn planting season was now approaching and it was time for the hunting party to begin their homeward journey to town and the cleared lands. The squaws busied themselves in getting ready. They packed their sugar in skins, and fried out the last of their bear's fat. They poured this into deer skin bags, made by taking off the skins whole without ripping, blowing them up while green and drying them, each skin holding several gallons of the oil. They folded up the furs, took down the tents and made everything into huge bundles. They then began their long and weary march through the forest, laden with utensils, tent mats and poles, meat, skins, furs and sugar, the riches of the wilderness.

BARTERING WITH DETROIT TRAPPERS

Let us follow this party a little further and see how they dispose of the wealth they have gathered by long labors and hardships through the rigors of a severe winter. They gathered up their scaffolded furs on the return journey, they dug up their buried canoes at the falls of the river and being unable to embark all their riches in these, they made others of chestnut bark, elm and birch being unavailable. They paddled down the stream to Lake Erie, spread their sails to the breeze and went skimming across the great expanse of blue water to Fort Detroit to barter their furs for necessary supplies.

They arrived safely at the Wyandot towns opposite Detroit and found the French traders eager to barter for their beaver skins. They had sold about one-third of their furs, procuring some gaily colored clothes, red paint, ammunition and tobacco, when a trader appeared with a stock of French brandy. They bought a keg of the brandy and held a council to determine who might get drunk and who should remain sober to take care of the drunkards. Having appointed the sober committee to hide the weapons and all dangerous implements and preserve peace as far as possible, the drunken revel began. The most hideous orgies prevailed. About one-third of the town joined in the drinking, the squaws disposing of a full share of the fiery fluid. Fighting, quarreling and assaults of the most murderous kind occurred and the sober committee barely escaped with their lives. When the keg was consumed, they purchased brandy by the

kettleful and ladeled it out with large wooden spoons to all who would drink. They continued this until not a single beaver skin was left. The trader then suddenly disappeared and the Indians were left to sober up. They found their hard won riches all gone, their fine red shirts and gay leggings were in shreds, their new blankets were burned, five or six Indians were killed, some were crippled for life and many were sorely wounded. Our hunting party who came freighted with high hopes and an abundance of rich furs had nothing left but the old ragged blankets which they had worn all winter. They buckled these around them and with aching heads, bruised bodies and heavy hearts, sailed sadly away to their corn planting on the shores of Sandusky Bay.

INDIANS SLAVES TO FIREWATER OF TRADERS

The Indian's love of strong drink, his seemingly constitutional and inordinate craving for the white man's rum, whiskey and brandy made him the easy prey of the villainous trader who penetrated the remotest wilderness with his baleful and blighting wares. Even the gifted, eloquent and high souled Pontiac was the slave of rum. He declaimed against it and besought his warriors to shun the deadly draughts of firewater, renounce the clothes, blankets, trinkets and weapons of the whites, drive out the pestilent traders and go back to the bow and arrow, the shaggy skins and stone hatchets of their forefathers. But his persuasive and burning eloquence was all in vain. The Indian had lost the manual skill of his fathers; he had become dependent upon the wares of the paleface and a hopeless victim of the rum that degraded his manhood, crazed his brain and sapped his courage.

Method and deliberation always marked the Indians' revels. War parties again and again captured flat boats on the Ohio river with kegs of whiskey. They would immediately go ashore with their captives and the coveted liquor, but would invariably appoint a committee of guardians to hide guns and knives and take care of their captives and the drunken Indians.

At a time when the Indians were committing the most horrible atrocities on the frontiers, Sir Jeffreys Amherst proposed that blankets infected with small-pox be sent among them as a means of destroying them rapidly. Colonel Bouquet replied that if he would send traders among them with plenty of rum, it would prove a more speedy and deadly element of destruction than small-pox or bullets.

DIVERSIONS OF THE RED MEN

The wild revels of the Indians, even when at peace in their villages, their feasts, games, songs, dances, savage raillery, ball playing and other athletic contests prove that ever present human need of fun, amusement and recreation even in the savage breast.

The love of gambling was one of the Indian's strongest passions. It was one of the vices, at least, which he did not learn from the white man. Squatted on the ground before the wigwam fire with his fellow gamblers he would toss a kind of dice made of plumb stones or bone, white on one side and black on the other, bet unceasingly as long as a vestige of property remained which he could call his own. First would go his trinkets, dogs, tobacco and weapons, and then his blanket, leggings, moccasins, and lastly, even his squaw.

The Indian children swarmed about the villages and woods and raced through the wigwams noisy and insubordinate, subject to no restraint or training in obedience and silence. The only punishment to which they were ever liable for extreme offenses was a dash of cold water in the face. The girls were early instructed in all the different kinds of drudgery which their mothers had to perform. The boys were taught the skilful use of the bow, tomahawk and rifle. They were trained in running, swimming, diving, trapping, paddling the canoe and following the trail of the wild game. It cannot be said the boys were formally or systematically instructed and trained in all the arts of woodcraft and war, and in the endurance of cold, pain and hunger, as were the Spartan youths of ancient Greece. But they seem to have learned these things almost instinctively by imitation and observation and by listening to the conversation of the hunters and warriors.

THE INDIANS' LOVE OF THE FOREST

The flavor and zest of the woods was in the very blood of the Indian. He knew the forest as the scholar his books or the farmer his fields. He loved the dense and woody wilderness, its blue haze and waving boughs, its rustling foliage and gurgling streams, its gloomy solitudes and perpetual twilight. He threaded its illimitable mazes with the ease and certainty of the wild fowl in its flight through the fields of air. The prevailing winds, the moss on the trees, or their different thickness of bark on the north side, an occasional glimpse of moon or stars, a glance at the flowing stream guided him in the forest as the chronometer and compass guide the ship in mid-ocean. The Indian was such a master of woodcraft as few white men ever became. Where the white man became lost in the dark labyrinths of the forest and wandered in circles, the Indian plunged straight on to his goal as the ship to port or the arrow to its mark.

THE WARLIKE INDIANS OF OHIO

We have looked upon the Indian at peace, in his social and domestic relation. But the savages were best known to the whites as prowling, painted, merciless warriors, armed with the deadly rifle, knife and hatchet. The Delawares, Wyandots and Shawnees, the three great tribes of Ohio, were the terror of the frontier settlements. They took part in all of the great Indian battles from Braddock's defeat to Wayne's victory on the Maumee. It is the testimony of military experts and brave backwoodsmen who fought them and knew them well that they were probably the best individual fighters known in the annals of war. General Harrison, the brave "Old Tippecanoe," who fought with them and against them, says, "They are the finest light troops in the world."

It is a common notion that in all battles where they were victorious, they greatly outnumbered the whites. But the fact is, they were generally inferior in numbers, the whites usually outnumbering them three to one. Braddock's great force of British regulars and Highlanders was annihilated by a mere handful of Indians, weakly assisted by a few French. The superiority of the Indians, when pitted against white military forces, consisted in their method of warfare. They would not fight in the open, but delivered their fire under cover of bushes, rocks and trees. This was not because they were cowardly and dreaded to meet a foe. But their theory of war taught first of all that it was bad generalship, even folly and foolhardiness, to needlessly expose themselves to the fire of an enemy's guns. It was not lack of courage but a consistent and characteristic caution and prudence which led the Indian to fight his enemy from under cover.

It is also a popular notion that the Indians fought in helter skelter fashion, without any order of battle or military discipline. This too, is a great mistake. The warriors faithfully executed the plans and orders given by their chiefs. They formed their lines in the tangled woods with ease and celerity, a wave of the hand, or a shout passed along the line from one to the other, and they advanced or retreated, keeping in perfect touch with one another. They quickly formed in circles or semi-circles to surround their enemy, or readily placed themselves in the form of a hollow square and faced outward to avoid being surrounded. And during these maneuvers each savage fought with all the cunning fury of his nature, as if the result of the battle depended upon him alone. It was such tactics as these that made possible the defeat and massacre of the vastly outnumbering forces of Braddock, Grant, Harmar and St. Clair. The backwoodsmen of Virginia and Kentucky, by adopting the tactics of the Indians, and keeping under cover of rocks, stumps and trees, at last learned to defend themselves with some show of success against their savage foes. The regular soldiers were helpless in the presence of Indians. They were shot down like cattle and could inflict no injury upon their painted, skulking foes. But the backwoods levies, clad in long, homespun fringed hunting shirts or tunics, with coon-skin caps, and wielding long barreled small bore rifles, tomahawk and scalping knife, came finally to be more than a match for the Indian.

LORD DUNMORE'S WAR

In 1774, eleven hundred of these hunters and farmers, from east of the Blue Ridge, under General Andrew Lewis, could endure the thefts and butcheries per-

petrated by the Indians no longer. They gathered together, along the foothills of the Alleghenies, and began their march to the Shawnee villages on the Scioto. Cornstalk, the great Shawnee chief, heard they were coming; he gathered a thousand painted braves and made a forced march to meet and surprise his enemy. He reached the Ohio at night and hurried quickly over, but found the wary band of frontiersmen ready for him at the mouth of the Great Kanawah.

The battle began in the thick woods at daybreak. All day long the voice of Cornstalk could be heard as he passed along his lines, issuing orders and shouting to his warriors, "Be strong, be strong!" White hunter and painted Indian grappled between the lines in deadly single combat, stabbing each other to death in the brushwood. But the cool courage and deadly aim of the backwoodsmen at last proved too much for the Indians, and carrying their dead and wounded they retreated across the Ohio and sued for peace. This battle of Point Pleasant at the mouth of the Kanawha, was one of the few where the whites but slightly outnumbered the Indians and where the latter were fought according to their own tactics. And yet, in this battle, the losses of the whites were far greater than those of the Indians and the red men conducted their retreat so skilfully, their rear keeping up an incessant firing, that they were nearly all across the Ohio river, carrying their wounded, before it was known they were retreating.

The Indians were most terrible when in bands of from five to twenty, they made their sudden and unexpected forages upon the frontier settlements. The settlements were chiefly along the slopes of the Alleghenies, and in the fertile valleys lying between the parallel ranges of these mountains. The settlers consisted mainly of thrifty, hardworking Scotch-Irish immigrants, Germans and occasional families from the older and more populous regions of the Atlantic coast. These white families had often grouped together and built for their mutual protection a sort of stockaded village with block houses at the four corners. After thus providing a place of refuge to which they could retreat in case of danger, they would scatter in different directions, build cabins, hew down the forest, plant their crops and rear their sheep, cattle and horses. These were the industrious, honest and thrifty settlers who led the van of civilization, and upon whom the constant and murderous forays of the Indians fell with the most harrowing and deadly effect.

ENCROACHMENT OF WHITES AROUSES INDIANS

Peace, plenty and happiness would have prevailed in these humble cabin homes all along the frontiers of Pennsylvania and Virginia and later along the northern shore of the Ohio river: but the fact that they had cut down a few forest trees and cultivated some land that had been the home of wild beasts for centuries, was enough to arouse the relentless hatred of the Indians who lived two hundred miles away in the dense forests of Ohio. With moccasined feet that made no noise, these savages crept with the stealth and silence of wild beasts through the interminable wilderness to the frontier, and with appalling ferocity and pitiless cruelty, burst upon the little homes filled with women and children. The flocks were slaughtered, the crops destroyed, the houses burned and inmates tomahawked and scalped or hurried away into the forest and dragged through endless stretches of gloomy wilderness to distant Indian villages on the Muskingum, Scioto or Sandusky. If the woman or little children grew too sick or faint to keep pace with their captors, they were ruthlessly tomahawked and left to be devoured by prowling wolves. Those who survived the long journey were subjected to the ordeal of the gauntlet, some were doomed to the fiery tortures of the stake with all the prolonged and unnamable atrocities that accompanied that awful death. Others were adopted into the tribes and made to assume the Indian dress and habits. Noble and sensitive women who had seen their husbands and children or fathers and brothers tortured or slain before their eyes, were forced to become the companions and drudges of dirty, brutal bedizened Indian warriors, and slave for them in the corn field and in the smoky, filthy wigwam.

RETALIATION BY THE WHITE PIONEERS

It is not strange that the white borderers sometimes took a fearful vengeance upon the red fiends who had despoiled peaceful and happy homes. Their breasts

were filled with relentless and implacable fury toward all the Indian race, and this fury sometimes was wreaked upon the innocent as well as the guilty, as was the case when the harmless and unresisting Moravians were slaughtered at Gnadenhütten by Williamson's band of furious frontiersmen. Direful were the wrongs and hot the flame of anger which occasionally drove men, who had lost wives, homes and kindred, to devote, to consecrate their whole lives to wreaking awful vengeance upon those who had robbed them of all the joys of existence. Such an one was Martin Wetzel. He had suffered the loss of all his kindred and he became the terror of the red man. Many a painted brave and feathered chieftain went down before his unerring rifle in the lonely recesses of the forest.

But it should be remembered that the wrongs of the white man and the red man were mutual. The conflict between them was inevitable and unavoidable. The worst elements among the whites always flocked to the border. We know this to be the case in our own day. The lazy and worthless, the lawless and unprincipled, mingled along the frontier with the peaceful, industrious and law abiding. And the evil elements were more apt to commit theft and outrage upon the Indian because they knew that the savages in their blind, indiscriminating fury would hold the whole white race responsible for their wrongs and that the guilty were just as likely to escape punishment as the innocent.

As there were only a few feeble and widely separated garrisons and no civil government on the frontiers, this outrage upon the Indians could not be stopped. The innocent white men, whose homes had been burned and whose families had been murdered or carried off, were inflamed to fury and saw no way of redress but to revenge their own wrongs. The Indian code fully recognized the right of individual warfare and the chiefs and sachems were powerless to restrain the warriors who were always hungry for scalps, captives and plunder.

And thus was kept up year after year, the unavoidable and irrepressible conflict. The Indians aside from their individual wrongs at the hands of evil white men, were constantly incited to war by villainous traders, by the resentful French who had lost their dominions, and later by the scheming and vindictive British who had lost their colonies.

THE LAND PROBLEM

But at bottom, the primal cause of all the troubles between the white men and Indians was the question of ownership or occupation of the land. The avenging of individual wrongs was as nothing to the Indian compared with their unalterable purpose and intense desire to drive the whites permanently beyond the Alleghenies, and even into the sea if possible, and hold for themselves what they assumed to own as a heritage from their fathers the vast forests and prairies of the trans-Allegheny territory. The whites from their standpoint could see no valid title to the land in the Indian's claim. They remembered that the land had first been won from the French and Indians by force of arms and a second time from the British and their red allies. It was thus plainly the property of the American colonists by right of conquest.

But the whites had more just and potent reasons than the title by conquest for claiming the disputed territory. They did not, and could not, believe that the Indians ever owned the soil in any true sense. The fact that a few of the Indian's savage forefathers had roamed over the soil for centuries, shooting game and butchering one another, did not in the eyes of the whites, create a valid title to ownership. A peaceful band of settlers could not see why they might not clear away some of the useless forest, cultivate the rich soil, build comfortable homes and erect a church and a school-house. They did not believe, any more than do we of the present day, that the march of civilization should stop at the Alleghenies at the behests of bands of savages who roamed the woods clad only in paint, and who were accustomed to burn their enemies in the fire, and eat their roasted flesh. The whites of one hundred years ago did not believe, nor do we of today, that a state like Ohio should remain forever, a game preserve and a maple sugar camp for fifteen thousand squalid savages.

INDIANS RETARD ADVANCE OF CIVILIZATION

Sentimental historians and humanitarians will write and declaim in vain about the Indian's wrongs and the white man's injustice in depriving him of his lands.

Common sense, as well as sound moral philosophy, teach that in the evolution of humanity the race which uses the soil, the mines and the timber, must dispossess the race which only hunts and fishes and gleans a few of the spontaneous surface products of the land.

If this were not true, the progress of the world would have ceased long ago. The Indian would not work, he despised civilization, he wanted to run naked in the woods and enjoy a wild and irresponsible freedom. As a result of his intractable nature, his stubborn hatred of the restraints of civilization and his contempt for manual labor, the Indian has been pushed gradually westward.

Our government, for almost a century, acting from a mistaken policy and influenced by the clamor of sentimentalists who have held that much more is due to the wronged Indian dispossesed of his lands, has treated the Indians as wards. Vast areas of rich lands have been allotted to them exclusively. They have been permitted to retain the tribal relation and do nothing but hunt, fish, lounge, smoke, treat their squaws as slaves and make war upon their neighbors. At the same time our government has spent millions of dollars upon them, sustaining them in shiftless idleness by dealing out blankets, guns, powder, meat, flour, tobacco and other supplies. The money which furnishes these things is wrung in taxes from the wages of industrious white men who toil in mines, factories, offices and upon farms. The Indian should be compelled to labor for his own support. The tribal relation should be broken up, the reservations divided into farms, the money spent annually in guns and blankets should be invested in horses, wagons, plows and other tools and the lazy, painted, liquor drinking savages instructed in the art of agriculture. If then he will not labor, he should be left to starve. For centuries he has compelled his squaw to toil unceasingly. He should now have a taste of compulsory labor himself.

WHY THE INDIANS HAVE NOT ADVANCED IN CIVILIZATION

The modern Indians of the far west are said to be degenerate specimens of their race, and void of those qualities of eloquence, honor and magnanimity which often characterized the Algonquin and Iroquois savages of earlier times. Indeed when we study the historic Indians of this continent and see how gifted many of them were, and how great they proved themselves in council and in war, we are puzzled to understand why, with such commanding intelligence, they never rose out of the savage state. The reasons for this are not far to seek. First is the American savage's irreclaimable, unbending and unchanging nature, combined with his passionate love of the woods and waters. So long as there was a patch of wilderness with streams and lakes, the Indian would retreat to its murky depths and rejoice in his freedom and solitude.

Another serious obstacle in the way of the Indian's progress toward civilization was the absence on this continent of animals which could be domesticated. The European savages, our not very remote ancestors, had greatly the advantage in this respect. On this continent were no goats, pigs, elephants, camels and no tamable variety of sheep. The llama and alpaca were the only animals fit for domestication. They were tamed and used by the South American Indians, but they were small and unfit for the plow and only furnished a little meat and wool and some service as pack animals. Had the people of the old world been without the various domestic animals which served them so well for food, clothing and as beasts of burden, it is extremely probable that our ancestors would have remained in the same condition as the American race of savages whom they dispossessed.

But perhaps the chief cause for the failure of the Indian to attain to any degree of civilization was the open, easily traversed nature of all parts of the country, best fitted for human occupation and advancement. In Europe and Asia all those peoples who passed from savagery to civilization were isolated from the rest of the world where they could live in peace, accumulate property and exercise the inventive faculty. The peoples who inhabited Greece and Italy were walled about by forests, mountains, deep morasses and arms of the sea. They were thus able through centuries to cultivate the arts of peace secure from the attacks and robbery of hostile and needy savages. But in America, owing to the open nature of the country, the tribes were continually driven about from

point to point, accumulating no property, continually in danger of utter extinction from fierce and warlike neighbors.

When our European ancestors finally came to this continent, they were so well equipped with the arts and implements of civilization, that the absence of natural, protecting barriers made but little difference to them. The Algonquins and Iroquois tribes east of the Mississippi tried again and again to destroy or drive beyond the ocean the white settlers of the Atlantic slope. Convinced at last of the futility of this attempt, conscious of their weakness, humbled and broken by the white man's sword and bayonet and his overwhelming numbers, the proud and resentful savages ceded for a pittance the lands they claimed as their own and took up their march for the prairies, forests and mountains of the far west.

FINAL DEPARTURE OF THE RED MEN FROM OHIO

From the outbreak of the French war in 1754, to the treaty of Wayne, it is estimated that 5000 men, women and children along the frontiers were killed or carried away by the Ohio Indians. During that period it required eleven military expeditions, the loss of 2000 officers and soldiers and fifteen treaties of peace and purchase before the Ohio people were relieved of the dreaded presence of the Indian race.

But the last of the twelve tribes who signed Wayne's treaty have long since disappeared. Their council fires have gone out. Their bark wigwams have crumbled into dust. The ashes of their painted braves who wrought such havoc have mingled with the mould of the wilderness and the plain. The forests through which their hunters and warriors ranged fierce and exulting, have fallen, as they feared, before the white man's axe. On the sites where their clustered lodges stood, have risen the populous cities of the hated paleface. Palatial steamers cleave the waves of Lake Erie where once their birch canoe danced lightly before the breeze.

With stolid, apathetic faces a few scattered remnants of the old Ohio tribes still linger among the islands and along the shores of the northern lakes. The tourist, from the steamer's deck or hotel verandah sees them wearing the white man's dress, selling their bows, moccasins and toy canoes, catching fish, gathering berries or shooting the rapids of the St. Mary. In the churches where they gather in picturesque groups, they raise their voices in song and the strange, wild, wierd melody brings to the listener, notes and echoes of the fierce and exultant war songs that in old days rolled through the aisles of our primeval forests.

The Indians, now harmless, broken in spirit and fast vanishing away, after all their centuries of occupancy of this continent, have left us really but one thing of beauty and value, one priceless legacy,—the poetic and melodious names stamped forever upon our towns, lakes and rivers.