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The Story of Pontiac's War, 1763-4

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The long and bloody struggle between the French and English was at last ended. Its close left the Indians of the Northwest in an awkward position. Those powerful and numerous tribes had wavered from side to side, but their sympathies and efforts had been exercised most cordially and vigorously in behalf of the French. After the war was over, British troops under Major Rogers were marched westward. The lilies of France were lowered from the flagstaffs of the forts and the cross of St. George waved in triumph from Niagara to Mackinac. Red coated English sentinels paced their rounds before the gateways of forts that Frenchmen had built. The change brought no comfort to the savage mind.

CONTRASTING TREATMENT OF INDIANS BY FRENCH AND ENGLISH

In former days the French officers and soldiers had received the Indians at these forts with much show of courtesy, and on frequent occasions had bestowed upon them abundant presents of food, clothing and weapons. They had entered gaily into the sports and pastimes of the Indians, had sung, danced, caroused and hunted with them and had even honored the red men by marrying among them, according to the Indian fashion of marriage. Now all was changed. In and around forts where the Indians had lounged and reveled with joyous and tolerant Frenchmen, they were now received with chilly disdain. By orders of General Amherst no more presents were to be given to Indians. No more blankets, scarlet cloth, beads, paint, powder, tomahawks and brandy were to be lavished in presents upon the savage marauders who for seven long years had ravaged the English frontiers. Many of the Indians still hung around the forts, sometimes soliciting food, shelter, rum and clothing, and playing their old games without the walls, vainly hoping that the English would fraternize more kindly with them and gloomily remembering the old days of French gaiety and hospitality. They undoubtedly made themselves great nuisances, from the English standpoint, which occasionally led to their being the recipients of an oath or a kick, or a push from the butt of a musket.

INDIANS EMBITTERED AGAINST THE ENGLISH

The Indians began to be angered at the coldness, indifference and insults of the English. Vague mutterings were heard of a great Indian uprising that would burn the forts and drive the English out of the country. To promote the disaffection and hostility of the Indians, English traders, whose morals were usually of the lowest type, began flocking into the country, cheating the Indian of his

furs with their fiery rum and cheap wares. The gathering storm of anger among the Indian tribes of the Northwest increased in fury which was redoubled when they found that the border settlers who had been driven beyond the Alleghanies during the war were swarming back and were building houses, surveying and plowing lands.

PONTIAC, CHIEF OF THE OTTAWAS, ORGANIZES A REBELLION

All that was now needed was a great leader to organize and direct the murderous rage of the numerous tribes. Such a leader appeared in the person of Pontiac, a great and eloquent chieftain of the Ottawas. Pontiac was at this time forty-three years old. He was of middle height, possessed a strong, lithe frame, piercing black eyes, abundant black hair and a noble, majestic bearing. His great personal courage, his fiery eloquence and commanding intellect had won for him an almost despotic sway over all the Algonquin Indians and their related tribes from the Mississippi to the Alleghanies and from the cane-brakes of the south to the northern wilds of Canada. He had been the firm friend and ally of the French and is said to have led the Ottawas at the slaughter of Braddock's army and to have fought under Montcalm at the fall of Quebec.

In addition to his eminent abilities as a warrior, orator and politician, he possessed all the characteristics of the wily and treacherous savage, redeemed at times by sentiment of honor and acts of magnanimity and generosity that would have done credit to a more civilized statesman. He had met the English with friendly overtures when they came to take possession of the western forts, but his boundless ambition and haughty spirit were chafed and chilled by disappointment and neglect. He resolved to take advantage of the hostility and hatred of the Indians toward the English and array against them in murderous conflict the whole red race of the west.

Early in 1763, when he learned that the French had ceded all their possessions to the English without even asking leave of the Indians, he sent his stealthy emissaries to every village, north, west and south, with belts of wampum and reddened tomahawks, to stir up the savages and plot a general massacre. In a few weeks was organized a conspiracy more wide reaching in its scope and more unified in its aim than any other that has ever been planned by a single mind upon the American continent. It was arranged, at a certain change of the moon in May, (1763), to fall upon the English forts, slaughter the garrisons, then attack the frontiers, murder the settlers or drive them beyond the mountains and finally into the sea. The untutored minds of the savages little understood the rock-like strength of the Anglo-Saxons and the vast resources and indomitable courage with which they had planned to contend.

PONTIAC OUTLINES CAMPAIGN PLANS TO TRIBAL CHIEFS

Pontiac sent his messengers abroad and summoned the Indian warriors to a council. They met at the mouth of the little river Ecorse, a few miles below Detroit on the twenty-seventh of April, 1763. Pontiac addressed the assembled chiefs in a speech of great power and eloquence. He reminded them of the wrongs they had endured at the hands of the English, told them the French would aid the cause of the Indians and urged them to speedy and bloody vengeance.

He reserved for himself the privilege of attacking Detroit, the principal western post and revealed to the council the plan by which he intended to seize the fort. This plan was to gain admittance to the fort with a body of chosen chiefs and warriors having weapons concealed under their blankets, on the pretext that they wished to hold an important council with Major Gladwin, the commanding officer. On a certain signal from Pontiac the warriors were to throw aside their blankets, shoot down the officers and put the garrison to the tomahawk. The scheme was well planned but fortunately miscarried.

PLANS OF PONTIAC DISCLOSED TO MAJOR GLADWIN

On the evening before the day of Pontiac's intended game of treachery, a young Indian maiden who was strongly attached to Major Gladwin brought to him a pair of elk skin moccasins which she had made for him. Upon leaving the fort she was observed to linger about the gates in a dejected manner as if loth to depart. Upon being told of this, Major Gladwin sent for her and questioned her, when she revealed the whole of the murderous plot.

On the next day Pontiac was to come to the fort with sixty of his chiefs and warriors and ask for admission that he might hold a council with Major Gladwin upon matters of very great importance. These warriors would have knives, tomahawks and rifles with the barrels sawed short, concealed under their blankets.

During Pontiac's address to Gladwin and his officers he was to give the signal, the reversal of a wampum belt held in his hand. The Indians would then throw off their blankets, shoot down the surprised officers and soldiers and slaughter the other inhabitants of the fort.

DESCRIPTION OF DETROIT AND ENVIRONS

At the time Pontiac meditated this treachery, the settlement at Detroit consisted of about twenty-five hundred inhabitants, nearly all of whom were French Canadians.

The center of the settlement was the fortified town enclosed within a square of palisades twenty-five feet high. At each corner of the palisades was a bastion mounting light cannon, and over each gateway was a block house. Within were the soldiers' barracks, a hundred small houses, a little church and a council house. This fort or little palisaded town stood on the river near the spot where now stands the Wayne House and the Michigan Central railroad depot.

Up and down the river for several miles stretched the houses, farms and orchards of the Canadians. Two small armed schooners, the "Beaver" and the "Gladwin," lay at anchor in the river opposite the fort. Some four miles down the river below the fort was a large village of Pottawatomies. Directly opposite the fort where Windsor stands was the town of the Hurons or Wyandots. On the same side of the river opposite the modern Belle Isle was the large village of the Ottawas where Pontiac made his abode.

PONTIAC DISCOVERS BETRAYAL OF HIS PLANS

On the day after the intended treachery of Pontiac had been revealed to Major Gladwin, the great chief and his sixty warriors appeared at the gate of the fort and asked to hold a council. The garrison consisted of one hundred and twenty men and about forty fur traders who could be depended upon to fight in an emergency. Major Gladwin ordered the whole garrison under arms. The gates were thrown open and the Indians were permitted to enter. The chiefs stalked in, closely wrapped in their colored blankets. Close ranks of soldiers and muskets pointed with gleaming steel, met their eyes. Suppressing their surprise and smothering their rage the chiefs marched on to the council house where Major Gladwin and his officers with pistols in their belts and swords at their sides received them.

Pontiac realized that his treachery was known but he still attempted to dissimulate. "Why do I see so many of my father's young men in the street with guns in their hands," he demanded. "To give them exercise and discipline," coldly answered Gladwin.

The chiefs seated themselves and Pontiac rose to speak, holding a wampum belt in his hand. In hollow, treacherous phrases he talked of his love for the English, said he came to smoke the pipe of peace and "brighten the chain of friendship." Once he raised aloft the wampum belt as if to give the fatal signal, even though his treachery was known. Gladwin waved his hand, the officers grasped their sword hilts, a clash of arms and the roll of a drum amazed the savage chief and he paused in consternation. The stolid chiefs remained quiet. Pontiac, deterred by the warlike demonstration, instead of reversing the belt delivered it in the usual way.

And here rises a conflict of authority as to what followed Pontiac's speech. Some writers confidently assert that Gladwin rose and denounced the treacherous and murderous intent of the Indians, that he reached down and drew aside the blanket of a chief and revealed the shortened fire-lock and the other deadly weapons, that he sternly rebuked the chiefs for their villainous designs and ordered them from the fort before his soldiers should cut them in pieces. But the careful and accurate Parkman, as well as the letters of Gladwin, affirm that the commandant addressed the Indians in a firm but friendly speech, professing friendship toward the Indians so long as they kept their pledges of peace and good-will to the English. The latter is probably a true statement of what occurred, as Gladwin did not know of the far-reaching nature of the conspiracy, deeming it only a local and temporary flurry of excitement among the Indians that would soon pass away. The chiefs rose and sullenly filed out of the fort .

GLADWIN REFUSES ADMITTANCE OF INDIANS TO FORT

The next day the Indians came in great numbers armed to the teeth but protesting their innocence of evil intent. Pontiac himself appeared again with his chiefs and warriors asking to be admitted to smoke the pipe of peace. Major Gladwin himself spoke to Pontiac from the ramparts and told him that he might enter alone if he wished, but that none of the rabble he had brought with him would be admitted within the palisades. With a leer of rage and hatred the chief turned quickly away. His followers leaped from the ground and rushing away proceeded to murder and scalp all the English they could find outside of the fort.

PONTIAC ATTACKS DETROIT

Balked in his treachery Pontiac went in a towering rage to the Ottawa town and ordered the squaws immediately to transfer the whole village to the Detroit side of the stream that the river might not intervene between him and his intended victims. When the garrison saw the Ottawa camp transferred to their side of the river they knew this meant a siege. The whole garrison were summoned to arms. All night long Gladwin paced the ramparts watching and listening for the assault of his savage foes. At dawn, fierce yells rose on every side and a shower of bullets pattered against the block houses and palisades. The soldiers and fur traders steadily returned the fire from the loop holes and ramparts of the fort and the two vessels in the river raked with their cannon the north and south curtains of the palisades.. Gladwin feared most that the Indians would assault the fort in a body and hack and burn their way through the slender palisades. But the savages were far too cautious of their lives to attempt such a bold measure as this, and besides, such a plan of attack was not in accord with Indian methods of warfare. Instead of boldly storming the wooden walls of the fort the Indians crouched behind logs, stumps, trees, mounds of earth and out buildings and kept up a ceaseless rain of bullets. They discharged numberless fire arrows which fell upon the thatched roofs of the buildings and threatened to consume them.

The cannon of the fort were charged with spikes heated white hot and fired into the outbuildings which sheltered the Indians. These buildings immediately took fire and the savages ensconced in them fled, pursued by the laughter of the garrison. But for six hours the Indians kept up their firing, revealing their hiding places only by fierce yells and white puffs of smoke from their rifles. Toward nightfall the fire of the Indians ceased and the first day of Pontiac's long siege was over.

FALL OF FORT MICHILIMACKINAC

In the meantime, while scenes of treachery and bloody conflict are being enacted at Detroit, let us glance at the fate of the other forest garrisons of the northwest. A Jesuit priest, Father Jonois, in a few days brought to Major Gladwin a letter from Captain Etherington telling of the fall of Michilimackinac by treachery. He reported that the Indians had assembled on the grounds before the fort for their customary game of ball. Discipline was relaxed and the greater part of the garrison lounged idly in the shadow of the palisades to watch the ball game. Squaws wrapped in blankets mingled with the crowd near the gate.

Suddenly in the midst of the shouting and excitement of the game the ball rose high in the air, described a long curve and fell near the gate of the palisades. This was the signal of preconcerted attack.

The Indians turned from the game and rushed with maddened war whoops toward the fort. They seized concealed weapons from beneath the blankets of the squaws and fell upon the dazed and unarmed soldiers. All was confusion and carnage. Out of ninety English soldiers and traders composing the garrison only about twenty were left alive, the rest being slaughtered and scalped in the most shocking manner.

TREACHERY AT FORT SANDUSKY

One by one the lonely frontier posts buried deep in the western forests fell before the treacherous assaults of the savages.

Fort Sandusky was garrisoned by twelve men commanded by Ensign Paully. On the sixteenth of May, 1763, he was told that some Indians at the gate wished to see him. On going out he saw among them several friendly Indians well known to him. He at once ordered them to be admitted. Passing into the commander's quarters all seated themselves near Paully and began smoking the pipe of peace. Suddenly an Indian at the door made a signal by raising his head. Ensign Paully was instantly seized and disarmed. Wild yells and firing arose in the area of the fort. Paully was led out and saw the parade ground strewn with the bodies of his murdered garrison. The fort was burned and Paully was taken to Detroit where he was given his choice of burning at the stake or marrying an old squaw whose husband had been killed in battle. Paully decided to ally his fate with that of the bereaved squaw.

Some weeks later, the sentinels on the ramparts at Fort Detroit saw what looked like an Indian running swiftly toward the fort with a party of braves in full pursuit. As the runner came nearer he was seen to be a white man. A wicket was thrown open and the breathless runner who was taken in, proved to be Ensign Paully. He had embraced the first opportunity to escape from the wigwam of his Indian bride.

BETRAYAL AND MURDER OF ENSIGN HOLMES

On May eighteenth, Ensign Holmes commanding Fort Miami at the head of the Maumee learned that Detroit was besieged. He at once set his little garrison of nine men to making cartridges and putting the fort in order for a siege.

A few days later an Indian girl in whom Holmes had great confidence came to him and besought him to visit a sick friend of hers who lay in a wigwam at a little distance from the fort. Suspecting nothing Holmes followed the treacherous girl through a piece of woodland to the hut which she pointed out. As he drew near two rifle shots rang out from behind the hut and Holmes fell dead upon the grass. The Indians soon swarmed around the fort and the terrified garrison surrendered on condition that their lives should be spared.

FALL OF FORTS OUIATENON AND ST. JOSEPH

News soon reached Gladwin at Detroit that Fort Ouiatenon on the Wabash had been captured by stratagem and that Lieutenant Jenkins and all his garrison were prisoners in the hands of the Indians.

On the twenty-fifth of May at Fort St. Joseph seventeen Pottawatomie Indians who aked to hold a friendly council were admitted to the quarters of Lieutenant Schlosser. While the council was proceeding a Frenchman rushed in with the news that the fort was surrounded with threatening Indians. Schlosser ran out to the barracks and ordered the garrison of fourteen men under arms. But the parade ground was swarming with insolent Pottawatomies who seized and bound Schlosser. The savages inside tomahawked the sentinel at the gate and threw it open admitting the hostile swarm from outside who rushed in and slew eleven of the soldiers and bound the other three and marched them and Schlosser off to Detroit where the four were exchanged for captive Indians in the fort.

SIEGE AND SURRENDER OF FORT PRESQUE ISLE

Fort Presque Isle was an important post where the city of Erie now stands. It controlled the route between Fort Pitt and Detroit and was commanded by Ensign Christie and garrisoned by twenty-seven men. The fort being too large to defend with so few men, Christie moved his garrison into the large block house in expectation of an attack. The blockhouse was built of huge logs. It had a projecting story that its defenders might shoot down upon the heads of assailants. It was roofed with shingles and had a sentry box at the top. Christie had not long to wait, for two hundred Indians had set out from Detroit for the express purpose of capturing and plundering Presque Isle.

At dawn on the fifteenth of June, 1763, the soldiers in the blockhouse saw the Indians stealthily approaching the fort under cover of the lake bank and sand pits. Some of the Indians got near enough, the garrison not firing, to drop into the ditch and some even got into the fort where they sheltered themselves behind the buildings. Others on the outside threw up entrenchments of earth and gravel. From these points of vantage, the whole fierce horde kept up a dreadful yelling and a well directed fire upon the loop-holes of the blockhouse. They shot fire arrows and hurled burning balls of pitch against the roof and walls of the block-house. Again and again the roof was set on fire when buckets of water thrown from the sentry box extinguished the flames.

At length all the water was exhausted and to approach the well in the parade ground was certain death. Nothing daunted, the soldiers set to work and dug a well within the blockhouse in a single day. Before they reached water the roof was again set on fire. One soldier at the imminent risk of his life dashed out upon the roof and tore off the burning shingles. Night came but brought no rest to the weary garrison who had toiled and fought all day, for the Indian rifles blazed from their entrenchments throughout the night.

The next morning all grew quiet. Ensign Christie suspected the Indians were undermining the blockhouse. In the afternoon the attack again began and the commandant's house, in close proximity to the blockhouse, was set on fire.

The pine logs blazed fiercely and communicated the flames to the bastions of the blockhouse which were again extinguished with water from the well.

During the night the subterranean approaches of the savages were completed and through a renegade Frenchman speaking English, the surrender of the block-house was demanded. The heroic garrison held out till morning and then learning beyond a doubt that they were in immediate danger of being blown up they surrendered on condition that they might retire unmolested to Fort Pitt. The savages as usual violated their agreement, plundered the fort and carried Christie and his soldiers as prisoners to the Indian camps at Detroit.

FALL OF FORTS LE BOEUF AND VENANGO AND SIEGE OF FORT PITT

The neighboring forts of Le Boeuf and Venango soon fell and a ferocious horde of Delawares, Shawnees and Wyandots laid siege to Fort Pitt. While the savages are vainly yelping and firing around the walls of Fort Pitt, let us return to the determined siege at Detroit conducted by Pontiac in person.

SIEGE OF DETROIT

It is impossible in a condensed narrative to give details of the numerous bloody and treacherous deeds that were enacted in and near Detroit. An average of a thousand eager and blood-thirsty warriors surrounded the place daily from May to September, 1763, watching every moment for an opportunity to capture the fort or slaughter some of its inmates. At times the supply of provisions was exhausted and the garrison was in danger of starvation.

Again and again Pontiac sent fierce threats and demands for the surrender of the fort, and the French within and without the palisades urged the English to yield and save their lives. But in the darkest hours Major Gladwin was cool, brave and determined, treating Pontiac's demands with scorn and sending back answers of defiance.

The little vessels anchored in the river not only assisted ably in the defense of the fort but they rendered service of the greatest value in carrying letters and dispatches to Fort Niagara and in bringing back men, arms and provisions. At times when there was a favoring wind the vessels would sweep up the river, weigh anchor and send ball and grape crashing through the camps and wigwams of the astonished Indians near the shore. The savages with yells of rage and fear would flee to the shelter of the woods.

On one occasion the "Gladwin" was returning from Niagara with men and supplies. She was obliged to anchor in the narrow channel between Fighting Island and the shore. Eight hundred Indians went down to attack her. The sixty men on board the little schooner lay in readiness for their approach. The darkness fell and a strict watch was kept. Soon the dark swarm of Indian canoes could be dimly seen on the surface of the waters swiftly approaching the vessel. A sudden blaze of musketry and cannon illumined the ship and river. A shower of leaden missiles tore the waters, ripped up the birch canoes and slew a score of the warriors. The Indians fled in terror and confusion. The next day the vessel passed up in safety to the fort.

Pontiac determined to destroy the hated vessels. He gathered a number of old boats and lashed them together and heaped them high with inflammable boards from barns which he tore down for the purpose. Over all he poured quantities of pitch and tar. At midnight on July tenth the lookouts on the vessels saw the immense fire raft bearing down upon them. The flames leaped high in the air lighting up the shores and the forest-covered island in the background. Squads of dusky savages stood upon the shores watching for the result of their enterprise. The vessels were anchored by two cables. The alert crews slipped one of them, the vessels swung quickly around and the great raft blazing fiercely drifted harmlessly down the river. Repeated subsequent attempts to fire the vessels were no more successful than the first.

But the most discouraging events and distressing scenes were not wanting to dampen the spirits and chill the ardor of Gladwin and his heroic little garrison. One by one they heard of the fall of all the other forest citadels west of Niagara and Fort Pitt and saw the helpless captives doomed to the tortures of knife and fire paraded along the river shore and the edge of the forest. The gashed and mutilated bodies of friends, scorched and blackened by fire, floated by on the river. The noble and upright Captain Campbell, together with Lieutenant Mc Dougall, had been lured to the camp of Pontiac on the pretense of the chief that he wished to make peace. They were betrayed and held as prisoners. Mc Dougall afterwards escaped but Campbell was subsequently murdered with circumstances of horrible atrocity. In justice to Pontiac it should be said that he was not privy to the butchery of Captain Campbell and the murderer had to flee to escape his wrath.

On May twenty-ninth the long expected relief batteaux from Niagara were seen ascending the river. The garrison were overjoyed, huzzas rent the air and cannon boomed from the ramparts. But suddenly gloom and despair filled their hearts. As the boats came nearer they were seen to be in control of the Indians and the captive whites were rowing. Lieutenant Cuyler had set out from Niagara with ten batteaux loaded with ninety men and provisions for the Detroit garrison. A party of two hundred Wyandot Indians had surprised him at his encampment on Point Pelee at night and had captured sixty of his men and eight batteaux. These sixty captive soldiers were marched past the fort on the opposite side of the river, their bodies blackened in token of the horrible fate in store for them. Within the next few days they were all killed by indescribable torture and their torn and fire blackened bodies were floated past the fort to terrify and intimidate the garrison.

Thus the hot summer days filled with terror and tragedy dragged along. The Indians pressed the siege with a persistence and a determination never before or since known in savage warfare. This has been accounted for by their bitter hatred of the English, by the influence of Pontiac in personally conducting the siege and by the secret aid and encouragement given to the Indians by the French.

BATTLE OF BLOODY RUN

One of the most memorable and calamitous events that occurred during the siege of Detroit was what is known as the Battle of Bloody Run. On the twenty-ninth of July, 1763, after the beleaguered garrison had endured nearly three months of siege, Captain Dalzell arrived from Niagara with twenty-two barges carrying about two hundred and seventy-five men, cannon, ammunition and a fresh supply of provisions. Dalzell's arrival was hailed with unbounded joy and the garrison felt that at last they were delivered from the terrors that environed them. Dalzell at once held a conference with Gladwin and insisted upon striking a crushing blow at Pontiac. Gladwin, fearful for the result, opposed the plan but at last yielded to the argument and importunity of the brave Dalzell who had won distinction in many a battle of the French and Indian war.

It was soon known in the fort that an attack was to be made upon Pontiac's camp and treacherous Canadians in the fort carried the news to Pontiac who immediately planned an ambuscade. At two o'clock on the morning of July thirty-first, Dalzell with a column two hundred and fifty strong marched out of the fort and passed up the river toward the Ottawa village. A mile and a half above the fort a little stream called Parent's Creek, ever since that fateful night known as Bloody Run, fell into the Detroit river. When the twenty-five men composing the advance guard had reached the little wooden bridge over the creek a murderous volley blazed from the ridges beyond, hurling them back in confusion upon the main body. Dalzell ordered up his men and charged in the darkness but encountered only spiles or cordwood, picket fences and sand heaps. Hidden behind obstructions or slipping alertly about in the darkness some three hundred of Pontiac's warriors poured in a galling fire. Only the flashes of the Indians' guns could be seen and these were everywhere. Scores of the English were mowed down in the darkness. The column was ordered to fall back but the Indians swarmed after the retreating troops and hiding behind orchards, houses and fences poured confusion and death into their ranks.

Two armed barges that had accompanied the column up the river returned to the fort laden with the dead and wounded. Captain Dalzell led two or three desperate charges but was finally shot dead while assisting a wounded sergeant. The two armed barges returned from the fort and opened fire on the Indians with their swivels. This scattered the savages and under cover of the cannon what remained of the column marched back to the fort reaching there at eight o'clock. Out of the two hundred and fifty that had marched out, one hundred and fifty-nine had been killed or wounded. The waning fortunes of Pontiac were restored by this victory and fresh warriors attracted by the success and prestige of the great chief, flocked to the Ottawa camp.

But Gladwin never felt more confident of ultimate triumph than immediately after the great disaster of Bloody Run. He had three hundred soldiers in his fort and an ample stock of ammunition and provisions. He knew too that so great a force of Indians as had gathered at Detroit could not long remain together. He knew that ammunition and provisions were growing scarce among the savages and that they must soon scatter and seek shelter and sustenance for the winter in the depths of the forests. News of the definite treaty of peace between England and France, Gladwin knew, had reached Pontiac, and he expected that this would weaken the chief by robbing him of any hope of aid from the French.

INDIANS ATTACK SCHOONER "GLADWIN"

The hot days of August passed by and the Indians, finding themselves powerless against the cannon and palisades of the fort, again turned their attention to the vessels in the river which kept open the food communication between the settlers on the Canadian side of the river and made occasional trips to Niagara for supplies. On the night of September fourth a sudden and furious attack was made on the schooner "Gladwin." This vessel was returning from a trip to Fort Niagara. In addition to her crew she had brought with her six Iroquois supposed to be friendly. These had been unwisely landed at the mouth of the Detroit river and had no doubt communicated with their brethren among Pontiac's warriors.

The "Gladwin" proceeded slowly up the river and when within nine miles of the fort, the wind falling, she cast anchor in the stream. Her whole crew consisted of Captain Horst, Mate Jacobs and ten men. Night fell and the little crew awaited with anxious vigilance the expected attack. Meantime three hundred and fifty braves in their birch canoes silently and swiftly swept down upon the little vessel. So close were they before they were seen that the crew could only fire a single cannon shot and one volley of musketry. The Indians rushed under the bow and stern of the vessel and were soon clambering up the sides with knives clinched in their teeth. The crew threw down their guns and fell upon them with spears, cutlasses and hatchets. The conflict was terrible. Seven of the Indians were killed and eight mortally wounded. Of the crew, Captain Horst and one other were killed and four wounded. Mate Jacobs, believing all was lost, gave the order to blow up the vessel. The Indians caught the meaning of the words and leaped wildly from the deck to escape the explosion, diving and swimming in every direction. In a few moments the vessel was clear of Indians and they were seen no more. The next morning the "Gladwin" sailed up to the fort with six of her crew unhurt but with the weapons and the deck of the vessel besmeared with blood.

NINE WESTERN POSTS FALL BUT DETROIT HOLDS OUT

Nine of the western posts had now fallen before the treachery and savage fury of the Indians, but Detroit, the central and most conspicuous one of all, and the one which the Indians desired most to capture, still waved the cross of St. George in defiance from its ramparts.

In the meantime events having an important bearing on the war were happening along the frontiers of Pennsylvania and Virginia. Ferocious bands of savages raided the borders of the eastern settlements, murdering, scalping and burning. The fierce Delawares and Shawnees of Ohio carried unspeakable terror and desolation into the green valleys of the Alleghanies, leaving in their wake devastated fields, smoking ruins and charred and mutilated bodies. Hundreds of women and children were carried away as captives to the remote wilderness regions of the Muskingum and Scioto. And hundreds of others, fleeing at night by the light of burning homes, through tangled morasses and over craggy mountains, reached Carlisle, the nearest frontier town, half starved and frenzied with grief and despair.

GENERAL AMHERST SENDS REINFORCEMENTS TO COLONEL BOUQUET

News of the destruction of the western forts and of the frightful state of affairs along the borders at last reached General Amherst at New York and roused him to a sense of the magnitude and cruelty of the war that was raging in the northwest and along the frontiers. Amherst resolved to take a bloody vengeance upon the savages but he had slender resources at his command. The great army that had conquered the French was disbanded. Only the fragments of a few scattered regiments were available and these had lately arrived from the British campaign in the West Indies and were weakened by long service and broken by disease. But he managed to get together about five hundred troops, mostly Highlanders, and despatched them as rapidly as he could to Colonel Henry Bouquet at Carlisle.

BOUQUET'S EXPEDITION TO RELIEVE FORT PITT

Bouquet was a brave Swiss mercenary of the canton of Berne. He was a soldier of fortune, skilled in the art of war. He had fought in the wars of Sardinia and Holland and had served the British for seven years in the French and Indian war. He knew the Indian character and understood their methods of fighting. A miserable scene met the eyes of Bouquet and his soldiers at Carlisle. Wretched and hungry fugitives filled the streets and the wailing of grief-crazed women and children, whose protectors and friends had been slain or made captive by savages, were heard on every hand. One hundred and fifty miles of savage forest filled with prowling Indians lay between Carlisle and Fort Pitt, and the three or four little intervening forts were fiercely besieged and in danger of capitulating at any

hour. Fort Pitt itself was invested by a horde of whooping savages who for five days and nights had been pouring a rain of bullets and fire arrows into its walls and fiercely demanding the surrender of the garrison commanded by Captain Ecuyer.

The immediate object of Bouquet's expedition was to relieve Fort Pitt and restore peace and security to the ravaged frontier. It was with heavy hearts and deep apprehension that the inhabitants of Carlisle saw the last files of Bouquet's bare-legged Highlanders disappear in the dark, dense forest. They gloomily remembered that a few years before Braddock's great force, numbering three times as many men as Bouquet's, had been almost annihilated in that savage wilderness. But Bouquet was no Braddock, and the Indians might well beware of the skill and bravery which was now to beard them in their savage haunts. Bouquet threw out flankers and an advance guard of experienced back-woodsmen who scoured the forest far in front and on either hand. Thus securing himself against surprise, he marched his little army boldly through rocky defiles and over lofty mountains, relieving Fort Bedford and Fort Ligonier on the way. Hearing of his approach the Indians raised the siege of Fort Pitt and rushed off to meet and ambuscade Bouquet, anticipating an easy victory.

BATTLE OF BUSHY RUN

On the morning of the fifth of August, (1763), Bouquet had advanced to within a half mile of Bushy Run, twenty-five miles from Fort Pitt, where he proposed to camp, and pass the dangerous defiles of Turtle Creek by night to avoid an expected ambuscade. The troops were pressing rapidly forward through the forest to reach the camping place when a sharp rattle of musketry was heard along the front which increased every moment in volume. Bouquet ordered a bayonet charge which cleared the woods in front but at the same moment fierce yells and firing broke out on either flank and in the rear. The troops were immediately formed in a circle with the horses, beef cattle and stores in the center. And then ensued a battle which for bravery and determination on either side has no parallel in border warfare. For seven long hours until darkness fell, Bouquet's troops kept their circle unbroken, facing the yells and fire of the savages with a cool and dauntless bravery inspired by their confidence in the skill and resolution of their intrepid commander. The Indians dashed up in squads, poured in their deadly fire and endeavored to break into the circle. They were met by the resistless bayonet charge of the Highlanders and the leveled rifles of the back-woodsmen who chased them into the woods with yells as fierce as their own. Night came and the firing of the Indians ceased.

The troops lay down in a circle where they had stood and got what rest they could, well knowing that the doubtful struggle would be resumed at dawn. They suffered intensely from thirst having had no water all day and being unable to procure any. The tortures of the wounded who were protected by a wall of flour bags in the center was agonizing in the extreme.

At the first break of day the forest again resounded with the rifle shots and yells of the savages. The troops sprang to their feet and again faced their foes. For hours the battle raged, the brave circle slowly wasting away before the hidden fire of the Indians. The crowded and terrified horses broke through the circle and escaped in the forest. Bouquet saw that his troops were in great distress and that the Indians were every moment becoming bolder in their attacks. He saw that his little army could only be saved by a stratagem. He resolved to increase the confidence of the Indians. Two companies were ordered to withdraw into the interior of the circle. The circle closed in after them.

To the Indians these movements looked like a retreat and they rushed from the woods with horrible yells thinking that the moment of victory had come. But the two companies who had seemed to begin the retreat had turned about and taken post in a depression of the ground behind some trees where they could not be seen. When the Indians rushed upon the circle the two companies issued suddenly upon their flank, poured in a galling fire and charged with the bayonet. The savages fled along the open ground where two other concealed companies were posted. These rose and poured in a destructive fire which covered the ground with writhing Indians and completed the rout. On all other parts of the

circle the now disheartened savages, seeing the fate of so many fellow warriors, broke and ran and the woods were soon cleared. Sixty warriors, among them several prominent chiefs, lay dead upon the ground and the blood-stained leaves told of the many wounded who had fled.

DEFEATED INDIANS RETIRE TO THE OHIO WILDERNESS

Henceforth the name of Bouqet was a terror to the cowed and humiliated savages who now rapidly retired to their fastnesses in the Ohio wilderness. Colonel Bouquet provided litters for his wounded and marched on to Fort Pitt.

The result of the battle of Bushy Run was a severe blow to the cause of Pontiac. Fort Pitt was relieved from all danger and the beleaguering tribes that had gathered around Detroit one by one began to make their peace with Gladwin and scatter in the forests for their winter hunt. But Pontiac and his Ottawas still remained hostile and defiant, expecting aid from the French in the Illinois country whose ports had not yet been occupied by the English.

PONTIAC SUES FOR PEACE AND RETIRES TO THE MAUMEE RAPIDS

Under pressure from General Amherst, M. Neyons, commandant of Fort Chartres on the Mississippi, sent word to Pontiac in the latter part of September to resist from further bloodshed. "Forget, my dear children," wrote Neyons to Pontiac and the Ottawas, "all evil talk. Leave off from spilling the blood of your brethren the English. Our hearts are now but one: you cannot at present strike the one without having the other for an enemy also."

This message and the discouraging events that had preceded it so dashed the hopes of Pontiac that on October twelfth he sued for peace. Gladwin granted a truce but referred Pontiac to Sir William Johnson, Indian Commissioner of the English king, for the terms of a general peace. Major Gladwin took advantage of the truce to strengthen and provision the fort, while the Indians, their hearts filled with sullen rage and disappointment, broke up into small bands and disappeared in the forests.

The great chief retired to the rapids of the Maumee and spent the winter hunting and fishing like a common warrior. The war of Pontiac as an effective and wide reaching conspiracy was virtually over and had proved for the Indians a disastrous failure. But the Indians themselves could not realize this. Their hearts burned with secret rage and resentment. They had only retired to their forest wilds to gather subsistence with the purpose of renewing the attack in the spring.

SIEGE OF DETROIT RENEWED

As the spring of 1764 approached and the snows melted, Detroit was again besieged though with less determination and ferocity and bands of fierce savages raided the frontiers of Pennsylvania and Virginia, murdering, pillaging, burning and carrying off captives.

GENERAL GAGE ORGANIZES TWO EXPEDITIONS AGAINST THE INDIANS

An effective blow had to be struck at the Indians in their forest haunts. General Gage, the successor of General Amherst, resolved to send two expeditions into the Indian country to punish and overawe the savages with a show of irresistible power and reclaim the hundreds of white captives that had been carried off to the Sandusky, Muskingum and Scioto regions.

BRADSTREETS UNSUCCESSFUL EXPEDITION TO DETROIT

Bradstreet, the hero of Fort Frontenac, was selected to lead one expedition by way of Niagara and the lakes and chastise the tribes of Detroit and the country beyond. Bouquet, the hero of Bushy Run, was chosen to lead another army into the wilderness west of Fort Pitt where the fierce and intractable Delawares, Shawnees and Wyandots made their homes. A brief account of these two important expeditions closes the story of Pontiac's war.

Bradstreet with about 1,200 provincial troops of indifferent quality marched from Albany for Niagara the last of June. At Niagara the army was increased to about 2,000 by the addition of regulars and Iroquois Indians. Bradstreet embarked his troops in batteaux and on the eighth of August steered forth upon the waters of Lake Erie. Touching at Presque Isle (Erie) he was visited by a number of Indians who claimed to be chiefs of the Delawares and Shawnees with authority to make peace for their tribes. In his reception of these Indians Bradstreet entered upon the course of folly and weakness which marked his conduct of the entire expedition. Without any proof that these chiefs and deputies were empowered to arrange a peace and although his officers and Indian allies suspected them to be spies or straggling warriors bent upon mischief, Bradstreet listened to them and promised to refrain from attacking the Delawares and Shawnees if within twenty-five days they would meet him at Sandusky, give up their prisoners and enter into a definite treaty of peace.

Bradstreet had been instructed to deal strernly with the ferocious and treacherous Delawares and Shawnees. They had waged bloody and unceasing war along the borders. They had sent an insolent answer to Sir William Johnson when he had invited them to his peace council at Niagara, and at that very moment their warriors were devastating the frontier. It afterward appeared that they had no notion of making peace, or giving up their captives, but only sought by parleys and specious promises to delay the expedition until it should be too late in the season for the army to proceed. To crown his folly Bradstreet sent off a letter to Bouquet, his superior officer, informing him that he had already made peace with the Delawares and Shawnees and that he could disband his army. Bouquet was amazed at the presumption and ignorance displayed in Bradstreet's letter and disregarding its contents continued his march toward the Indian country. General Gage afterward repudiated Bradstreet's treaty of peace and rebuked him for making it.

Bradstreet sailed for Sandusky. He had been ordered to attack the Wyandots there but on his arrival these Indians promised him that if he would not proceed against them they would follow him to Detroit and there make a treaty with him. Bradstreet accepted their promises and sailed for Detroit to relieve the garrison which had now endured a siege of over fifteen months. He was hailed with delight by the long beleaguered troops of the fort who marched out and had their places filled by fresh soldiers from Bradstreet's army.

All the Indian tribes were summoned to a council. A treaty of peace was made with them conditional upon their ceasing from further warfare and restoring their captives. But the Ohio Indians made no submission and sent no representatives. Pontiac and the hostile bands that had gathered about him on the Maumee sent only messages of defiance. Captain Morris, an envoy whom Bradstreet had sent among them from Sandusky, was seized and treated with great violence, narrowly escaping with his life.

Bradstreet sent garrisons to reoccupy the posts at Green Bay, Michilimackinac and Ste. Marie which had been abandoned or captured during the war and then sailed back to Sandusky. Arriving there he received a message from General Gage severely condemning and repudiating his preliminary treaty of peace with the Ohio Indians and ordered him to proceed at once to attack the Indians of the Scioto country.

Bradstreet lingered about Sandusky for a month accomplishing nothing and chafing over his own failures and the rebuke of his commander. He finally sent word that it was impossible to march to the Scioto country so late in the season, suddenly embarked his army and began his return to Niagara. On the return journey he foolishly encamped his army on an open and exposed beach between Avon Point and the present site of Cleveland. A violent storm arose and the huge billows sunk or shattered over one-half his boats and destroyed vast quantities of arms and provisions. When the tempest abated Bradstreet found he had not more than half enough boats left to transport his army. He ordered a large detachment of Indians and provincials to march along the shore to Niagara. These troops suffered indescribable hardships on their long march, from hunger and the perils of the inhospitable shore and many perished on the way. Bradstreet's expedition was a failure except in relieving Detroit and regarrisoning some of the posts of the northwest.

BOUQUET'S SUCCESSFUL EXPEDITION TO TUSCARAWAS RIVER

Vastly different were the results of the expedition led by the resolute and indomitable Bouquet. The force with which Bouquet invaded the Indian country numbered nearly 2,000 men. About 500 were regulars, mostly Highlanders, the veterans of Bushy Run. 1,000 were Pennsylvania militia and in addition to these was a corps of Virginia backwoodsmen. A few women accompanied the expedition to care for the wounded in case of battle and to minister to the captive women and children who were to be rescued from the savages.

Before the march began a deputation of Delawares appeared and reported that a peace had been signed at Sandusky. Bouquet paid little attention to their story but told them he would send an express to Sandusky, giving the two messengers ten days to go and ten to return. He seized ten of their chiefs as hostages whom he told the Delawares he would shoot if his express came to harm. The Indians then tried to persuade him to await the return of the express before marching, but Bouquet, perceiving that they were only trying to delay him until the season was too far advanced for him to invade the forest regions, told them the express could meet him on the march.

In the bright autumnal sunshine of October 3, 1764, the army filed out of Fort Pitt and took up its westward march through the unbroken wilderness. Out of that wilderness, for years, with panther-like tread, had burst the swarms of cruel savages that had overrun the frontier with flame and tomahawk. And through the gloomy wilds of that forest, in trembling and despair, had been dragged the children, wives and sisters of fathers, husbands and brothers who were now in Bouquet's army, marching to reclaim their loved ones and satiate a long cherished vengeance.

Far in front and rear and on either flank, parties of backwoods rangers scoured the forest to guard against surprise. A squad of axemen led the way to cut a road for the troops, pack horses and other animals. No wagons or artillery accompanied the expedition but vast droves of sheep and oxen to furnish meat for the army, filled the forest with their bleating and lowing. The whole army was so disposed that if attacked it could suddenly be thrown into the form of a hollow square with the animals and supplies in the center.

The army was intended as an exhibition of force to the whole savage world and was calculated to overawe by its magnitude the painted demons who had hitherto bade defiance to the white man's civilization. Equipped for instant battle and fired with high hope and courage, the long line pressed its way through tangled thickets, under the green arches of the dark forest and across low-lying quaggy valleys. At times the march led over heights where the eyes of the soldiers could gaze upon the billowy undulations of the limitless forest, stretching away to meet the western heavens.

Frosty nights came and the rich green verdure of the wilderness was changed to hues of scarlet and gold and robed in the dreamy haze of Indian summer.

The army passed through the present counties of Columbiana and Carroll and on October 13th reached the Tuscarawas river where Indian wigwams and cultivated fields began to appear. At this place the two messengers that had been sent to Detroit came into camp. As Bouquet had anticipated these messengers had been held as prisoners by the Delawares. On the approach of the army the Delawares in alarm released them and sent them to Bouquet with a petition for peace.

The next day Bouquet moved still farther down the river and encamped, when six chiefs appeared saying all the chiefs and warriors were eight miles off waiting to make peace. Bouquet informed the chiefs that he would receive them next day and in the meantime he ordered a rustic bower constructed on the edge of the river at some distance from the camp. In anticipation of treachery the strictest discipline was kept and sentinels were posted in every direction.

INDIANS SUE FOR PEACE

On the following day Bouquet and his chief officers repaired to the bower. The army followed and were drawn up in battle array on the meadow near the bower. The body of light horse, the long lines of infantry in picturesque uniform with flashing bayonets were so disposed as to make the most profound impres-

sion upon the savage chiefs who soon emerged from the forest and passed into the bower. After smoking in silence for some time the leading chiefs one after another rose and addressed the council. The substance of all the speeches was that they had been forced into the war by the western nations and by the impulsive, unruly young men of their own tribes, and that they now wished for a warm and lasting friendship with their English brothers. Bouquet told them he would give them his answer the next day and the council broke up.

A violent storm of wind and rain the next day prevented the council from assembling but on the day following this the rustic pavilion was again filled with swarthy chiefs and warriors of the Senacas, Delawares and Shawnees. Bouquet rose in the council and laying aside all diplomatic formalities, denounced their flimsy excuses and apologies as false and unavailing; he recounted the bloody deeds of their scalping parties along the frontier, their treacherous and murderous attacks upon the western posts and garrisons, their slaughter and capture of helpless women and children; he reminded them of their insolent message sent to Johnson's peace council at Niagara and of their boasts to surrounding tribes that they would never submit to the English; he told them of their violated treaties and their perfidious promises to return their prisoners, and said, "You even mustered your warriors to attack this army while we were penetrating your forests but you were afraid because we outnumbered you and you remembered how you were routed at Bushy Run." In closing, Bouquet said to them, "You are all in our power and if we choose we can exterminate you from the earth. But the English are a merciful and generous people, averse to shed the blood even of their greatest enemies, and if it were possible that you could convince us that you sincerely repent of your past perfidy, and that we could depend upon your good behavior for the future, you might even yet hope for mercy and peace. If I find that you faithfully execute the conditions which I shall prescribe, I will not treat you with the severity you deserve. I give you twelve days from this date to deliver into my hands all the prisoners in your possession without exception: Englishmen, Frenchmen, women and children; whether adopted into your tribes, married or living among you under any denomination or pretense whatsoever. And you are to furnish these prisoners with clothing, provisions, and horses to carry them to Fort Pitt. When you have fully complied with these conditions, you shall then know on what terms you may obtain the peace you sue for."

The stern voice and determined manner of Bouquet struck awe and terror into the assembly of savage chiefs and warriors. Their haughty and sullen countenances relaxed and took on looks of anxiety and fear. In broken tones and with humiliated expressions they signified assent to Bouquet's demand and scattered among their villages to gather up the prisoners.

BOUQUET ESTABLISHES HEADQUARTERS ON SITE OF PRESENT TOWN OF COSHOCTON

Bouquet well knew that the best way to enforce his demands was to keep up the terror he had inspired. He descended the Tuscarawas until he reached the Forks where the town of Coshocton now stands. Here he was in the very heart of the Indian country and numerous Indian villages were near at hand. Hundreds of axes were busily plied, the forest was cleared and works of defense, storehouses, hospitals and barracks rose as if by magic. A council house was erected and a large building provided with matrons for the reception of the prisoners. Within almost the space of one day a town arose in the wilderness to awe and terrify the savage life around with the elements of a despised civilization.

INDIANS SURRENDER 206 CAPTIVES TO BOUQUET

And then occurred one of the most memorable scenes in the whole history of the Northwest. Savage warriors emerged from the forest leading bands of white captives clad in the wild habiliments of the woods, captives who had been adopted or married so long among the Indians that they had almost forgotten their former homes and friends. Husbands sought for wives, brothers for sisters, and mothers rushed frantically about, eagerly scanning the groups of captives in search of long lost children. In many instances whole families had been

carried off by the Indians, the aged and infirm had been tomahawked as useless incumbrances and their bodies left in the wilderness for wild beasts to devour. The children, young girls and wives of the frontier settlers had been preserved as prisoners and adopted into the tribes of their captors. Many had lived so long among the Indians that they had lost all recollection of former friends and had become fondly attached to Indian life and habits and the wild and irresponsible freedom of the woods. Some of the captives recognized their former white friends and relatives with exclamations of joy while others clung weeping to the arms of their savage relatives. The Indians themselves forgot their haughty stoicism and manifested the keenest sorrow at parting with their beloved captives. Stern warriors shed copious tears and the forest resounded with the wailing of the grief-stricken squaws. Day after day so long as the army remained among them the Indians showed the warmest affection for their former captives, bringing them presents of horses, clothing and choice articles of food.

Many affecting incidents that occurred during the separation of the captives from the Indians are told in Smith's historical account of Bouquet's expedition and retold in Parkman's charming narrative. All goes to show that the tenderest emotions of the heart are common to savage as well as civilized humanity.

Two hundred and six captives were brought into the camp of Bouquet and lodged under the care of the matrons in the building prepared for their reception. About one hundred captives still remained among the Shawnees who gave hostages for their safe return to Fort Pitt the next spring. The chiefs of all the tribes also gave pledges that they would send a deputation of chiefs to Sir William Johnson to arrange a lasting treaty of peace. All the promises the Indians made to Bouquet respecting the return of the remaining captives and the treaty of peace were faithfully kept.

BOUQUET'S ARMY RETURNS TO FORT PITT

The work of the expedition having been accomplished the camp at the Forks of the Muskingum was broken up and the army retraced its course to Fort Pitt arriving there on the 28th of November, (1764), after a march of ten days. There was great rejoicing throughout the nation when it was learned that Bouquet had humbled and quelled the haughty savages and returned in triumph with the recovered captives. The legislatures of Pennsylvania and Virginia returned him a vote of thanks and recommended him for promotion. He was soon promoted to the rank of brigadier-general and assigned to the command of the southern military department.

DEATH OF BOUQUET AND RETIREMENT OF PONTIAC

Within two years (1766) after his return from the Ohio expedition a fatal fever at Pensacola, Florida, closed the career of Henry Bouquet, to whose military genius, consummate courage and cool judgment the Northwest owes a lasting debt of gratitude and honor.

Pontiac retired to the Illinois country followed by a band of hostile and turbulent spirits whom he had fired with such a thirst for vengeance that they still refused any conditions of peace. He there made strenuous efforts to enlist the French of the Mississippi region in his cause, but failed.

The achievements of Bouquet, the resolute defense of Gladwin, the final treaty of peace with France and the reoccupation of the forts by the English, had broken the spirit of the Indian tribes. They were further disposed for peace by the efforts of Lieutenant Fraser and Colonel George Croghan who went among them correcting the false impressions created by the French, making conciliatory speeches and distributing presents.

Pontiac's rabble of five hundred degenerate warriors in the Mississippi country gradually fell away from him and he saw that he must make his peace with the English or be destroyed together with the tribes that were still friendly to his cause. He signified his willingness to make peace and proceeded to

Oswego, where he met Sir William Johnson and the principal chiefs of the Iroquois and Algonquin tribes in a council. There he smoked the calumet, made his submission to the English and renounced forever his long cherished but hopeless design of avenging the wrongs and averting the doom of his race. The English piled his canoes with presents and Pontiac passed again into the western wilderness.

ASSASSINATION OF CHIEF PONTIAC

Little more was heard of him until April of 1769 when he suddenly appeared at St. Louis. He crossed the river to Cahokia to take part in a carousal with the Indians. He drank deeply and retired to the forest chanting his medicine songs. The English traders looked with hatred and distrust upon Pontiac. One of them named Williamson hired an Illinois Indian of the Kaskaskia tribe, for a barrel of rum, to murder Pontiac. The assassin watching his opportunity followed the great chief to the forest and gliding behind him clove his skull with a tomahawk. The body of Pontiac was buried near the Fort of St. Louis. In the words of Parkman, "Neither mound nor tablet marked the burial place of Pontiac. For a mausoleum, a city has risen above the forest hero; and the race which he hated with such burning rancor trample with unceasing footsteps over his forgotten grave."

Nomenclature of the Great Lakes

Louis Phelps Kellogg in an Article in "Minnesota History," December, 1931 says:

"The nomenclature of the earliest representations of the Great Lakes is worthy of note. The *Grand Lac* of Champlain's map became *Lac Superieur,* the upper lake on a map of 1650, while *Sault de Gaston* was changed by a party of Jesuits who visited there in 1641 to the holy name of *Saulte de Ste. Marie, which* has persisted ever since. Later explorers attempted to name the several lakes in honor of noted Frenchmen. Father Allouez, who went thither in 1665, entitled the northermost of the Great Lakes *Lac de Tracy* in honor of the Marquis de Tracy, then governor of New France. Father Hennepin, who sailed upon all the Great Lakes except Lake Superior, placed new names for them on his map of 1683. Ontario he named Frontenac for the great Canadian governor of that day; Superior he entitled *Lac de Condé* for the warrior prince of Louis XIV; Erie was *Lac de Conty* for Condé's brother; Huron was *Lac d' Orleans* for the king's brother; Michigan, *Lac Dauphin* for the king's son. None of these names persisted, although some of them appear sporadically on later maps.

"The usual designation on the early maps for each of the Great Lakes was that of the nearest or best-known Indian tribe living on its borders. *La Mer Douce* quickly became *Lac des Hurons;* Michigan *Lac des Illinois;* Erie was the name of a tribe, living on the southern shore of that lake, also known as *Nation des Chats,* "Wild Cats," hence the name *Lac d'Erie ou des Chats.* The northermost lake frequently became *Lac Superieur ou des Nadouessióux;* while Ontario retained its Iroquois appellation, occasionally becoming Cataraqui for the post of that name on its northern shore.

"A curious transposition of names occurred between the two western lakes. Huron which with Georgian Bay appeared to be the largest of the group, was frequently called by the Algonquian term for "big lake," *Michiganne.* About 1725 geographers began applying this word to the *Lac des Illinois,* when gradually the latter appellation was dropped. Thus before the close of the French régime the names we now use for the Great Lakes had become their established cognomens."