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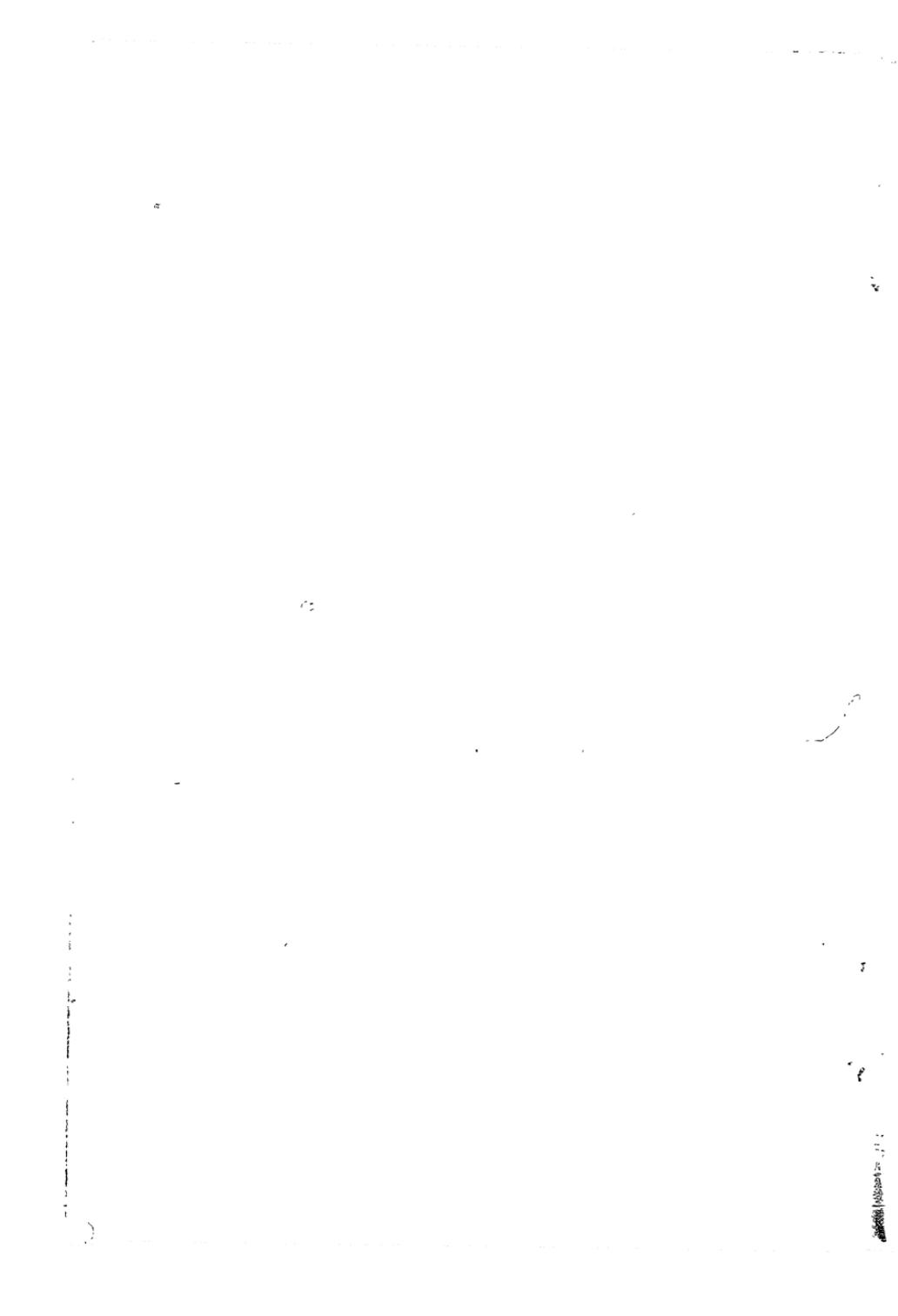


LOGAN.

“—— This called upon me for revenge.”



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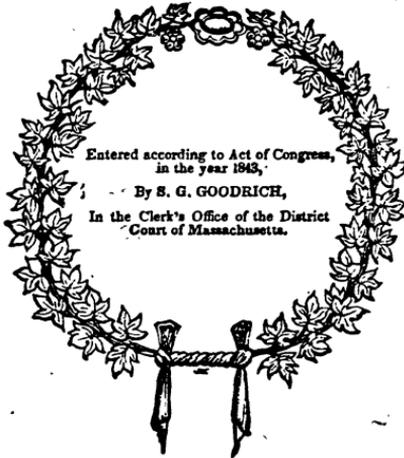
LIVES OF
CELEBRATED AMERICAN
INDIANS:

BY THE AUTHOR OF

PETER PARLEY'S TALES.

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P R E F A C E .

IN the course of the Cabinet Library, it is proposed to give three volumes upon the Aborigines of North America, to consist of the present volume, entitled Celebrated Indians of North America, with one upon their Manners and Customs, and one upon their History.

The general object of these works will be to make the reader familiar with the real character and genius of that remarkable and peculiar race of men, which, however divided into various tribes and nations, are still of one lineage, and were the masters of the American continent—the lords of the New World, in its entire length and breadth—when it was discovered by Columbus.

There are several reasons why this subject has not been well understood. The conquerors and spoilers of America had strong motives for first hating, and then defaming, the Aborigines. Cortez yearned for the wealth of Mexico, and, to obtain it, he must slaughter millions of the people, and enslave the rest. Having done this, he would naturally seek to justify his conduct to his own conscience and the world at large, by representing them in the most degrading and revolting colors. Pizarro would have the gold and silver of Peru, and, to cover up the atrocities he committed in obtaining it, must represent the people he betrayed and butchered, as ungodly heathen, whom it was not only lawful, but praiseworthy, to sweep from the face of the earth.

Even the more scrupulous settlers of North America, occupied a position unfavorable to a just judgment of the Indian character. They were almost constantly in a state of active hostility with the savages, until the Red Man was either driven away, or extirpated, or reduced to a state of imbecility, degradation and dependence. The savages were, therefore, enemies, and how hard is it to judge fairly of those we hate! They were also wronged, and we are told that "the most offending are the least forgiving." It is interesting, yet painful, to note the relentless bitterness of feeling indulged, even by the godly pilgrims, toward such a chief as Philip of Mount Hope—a savage indeed, and a ruthless enemy, yet a patriot and statesman, according to his knowledge, whose mighty efforts and melancholy fate should have extorted sympathy even from a foe.

And if such was the spirit of our ancestors, it is but natural that, as well to express their own feelings, as to make their conduct stand fair before the world, they should portray the Indians in the most unfavorable light. As they professed to be guided by religious motives in all things, they denounced the Indians as heathen, and, according to the morality of that period, held it to be lawful, nay, meritorious, to slay them, as worshippers of idols, and enemies of the true God. It is curious to see that, in New England, as well as in Mexico and Peru, the ministers of religion, generally, stimulated the soldiers to their work of death, by prayers and exhortations—though it must not, indeed, be forgotten that pious missionaries were found, in both portions of the continent, to devote themselves to the conversion of the natives by the gentle means of persuasion.

The misrepresentations, proceeding from the early settlers of America, dictated as well by a natural feeling of dislike, as by a desire to vindicate their harsh proceedings, constitute the main sources of history, to which we have been accustomed to go for our opinions of the Indians. A deep prejudice has

been thus engendered in our minds, and this is confirmed by our own observation of the present tribes—wasted, degenerated and brutalized, by contact with civilized man, who seems, in his commerce with savages, generally, to give in exchange only his vices, his diseases, and his crimes.

The difficulties in the way of truth, in respect to this subject, have not been diminished by the poets and novelists—who, for the purpose of effect—of dramatic contrast, or picturesque lights and shadows—have endowed their dusky heroes and heroines with the romantic sentiment of soul, and diversified association of mind, which belong only to a refined and luxurious state of society. These illusory representations have, however, been largely diffused and fondly cherished by a large part of the reading world, as genuine portraitures of the American race. Thus, between the harsh and distorted pictures of interested traducers, and the prismatic delineations of the sentimentalists, the real genius of the Indian has remained either obscured, or hidden from the view.

The disposition to theorize has been another cause of mistake and delusion, in respect to the natives of this continent. Almost every writer has discussed the subject for the purpose of sustaining some cherished hypothesis—of showing that they were the descendants of the lost tribe of the Jews, or of Carthaginians who had traversed the Atlantic, or of emigrants from Asia by way of the Polynesian islands; or some other supposition equally unreasonable, or insusceptible of demonstration. And even when no definite scheme was to be made out, the natural disposition to interpret the bosoms of others by our own, has led historians and philosophers to estimate the Indians by transatlantic standards of thought, feeling and action.

Whatever may have been the beginning of this race, they must be regarded, in the main, as an original people—carrying with them, doubtless, the languages of their remote fathers, and faint fragments of institutions and manners wrecked upon the

far-off ocean of the past—yet still possessing a mind and genius almost wholly their own. To judge such a people by the European standards of religion, philosophy and taste, is evidently wrong, and likely to lead to false conclusions. Whoever has studied a new language, must have felt that he has become acquainted with a new, and before unknown, region of thought; how original, then, and how different from our own, must be the mind, soul and character of a people, who have grown up by themselves, shaping out, in isolation from all the rest of the world, and in utter ignorance of all but themselves, their own manners, customs and institutions! In analyzing such a race, we should study facts—abstain long from theory, and constantly be on our guard against bringing them up to be measured by the artificial rules established in our own minds.

Yet, despite these various sources of error, the philosophic spirit of the present day is making rapid strides towards a just view of the subject. The labors of Stevens and Catherwood have made the public familiar with facts heretofore known only to the curious; and the sketches of Catlin have enabled us to see the present tribes of the west, not as the pencil of fancy, but as that of truth would portray them. These and other circumstances have revived the interest felt in the aborigines of this continent, and this is taking place at a period when facts, and not theory, are demanded by the public. Under influences like these, the time cannot be far remote when the means of duly estimating the American race shall be finally obtained.

In the present volume, as before stated, it is our purpose to do something towards the diffusion of truth on the subject in question, and, at the same time, we wish to direct attention to the true mode of studying the original Indian character. Whether we wish to understand the savage tribes of the north, or the more civilized nations that once flourished in Mexico and Peru, we must take facts, and not fancy, as our guide.

We must always look at them as an isolated people, separated by time and distance from the eastern continent; and though we know them to be men, yet we must consider them as men un moulded by contact with the rest of the world, for centuries—perhaps for ages.

The present volume will at least show the reader one striking fact—that the annals of the American Indians are by no means destitute of great deeds and heroic characters. Caupolican, Philip, Tecumseh, and Pontiac, were men of lofty genius, and come up to the full measure of any savage Briton, Dane, or Saxon, handed down to us in the proud pages of English history.





MANCO CAPAC.

LIVES OF CELEBRATED INDIANS.

MANCO CAPAC.

MANCO CAPAC, the legislator of the Peruvians and the founder of the empire of the Incas, appears to have been one of the first individuals of the western continent, whose name has been transmitted to the present time, as an eminent and distinguished personage among the primitive Americans. The age in which he flourished, though indicated by the Peruvian accounts, is still not known. The dim and uncertain light of tradition is our only guide through the darkness of remote ages, in exploring the history of the man who implanted the elements of civilization in the inhabitants of Peru, and taught a horde of savages the science of government and the arts of more polished life.

The Peruvian traditions inform us that about three centuries prior to the arrival of their Spanish conquerors, and at a period when the inhabitants of that country were still in the rudest and most barbarous state of existence, there suddenly appeared on one of the islands of the lake Titicaca, two persons, clothed in dresses of cotton, calling themselves the Children of the Sun, and declaring that they were sent by their

Beneficent Parent, who beheld with pity the miseries of the human race, to reclaim, instruct and guide them.

Historians have exercised great ingenuity in their conjectures who these mysterious personages could have been ; whether they were natives of Peru, enlightened by their own sagacity, or emigrants from a region of America, more civilized, or shipwrecked inhabitants of the eastern continent. On these points the traditions of the country give us no information.

These persons were Manco Capac and his wife, who was also his sister, named Mama Oello. The natives flocked around them to learn the import of their divine mission. The Peruvians had previously been accustomed to regard the sun with superstitious reverence, and the strange visitants took advantage of this feeling of religious awe, to enforce their instructions. The commands issued by Manco Capac were declared to proceed from the glorious luminary of heaven, the visible deity of the universe. The multitude listened, believed, and obeyed. Instructed by the heavenly messengers, the wandering savages of Peru renounced their roving and barbarous life, followed them to the banks of the Apurimac, and there, on an uneven plain, encircled by mountains, laid the foundations of the city of Cuzco.

Having thus fixed a large portion of the population in a permanent residence, and founded that social union, which, by multiplying the desires and combining the efforts of the human species, excites industry and leads to improvement, Manco instructed the men in agriculture and other useful arts, while

his wife taught the women to spin and weave. By these means, subsistence became less precarious, and life was rendered more comfortable. Manco next turned his attention to the business of legislation. By his instructions the various relations in private life were established, and the duties resulting from them prescribed with exactness and propriety. Thus barbarous tribes were speedily transformed into a civilized people,—and the new empire of Peru, thus wonderfully established, became a well-governed community.

There are many fabulous tales current among the Peruvians, in connection with these accounts ; but as to the substance of the history they give, confirmed as it is by the condition of Peru at the time of its discovery, there appears no good reason to doubt. Had Solon and Lycurgus dictated their laws to a people without letters, and thus without the means of recording their actions, they might have passed for mythological personages with the sceptics of modern days. If little beside the prominent events of Manco Capac's life and career appear to be handed down to us, the fact is sufficiently explained, by the remoteness of the age in which he lived, and the absence of effectual means of recording the details of his story. Though this renowned ruler may not have been the first individual who exercised the authority of a chief in Peru, he must be considered as the first real sovereign of that country, and the founder of the empire of the Incas.

At first, the extent of his dominions was small. The territory of Cuzco, during his life-time, did not

exceed fifty miles square; but within these narrow limits, he exercised absolute and uncontrolled authority. His subjects, however, had no reason to complain of his sway. Like that great luminary which he encouraged them to worship, and from which he pretended to deduce his lineage, he was continually employed in dispensing blessings to his subjects, in instructing and animating them in the exercise of their natural and moral duties.

The government he established, and which prevailed over the country till the arrival of the Spaniards, was a paternal despotism, founded upon religion. The Inca was not merely the head of the state, but the messenger of Heaven. His commands were revered as the oracles of the divinity. The royal race was held to be sacred in the highest degree; and in order to prevent contamination by a mixture with inferior blood, the sons of Manco Capac married their own sisters, and no person was admitted to the throne of Peru who could not claim it by so pure a descent. The race of Capac bore the title of "Children of the Sun," and it was deemed an act of rebellion, as well as impiety, to oppose the will of the Inca. His authority, therefore, was unlimited, in the full extent of the word. The persons of the highest rank in his dominions, humbled with the sense of their natural as well as political inferiority, never appeared in his presence without a burthen on their shoulders, as an emblem of their servitude and of their willingness to bear whatever he should think fit to impose upon them. Force was on no occasion necessary to execute his commands: an officer entrusted with them

might pass from one extremity of the empire to the other without meeting with the slightest opposition. On exhibiting a fringe of the royal *borla*, or Peruvian crown, as a token of authority, the lives and fortunes of the people were at his disposal.

Political duty being thus enforced by religious reverence, the administration of the government was unimpeded by sedition or disaffection; and there is hardly known, in the traditionary history of Peru, anything in the nature of a rebellion against the reigning prince. A power so absolute was not abused by the possessor: among the twelve successive monarchs, from Manco Capac to Atahualpa, there was not one tyrant.

We are told that the founder of the Peruvian empire enjoyed a long and happy reign, and died at Cuzco, exhorting his subjects to adhere firmly to the institutions which he had bequeathed to them. From the events of his history, thus briefly stated, we may easily form a general judgment of the character of this celebrated lawgiver. Manco Capac must be esteemed one of the great benefactors of the human race, and the most enlightened of all the aborigines of the western world. He reclaimed a savage people, founded an empire, abolished human sacrifices, and established, perhaps, the purest system of religion that human sagacity, unaided by the light of revelation, has ever invented.

We have already remarked that the ingenuity of historians has been exercised in endeavoring to penetrate the mystery which hangs over the origin of the great Peruvian benefactor. If we receive the current

tradition as authority, it is obvious that, in order to explain these wonderful events, without a resort to miracles, we must suppose Manco Capac to have been a person enlightened by the civilization of the eastern continent. It becomes, therefore, at least a plausible conjecture, that he was a native of some portion of Asia, who, at the remote period when emigration from that quarter of the world to America, was common, found his way to the beautiful region which he made the seat of his empire.

With the sagacity of a statesman he penetrated the character of the people; and, guided by the lights of Eastern mythology as well as Eastern civilization, he adjusted them to the condition of those whom he now sought to make his subjects. Taking advantage of their predisposition to adore the heavenly bodies, he professed to be sent on a divine mission by Pachakamac, the unknown deity, of whom the sun is a visible representation. Having thus gained an ascendancy over their minds, he gradually proceeded to weave over them the web of government and religion. His complete success sufficiently evinces his own sagacity and the docility of the people. It is a beautiful, but, alas, almost a solitary instance, in which a savage nation has been subdued by the gentle arts of persuasion; in which a conqueror has appeared without arms, seeking dominion through the instrumentality of reason, rather than the sword; in which a despot has left behind him no bloody foot-prints in the path to power; and is only remembered by the gentleness, benignity, and wisdom of his reign and of the institutions he established. How mournful is the

thought, that an empire thus founded should have been overthrown by a horde of robbers, attended by priests bearing the cross of Christ, and acting in the name of a Christian king, and by the authority of one who professed to be the Keeper of the Keys of Heaven.





MYTA CAPAC.

MAYTA CAPAC,

THE fourth Inca from Manco Capac, is distinguished in Peruvian history for the conquests by which he added to the territories of the empire. On coming to the throne, he took the field with an army of twelve thousand men, and penetrated into the level district of Collao, near the lake Titicaca. The inhabitants being of an unwarlike character, and the country offering no obstacles to his march, the conquest was easily effected. Having established his authority here, the Inca proceeded to Cacyaviri, a district occupied by a scattered population without towns. The country was perfectly level, with the exception of a single steep and lofty mountain. When the petty chieftains understood that it was the intention of the Inca to subjugate them, they constructed a fort on this mountain, the men carrying stones, and the women turf. Here they all entrenched themselves, with a copious supply of provisions. The Inca summoned them to surrender, but they replied that he might go and conquer other nations, as they were resolved not to change their manner of life.

Mayta Capac, finding them proof against all his solicitations, prepared to attack the fortress. He divided his army into four bodies, and surrounded the mountain. The Indians made several sallies, but without effect; and after they had weakened

themselves by repeated efforts, the Inca led his troops on to a general assault, which was pushed with such vigor that the besieged began to lose their courage. The Curacas, one of the tribes, deserted and went over to the Inca in a body, marching barefoot, with halters round their necks, and every token of submission, acknowledging that they merited death for presuming to oppose the Descendants of the Sun. The Inca received them with affability, saying, "I did not come hither to deprive you of your lives or property, but rather to enrich you, and to teach you to live according to the laws of reason and nature, to quit your idols, and adore the Sun as your benefactor and your god." He then permitted them to embrace his right knee in token of protection,—a remarkable favor, as it was sacrilege for any one, not of the imperial family, to touch the person of the sovereign.

This act of clemency assured the conquest of the remaining tribes, who all submitted on learning how favorably the Curacas had been received. On his march back to Cuzco, Mayta Capac made other conquests toward the west. There was in his route a nation that used poisoned weapons in warfare: the poison did not kill, but caused a perpetual torture which continued for life. The Inca totally abolished this savage custom, ordering that every man found guilty of practising it should be burnt alive.

In one of his marches toward the west, he found it necessary to cross the river Apurimac. For this purpose he constructed a suspension bridge of withes twisted together into five cables as thick as a man's body: these were stretched across the river six hun-

dred feet in length, hanging high in the air. The whole army, accompanied with droves of domestic animals, passed over it in safety. Bridges of this kind are at this day common in South America.

When he captured the town of Tiahuanaca, near the lake Chucuytu, he found there a large pyramid, having a foundation of immense masses of stone, sustaining terraces of earth. Near it were two gigantic statues of stone, with garments reaching to the ground, and caps on their heads; they appeared much defaced by time. There was also a long wall, built of immensely large stones, which excited the astonishment of the Peruvians, as there were neither quarries nor rocks in the neighborhood. In another place were many extraordinary buildings; some of which contained stones thirty feet long, fifteen feet wide, and six feet thick. The walls of these buildings were covered with sculptures. The Indians knew nothing of the origin of these structures.

Mayta Capac was one of the greatest of the Peruvian conquerors; the acquisitions which he made to the empire were permanent, and he appears to have accomplished the great object of his reign,—the extension of the arts, sciences, civilization, and religion of Peru. He died at Cuzco, in the height of his glory, and was succeeded by his son, Capac Yupanaqui.



HUAYNA CAPAC.

HUAYNA CAPAC,

SON of Tupac Yupanaqui, was the twelfth Inca of Peru. On his accession to the throne, he set out on a tour to visit his dominions, and was everywhere honored with triumphal arches and ways strewn with flowers. While thus prosecuting his journey, the birth of a son was announced to him, on which he instantly returned to Cuzco. Twenty days were spent in festivity; and the Inca, wishing to signalize the day on which his first-born son was to receive his name, by an act of uncommon magnificence, ordered the construction of the famous golden chain, seven hundred feet in length, and as thick as a man's wrist. In two years the chain was finished, and the festival commenced. The dancers, who consisted of all the royal princes and chief personages at court, instead of joining hands, as was customary, took hold of this chain, and executed a solemn measure, singing a hymn which had been composed for the occasion. This chain was the richest piece of jewelry of which the history of Peru gives any account. It probably exists at this day in some undiscovered spot, as the Indians secreted it when the Spaniards began their system of plunder, and those who knew the place probably all fell in the massacres which followed.

Huayna Capac extended the empire beyond the limits of his father's victories. He conquered Tumbes, and erected in that city a strong fortress, a temple of the sun, and a house for the chosen virgins.

Marching against the kingdom of Quito, he found his progress impeded by the roughness of the country. When he had conquered that territory, a road was constructed, uniting the two capitals, which deserves to be considered one of the wonders of the world. It was fifteen hundred miles in length, passing over mountains, and across valleys, and through every variety of country. Rocks were levelled, valleys filled up, and storehouses and buildings of various sorts erected along the whole extent. During the wars with the Spaniards, this road was in a great measure destroyed, in order to render the passes as difficult as possible. "We found," says Humboldt, "at heights surpassing that of the Peak of Teneriffe, the magnificent remains of the road constructed by the Incas. This road, paved with freestone, may be compared with the finest Roman roads I have seen in Italy, France, or Spain." On the Inca's second visit to Quito, another road was constructed through the level country, marked out by posts, over the sands and other tracts levelled for that purpose. When the Inca travelled, these highways were strewed with branches and flowers.

Huayna Capac carried on many wars with the barbarous tribes that surrounded the Peruvian empire, generally with full success. While he was reposing himself in one of his magnificent palaces at Tumipampa, a messenger brought intelligence that some extraordinary men, such as had never before been seen, had landed on the coast. The Inca was much alarmed at this account, as an ancient oracle had foretold the destruction of the empire by a nation of strangers of this description. The Peruvian his-

ories also inform us that many other strange and portentous tokens, about this time, announced the approaching calamities. Three years before the arrival of the Spaniards, during the celebration of the feast of the sun, at Cuzco, a large eagle had been pursued by a number of smaller birds, and wounded by them so severely that he fell in the great square of Cuzco, where he died. The augurs declared that this was a presage of the ruin of the state, and the extinction of their religion. This prodigy was followed by earthquakes, which threw down high mountains, and forced the sea out of its usual limits. Appalling stories were circulated of blazing stars seen in the sky, and the moon appearing as if surrounded with bloody rings. The Inca was so terrified by these portents, that he suspended his hostile expeditions, and placed his army in garrisons in different parts of the empire.

Being on a visit to Quito, he indulged himself in bathing in the lake; but he had scarcely come out of the water, when he was seized with a violent fit of shivering, which was followed by a burning fever. He was at this time in an unusual degree of alarm from two occurrences, in addition to the above-mentioned prognostics. A comet, of a green color, had made its appearance, and his house had been struck by lightning. Overwhelmed with superstitious terror, he adopted the conviction that his disease would prove mortal. Such a belief usually fulfils its own prediction; and, accordingly, he expired at Quito, after a short illness, in the year 1529, and in the forty-second year of his reign.



HUASCAR CAPAC.

ATAHUALPA.

ATAHUALPA, sometimes called Atabalipa, the Inca of Peru at the period of the invasion of that country by the Spaniards, has gained a place in history, less by his heroic qualities than by his calamitous fate. The government of Peru was mild and paternal in its administration, but absolute in form. In no part of the world was despotism more complete. The Incas, as we have stated, were supposed to be the offspring of the sun,—the chief object of worship among the Peruvians,—and in consequence were not only obeyed as sovereigns, but revered as divinities. Their authority was unlimited and absolute; their persons were held to be sacred, and their blood was never allowed to be contaminated by intermarriage with the people. The royal family, thus separated from the rest of the nation, were farther distinguished by peculiarities of dress and ornaments which it was unlawful for others to assume. Yet the last of this illustrious line was doomed to die like a common malefactor.

The Inca, Huayna Capac, was a prince equally distinguished by the civil virtues peculiar to his race and by his martial talents. He subjected by his arms the kingdom of Quito, thereby nearly doubling the extent of the Peruvian empire. Two sons were born to him, Huascar and Atahualpa. Either from considerations of policy, or from a wish to gratify equally

both of his children, he made no attempt permanently to consolidate his empire, but at his death bequeathed to Huascar, the elder son, the kingdom of Cuzco, and to Atahualpa that of Quito; an arrangement most unfortunate for the Peruvians, and one which led the way to their speedy subjugation by the Spaniards.

If Huayna Capac made this division of the empire from motives of policy, the event showed that he possessed little foresight as a statesman. The measure was considered utterly at variance with the established maxims of government; and no sooner was it known at Cuzco, than it excited general disgust among the people. Huascar, ambitious of individual sway in Peru, and encouraged by these murmurs and the charge of illegitimacy made against his brother, Atahualpa, formally summoned him to lay down his authority and submit to him as a sovereign. Many of Atahualpa's retainers deserted him, and joined Huascar. This, however, produced little effect upon the former, who was at the head of the main body of the Peruvian forces. These troops he had the address to confirm in his interest, and, by temporizing, he eluded the demand of Huascar till he found himself in a condition to take the field against him. A civil war immediately ensued.

The first battle was fought at Amboto. The rival sovereigns were not in the field. Atoco commanded the troops of Huascar, and Chaliquichiamama those of Atahualpa. After a bloody conflict, in which sixteen thousand men were killed, the forces of Huascar were defeated; Atoco was made prisoner, and put to death in cold blood; the conquering general made a drink-

ing cup of his skull, and ornamented it with gold. It is thus that civil dissensions, in all ages and all countries, have augmented the common barbarities of war.

This victory strengthened the party of Atahualpa, who immediately received the submission of several provinces. He is charged with having exercised atrocious cruelties towards those of his enemies who fell into his hands; but the narrations of the Spanish historians are to be received with suspicion in these matters, as they were under a strong temptation to blacken the character of a person whom their countrymen treated with such wanton injustice and cruelty.

Atahualpa now took upon himself the title of Inca of the whole empire, and was crowned at Tomebamba. Huascar, in the meantime, had recruited his shattered forces, and now advanced to meet his rival. Each army consisted of about eighty thousand men. In the province of Paltas, a general action was fought, which ended in the complete overthrow of Huascar. Forty thousand men are said to have fallen. Huascar was taken prisoner and confined in the tower of Cuzco. The supremacy of Atahualpa was now fully established.

But while the conqueror exulted in his success, a more extraordinary danger threatened him. In the northern part of his empire, appeared suddenly a band of strangers from an unknown part of the world; men who were represented as of fierce aspect, wonderful strength, irresistible courage, and armed with weapons which seemed to rival the lightnings of heaven. These were the Spaniards, led by Pizarro, who, in 1531, landed in the Bay of St. Matthew, with

a force of one hundred and forty-four foot soldiers and thirty-six horsemen. This insignificant army made a hostile invasion into an empire containing several millions of inhabitants. The thirst for gold had led them through every degree of fatigue and peril on this expedition, and the event showed that avarice can prompt mankind to deeds of bravery not surpassed by those which spring from love of country, the desire for fame, and other motives equally honorable to human nature.

The capital of the province of Coaque was the first considerable town visited by the invaders. It contained much treasure in gold, silver and jewels, "which," says the Spanish historian, Herrera, with great simplicity, "the natives had time enough to secure, if they had thought fit; but as they had done no harm to the strangers, they never imagined they would hurt them, but supposed they should all have a merry time together!" The town was immediately plundered; the inhabitants fled to the mountains, and the Spaniards, with their rapacity stimulated by a rich booty so easily obtained, continued their march to the south. Town after town was taken and pillaged, new spoils only increasing the thirst of the invaders for more. A reinforcement of sixty men increased their army; and the unwarlike Peruvians, terrified by the fire-arms, the war-horses, the spears and the swords of the Spaniards, fled everywhere before them. At St. Michael, on the river Piura, where Pizarro halted some time, on his march, to establish a colony, he first heard of the civil war by which the empire was then distracted.

Had Peru been at peace on the arrival of the Spaniards, there could have been little chance for success on the part of the invaders. Even the vast superiority of their arms, courage, skill and discipline, would have been insufficient to sustain them against the overpowering numbers of the Peruvian armies. Atahualpa did not succeed in conquering his rival till the Spaniards had made considerable progress in the country, and the panic occasioned by their appearance and exploits had made a serious impression upon the people. Pizarro had not been slow to perceive the importance of the conjuncture during which he had arrived in the empire. He pushed forward, with all possible rapidity, towards Caxamalca, where Atahualpa was encamped with a considerable army. The Peruvian chief, hearing of his approach, sent a messenger with a present and an offer of his alliance. Pizarro accepted the present, declared his willingness to assist Atahualpa against his brother Huascar, and continued his march.

Atahualpa would willingly have crushed the invaders at a single blow, but it was now too late. Such terror had been inspired by the arms and equipments of the Spaniards, that the Peruvian troops showed an unwillingness to march against assailants who were believed to be invincible. Atahualpa, timid and irresolute at the approach of his new enemies, had not the firmness to take any decided step to oppose their march. He even suffered himself to be imposed upon by Pizarro's assurances of friendship, and allowed the Spaniards to penetrate into the country, without opposition, toward the mountains which encompass the

low country of Peru, and to pass unobstructed through a defile so narrow and difficult of passage, that a handful of men might have defended it against a numerous army.

Having gained this important point, Pizarro halted his men and took possession of a fortress which commanded the pass. Atahualpa sent another embassy, to which the Spaniard replied by an evasive and ambiguous statement of his pacific intentions. The Peruvian chief continued to load the strangers with presents, which only betrayed the fears of the donor and stimulated anew the avarice of his visitors. Atahualpa suffered them to advance and take possession of the town of Caxamalca, a league from his own camp. The timidity and irresolution of this prince were strongly contrasted with the boldness and decision of the Spanish chieftain. Without hesitation, he formed a design to seize upon the person of the Inca, and, by that event, to acquire the means as well as a pretext for his scheme of unlimited usurpation, conquest and plunder. Never before was exhibited such a combination of perfidy, rapacity and cruelty, as appears in the accomplishment of Pizarro's audacious project.

He marched into Caxamalca towards evening, and quartered his troops in a large court situated between the royal palace and a temple of the sun; the court, as well as the buildings, being surrounded by a strong wall. From this spot he despatched an embassy to the Inca, requesting an interview. On reaching the camp, the messengers found the Peruvian army drawn up to receive them. The Peruvians gazed with aston-

ishment at the strangers, who increased their amazement by putting their horses to the spur, vaulting, plunging and curvetting with such agility, that the simple natives imagined the steed and the rider to be one animal. The Spaniards were hardly less astonished with the novelty and magnificence of the display on the part of the Peruvians; the barbaric pomp and stateliness of the Inca; the golden ornaments which adorned him and his attendants; the fantastic dress and strange weapons of the troops; and the multitude of gold and silver utensils arranged for a feast; which all combined to form a spectacle of fairy splendor and opulence, such as no European of that age had ever beheld.

After some minutes had been passed in gazing at each other in mutual wonder, the Spaniards approached the golden throne on which Atahualpa was seated. The Inca rose, gave them a respectful greeting, and welcomed them to his dominions. A feast was served up, and both parties drank peace and friendship to each other, at the moment when the perfidious Spaniards were anticipating, soon after, the horrid scene of plunder and butchery that ensued. Atahualpa, deceived by this show of amity on the part of his guests, promised to pay them a visit on the following day. Pizarro, overjoyed to find the Inca had so unsuspectingly fallen into the snare he had laid, instantly made his arrangements for the treacherous scheme he meditated. He harangued his soldiers, expatiated on the boundless wealth now within their reach, and animated them by the powerful incentives of avarice and glory, to execute his

audacious design without fear, scruple, or hesitation. Little was wanting to stimulate them to the deed; the Peruvian gold had kindled the insatiate thirst of avarice in their souls, and no man's conscience appears to have asked him if the deed to be done was just.

The preparations were speedily made. The cavalry were divided into four squadrons, to act with more celerity; the musketeers were posted in a tower of the palace, from whence they might fire securely upon the defenceless multitude; fifteen chosen men, with spears, were appointed as Pizarro's body-guard, to assist him in the hazardous service which he designed for himself; the artillery, consisting of two field-pieces, and the crossbowmen, were stationed opposite the avenue by which Atahualpa was to approach; the rest of the infantry were drawn up in a separate body, and the whole force were ordered to keep within the square and await the preconcerted signals.

With the dawn of day, the Peruvian camp was perceived to be in motion; but as the Inca was desirous of appearing with the greatest possible splendor before his guests, the preparations for the march were so numerous that the morning was far spent before the procession began to move from the camp. This delay, and the slow solemnity with which the march was conducted, caused the liveliest inquietude in the breast of the treacherous Pizarro, who began to have strong misgivings lest his perfidy was discovered, or at least suspected. He saw the magnificent train of Peruvians at a distance, glittering with gold and



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silver in the morning sun; the brilliant prize seemed to be snatched from before his eyes at the instant when he believed it within his grasp. A single gleam of suspicion in the mind of the deluded Inca, and all the dreams of gloating avarice would be dissipated in a moment. But the destiny of the unfortunate Atahualpa was decreed. Stimulated by new messages and assurances of friendship from the treacherous and impatient Spaniard, he hastened his march, and at length approached the Spanish quarters.

Atahualpa was preceded by four hundred men, covered with plates of gold and silver and precious stones. He was carried on a throne of burnished gold, adorned with plumes of various colors. Next followed the principal officers of state, borne, like their master, on the shoulders of his principal attendants. These were followed by bands of singers and dancers, and the whole plain was covered with troops to the number of thirty thousand men.

The Spanish historian, Herrera, in order to palliate the atrocious conduct of Pizarro, affects to believe that Atahualpa meditated a treacherous attack upon the Spaniards. In proof of this, he relates several circumstances, which, however, are contradictory to each other and to common sense. Atahualpa marched into the enclosure of the Spaniards without the least suspicion, and halted with his chief attendants, in the great square.

A religious farce had been projected by the Spaniards, as an introduction to their work of treachery. As soon as the Inca had taken his post in the square, a friar, named Valverde, chaplain to the expedition,

advanced to the throne, with a crucifix and a breviary, and began a formal homily, explaining to the Peruvian sovereign the history of the creation of the world, the fall of man, the doctrine of the incarnation, the resurrection of Jesus Christ, the appointment of St. Peter as God's vicegerent on earth, the inheritance of his authority by the popes of Rome, &c. ; in short, a summary of the Bible history and of the Catholic religion. He then informed him that the pope had given the whole western continent to the king of Spain, in consequence of which, Atahualpa was required to submit to Charles V., as his lawful sovereign, on pain of the most speedy and terrible vengeance which that monarch could inflict upon him.

A demand so extravagant and absurd, was rendered still more revolting by the imperfect manner in which it was signified to the Inca by the interpreter. It is not surprising, therefore, that he listened to it with feelings of indignation and scorn. The barbarian chief, however, preserved his temper, and replied with coolness, "I should be happy to be the friend of the king of Spain, who has sufficiently displayed his power by sending armies into countries so distant; but I disdain to be his vassal. I owe no tribute to any mortal potentate, and know no man superior in authority to myself. A foreign priest has no right to give away my dominions. As to changing my religion, which you request me to do, it would be both foolish and impious in me to abandon the worship transmitted to me by my ancestors, until I am convinced that it is false and yours true. You worship a God who died on a tree. For my part, I adore the

Sun, who never dies. As to the story of the creation and the fall of the first man, where did you learn things which happened so long ago?" Here Valverde interrupted him by replying, in an arrogant tone, holding up his breviary, "In this book!" The Inca seized the volume, examined it attentively, turned over the leaves, and put it to his ear. "This," said he, with a disdainful smile, "tells *me* nothing;" and contemptuously threw it on the ground. Herrera asserts that he heightened the insult by requesting Pizarro to return the gold and silver of which he had robbed the Peruvians.

Without doubt every circumstance of this interview had been foreseen, and the last act of the Inca was waited for as a signal for the massacre. No sooner had the book touched the ground, than the infuriated monk cried out, "Vengeance! my countrymen, vengeance! Christians! the gospel is insulted! Kill these impious dogs, who trample under foot the law of God!" Pizarro gave the signal, by waving a white handkerchief, and the massacre began. From all parts, the cannon and muskets were fired, the drums beat, and the trumpets sounded. The cavalry rushed upon the astounded Peruvians, who, deeming themselves in perfect safety, had crowded within the enclosure to the number of eight thousand men. Not the slightest attempt at resistance was made by the timid natives, who thought of nothing but flight. The Spaniards, with unrelenting barbarity, made the most terrible slaughter among the defenceless fugitives. Pizarro, at the beginning of the onset, rushed with his chosen band upon the Inca, and, after massa-

cring the nobles who surrounded him, seized him by the arm, dragged him from his throne, and carried him off, a prisoner, to his own quarters.

The consternation of the Peruvians was inexpressible. In every quarter they fled with precipitation; yet the Spaniards, from a savage thirst of blood, continued to pursue and slaughter the trembling fugitives with unabated ferocity. Valverde, during the whole massacre, ran up and down among the soldiers, animating them to bloodshed, and exhorting them to strike the infidels, "not with the edge of the sword, but with the point." The carnage lasted till the close of the day, and would have continued longer, had not a heavy shower of rain put an end to the horrible scene. Four thousand of the Peruvians were killed; the wounded were not counted. Not a single Spaniard fell, nor was any one wounded except Pizarro, who received a trifling hurt in the hand.

From bloodshed the conquerors proceeded to pillage. Gold, silver, jewels, fine garments, and other valuable commodities lay before them in every quarter. The booty collected by them was immense, and far surpassed even their own immoderate expectations. They were so transported with this sudden acquisition of enormous wealth, that, without the slightest remorse for the horrible and unprovoked cruelties they had exercised upon the simple and confiding natives, they gave themselves up to the most extravagant manifestations of joy, with rioting, drunkenness, and debauchery. It is difficult to conceive that these men were Castilians, a race distinguished for magnanimity, probity, and chivalrous honor; but there is

no perversion of the heart which may not be accomplished by the pernicious thirst of gold.

The unhappy Atahualpa, thus precipitated from the pinnacle of grandeur to the lowest depths of misery, could hardly believe these occurrences real; all appeared to him but a bewildering dream. As the sad reality became evident to his mind, he sunk into a profound melancholy. Firmness and elasticity of mind appear to ~~have formed no part of his character~~: nor are we to be surprised that he should have been overwhelmed by a catastrophe which seemed to be brought about by the exercise of a supernatural power. The Peruvians were inconsolable, believing at first that their sovereign was slain; but learning, presently, that he was only a prisoner, they flocked in crowds to Caxamalca, to attend him in his confinement and console him in his affliction. Nothing could be more moving than the fidelity with which they attended the captive monarch, and the amiable assiduity they displayed in their attempts to soothe his grief and pour comfort into his wounded heart. But their consolations were ineffectual. The hypocritical Pizarro, fearing that his victim would pine away and die of sorrow, by which means he should be deprived of all the advantages he enjoyed in the possession of his person, endeavored to encourage him by professions of friendship and formal testimonies of respect. These unmeaning manifestations, which were only so many insults to a person whom he had basely betrayed, had no effect in deceiving the Inca, who had now become apprized of the perfidious character of the Spaniards. He replied simply with

a request that his wives and children might be protected.

In the first moments of surprise and consternation that followed his imprisonment, the wretched Atahualpa was at a loss to determine the motive which had induced the Spaniards to leave their own country upon so distant and perilous an expedition. The conversion of the Peruvians to Christianity, appeared to him little more than a pretence. It was not long before the sagacity of the Inca discovered that the love of gold was the ruling passion of the conquerors, and he did not delay turning this to account, with a view to the recovery of his liberty. He opened a negotiation with Pizarro for his ransom, and offered to fill his apartment, which was twenty-two feet long and sixteen wide, with vessels of gold as high as he could reach. The avaricious Spaniard caught eagerly at the proposal, and a line was drawn upon the wall to mark the measure. Atahualpa despatched his officers to Cuzco, Quito, and other places where gold had been amassed in great quantities. His orders were obeyed with the greatest alacrity. Transported with the hopes of obtaining the liberty of their sovereign, the generous and loyal Peruvians permitted their palaces, their temples, and their private dwellings to be stripped of their wealth and ornaments, and thus to gratify the insatiate cupidity of their treacherous invaders. Meanwhile the Spaniards remained at Caxamalca, without any hostile spirit being manifested toward them by the inhabitants.

Atahualpa, in distrust of his crafty and perfidious enemies, had taken the precaution to stipulate that

the golden vessels should not be broken up or put out of shape, to increase their quantity in the measurement. This agreement was observed by the Spaniards with their usual faith: the gold was melted, and the unfortunate prince, after having been robbed of his liberty, was cheated in his ransom. Gold enough, however, was collected to fulfil the stipulation, even on these unfair terms. The value of the treasure amounted to nearly two million of dollars.

While this affair was in progress, a party of Spaniards had penetrated to Cuzco, where Huascar had been kept in confinement. The captive prince related his story to the Spaniards, and dwelt at great length on the wrongs he had endured. He solicited them to embrace his cause against Atahualpa, and promised them, as a recompense, a quantity of treasure vastly greater than what they were to receive from Atahualpa. Intelligence of this intrigue being conveyed to Caxamalca, the Inca was thrown into great alarm. He well knew that the prospect of superior gain would induce the greedy Spaniards at once to violate their engagements with him, and that he, therefore, stood on the brink of ruin. He saw that his life would immediately be sacrificed, should the proposal of Huascar be received with approbation, and he resolved to save himself by putting his brother to death. His order to this effect was executed with scrupulous punctuality. Having now paid his ransom, and removed what appeared to be the only obstacle in the way of his enlargement, he demanded to be set at liberty.

But as it cost the Spaniards no scruple to imprison and rob the Inca by the most flagrant treachery, it

could cost them none to take his life. Pizarro, indeed, never designed to set him at liberty; the Peruvians would have flocked to the standard of their sovereign, and the whole country would have risen against the cruel invaders. The release of Atahualpa was therefore delayed, on various pretexts, from day to day, till a mutual distrust arose between the prince and the Spanish chief. It was not long before the custody of the illustrious captive began to prove irksome to Pizarro, who had not the talents and address to acquire any strong influence over the Peruvians by holding their sovereign in imprisonment, as had been done, in the case of Montezuma and the Mexicans, by Cortez.

Almagro had now arrived in Peru with a reinforcement. His soldiers, on account of a dispute as to the distribution of Atahualpa's ransom, began to clamor for the Inca's death, that all the adventurers in Peru might be placed on an equal footing. Rumors were in circulation that forces had assembled in different parts of the empire with hostile purposes. It was suspected that orders from Atahualpa had caused these movements, and the Spaniards grew uneasy in the apprehension of an attack. These fears were augmented by an artful Indian, Philippillo, of Tumbes, whom the Spaniards employed as an interpreter. This person had been smitten with the charms of one of the wives of Atahualpa, and did not scruple to intrigue for the death of the Inca, that no obstacle might exist in the way of his passion.

The catastrophe was hastened by a singular incident. Atahualpa, during his imprisonment, held frequent intercourse with the Spanish officers, many of

whom were men of education and intelligence. His natural sagacity led him to converse upon the European arts, particularly that of reading and writing, which strongly excited his admiration. He was unable at first to understand whether this was an inherent or an acquired faculty in the Spaniards; and, to satisfy himself, procured one of his guards to write the name of God on his thumb nail. This he desired several of the soldiers, in succession, to read, which they all did correctly, to his great amazement. But at length Pizarro entered his room, and was requested by the Inca to read his thumb. The illiterate soldier blushed with confusion, and was obliged to confess his ignorance of the art. Atahualpa, whose discernment had before remarked the contrast between the rude manners of the Spanish commander and the more polished demeanor of his officers, instantly set him down for a mean and ill-bred person. His natural frankness of behavior displaying his thoughts too openly, Pizarro could not fail to see that he had become the object of a barbarian's scorn. He was stung with mortification at this circumstance, and resolved on the destruction of his victim. Strange contradiction in the human character! The man, who could betray, oppress, rob, and butcher his fellow-creatures without a sentiment of shame or a pang of remorse, was stimulated to the most vindictive passion by losing the respect of a barbarian!

The mockery of a trial was projected, in order to cover the intended murder with the forms of justice. Pizarro, Almagro, and two others, then appointed themselves judges with full powers, and the Inca of Peru was formally indicted before this strange court.

He was charged with usurpation, idolatry, polygamy, embezzlement of the royal treasures, which now belonged to the Spaniards, and seditious designs against the conquerors. It is hardly necessary to say that the Inca was found guilty, and condemned to be burnt alive. Though he was prepared for almost any degree of injustice, treachery and cruelty, at the hands of his enemies, yet a proceeding so monstrous as this, excited his astonishment. After depriving him of his treasures, his throne and his liberty, he could not imagine what profit the conqueror could find in taking his life. He burst into tears when his cruel fate was announced to him, begged for his life, and entreated that he might be sent to Spain and allowed to plead his cause before the king. But pity never touched the stern heart of Pizarro. He was deaf to all the supplications of the unfortunate monarch, and ordered him to be led instantly to execution. An attempt was made by the priest Valverde to convert him to Christianity, during the brief space that elapsed between his condemnation and his death, by offering to mitigate his punishment; and the wretched Atahualpa, to escape the torture of being burnt alive, consented to receive baptism, and was then strangled at the stake!

Such was the calamitous end of the last reigning Inca of Peru, the victim of a series of treacheries and cruelties that disgrace the Spanish name. "There is no need," says a Peruvian author, "to utter invectives against his murderers; they all speedily got their deserts." The robbers quarrelled over their booty, and fell, one after another, by massacre and assassination!



CAUPOLICAN.

CAUPOLICAN.

CAUPOLICAN, a chief of the Araucanians, the aboriginal inhabitants of Chili, is no less distinguished for his martial deeds than for the renown which the Castilian muse has conferred upon his name. The genius of Ercilla, as well as that of Lope de Vega, has been exercised in celebrating his patriotism, and the military exploits by which the Spanish invaders were taught to respect and fear the prowess of the native Americans.

The Araucanians were and are still, the most brave, resolute and warlike of all the South American Indian tribes. The Spanish invaders, who served in the wars in the Netherlands, and afterwards fought with the natives of Chili, named this country the "Araucanian Flanders," or the Invincible State. It well deserved the name: the intrepid and persevering natives have maintained their independence to the present day, and the wars which they have successively carried on against the Spaniards, have been signalized by deeds of valor and skill, which would have conferred honor upon the most martial nation in the old world. It is in the year 1553, when the territory of the Araucanians was invaded by Valdivia, that we find the first mention of Caupolican.

The Spaniards had penetrated far into Chili, and although several times defeated by the natives, they

built a number of fortresses, and being assisted by reinforcements, seemed to have secured a firm footing in the country. Lincoyan, the Araucanian *toqui*, or general, had, by his misconduct, occasioned some disasters, and the affairs of the war began to wear a threatening aspect. In this emergency, an old chief, named Colocolo, quitting the retirement into which he had voluntarily withdrawn himself, traversed the country on a patriotic mission, to arouse anew the courage of the people, which had been rendered torpid by their misfortunes. He set before them the condition of their affairs, and pointed out the necessity of selecting a new general. His counsel prevailed; the *Ulmens*, or subordinate chiefs of the districts, assembled, according to custom, in a meadow, and, after the usual feast, proceeded to consult upon the election. Great competition arose for the honor of the command, and the dispute ran so high, that the angry rivals were about to resort to their weapons, when they were checked by the venerable Colocolo, who, by a well-timed and forcible address, so far pacified them, that all with one accord submitted the appointment to his choice. He named, without hesitation, Caupolican, the *Ulmen* of Pilmayquen, a district of Tucapel.

Don Alonzo de Ercilla, a soldier of the invading army, wrote a long epic poem, called the Araucania, in which the events of this war are minutely related. He composed it during his campaigns, as the events successively occurred, sometimes writing on scraps of hide for want of paper. Though deficient in invention, it has many fine descriptive passages,

and is entitled to the distinction of being the best heroic poem in the Spanish language. Ercilla states that Caupolican was elected in a manner highly original and characteristic. Colocolo proposed that the command should be given to the man who could prove himself the strongest of limb.

“ A leader bold this desperate state demands,
To guide to vengeance our impatient bands :
Fit for this hardy task that chief I deem
Who longest may sustain a massive beam.
Your rank is equal—let your force be tried,
And for the strongest, let his limbs decide.”

They acquiesce in the proposal. The beam is produced, and is of a size so enormous, that the poet declares himself afraid to specify its weight. The first chieftains who engage in the trial, support it on their shoulders four and six hours each ; Tucapel fourteen, and Lincoyan more than twice as long ; when the assembly, considering his strength almost supernatural, are resolved to pronounce him general. At this moment Caupolican arrives, demands a trial, and surpasses Lincoyan ; he is accordingly pronounced general-in-chief by acclamation.

In whatever manner he was elected, the whole nation applauded the choice. Caupolican was of a lofty stature and majestic countenance, though, like Hannibal, deficient in one eye. Having assumed the axe, the symbol of authority among the Araucanians, he immediately appointed his officers, in which number he had the magnanimity to include all his competitors. The troops now considered themselves

invincible under their new *toqui*, and demanded to be led instantly against the enemy. But Caupolican, who was politic as well as valiant, saw the necessity for proceeding with caution. He ordered a new supply of arms to be furnished, and proceeded to discipline his men. He then watched for a favorable opportunity of surprising the enemy by stratagem; this an accident soon furnished him.

The Spaniards, under Reynoso, were posted in considerable force at Arauco, a fortified place on the coast near the river Biobio. A body of eighty Indians, auxiliaries of the Spaniards, were conducting forage to this place, when they were captured by the troops of Caupolican. His quick sagacity saw at once the means of turning this event to further advantage. He selected a like number of his bravest soldiers, directed them to conceal their weapons in the bundles of grass, and march to the fortress in the guise of the friendly Indians. Having secured possession of the gate, they were to wait the arrival of the main body.

The pretended foragers performed their part so skilfully, that they were admitted without the least suspicion within the fortress. They immediately drew their weapons and attacked the guard. The alarm was given throughout the place, and the whole garrison rushed to the scene of conflict. The Araucanians retained their ground at first, and the fortress would have been captured had Caupolican advanced with more speed; but, at the moment of his arrival, the Spaniards had pushed their attacks so vigorously, that the Araucanians, overpowered by numbers, were forced to retreat; and the gates were cleared and the

draw-bridge raised before he could bring his fresh troops into action. Caupolican, although foiled in his first attempt, determined to storm the place. A general assault was made, but the valor of the Indians was ineffective against the Spanish artillery. Finding he had lost a great number of men, he withdrew his army from the walls, and turned the siege into a blockade.

The garrison made many sallies, but without any success. Finding themselves in danger of starving, they decided to evacuate the place and retire to Puren. At midnight, they mounted their horses, threw open the gates, rushed out at full speed, and escaped through the midst of the blockading forces. The Araucanians, suspecting no such movement, supposed this to be no more than an ordinary sally, and took no measures to obstruct their flight. Caupolican destroyed this fortress, and marched to the attack of that of Tucapel, situated in the interior. This post was garrisoned by a body of forty Spaniards, who, after sustaining repeated attacks from Caupolican, were forced to save themselves in the same manner as the garrison of Arauco had done. Tucapel was also demolished, and Caupolican encamped his army on the ruins.

Valdivia, the Spanish commander-in-chief, had his head quarters at Concepcion, where he received intelligence of the siege of Arauco. He immediately set out on his march for that place, with all the troops he could muster. This hasty movement was in opposition to the advice of his officers, who counselled him to delay his march till a stronger force could be col-

lected. The Araucanian army was said to amount to more than nine thousand men. Valdivia's forces were less than half this number; his soldiers, however, full of presumptuous confidence, inspired him by their vain boast that a dozen Castilians were sufficient to put to flight the whole Araucanian army. Valdivia hastened his march, but Arauco had fallen. He then directed his course toward Tucapel, and, on arriving near the place, sent forward a body of ten horsemen to reconnoitre; they fell in with a scouting party of Araucanians, and were all slain; the Indians cut off their heads and hung them upon the trees that lined the road to Tucapel.

The Spanish army, as they approached the place, were struck with horror at this evidence of the melancholy fate of their countrymen, and their overweening confidence was changed to boding apprehension. They beheld Tucapel in smoking ruins, and a powerful and well-arranged army in battle array to receive them. Valdivia now began to repent his rashness in marching with so little preparation against his enemy. In his timid irresolution, he would have retreated, but his Castilian pride could not brook the disgrace of flying before a horde of barbarians. The Indians insulted their enemies by loud cries, calling them villains and robbers, and goading them to indignation by their scoffing and opprobrious language.

In this situation, it was impossible long to defer the combat. Both sides rushed to battle. A detachment from the left wing of the Spaniards which began the attack, was immediately cut to pieces; a second, which followed it, experienced the same fate;

the engagement became general, and the Spaniards, furnished with superior weapons, made great slaughter among their enemies. The Araucanians had no fire-arms, but fought with swords, lances and clubs. Valdivia displayed great bravery, and encouraged his troops by his voice and example. Rank after rank of the Indians was mowed down by the musketry and artillery of the Spaniards, but they continued to supply their places with fresh troops. At length, their repeated losses dismayed the Indians, and they began to give way in disorder. Caupolican, Tucapel, and the veteran Colocolo, attempted in vain to arrest their flight. The Spaniards shouted "Victory!" and the day had been irretrievably lost to the natives, had not an unexpected incident suddenly turned the tide of war against the conquerors.

At the moment when the victory seemed decided, an Araucanian youth, of sixteen, suddenly rushed out from the Spanish ranks, and with a loud voice reproached his countrymen for their cowardice, and exhorted them to the fight. This was Lautaro, the page of Valdivia, a captive of the Spaniards, who had been baptized as a Christian. The sight of his countrymen in arms, flying in disorder before their enemies, had aroused all the patriotic feeling of this noble and intrepid youth, and the national spirit instantly extinguished every spark of attachment to his adopted masters. Grasping a lance, he turned against the advancing Spaniards, crying, "Follow me, my countrymen, to victory!" Instantly, as if inspired by a supernatural accession of courage, the dispirited and flying Araucanians turned upon their



LAUTARO.

enemies, and renewed the attack with such unexpected fury, that the Spaniards, exhausted with fatigue, could not resist the shock ; their whole army was put to the rout and completely dispersed. Valdivia was taken prisoner, and brought before Caupolican. The Spanish general did not disdain to solicit his life, in the humblest manner, at the hands of the savage conqueror, promising to quit Chili with all his forces. Lautaro seconded his request, and Valdivia would have been spared ; but, while the officers were deliberating, an old Ulmen, more ferocious than the rest, exclaimed that it was madness to trust to the promises of the perfidious Spaniards, and instantly despatched the unfortunate prisoner with a blow of his club. It is added by the historian, that, as a reproach to his avarice, the Indian poured melted gold down his throat ; but it is not improbable that this is a fiction borrowed from classical history.

The battle of Tucapel was fought on the 3d of December, 1553. Never was a victory more complete than this, which had been gained by the wild Araucanians, over the disciplined bands of the Castilian invaders. Caupolican, although highly exasperated at the conduct of the Ulmen, dared not punish him as he wished. A joyous festival, on the following day, crowned the success of the conquerors. Games and diversions were exhibited in a spacious meadow, surrounded by tall trees, to which were suspended the heads of the slaughtered Spaniards. An immense crowd of people, from the neighboring country, flocked to the place to witness the trophies of a victory over an army, which, till then, had

been considered invincible. The officers, in token of triumph, wore the clothes of their slain enemies; and Caupolican arrayed himself in the armor and surcoat, embroidered with gold, which had been worn by his formidable enemy, Valdivia.

Consternation spread throughout the Spanish settlements in Chili at the news of the battle of Tucapel. The minor posts were immediately abandoned, and the inhabitants fled to the towns of Imperial, Valdivia and Concepcion, which were now the only places in possession of the invaders. Caupolican determined instantly to lay siege to them. He appointed Lautaro his lieutenant-general, and despatched him to defend the northern frontier. This young chieftain took post upon the lofty mountain of Mariguena, on the road leading from the north to the province of Arauco, which it was supposed the Spanish army would traverse, if they designed to attack Caupolican. This mountain, which has on several occasions proved fatal to the Spaniards, has on its summit the wide plain of Andalican, abounding with trees. Its sides are full of clefts and precipices; the eastern slope is covered with an impenetrable thicket, and its rocky base on the west is beaten by the ocean-surf. A winding and narrow path, on the north, is the only road leading to the summit of the mountain.

The chief command of the Spaniards devolved upon Francisco Villagran. This general, having collected a considerable army, in which were included a number of auxiliary Indians, began his march for Arauco. He crossed the Biobio without opposition; but a short distance farther south, in a narrow pass,

he encountered an advanced body of Araucanians, despatched by Lautaro, to harass him on his approach. After a severe action of three hours, the natives retreated, fighting, toward the summit of the mountain, where the main body had fortified themselves by a strong palisade. The Spaniards began the attack with three squadrons of cavalry, which attempted to force the difficult passage of the mountain. This body, after great labor, arrived within a short distance of the summit, when they were greeted with a shower of stones, arrows, and other missiles, which brought them to a stand. Lautaro, finding the enemy in check, despatched several parties to the right and left, with the design of surrounding the assailants. Villagrañ, seeing his danger, ordered up his musketeers, and opened a general fire from the infantry and six field-pieces, which he had now brought to bear on the Indian camp. The battle raged fiercely; the mountain was covered with smoke, and echoed with the roar of the fire-arms; the shot flew thick around them, but the Araucanians bravely maintained their post.

The advantage of fire-arms, however, being exclusively on the side of the Spaniards, the effects soon began to be felt. The incessant cannonade made a serious slaughter in the camp; and Lautaro, perceiving that the chief execution was performed by the artillery, determined upon a bold attempt to capture it. He selected one of his bravest officers, named Leucoton, and ordered him to advance with his company, upon the field-pieces, and not presume to see him again till he had made himself master of them

The intrepid officer obeyed the desperate order, and rushed, with his troops, so fiercely upon the enemy, that, after a bloody conflict, he brought off the cannon in triumph.

At the moment of his attack, Lautaro made a diversion in his favor, by a general assault with all his troops. Horse and foot fled in confusion before him, and the rout of the Spaniards became general. Three thousand, including the Indian allies, were left dead upon the field. Villagran, thrown from his horse, was on the point of being made prisoner, when he was rescued by the heroic exertions of three of his men. As the routed fugitives attempted to issue from the narrow defile in which the battle had commenced, they found it barricaded with trunks of trees hastily felled by their enemies; and here the conflict was renewed with the utmost fury. Despair gave new energy to the exhausted Spaniards, and, by incredible exertions, they succeeded in forcing a passage at the moment when they seemed about to be cut off to the last man. But a small number escaped the close pursuit of the Araucanians; and, on their arrival at Concepcion, the terror spread among the inhabitants was so great, that Villagran found it impossible to defend the city. He therefore immediately evacuated the place, and marched for the interior, despatching the aged men, women and children, to other parts of the coast in ships.

Lautaro entered Concepcion in triumph, and found within its walls a very rich booty. The inhabitants had no time to remove their effects, and the place had grown very rich by mining and commerce. He set

fire to the houses, razed the citadel to the foundations, and took up his march for the south. Such was the extraordinary victory known in Chilian history as the battle of Andalican. When we consider the youth and inexperience of the Araucanian leader, and the superiority in discipline and weapons of his adversaries, we must allow that he exhibited a military genius which hardly finds a parallel in the most brilliant pages of Napoleon's story.

In the mean time, Caupolican was pressing the siege of Imperial and Valdivia, against which places he had marched immediately after the victory of Tucapel. Villagran, on abandoning Concepcion, found himself at the head of a sufficient force to raise the siege of these cities; and Caupolican withdrew his troops to join Lautaro. The Spaniards ravaged the whole country wherever they marched, burning the houses and crops of the Indians, and transporting to the above places whatever provisions could be carried off. To these calamities was added the small-pox, which suddenly broke out among the Spaniards, and soon communicated itself to the natives. Thousands of them fell victims to this pestilence, and some districts were wholly depopulated by it.

Caupolican remained inactive for some time, watching for an opportunity of striking a blow. At length, having learned that the Spaniards had rebuilt a strong fortification at Concepcion, and taken post there in considerable numbers, he despatched two thousand men, under Lautaro, against it. This chieftain, crossing the Biobio, found the Spanish army drawn up in the plain before the city, awaiting his

approach. He attacked them so furiously, that, at the first shock, they took to flight, and escaped to the fortress with such precipitation that they did not shut the gate behind them. The Araucanians entered the place, killing a great number. The Spaniards were completely dispersed; part escaped to sea in vessels, and the remainder took refuge in the woods. Lautaro a second time plundered and burnt Concepcion, and marched off laden with spoil.

Encouraged by this success, Caupolican again laid siege to Imperial and Valdivia, while Lautaro marched against Santiago, where the Spaniards had formed a large settlement. With six hundred men Lautaro traversed the provinces lying between the Biobio and the Maule; but, after passing the latter stream, he permitted certain acts of severity against the native inhabitants, which diminished his reputation for prudence and sagacity. This territory was occupied by the Promaucians, who had sided with the Spaniards in the hostilities which had taken place. Lautaro now had it in his power, by acts of forbearance and kindness, to detach them from the Spanish interest; but he shut his eyes to this advantage, and, obeying only the impulses of a revengeful spirit, laid waste their lands and confirmed them in their hostility to the Araucanians. His subsequent behavior also exhibited less of that extraordinary boldness and decision which marked the early part of his career. Instead of advancing rapidly upon Santiago, and striking a panic into the enemy by a sudden attack, he fortified himself with his small force on the banks of the Rio Claro, whether to gain time for learning the state of

the country he was invading, or to await reinforcements, we cannot say. This delay saved the city. The panic occasioned in Santiago at the first intelligence of his approach, was soon over, and the inhabitants had time to prepare for their defence.

The Spaniards raised a considerable force, and advanced to attack Lautaro in his intrenchments. Several assaults were made, which resulted in the defeat of the Spaniards, and they pitched their camp in a low meadow in the neighborhood. Lautaro planned a scheme for inundating them, by turning the branch of a river upon the meadow, which he would have accomplished with success had not the design been discovered by a spy. The Spaniards immediately broke up their camp and returned to Santiago.

That city was now again thrown into alarm, and had the Araucanians advanced rapidly on the heels of the retreating army, the place might have been captured; but Lautaro did not move from his post. The Spaniards now raised additional forces, and Villagran put himself at their head. Having been taught a lesson of prudence by the disaster of Andalican, he proceeded on his march with the utmost caution, abandoning the main road, and taking a circuitous route by the sea-shore to fall upon the enemy by surprise. Favored by the darkness of night and the guidance of an intelligent spy, the Spaniards approached the Araucanian intrenchments undiscovered, and at break of day fell upon them with a sudden and impetuous attack. Lautaro had at that moment retired to rest, having been on guard, as was his custom, during the night. The instant the alarm was given by the sen-

tinels, he leaped from his bed and ran to the spot assailed by the enemy. Scarcely had he reached the wall, when a dart, hurled by one of the Indian auxiliaries, struck him in the breast, and he fell lifeless into the arms of his companions.

Notwithstanding the loss of their leader, the Araucanians fought with desperation; but the assailants overwhelming them with numbers, they were driven into an angle of the fort, where they refused to surrender, though the Spaniards offered them quarter. They fought with such obstinacy as to throw themselves on the lances of their enemies, and perished to the last man. Such was the end of this heroic band of Americans, and their gallant chief, Lautaro, who, at the age of nineteen, had exhibited the military talents of a veteran.

Caupolican, on receiving the intelligence of this melancholy disaster, immediately raised the siege of Imperial, although that place was on the point of surrendering, and withdrew to the frontier. This was in the year 1556. Active military operations were suspended for some time; but, in April of the following year, a powerful armament of ten ships arrived at Concepcion, under the command of Don Garcia Hurtado de Mendoza. A negotiation was opened with the Araucanians, but the sagacious natives did not suffer themselves to be cajoled by the diplomatic arts of the Spaniards. Finding that nothing could be done by intrigue, Mendoza took possession of Mount Penco, which overlooks the plain of Concepcion, and erected upon it a strong fortress, with a ditch and a large number of heavy cannon.

Caupolican, who was encamped south of the Biobio, waiting for the moment to begin hostilities, immediately began his march. He crossed the river on the ninth of August, and at dawn of the next day,—the identical day on which the battle of St. Quentin was gained by the Spanish army in Flanders,—he attacked the fort of Penco with the most determined resolution. Three sides of the works were assailed at once. Pioneers marched in front to fill up the ditch with fascines and logs. The assailants mounted the parapet and leaped within; but the cannon and musketry made dreadful havoc, heaping the ditch with dead bodies. Tucapel, hurried on by his rash bravery, threw himself into the fort, killing four Spaniards with his mace, and escaped by leaping over a precipice amid a shower of balls. In the midst of the attack, a fresh party of Spaniards landed from the fleet, and placed the Araucanians between two fires. They, however, obstinately maintained their ground till noon, when they were compelled, by loss of men and fatigue, to give over the assault. They fell back upon the Biobio, the Spaniards not offering to pursue them.

Here, having refreshed his army for a few days, Caupolican again advanced against Concepcion, but learned on his march that the army had just before received a reinforcement of above three thousand men. Knowing his own force to be insufficient to attack so strong an army, he wheeled about and recrossed the Biobio. Mendoza took the field against him, and came up with the Araucanian army as they were posted on the southern bank of the river. Un-

der cover of their artillery, the Spaniards crossed the stream. Caupolican determined to risk the chance of a battle, and despatched several bodies of light troops to begin the contest. The Araucanians had the advantage in the skirmishes that took place, which encouraged their leader to bring his main body immediately into action. At first they sustained the conflict with great firmness, but the Spanish artillery and cavalry at length decided the fortune of the day, and the Araucanians were routed with great slaughter.

Mendoza marched into the province of Arauco, exercising great cruelties upon the inhabitants. Caupolican, who at first retreated before him, was so stung by these atrocities that he turned upon the Spaniards with the remains of his shattered army. Another battle was fought, in which the Araucanians displayed the most heroic bravery, but were again defeated. Caupolican was once more obliged to save himself by flight, but misfortune seemed only to inspire him with greater courage and activity. A few days after, we find him attacking the strong fortress of Canote, which had been recently built by the Spaniards. After an obstinate assault of five hours, he found it impossible to carry the place, and drew off his troops with a design to renew his attempt by stratagem. He despatched one of his men to join the Spaniards as a deserter, and obtain the means for admitting the besiegers into the fort. But a Spanish Indian in the place, suspecting the scheme, had the address to discover the whole by pretending to join in it, and Caupolican's plot was

thus foiled by a counterplot. The Araucanians were admitted into the fortress only to be slaughtered; and Caupolican, who was among the number, barely escaped with his life.

The career of this undaunted chief was now rapidly drawing to a close. Unable to make head against his enemies, he retreated from post to post, till he found himself forced to seek an asylum, with his family and ten of his most faithful soldiers, in the solitudes of the wilderness. The Spaniards made the most diligent search for him, sometimes putting the Indians to torture, and sometimes tempting them with rewards, in order to discover the place of his retreat. One of the natives was at length found base enough to betray the defender of his country. A squadron of cavalry proceeded under the guidance of this traitor, and at break of day surprised the chief in a thick wood near Ongolmo. Caupolican with his men made a desperate resistance, and his wife exhorted him to die rather than surrender. He suffered himself, however, to be taken alive.

He was immediately transported to Canote, where the inhabitants crowded to behold the man whose name had so long filled them with terror. Reynoso, the Spanish commander, with a barbarity that has covered the Spanish name with infamy, even among the Spaniards, instantly ordered him to be impaled and shot through with arrows. On hearing his sentence, Caupolican, without the least change of countenance, or abatement of his wonted dignity of manner, replied to the following purport: "My death will only strengthen the resistance of my coun-

trymen and their hatred of the Spanish name. From my ashes will arise other Caupolicans, who will prove more fortunate than I have been. If you spare my life, I may render you service ; but if I am to die, send me to Spain, that the king may be my judge, and I may end my days without causing disturbances in my country."

This appeal had no effect, and he was led without delay to execution. A priest, under the pretence that he had converted the prisoner, hastily administered baptism, and, after this mock ceremony, he was placed on the scaffold. But when he saw the instrument of death, which till then he did not clearly comprehend, and a negro prepared to execute him, he was so exasperated, that, with a furious kick, he hurled the executioner from the scaffold, exclaiming, "Is there no sword, nor more worthy hand to take the life of Caupolican ? This is not justice ; it is base revenge !" Uttering these words, he was seized by the attendants and put to death.

Such is the history of the heroic defenders of Chili. The Spaniards gave way to unbounded exultation when they found themselves freed from two such formidable enemies as Caupolican and Lautaro. But heroism does not fail to excite admiration even in an enemy. As soon as the terror inspired by the deeds of these dauntless warriors had ceased with their lives, the sentiments of hostility gave way to those of admiration. "Had these men been ours," says a Spanish writer, "we should have called them heroes !" The Araucanians have never forgotten these bravest of their countrymen. Their names are, to

this day, celebrated in their heroic songs, and their actions are proposed as the most glorious model for the imitation of their youth.

The prodigies of valor and devoted patriotism of the Chilian warriors, produced a striking effect upon the Spanish poetry of that period. The memory of all these events is preserved in Ercilla's Araucana, which we have already mentioned. A more brilliant strain of poetry has been poured out on this subject, by Lope de Vega, whose tragedy of "Arauco Conquered," ranks among the very first of his performances. The theme is indeed a noble one, and affords room for the development of the grandest characters, and the most striking contrasts between a savage and a civilized people. The play is sustained by the liveliest interest, and is a work of brilliant imagination. In no other of Lope's works, is it possible to find passages of poetry equal in richness to some of these scenes. They would have produced a still greater effect, had they been more impartial; but the author thought himself obliged by his patriotism to give the enemies of Spain a boasting character, and to represent them as defeated in every battle. Still, the general impression produced by reading the work, is an admiration of the vanquished, and horror at the cruelty of the conquerors.

As the history of the native American has been little embellished by poetry, and the work in question is hardly known to American readers, we are induced to make one or two extracts from the "Arauco Conquered."

After the victories of Tucapel and Andalican, whilst

the Spaniards are installing Mendoza, the new governor of Chili, Caupolican celebrates his victory, and lays his trophies at the feet of the beautiful Fresia, who, not less valiant than himself, is delighted at finding, in her lover, the liberator of his country.

Caupolican. Here, beauteous Fresia, rest,
 Thy feathered darts resign,
 While the bright planet pours a farewell ray,
 Gilding the glorious west,
 And, as his beams decline,
 Tinges with crimson light th' expiring day.
 Lo! where the streamlet on its way,
 Soft swelling from its source,
 Through flower-enamelled meads
 Its murmuring water leads,
 And in the ocean ends its gentle course:
 Here, Fresia, may'st thou lave
 Thy limbs, whose whiteness shames the foaming wave;
 Unfold in this retreat
 Thy beauties, envied by the queen of night;
 The gentle stream shall clasp thee in its arms.
 Here bathe thy wearied feet;
 The flowerets with delight
 Shall stoop to dry them, wondering at thy charms;
 The trees a verdant shade shall lend;
 From many a songster's throat
 Shall swell the harmonious note;
 The cool stream to thy form shall bend
 Its course,—and the enamored sands
 Shall yield thee jewels for thy beauteous hands.
 All that thou seest around,
 My Fresia, is thine own;
 This realm of Chili is thy noble dower.
 Chased from our sacred ground,
 The Spaniard shall for all his crimes atone;
 And Charles and Philip's iron reign is o'er;

Hideous and stained with gore,
 They fly th' Araucan sword ;
 Before their ghastly eyes
 In dust Valdivia lies ;
 While, as a god adored,
 My bright fame, mounting with the sun, extends
 Where'er the golden orb his glorious journey bends.

Fresia. Lord of my soul ! my bosom's dream !
 To thee yon mountains bend
 Their proud, aspiring heads ;
 The nymphs that haunt this stream,
 With roses crown'd, their arms extend,
 And yield thee offerings from their flow'ry beds.
 But ah ! no verdant tree that spreads
 Its blissful shade, no fountain pure,
 No feather'd choir, whose song
 Echoes the woods among,
 Earth, sea, nor empire, gold nor silver ore,
 Could ever to me prove
 So rich a treasure as my chieftain's love.

I ask no brighter fame
 Than conquest o'er a heart
 To whom proud Spain submits her laurelled head ;
 Before whose honored name
 Her glories all depart, and victories are fled !
 Her terrors all are sped !
 The keenness of the sword,
 Her arquebuse, whose breath
 Flash'd with the fires of death,
 And the fierce steed, bearing his steel-clad lord,
 A fearful spectre on our startled shore,
 Affright our land no more !

Thy spear hath rent the chain
 That bound our Indian soil ;
 Her yoke, so burthen'd by th' oppressor's hand,
 That hast thou spurn'd with fierce disdain ;
 Hast robb'd the spoiler of his spoil,

Who sought by craft to subjugate thy land.
 Now, brighter days expand!
 The joys of peace are ours!
 Beneath the branching trees,
 Our light-swung hammocks answering to the breeze,
 Sweet is our sleep among the leafy bowers;
 And, as in ancient times, a calm repose
 Attends our blest life to its latest close.

The Indians, however, soon receive intelligence that the Spaniards are advancing against them, and that their god has predicted the approaching defeat of his people. The warriors and chiefs now animate themselves for the combat, by a warlike hymn, of great beauty and spirit, and of a truly original character. At the extremity of the stage, the Spaniards are seen on the ramparts of a fort, where they have sheltered themselves. The Araucanians surround their chiefs; each, in his turn, menaces with vengeance the enemies of his country; the chiefs reply in chorus, and the army interrupts the warlike music by acclamations, shouting the name of their celebrated leader. The wildness and animation that pervade the whole piece, transport us at once into the midst of the savage bands.*

Indian. Hail, chief! twice crown'd by Victory's hands,
 Victor o'er proud Valdivia's bands,
 Conqueror of haughty Villagran.

The Army. Caupolican!

Chorus of Chiefs. New glories wait him with Mendoza's fall,

Triumph and glory wait our battle-call.

* We have modified in our extract the somewhat liberal paraphrase of Roscoe, and brought it closer to the original Spanish.

Indian. The western God, Apo, the Thunderer, comes,
Who gave his valiant tribes these fair domains,
Spoil'd by the robbers from the ocean-plains,
Soon, soon, to fill ignoble tombs,
Slain by the conqueror of Villagran.

The Army. Caupolican!

Chorus. The hero's eye is on thee, tyrant, fly!
No—thou art in his toils and thou must die,
Thou and thine impious, blood-stained clan!

The Army. Caupolican!

Caupolican. Wretched Castilians! yield,—our victims,
yield!

Fate sits upon our arms;
Trust not your walls and towers;—they cannot shield
Your heads from vengeance now,
Your souls from wild alarms!

Indian. See, vengeance on his brow,
The threatening chief of Araucan.

The Army. Caupolican.

Indian. Twine him another laurel crown,
He strikes the Spanish legions down!

The Army. Caupolican!

Tucapel. Bandits! whom treachery and the cruel thirst
Of glittering dust drove to our hapless shores,
Who boast of honor, while your hands are curst
With chains and tortures nature's self deploras;
In iron bondage would ye crush the free,
The martial tribes of Araucan?

Indian. The hero's eye is on ye, tyrants—flee!
Ye tremble at his glance!

The Army. Caupolican!

Reugo. Presumptuous madmen! will ye find
The race of Chili weak and blind,
Timorous and crouching, like Peruvian slaves?
Mendoza, who thy flying squadrons saves
When Chilian valor wins the battle-field?

Indian. Arauco's chief shall make the Spaniard yield
And crown his triumph on Andalican.

The Army. Caupolican!



YCHOALAY.

THIS individual attained to great celebrity among the Abipones, a tribe of Paraguay, famous for their skill in horsemanship, and the wars they maintained against the Spaniards. He was not a native of this tribe, but was born of what was called an honorable family among the tribe of the Riikahes. When a boy he was taught to manage a horse, and soon became an expert cavalier. A peace having been established between this tribe and the inhabitants of Santa Fe, Ychoalay, still a youth, impelled by curiosity and a roving disposition, visited that city, and after a time entered into the service of one of the inhabitants, called Benavides, whose name he took. He was assiduous in his attempts to learn the Spanish language; and, after a residence of some length at Santa Fe, he left that city for Chili, where he enjoyed more ample means of pursuing his studies. He appears to have formed a strong attachment to the Spaniards, and to have possessed sufficient sagacity to appreciate the superiority of their arts over the rude barbarism of the aborigines. He remained some time in Chili, and then established himself at Mendoza, on the estate of the person with whom he had travelled from Santa Fe. His employment was the cultivation of vines.

- Although occupied with the peaceful pursuits of agriculture, Ychoalay, ever mindful of his origin from

a tribe of warriors, affected the habits of a soldier, and never appeared abroad in the fields without a spear. In the predatory attacks upon the inhabitants of that region, by the Charruas and Pampas, which not unfrequently happened, he soon distinguished himself by his courage; and while his companions were often robbed or murdered in the deserts of Paraguay, he always escaped by exertions of bravery and dexterity. Having remained some years at Mendoza, he became involved in a quarrel with the person whom he served, respecting the payment of his wages. This gave him a sudden disgust toward the Spaniards, and his resentment was inflamed into rage by being informed that one of them—for a reason which is not assigned—had attempted his life. Under feelings thus excited, he immediately left the Spaniards and joined the Abipones.

These Indians were remarkable for their determined and unflinching hostility to the Spaniards. Neither the armies nor the priests of the European invaders could control them. They could neither be subdued by arms nor conciliated by gifts. They zealously maintained their liberty—now fighting, now flying, as circumstances required—for two centuries. Perceiving the great superiority in war, which the Spaniards possessed over them by means of their cavalry, they stole the horses from their settlements, and, in the course of fifty years, carried off, it is said, a hundred thousand of them. They soon became the most admirable horsemen on the western continent; and though the number of their warriors did not exceed a thousand men, they kept the Span-

iards in constant terror. They rode over craggy mountains, crossed wide and rapid streams, and traversed trackless deserts, full of rushes, thick woods, marshes, lakes, and swamps slippery with mud, regardless of all impediments. A distance of three hundred leagues was not an insurmountable obstacle when the hope of booty or the desire of annoying their enemies invited them upon an enterprise.

They were accustomed to rush to the assault at full gallop, brandishing a long spear, pointed at both ends, that if one should be blunted the other might be used. Their expertness in horsemanship was such that they could turn their animals round in circles, with the utmost swiftness, and retain them perfectly at command. While the horses were at full speed, they could suspend their bodies from their backs, and perform all the dexterous feats of an exhibitor at the circus. To prevent themselves from being reached by the shot of the enemy, they would hide entirely under the horse's belly. By these arts they wearied and baffled their pursuers, and seemed to make a mockery of the bullets hurled against them by the enemy. Their courage, activity, and inappeasable hatred of the Spaniards were such as to render them the most formidable enemies encountered by that nation in all the regions watered by the La Plata. Their very name was sufficient to strike terror into a whole settlement. "The Abipones are coming!" was a cry that would throw the inhabitants of Buenos Ayres into such consternation that they would run up and down the city, nearly bereft of their senses, and utter the most dismal shrieks and exclama-

tions, even though the enemy was not in sight. One of the Spanish commanders declared that if the Abipones were reduced to ten men, it would be necessary to maintain a guard upon the whole frontier.

At the time that Ychoalay joined this formidable tribe, they were harassing the territory of Cordova by daily inroads; and, being eager to pursue their hostilities, they welcomed his appearance among them with demonstrations of great satisfaction. Possessing a tall figure, a hardy frame, and a strength adequate to all the fatigues of predatory warfare, he soon distinguished himself among their boldest warriors, and was appointed the leader of the whole band. His shrewdness, activity and bravery were equalled only by his good fortune. The attacks which he planned against the Spaniards were always successful. Amidst his numerous incursions, he was observed always to spare the territories of Santa Fe where he passed a portion of his life; and he never took the lives of men devoted to religion, or permitted his soldiers to do so, although he had not embraced Christianity. He appears to have been above the current prejudices and superstitions of his tribe, never suffering any of the jugglers, common to that race, to associate with his men.

Although Ychoalay was the chief warrior of the Abipones, he was not the titular chief of the nation. The cacique Ychamenraikin exercised the nominal sovereignty. He had been celebrated for his warlike actions; but, during the latter part of his life, he fell into habits of indolence and sensuality, which rendered him a mere useless image of power. Ychoa-

lay, by the force of his character and the fame of his exploits, obtained supreme authority in the tribe, and managed all its affairs. After a long period of warfare against the Spaniards, his old attachment for that people began to revive; the memory of former wrongs was weakened by the lapse of time, and he exerted himself to put an end to the strife. By his exertions a peace was concluded, and Ychoalay, with a body of Abipones, established themselves at the Spanish settlement of St. Jeronymo.

At this place a number of Jesuits had taken their station, for the purpose of converting the natives. Ychoalay assisted them in their labors with great zeal. He obliged his men to attend church and receive baptism. Being solicited by the Jesuits to profess Christianity himself, he begged for a respite till he had slain a rival, Oaherkaikin, who sought to supersede him in his command, and with whom he was then at war; but shortly afterwards, having concluded a truce with that chieftain, he became a convert. After his conversion, he totally abandoned his marauding course of life, and conducted himself in a manner to win the applause of his spiritual guides.

Ychoalay ever after faithfully adhered to the Spaniards, and took great pains to prevent the Abipones from violating the peace, often at the risk of his life. By his zeal in preserving and recovering the property of the Spaniards, he incurred the hatred of the other savage tribes; and many of his own countrymen regarded him with aversion, as a partisan of the Spaniards and an enemy to their own race. This caused him to utter the daily complaint: "My coun-

trymen think me wicked, now, because I am good: formerly they called me good because I was wicked!"

The history of the Jesuit missions in Paraguay is full of the exploits of Ychoalay, and the services rendered by him to the Spanish colonists. We find him constantly engaged in expeditions against hostile tribes of Indians who attacked the missionary stations and the frontier towns. The preservation of many of these places is ascribed solely to his exertions. He was evidently a man of superior abilities, and entitled to distinguished notice in the history of his own race. Of his death we have no account; but he appears to have lived to a good old age. He was still living in 1768.



TUPAC AMARU.

It is a remarkable fact, though perhaps not familiar to the general reader, that, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, while the British North American colonies were engaged in the war for their independence, a bloody and desperate struggle for freedom was raging in the South, between the Indians of Peru and their Spanish masters. This portion of South American history is intimately connected with the name and achievements of Tupac Amaru, the great leader of the insurrection, and a martyr to the cause of Peruvian liberty. Such has been the jealous caution of the court of Spain in guarding the secrets of their government in the New World, that it is only within a few years that the particulars of this interesting event have been made known beyond the limits of Peru.

Tupac Amaru was the son of a Spaniard, but his mother was a Peruvian, descended in a direct line from Tupac Amaru, the last of the Incas, who was put to death by the Spaniards during Pizarro's conquest. His Spanish name was José Gabriel Condorcanqui. One of his ancestors, Sayri Tupac, had been made Marquis of Oropesa, but the dignity subsequently became vacant. The subject of our notice bore his father's name in the early part of his life, and it was only when he came to maturer years that he assumed that of his ancestor, the Inca. We have

few particulars of his early life, and can learn little more than that he passed a few years in study at the colleges of Cuzco and Lima, where he gained a very imperfect education. We are told that he was distinguished for a noble and commanding figure, intrepidity, firmness, ardent passions and a mind capable of vast designs. It was indeed a scheme of no common magnitude which he undertook—to rouse the dormant patriotism and national spirit of the Peruvians from a sleep of three centuries.

He first obtained notoriety among his countrymen by his endeavors to obtain the vacant marquisate of Oropesa, to which he advanced a claim before the court of Lima. In prosecuting his demand he assumed the name of Tupac Amaru, substantiated his descent from Manco Capac, and thereby fixed the general notice of the Peruvians. His claims were rejected by the court, but the descendant of the ancient Incas had gained the reputation and influence necessary to further his grand design of delivering his countrymen from the tyranny of their oppressors. Finding himself in a situation to commence his great undertaking, he began by endeavoring to procure some alleviation of the intolerable burdens under which the Peruvians groaned. In this design he had the address to obtain the assistance of the bishop of Cuzco and several other dignitaries of the church, who, from motives of justice and philanthropy, were persuaded to use their influence with the government in behalf of the oppressed Indians. The fame of these novel proceedings, and the exertions of Tupac Amaru in awaking his countrymen to a sense of their degraded situation,

at length aroused them from their supineness. The prospect of a change in their condition inspired them with new life, and they exhibited such demonstrations as gave great alarm to many people in Peru. The Spanish court, apprehending that a fearful political crisis was impending, showed themselves inclined to grant the requests made by the friends of the Indians, and ordered that two persons, of authority and experience in the government of Peru, should be sent to Spain to aid them with their advice in the matter. Two Peruvians, of high rank, Don Ventura Santelices and Don Blas Tupac Amaru, accordingly sailed for Spain. But the scheme was foiled by the treachery of the party hostile to the Indians. Both envoys perished by assassination—the one at Madrid, and the other on his return to Peru, and with them expired the entire project.

This misfortune, however, did not discourage Tupac Amaru. Finding the whole burden of the undertaking thrown upon his own shoulders, he redoubled his exertions, which at first only drew upon him the animosity of the provincial governors. Stubborn in their opposition to every attempt for the relief of the Indians, these petty despots endeavored to crush the spirit of resistance which they saw rising in this injured race, by a more severe system of oppression and tyranny. But the obstinacy of the oppressors encountered a more determined resolution on the part of the injured people. Maddened by this cruel and insulting addition to their unparalleled wrongs, they no longer held the language or pursued the steps of moderation. The cry of "liberty and vengeance!"

was raised, and, in September, 1780, the Indians of Peru rushed to arms and raised the standard of insurrection.

The first fury of their vindictive spirit was directed against the Corregidor of Tinta, Don Antonio Arriaga, long an object of hatred and detestation to the Indians for his rapacious cruelties. A body of Peruvians, headed by Tupac Amaru, made him prisoner. A court was organized for his trial, and he was arraigned and condemned as a public robber, at Tunja Tuca. On the 10th of November, he was executed on the gallows, in the name of the king of Spain. It was the policy of Tupac Amaru, in the beginning of the insurrection, to temporize with the Spanish government, in order to strengthen his party, and lull the royal authorities into security, by giving his proceedings the appearance of a merely temporary and local tumult, which had no ultimate design beyond that of displacing an unpopular magistrate and correcting an abuse in the government. With this view, the most odious forms of taxation and servitude were declared to be abolished, but nothing was said of disclaiming the authority of the king of Spain.

Tupac's adherents increased in number every day, and he soon found himself strong enough to march into the province of Quispicancha, where he designed to wreak his vengeance upon the Corregidor Cabrera, a man equally odious with Arriaga. Cabrera took the alarm, and saved himself by flight, leaving his magazines and treasures a prize to the Indians. The insurrection spread from province to province. The city of Cuzco was thrown into consternation, and soon

beheld an army of Indians approaching. A body of six hundred men marched out to oppose them, but they were attacked, defeated and driven into a church without the walls, where, after an obstinate defence, the explosion of their powder magazine blew open the walls, and obliged them to rush desperately into the ranks of their enemies. They all fell, sword in hand, with the exception of about sixty.

Flushed with this victory, Tupac Amaru now threw off the mask and discarded the king's authority. He declared himself Inca of Peru, and caused himself to be crowned with the *borla*, or ancient diadem of the empire. Everywhere among the Indians this event was greeted with unbounded acclamations. Tupac Amaru was hailed as the deliverer of Peru; the Peruvian nation awoke from a long sleep, and, to the surprise and astonishment of their tyrannical masters, showed that their national spirit was not extinct, but had waited, for above three centuries, for an opportunity to raise the cry of freedom.

Cuzco was immediately attacked, but the Indians, poorly armed and without discipline or military skill, could effect nothing against its walls. They next directed their efforts upon the important town of Puno, the only obstacle in their way to the rich and populous city of La Paz. Eighteen thousand Indians took possession of the hills which surround Puno, and made a desperate attack on the place. But their overwhelming numbers were ineffectual against the defences of Puno and the military superiority of the Spaniards. Repulsed from this post, they turned aside and poured themselves like a torrent over the

unprotected province of Chucuito. The Spaniards remained shut up in their walled towns and fortresses, while the insurgents traversed the open country without encountering the least resistance. Tupac Amaru circulated everywhere his manifestoes and proclamations, announcing the independence of Peru, and the restoration of the empire of the Incas.

It was not to be expected, that, amidst the disorderly multitudes who now suddenly rose in arms against their tyrants, success would always be used with moderation, and that the unbridled passions of a semi-barbarous people would not at such times run riot in scenes of violence, bloodshed and rapine. The wealthy city of Oruro, the capital of a province of that name, was doomed to feel the deplorable effects of civil rage. The neighboring districts were in rebellion; the Indians had killed some of the principal Spaniards, and had sent their heads to Tupac Amaru, as tokens of their adhesion to the cause of independence. The corregidor, fearing an attack upon the city, raised a body of militia, consisting of four hundred *cholos*, or Spaniards with a slight tincture of Indian blood, who are esteemed the most robust and active of the whole Peruvian population. This band of defenders, seeing the rich city of Oruro completely in their power the moment that arms should be put into their hands, laid a plot to pillage the city. The corregidor had not yet armed them, as no enemy was actually in sight. To obtain weapons, they spread a rumor of a conspiracy among the European Spaniards to assassinate them, and, the next night, raised the sudden cry that the insurgents

were approaching. Arms were immediately furnished them; on which one division of their body marched off to a hill in the neighborhood, and sounded their trumpets as a signal to their associates in the mines, to rush forward and attack the city.

The inhabitants, lulled into a fatal security by the profound dissimulation of the garrison, had taken no precautions against this danger, and Oruro fell at once into their hands. Bloodshed, pillage, and every species of violence, immediately followed. The first fury of the assailants was directed against the European Spaniards. Dreading the vindictive spirit of the natives, they had taken refuge in the house of one of the wealthiest of their number, and there collected their silver for safe keeping, the house being strongly fortified. An attack was immediately made upon it, and the house being set on fire, the occupants were forced out and all put to the sword. Seven hundred thousand dollars were obtained by the pillage of the house. All was now riot and devastation in Oruro. Twenty thousand Indians from the neighboring provinces, allured by the prospects of rapine, flocked to the place, and for ten days the fury of the Indians raged without control.

Tupac Amaru had in the mean time reduced his disorderly bands to some degree of organization and discipline, and now, finding himself at the head of a respectable army, took up his march for Cuzco. The viceroy of Lima raised the whole military force of the country, but the insurrection was spread over so wide an extent of territory, that the Spaniards were unable to concentrate their forces sufficiently to strike a deci-

sive blow in any quarter. Tupac marched in imperial state, and caused himself to be received, on his progress, under a pavilion, with all the pomp and ostentation of sovereignty. Such was the terror which his enterprise had struck into the Spaniards, and so flattering were his prospects of establishing the independence of Peru, that many of the noblest citizens of Cuzco joined his party, and offered to assist him in gaining possession of the city. Tupac, from the heights of Yauriquez, a short distance from the place, summoned Cuzco to surrender. Probably, had he arrived a few days sooner, nothing could have saved the city; but a short delay accomplished a material change in the resolutions of his fickle allies. Several of the Indian caciques led their followers to the defence of Cuzco; the courage of the inhabitants received a new stimulant, and, in a battle which took place under the walls of the city, Tupac's forces were defeated, and he was compelled to withdraw from the place.

The affairs of the Peruvians were thrown into further confusion, by the extravagant conduct of an Indian, named Juan Apasa. This man, originally a baker, but courageous, enterprising and unscrupulous, accidentally got possession of some despatches sent by Tupac Amaru to one of his officers named Tupa Catari. This last person had just been captured and put to death by the Spaniards, and Apasa conceived the bold design of assuming his name and authority. Accordingly he gave himself out for Tupa Catari, the viceroy of the Inca. Pushing his pretensions to a degree of audacity and success unparalleled

in the history of the country, he became a sort of Peruvian Masaniello, and indulged in almost every freak of wild and extravagant ambition. He made the city of La Paz his head quarters, and sent proclamations in every direction, commanding the Peruvians to return to the habits and usages of their forefathers. He ordered them to hold assemblages on the tops of the mountains. He forbade them to eat bread, or to drink water from the springs. He commanded them to renounce the Christian religion, to burn the churches, and to put to death every Spaniard, or, in his own phraseology, *every one who wore a shirt*. An Indian, bearing a proclamation to this effect, made his appearance at Tinguina, with a rope round his neck and a knotted cord in his hand, the tokens of his sanguinary mission. Thrice, in a loud voice, he called upon the people to gather around him and listen to his explanation of the mystic symbols. The halter round his neck denoted that he would be hung if he departed from the truth. The knotted cord implied that, as he was prohibited from unloosing it on his way, so it was unlawful for him to open before the time the message of his Inca. Having made these announcements, he untied the mysterious cord, and proclaimed, in the name of Tupa Catari, a peremptory decree, declaring his new authority, and commanding the instant execution of the Spaniards. The Indians raised a tumultuous shout, and ran to fulfil the sanguinary orders. The Spaniards took shelter in the church, where they were attacked by the Indians. They stood bravely on their defence, but here, as in other places, the church was set on

fire, and the Spaniards were forced out and all massacred.

Tupac Amaru had no power to check these and other excesses with which the insurrectionary career of the Peruvians was stained. At the head of a large army, he occupied the highlands, from which he despatched parties to make incursions against the enemy. Had he confined himself to this mode of warfare, he would probably have succeeded in wasting their forces by a constant series of harassing attacks, and in this manner the revolt of the Peruvians might have been brought to a successful issue. But, either from want of sagacity, or an inability to restrain the ardent and adventurous spirit of his followers, he allowed himself to be forced to a pitched battle in the open plain, where the superior numbers of his men could avail nothing against the arms, the discipline, and the skill of European troops. At Tungasuca the Peruvians encountered an army of sixteen thousand Spaniards, and, at the end of an obstinate conflict, were entirely defeated, leaving the field of battle covered with their dead.

Tupac Amaru, after escaping from the field where his army had been routed, was made prisoner by the Spaniards, together with his wife and family. He was immediately put upon trial and tortured to compel him to disclose his accomplices. "I have only two accomplices," was his reply, "myself and you: you, in robbing the people, and I, in endeavoring to prevent you." It is needless to say, that he was condemned to death. The mode of his execution is characteristic of Spanish justice in America. His

wife, children and kindred were first put to death before his eyes. After this, his tongue was plucked out by the hangman, and he was then torn asunder, limb from limb, by four wild horses. Thus fell the brave and heroic leader of the Peruvians, in their first attempt to throw off the yoke of the Spanish tyrants. Since the foundation of the empire of the Incas, Peru has no nobler name than Tupac Amaru.

It does not fall within the limits of this work to record the whole history of the Peruvian insurrection, which abounds with events of the deepest interest. After a bloody struggle for two years, during which one third of the entire population of Peru perished by the hand of violence, the revolt was suppressed. Twenty years afterwards the historian Funes saw the plains of Sicasica and Calamaca, for forty miles in extent, covered with heaps of unburied bones, lying in the plains where the wretched Indians fell, to bleach in the tropical sun. The tyrannical oppression of this unfortunate race was renewed with additional severity, and continued till the general revolt of Spanish America early in the present century.





QUETZALCOATL.

QUETZALCOATL.

THE earliest traditions of the American Indians present us the names of certain remarkable personages, to whom they referred the origin of their civilization. Their histories are all more or less obscured by fable, and a sceptical inquirer might assign their existence to the regions of mythology. While the inhabitants of the western continent are still in their original state of barbarism, these mysterious persons arise among them, and, by the exercise of some unknown influence, acquire such a degree of power over their minds as to turn them from the savage state, and implant in their communities the germ of civilized life. These important events are not always detailed with distinctness, and the real facts are often embellished with accounts that are allied to the marvellous. Men with beards and with clearer complexions than the rest of the people, make their appearance among the mountains of Anahuac, on the plain of Cundinamarca, and in the elevated regions of Cuzco, without any indications of the place of their birth. These strange beings, bearing the title of high priests, of legislators, and of the friends of peace and the arts, are received with veneration by the natives, who submit implicitly to their authority. Manco Capac is the lawgiver of Peru. Bochica presents himself on the high plateaus of Bogota, where he acquires authority among the Muyscas; but of this individual we have hardly any

distinct account, beyond the simple fact that he came from the savannas that extend along the east of the great mountain ridge of the Cordilleras.

Quetzalcoatl, who performs a similar part among the tribes which afterward constituted the Mexican empire, is said to have appeared first at Panuco, on the shore of the Gulf of Mexico, clothed in a black sacerdotal robe. He was a white and bearded man, and became high priest and chief magistrate of Tula. He established a religious sect, the members of which, like the fanatics of Hindostan, inflicted on themselves the most cruel penances. He introduced the custom of boring the lips and ears, and of lacerating and mangling the body. He led the life of a hermit, and his chosen place of retirement was the volcano of Catzitepetl, where he walked barefooted on the prickly leaves of the *agave*. The reign of Quetzalcoatl was the golden age of the people of Anahuac. All the classic fables of the Saturnian times are imitated in the descriptions of this period. Men and animals lived in peace; the earth, unassisted by the labor of man, brought forth the most fruitful harvests, and the air was filled with multitudes of birds, admirable both for the melody of their songs and the magnificence of their plumage. But this delightful state of things was not of long duration. The great spirit, Tezcatlipoca, offered Quetzalcoatl a cup of drink, which rendered him immortal, but at the same time inspired him with a desire for roaming. He had heard of a distant country, called Tlapallan, and set out in search of it. With his departure all things began to deteriorate.

Quetzalcoatl directed his journey, at first, to the southeast, and then easterly, though we are not informed of the locality of the territory of Tlapallan. In passing through the country of Cholula, he was solicited by the inhabitants to remain among them, and he became their ruler. He stayed twenty years in this quarter, taught the people various arts, among others that of casting metals, instituted fasts, and regulated the intercalations of the Toltec year. He preached peace to man, and permitted no other offerings to the Deity than the first fruits of the harvest. After leaving Cholula he passed on to the mouth of the river Goasacoalco, in the bay of Campeachy, where he disappeared, having promised the Cholulans that he would return in a short time and confirm their happiness. Quetzalcoatl was afterwards deified, and the great pyramid of Cholula had an altar on its summit dedicated to him as god of the air.

The name Quetzalcoatl signifies, in the Mexican language, "Feathered Serpent." The Mexican pictures and statues represent him as tall and stout, with a fair complexion, open forehead, large eyes, long black hair, and thick beard. His dress is commonly a long robe. As in the history of the demigods and heroes of Greece, the facts of his life are overlaid by mythological fictions; yet there is no good reason to doubt his real existence. A Spanish writer has maintained that he was no other than the apostle St. Thomas, who preached Christianity in India, and from thence might have passed to America. It is remarkable that the image of the cross is plainly discernible in the sculptures of Palenque; and persons,

apparently priests, are represented as making offerings to this symbol of Christianity. Yet the mission of St. Thomas to America must be regarded as the mere suggestion of an enthusiastic fancy.



XOLOTL.

XOLOTL, king of the Chechemecans, flourished in the twelfth century. The Chechemecans inhabited originally the country north of Mexico. Their manners blended a certain degree of civilization with many traits of barbarism. They had distinctions of rank and settled habitations, but were not an agricultural people. Their religion was the simple worship of the sun.

By the death of his father, the government of the kingdom was bequeathed to Xolotl, jointly with his brother Achcantli. But the former, being dissatisfied with a divided authority, determined to seek for another territory, where he might reign without a rival. He despatched emissaries in different directions, to explore the country, and learnt from them that a desirable situation offered itself in the south. He accordingly collected a large number of people, and set out on his expedition. Proceeding gradually to the south, in about a year and a half they reached the land of Anahuac, where the empire of Mexico was afterwards founded. This territory had been previously peopled by the Toltecs, a nation which, like the Chechemecans, had migrated from the north. The Toltecs had become a great people, and built numerous large cities, but a terrible pestilence swept away the greater part of the inhabitants, and the re-

mainder dispersed themselves among the neighboring nations.

When Xolotl and his attendants reached this country, it had been solitary and waste for nearly a century. They halted about forty miles north of the lake of Mexico. From this place Xolotl sent the prince Nopaltzin, his son, to survey the neighborhood. He visited the lake, and traversed the heights which surround the beautiful vale of Mexico. He was so charmed with the delightful appearance of the country, that he took formal possession of the whole region, in the name of his father, by going to the top of a lofty mountain, and shooting four arrows toward the four quarters of the sky. Xolotl determined to remain here and form a permanent settlement. At Tenayuca, six miles north of Mexico, he ordered an enumeration of the people to be made, by each man throwing a stone into a heap. Twelve piles of the stones remain there to this day.

Xolotl built a city at Tenayuca and established his court there. He sent explorers to discover the sources of the rivers which traversed the country. These persons found, scattered about in different parts, a few Teltéc families, from whom they learnt the cause of the desolation of the country. The new community was soon augmented by the arrival of other emigrants from the north, and before long it became a flourishing kingdom. At the marriage of one of the sons of Xolotl, an entertainment was given at Tenayuca, which lasted for sixty days; it consisted of shows of wrestling, racing, combats of wild beasts, and other rude sports characteristic of a barbarous

people. The civilization of the Chechemecans, however, advanced much more rapidly than that of the surrounding nations, and the kingdom of Xolotl became celebrated to such a degree as to gain constant accessions of inhabitants from the neighboring states.

The reign of Xolotl was mild and equitable. Although he possessed enterprise, decision and energy of character sufficient to enable him to found a powerful kingdom, he governed his subjects with a clemency which at last degenerated to a fault. The latter part of his reign was disturbed by the insubordination and turbulence of a portion of his people. He was harassed by obstructions thrown in the way of his authority, and at length a plot was laid to take his life. An opportunity soon offered. The king had been making preparations to increase the waters of his garden, where he was accustomed to sleep and recreate himself in the afternoon, in the cool shades of the trees. Taking advantage of this circumstance, the conspirators secretly dammed up the river that crossed the city, and, aided by the works prepared by the king, let the water at once into the garden, and overflowed it. Xolotl, however, had secret intelligence of the conspiracy. On the day appointed for the act, he went as usual into the garden, and the conspirators, being on the watch, imagined that they had secured their victim; but the king, instead of lying down to rest in the arbor where he had been accustomed to repose, betook himself to a lofty mound, where he was in no danger. On a sudden the inundation burst in and flooded the garden. "Ah!" exclaimed he, "what liberal subjects have I! I

wished for a mouthful of water, and they give me a whole cataract!" Preserving the same spirit, he ordered public rejoicings for this act of munificence on the part of his friends. Such is one instance of his mistaken clemency.

Xolotl died after a reign of about forty years. He was a man of courage and resolution, yet mild and equitable in his administration. He is, moreover, celebrated for the affectionate disposition which he manifested in private life. His corpse lay in state, for five days, on a bier made of gum copal and aromatic substances, and decked with gold ornaments; after which it was burnt, according to the custom of the Chechemecans, and the ashes were collected in an urn and deposited in a cave.



ACAMAPITZIN,

FIRST KING OF MEXICO.

THE government of Mexico was aristocratical till the year 1352, the supreme authority being exercised by a council composed of persons most eminent for their wisdom and influence. At the foundation of the city, the number of these was twenty, the chief of whom was *Tenoch*, as appears from the Mexican paintings. The weak and humble state in which the people felt themselves, on account of the trouble their neighbors gave them, and the example of the Chechemecans, the Tepanecans, and the Colhuans, induced them to erect their little state into a monarchy—hoping that the royal authority would throw a degree of splendor on the whole body of the nation, and also flattering themselves that the election of a king would secure to them an able general, to defend them against their enemies. The choice fell by common consent on Acamapitzin.

This individual was one of the most prominent among them for his knowledge and prudence. He was the son of Opochtli, a noble Aztec, and Atozotzli, a princess of the royal family of Colhuacan. Being unmarried, he sought a wife among the first families of Anahuac, and sent successive embassies to the sovereigns of Tacuba and Azcapozalco; but in both quarters his advances were rejected with disdain.

Aristocratical pride and the scruples of etiquette are not, it seems, confined to the higher degrees of civilization. The new king of Mexico was more successful with the chief of Coatlichan, who gave him his daughter in marriage, and the wedding was celebrated at Mexico with the greatest rejoicings.

The Tlatelolcos, neighbors and rivals of the Mexicans, and who were constantly observing what was going on among them, thought it incumbent upon them to imitate their example, that they might not be surpassed in glory and military power by their competitors. Being unable to make an advantageous selection of a sovereign from their own nation, they requested of the king of Tepaneca, who exercised a sort of feudal sovereignty over the territory of the Mexicans, one of his sons to reign over them. That monarch complied with their request, and Quaquanpitzahuac was crowned first king of Tlatelolco, in 1353. It was judged that the Tlatelolcos, by this movement, had the ultimate design to flatter the king of Tepaneca, and incense him against their rivals. They declaimed against the presumption and insolence of the Mexicans, in creating a king without his permission, and urged so many arguments on this point, that the Tepanecan monarch was soon wrought up to a hostile feeling against the Mexicans, and determined to harass them as Pharaoh did the Israelites, by the imposition of heavy tasks and burthens.

The Mexicans, till that period, had paid only a small tribute of fish and water-fowl. This tribute was now doubled, in addition to which, they were required to transport many thousands of trees, to be set

in the gardens, parks and roads of Tepaneca. They were also ordered to construct a great floating garden on the lake of Mexico.

It appears that gardens of this description were found here by the Spanish conquerors, and were viewed by them with admiration. They were constructed by plaiting and twisting willows, and roots of marsh plants, and other light but strong materials, together, so as to form a secure flooring. On this foundation, they laid the light bushes which float on the lake, and, above these, a layer of mud, drawn from the bottom of the lake. On the top of the whole was placed a stratum of dry soil. On these artificial territories, the Mexicans cultivated all sorts of vegetables for food, and also fields of maize. As the industry of the people increased, these floating gardens became very numerous, and many of them were beautifully ornamented with beds of flowers, odoriferous plants, summer-houses and arbors for the recreation of the nobles. Long after their conquest, the Mexicans continued the use of these floating gardens. Every day of the year, innumerable boats from them, loaded with various kinds of herbs and flowers, were seen arriving by the canal at the great market of Mexico. Some of the gardens even contained trees which afforded a shade to the inhabitants; and all were towed about the lake by boats, according as the owner wished to change his neighborhood.

The Mexicans constructed the garden, and paid the additional tribute demanded by the king of Tepaneca. The next year, an additional burthen was imposed on them. They were too weak to resist their task-

masters, and still submitted. Notwithstanding these oppressions, their state continued to flourish under the administration of Acamapitzin. The population increased, buildings of stone were erected, and the canals, which proved so serviceable to the city, were constructed. Acamapitzin governed Mexico in peace for thirty-seven years. Finding his end approaching, he called his chief officers around him, and, after exhorting them to a continuance of their zeal for the public good, recommending to their care his wives and children, and declaring the deep pain it gave him to reflect that he left his people tributary to the Tepanecans; he stated that, as he had received the crown from their hands, he surrendered it to them again, in order that it might be bestowed on the most worthy. He died in the year 1389, greatly lamented by the Mexicans, who celebrated his obsequies with all the magnificence they could exhibit.

Acamapitzin had many wives, though only two of them were honored with the name of queen. Two of his sons, Iluitzithuitl and Chimalpopoca, afterwards became kings of Mexico. The subjection of the Mexicans to the Tepanecans lasted for fifty years, during which time Mexico continued to be governed by a line of kings chosen by election, much in the same manner as the sovereigns of Poland were elected by the diet of that kingdom.



MONTEZUMA I.

IN the reign of Itzcoatl, the fourth king of Mexico, a young man of the royal race, named Montezuma Ilhuicamina, began to attract notice for his shining qualities. His surname of Ilhuicamina signified "Archer of Heaven," and in the ancient Mexican paintings he is represented with an arrow piercing the sky. He also obtained the appellation of *Tlacaete*, or "Great Heart." His invincible courage and strength of body were the theme of unbounded admiration among his countrymen, who naturally set a high value upon qualities so very useful in the state of perpetual hostilities that distinguish the early Mexican annals.

The first mention we find of Montezuma in the Mexican histories, is immediately after the conquest of Tezcuco by Itzcoatl, when he was sent on a difficult and dangerous embassy by the Mexican king. On his return, he had the ill-fortune to fall into an ambuscade of his enemies, who took him, and all his attendants, prisoners, and conducted them to Chalco, where they were delivered into the hands of Toteotzin, the chief of that city, and an inveterate enemy of the Mexicans. They were confined in a close prison, under the care of an officer named Quateotzin, who received strict orders to keep them on short allowance of provisions, the amount of which was prescribed, until the mode of putting them to death should be

determined. Quateotzin had more humanity than his master, and ventured to disobey him. He supplied his prisoners liberally with food, and saved them from famishing. After a long detention, Toteotzin decided, as the most profitable way of disposing of his prisoners, to deliver them over to the Huetzozincans, to be sacrificed on their altars, according to the bloody rites of the nations of Anahuac, who studied to conciliate the god of war by human sacrifices. Montezuma and his companions were accordingly sent, under a strong escort, to the city of Huexotzinco. But the inhabitants of this place, amidst all their barbarism, were not without a sentiment of honor and humanity. "Why," said they, "should we put men to death who have committed no other crime than that of serving their country? And even if they deserve to die, what honor can we obtain by taking the lives of prisoners whom we never captured? Go back to your master," said they to the officers of Toteotzin, "and inform him that the people of Huexotzinco will not disgrace themselves by a deed so infamous."

The prisoners were accordingly reconducted to Chalco. But Toteotzin, far from being touched by the magnanimous conduct of his neighbors, fell upon another expedient to turn his prize to account. He had incurred the enmity of Maxtlaton, the tyrant of the Tepanecans, by his inconstancy and treachery in abandoning the cause of that monarch at a critical conjuncture. He now indulged a hope of conciliating him by placing at his disposal Montezuma and his friends, against whom the tyrant was known to entertain the most vindictive feelings. He accordingly

vent him information of the capture of these persons, and offered to receive his orders as to any fate he chose to assign them. While he awaited the answer, he directed the Mexicans to be shut up closely, as before, under the superintendence of the same Quateotzin, whose disobedience of his orders, it appears, he had never discovered.

Quateotzin, naturally humane and generous, had become strongly attached to Montezuma by observing the noble qualities which his prisoner displayed during his captivity. Having the strongest reason to apprehend that Maxtlaton would not hesitate to consign the Mexicans to a cruel death, he formed the heroic and gallant resolution to rescue them from their fate at the hazard of his own life. On the evening preceding the day on which the messengers were expected to return, he informed Montezuma of the danger that menaced him, and counselled him to save himself by an immediate flight. As he possessed exact information of the state of the roads and the guards posted upon them, he advised the prisoners to make the best of their way to the shore of the lake at Chimalhuacan, and embark for Mexico at that place. He recommended his family to the care of Montezuma, as he had little doubt that immediate death would be his portion as soon as the flight of the prisoners should be known. With these words, he ordered the prison doors to be thrown open at dead of night by one of his confidential officers. The Mexicans had no means of requiting the noble generosity of their benefactor, except by instantly following his advice. They stole silently out of the prison

at midnight, and proceeded cautiously over by-paths to the neighborhood of Chimalhuacan, where they lay concealed all the following day, with nothing but raw vegetables for their sustenance. In the night that followed, they seized canoes upon the shore, and embarked. By swift rowing, they escaped all pursuit, and arrived safe at Mexico, where they were received as persons arisen from the dead.

Toteotzin was inflamed with the most furious rage on learning the flight of the prisoners. Quateotzin was immediately suspected, and the worst apprehensions of that generous man were realized by the sanguinary orders of his chief. He was immediately put to death and his body quartered. The vengeance of the barbarous Toteotzin did not spare his innocent family. The wife and children of the unhappy victim shared his fate, with the exception of a son and daughter, who were fortunate enough to make their escape. The daughter fled to Mexico, where she enjoyed the protection and honor due to the offspring of a man who had sacrificed his own life in a deed of humanity and the performance of an important service to the Mexican nation.

The embassy of Toteotzin, notwithstanding his hopes, did not result in gaining for him the good will of the Tepanecan king. Maxtlaton refused to be cajoled by the flattery and obsequiousness of the chief of Chalco. He sent him for answer that he was a double-faced traitor, and ordered him to set his prisoners at liberty without delay. No feeling of humanity, it appears, prompted this command. Maxtlaton hated the Mexicans most intensely, and was not

accustomed to spare his enemies; but his rage was so highly excited against Toteotzin, that he could not resist the inclination to frustrate his designs and treat him with contempt. So far was he from a wish to favor the Mexican nation, that he was actually engaged in collecting a large army to strike a heavy and decisive blow upon them. The rumor of the approaching war threw Mexico into consternation. The people considered themselves utterly incapable of offering any effectual resistance to the Tepanecan forces, and flocked in crowds to the king, deprecating the war, and entreating him to save the city and the nation from ruin, by negotiating with their too powerful masters; for Mexico, at this period, was still nominally subject to the king of the Tepanecans.

"Peace! peace!" they cried, at the gates of the palace, "sue for peace from Maxtlaton. Offer him submission and solicit his clemency. Let our god be borne on the shoulders of the priests into his presence. In this way only can we be saved from the calamities that hang over our heads." So great was the clamor of the populace, which at length swelled into violent threats, that the prudent king began to fear a popular sedition, which might prove more fatal than a war with the enemy. He showed symptoms of an inclination to yield to their demands; but Montezuma, who was present, was touched with shame at the thought of this ignoble submission. His indignation burst out into the bold language of reproach. "Oh, ye Mexicans!" he exclaimed, "what would ye do? Have ye lost both reason and courage? How has such cowardice stolen into your hearts? Have

ye forgotten that ye are Mexicans, the descendants of those heroes who founded this noble city, and who defended it valiantly against all its enemies? Abandon your pusillanimous demands, or renounce forever the glory you inherit from your ancestors!" Then, turning to the monarch, he said, "How, sir, can you permit such ignominy to stain the character of your people? Speak to them again, and tell them to strike one blow, at least, before they crouch beneath their enemies."

The courage of the monarch received new animation from the words of Montezuma. He harangued the populace, and succeeded in quieting their clamors. Montezuma undertook the perilous task of an embassy to the hostile chief, with the hope of preventing a war by an honorable treaty; but Maxtlaton, self-confident in the superior force of his armies, would listen to no terms. A formal declaration of war immediately ensued on both sides, and the people of Mexico, again thrown into consternation, thronged the avenues to the royal palace, demanding permission to abandon their city, the ruin of which they believed to be certain. Once more the king exhorted them to courage, and endeavored to comfort them with the hopes of victory. A strange compact ensued, characteristic of a semi-barbarous people. "If the enemy conquer," said the king, "I agree to deliver myself into your hands, to be offered up a sacrifice at your pleasure." "If we conquer," said the people, "we bind ourselves and our descendants to be vassals and tributaries to you, to cultivate your lands and those of your nobles, to build your houses,

to bear your burdens and your arms and baggage when you go to war." "It is agreed," said both parties. Such, the Mexican histories inform us, was the origin of personal vassalage in that empire.

The Mexican army immediately took the field, under the command of Montezuma, whose skill and courage placed him far above all other competitors for the post of general-in-chief. The Tepanecan army approached in formidable numbers, marshalled in admirable order, and most splendidly equipped in armor adorned with plates of gold, and helmets covered with lofty and brilliant plumes. Their march was cheered onward with loud shouts, with which they rent the air in boastful anticipation of victory. The king, Maxtlaton, despised the Mexicans too much to condescend to lead his troops against them in person, but placed at their head a general of high reputation, named Mazatl. The two armies met in the neighborhood of Mexico. The signal for the charge was given by the king, Itzcoatl, by striking a little drum which he carried on his shoulder; and both sides rushed to the contest with great fury. During the greater part of the day the struggle continued without giving either party the prospect of victory, but a little before sunset, reinforcements joined the Tepanecan army, and the Mexicans, sinking under fatigue and the assaults of overwhelming numbers, began to give ground.

A panic soon diffused itself among their ranks. Many uttered cries of submission to the enemy, and called out for quarters; the Mexican army was on the point of being totally routed and dispersed. In

this exigency, the courage and resolution of Montezuma saved his country. "Let us fight," he exclaimed, "till death! If we die with arms in our hands, defending our liberties, we die in the performance of our duty. If we survive our defeat, we live in eternal dishonor!" Inspired by his exhortation, the chief Mexican officers united in a compact phalanx, and rushed with vigor and determination upon the enemy. The Tepanecans, surprised at this unexpected and desperate charge, recoiled at once from their assailants, and abandoned an advantageous post which they had just gained. The Mexicans followed up their advantage. In the heat of the conflict, Montezuma encountered the Tepanecan general, hand to hand, and, with one blow from his sword, laid him lifeless on the ground. His death spread terror among his troops, and they abandoned the field of battle in confusion under cover of the approaching night.

Maxtlaton, with astonishment and alarm, received the intelligence that his army was defeated. He instantly comprehended the perils of his situation. Unless he could retrieve his fortunes by a bold and successful stroke, he saw himself destined to become a tributary to the Mexican king, his own vassal. Rage and indignation fired his soul at the thought. He called his officers around him, harangued them on the glory of triumphing over their enemies, and the disgrace of submitting to their inferiors. His exhortations fortified them with courage again to meet the enemy. The two armies once more encountered each other in deadly conflict. But the Mexicans were now inspired with the highest hopes and the most invinci-

ble determination to conquer or die. After a terrible carnage, victory crowned their efforts. The Tepanecans were driven from the field, and retreated to their capital of Azcapozalco. The Mexican army pursued them to the city, and the Tepanecans, unable to defend themselves within its walls, abandoned Azcapozalco, and took their flight to the mountains.

The haughty and imperious Maxtlaton, who, until that moment, had looked with contempt and scorn upon the Mexicans, and conceived himself safe from all the vicissitudes of fortune, now heard the victorious shouts of his enemies resounding in his capital, and saw their armed squadrons invading the courts of his palace. Without the fortitude to meet death with dignity, he attempted to save himself by an ignoble flight, and at length found a hiding-place in a *temazcalli*, or vapor-bath. The researches of the conquerors, however, could not be eluded. He was discovered in his retreat, ignominiously dragged out into public view, and exposed to all the insults and brutalities of an infuriated soldiery, hot from scenes of carnage. No prayers nor tears, with which he implored their mercy, could avail to save his life. He was beaten to death with clubs and stones, and his corpse was thrown out into the fields, to be devoured by birds of prey. Such was the issue of the Tepanecan war, which established the independence of Mexico, in the year 1425 of the Christian era, precisely one century after the foundation of the city.

The efficient services which Montezuma had rendered in this war, were requited by large grants of territory among the subjugated Tepanecans, who now

became the vassals of the Mexican empire. Montezuma continued to signalize his career by military exploits in the wars waged by the Mexicans against their neighbors. Within a space of twelve years the Mexican power received such constant augmentation by means of his political skill and military genius, that it became predominant in the country, and the empire of Mexico absorbed all the communities in the neighborhood.

King Itzcoatl died in 1436. The four electors, whose duty it was to appoint a successor, did not deliberate long in their choice. Montezuma was elevated to the throne, amidst the general applause of the nation whose prosperity he had so wonderfully promoted. The Mexican annals describe the long series of his wars and conquests, but a detail of them would not come within the scope of our work; we can specify only the most remarkable events in his reign. In the year 1446, excessive rains fell on the mountains around Mexico. The waters of the lake rose to an inundation; a great part of the city was overflowed, and many houses were washed away. The streets became impassable, and boats were used to traverse every quarter of the city. Montezuma saw the necessity of providing a security against further accidents of this sort, which might one day lay his whole capital in ruins. He consulted with the king of Tezcuco, who appears to have enjoyed the reputation of a skilful engineer at that period. By his advice an immense dyke was projected, to turn off the torrents of water that rushed down from the mountains. The neighboring towns were ordered to furnish pre

scribed quantities of wooden piles, timber, stones and other materials, and quotas of workmen to perform the labor of building. In a very short time the dyke was completed. It was nine miles long, and proved a work of such efficacy that the Spaniards, although they employed European engineers, were not able, in two centuries and a half, to give it any essential improvements.

Mexico at this period must have been exceedingly populous. A few years afterward a famine afflicted the country. Severe frosts, late in the spring, destroyed the crops of corn for two successive years. The next year an extraordinary drought produced a similar calamity. The royal granaries were exhausted, and the people, in a state of starvation, were driven, some to abandon the country, and others to sell themselves for slaves. A proclamation was published by the king, in which he prohibited any man from selling himself for less than five hundred ears of maize, and any woman for less than four hundred. By this we may learn the nature of the article that supplied the place of money in Mexico.

In a rebellion of the people of Chalco, the brother of Montezuma, with some other Mexicans, fell accidentally into the hands of the rebels. These people seem to have entertained the hope of shaking off the authority of their sovereign and making their city the rival of Mexico. They proposed to Montezuma's brother, to make him king of Chalco. He at first repelled all their advances, but, finding them bent strongly on this design, he feigned consent. In order that the ceremony of his assuming the sove-

reignty might be the more solemn, he requested that a very tall tree might be planted in the market place, with a scaffold on it, from which he might be viewed by the whole multitude. Everything was done as he desired. He assembled the Mexicans around the tree, and ascended the scaffold with a bunch of flowers in his hand. From this elevation, in the view of an immense concourse of people, he thus addressed his own countrymen: "You know well, brave Mexicans, that the Chalchese wish to make me their king. But it is not agreeable to God that I should commit such an act of treachery to my country. I prefer to show you, by my example, that I value honor rather than life." With these words, he threw himself headlong to the ground, and was killed. The Chalchese were so enraged at this act of heroic self-devotion, that they immediately fell upon the remaining Mexicans, and despatched them with their darts.

The perpetrators of this unjustifiable massacre soon found reason to dread the vengeance due to the sanguinary deed. On the evening of the next day, say the Mexican histories, the melancholy screaming of an owl filled them with superstitious terror, and announced to their guilty apprehensions the approaching wrath of the gods. Their alarm was not without foundation. Montezuma, justly incensed at the barbarous murder of his people, immediately declared war against the Chalchese, and a hundred beacon fires blazed from the mountain-tops, to summon his troops to the capital. At the head of a large army, he marched against Chalco, and visited that city with so terrible a slaughter as to leave it almost depopulated.

The place was sacked and plundered, and the most of the inhabitants who escaped the sword of the Mexicans, fled to the mountains which overlook the plain of Chalco. The fury of revenge was succeeded in Montezuma, as is usual with noble minds, by feelings of compassion for the unfortunate. He proclaimed a general pardon to all the fugitives, and took special measures for the relief of the aged, the women and children, inviting them to return without fear to their homes. Not content with this, he sent his troops to traverse the mountains, and bring back the wanderers who had sought a shelter among the caves and forests.

By various subsequent conquests of Montezuma, the empire of Mexico was extended easterly as far as the shores of the gulf; in the southeast, as far as the centre of the country of the Mixtecas; in the south, beyond Chilapan; in the west, to the valley of Toluca, and in the north, to the extremity of the vale of Mexico. After a most prosperous reign of twenty-eight years, he died, in 1464, universally regretted.

This prince appears to be entitled to the highest rank among the sovereigns of Mexico, for military genius and political sagacity. He gave independence to his country, and greatly augmented, by his skilful and persevering efforts, the extension and consolidation of the Mexican monarchy. As his reign was within half a century of the invasion of this country by the Spaniards, it is probable that civilization and the arts had, during that period, reached pretty nearly the degree of development in which they were found by the Castilian conquerors. We shall intro-

duce, therefore, in this place, a general and hasty glance at the state of society in ancient Mexico.

The Mexicans, like the Romans, were not inventors of architecture, but copied it from others. When they arrived in Mexico from the north, they found it full of large and beautiful cities, the work of the Toltecs and other nations. Reduced, afterwards, to great hardships on the little islands of the lake of Tezcuco, they built rude huts of reeds and mud for their dwellings, until, by increase of wealth and intercourse with their more polished neighbors, they were enabled to improve and beautify their architecture. When the Spaniards arrived in the country, they were struck with surprise and admiration at the sight of the Mexican cities, which displayed a skill and magnificence of construction that indicated the very reverse of barbarism in the people. Cortez, in his first letter to the emperor, Charles I., is unable to find words to depict what he saw. "Montezuma's palaces," he says, "both in the city of Mexico and other places, are such admirable structures, that I do not believe I shall be ever able to describe their excellence and grandeur; therefore I shall only say that there are no equals to them in Spain." These declarations are confirmed by other persons in the army of Cortez, who wrote narratives of the expedition.

In Mexico, as was the case in all parts of Europe at that period, and as we find it at the present day in the rich and populous countries of Asia, the strongest contrast existed between the habitations of the poor and those of the rich and noble. The houses of the lower

class in Mexico were built of reeds or unburnt bricks, stone and mud, with thatched roofs of long, coarse grass, or leaves of the aloe placed in the manner of tiles. One of the main supports of a house was a tree, by means of which, beside the comfort of its shade, they saved considerable labor in building. The houses of the nobility and rich people were built of stone and lime, generally two stories in height, with large halls and court-yards. The roofs were flat and terraced. The walls were so neatly whitened and polished, and shone so brilliantly in the sun, that the Spaniards, when at a distance, mistook them for silver. Many of these houses were richly and fantastically ornamented with turrets and pinnacles.

Mexico, like Venice, was built in the water, with canals running through all the streets. The large houses in general were so arranged that the front entrance opened on the street, and the back door on a canal. They had no wooden doors, the laws and police being so strict as to prevent theft. But a screen of fine reeds was commonly hung over the entrance, on which was suspended a string of cocoas, or some tinkling materials, which answered the purpose of a door-bell when a person entered. Many of the houses had large gardens, with fish-ponds and walks laid out with much taste and symmetry.

The palaces and large houses were adorned with numerous columns, round and square, some of them of marble and alabaster. The stone named *Tezontli* was much used in building, and continues in use to the present day. It is of a blood-red color. The cornices and other projections of the walls were pro-

fusely adorned with fantastic carved work. The pavements of the courts and halls were executed with much skill, and often chequered with marble and other precious stones. The ceiling and roofs of the better sort of buildings were made of cedar, fir, cypress and other kinds of wood peculiar to Mexico.

The religion of the Mexicans was a sanguinary superstition, under the influence of which they sacrificed on their altars the prisoners taken in war. They also exhibited gladiatorial spectacles, in which the most distinguished prisoners might save their lives by killing their antagonists. There were regular orders of priesthood, and convents of men and women. Sacrifices were made to the sun, and incense was burned before their idols.

The Mexicans were remarkable for their active commercial habits. All the various branches of trade were pursued with the greatest industry. In the great square of Tlatelolco, which may be called the Royal Exchange of Mexico, and which was double the size of any place of the same kind in Spain, more than fifty thousand merchants were to be seen every day. It was surrounded by porticoes and arcades, in which the various articles of merchandise were arranged in a regular system, so that all commercial dealings were transacted in perfect order. This was the great emporium of Mexican trade, where all the productions of agriculture, manufactures and the fine arts, were sold or exchanged. To this spot resorted the jewellers and potters of Cholula, the goldsmiths of Azcapozalco, the sculptors of Tenajocan, the painters of Tezcucoc, the mat-weavers and chair-makers of

Quauhtitlan, the hunters of Xilotepec, the fish-dealers of Cuiclahuac, the florists of Xochimilco, the gardeners and fruit-sellers of the whole neighborhood. Bits of tin and copper circulated for small change, but the chief medium of exchange consisted of cocoa, cotton cloths, maize and gold-dust in quills. There were commissioners of the market, and a tribunal of commerce, which regulated the whole system of trade.

Poetry and rhetoric were successfully cultivated by the Mexicans; but, as they had only picture-writing and oral tradition to preserve their literature, these memorials of their genius have mostly perished. Dramatic poetry was in high repute. Mexico had a theatre, and two of their dramatic compositions are still extant, which resemble, to a certain degree, the European "mysteries" of the middle ages. The fanaticism of the Spanish priests destroyed almost the whole body of Mexican literature in the pictured volumes which they found in abundance throughout the country. These paintings were executed upon cloth, parchment, and paper made of the maguey, aloe and palm. The art of picture-writing they received from the Toltecs. The Mexican painters were innumerable, and there was hardly a subject that was not illustrated by their art. Mythology, history, astronomy, astrology, &c., were largely treated in the Mexican volumes. Regular codes of law and reports of trials filled the public archives. After the Spanish conquest, many of these volumes were written in the European alphabet, and had the religious zeal of the conquerors spared the Mexican libraries for a short time, the substance of their literature might have

been reproduced in a shape accessible to European readers, by which means a most important acquisition would have been made to the history of the western world.



DONNA MARINA.

THIS remarkable Mexican female, who is the only one of her sex that has acquired a place in the history of her country, was born in Painalla, a village of the Mexican province of Guazacoalco. She was of noble birth, her father having been a feudatory of the crown of Mexico, and lord of several domains. Her mother, being left a widow, married another Mexican noble, by whom she had a son. Donna Marina was yet an infant, and the affections of her mother appear to have been entirely engrossed by her son. She had so little feeling for her daughter, that she consented to a scheme of her husband for securing the succession to his offspring, by getting rid of the older heir. Accordingly, taking advantage of the death of a girl about the age of Donna Marina, the child of one of their own slaves, they announced that their daughter had died. The funeral and mourning were conducted with every appearance of sincere grief, and the public fell into the deception.

Donna Marina was privately sold by her unnatural parents to some traders of Xicalango, a town on the frontier of the territory of Tabasco. These people sold her again to some persons of the city of Tabasco, where she lived many years as a slave. As she grew up, she became distinguished for her beauty and talents. She was gifted with a noble figure, and a frank, amiable and winning address. Having lived

among various nations of the Mexican empire, and possessing great discernment and quickness of understanding, she acquired a knowledge of their various dialects, which gave her a vast influence and consequence in the war between the Spaniards and the Mexicans. When Cortez arrived on the coast of Mexico, he possessed no means of communicating by speech with the natives. Not a man of all his expedition knew anything of the language spoken in the great and powerful empire he was about to invade. Two fortunate accidents removed this obstacle. On touching at the island of Cozumel, he found there a Spaniard, named Jerome de Aguilar, who had been eight years a prisoner among the Indians of that part of the coast, and had become perfectly acquainted with their language. This Spaniard he ransomed, and carried along with him as an interpreter.

Aguilar made his services available to the Spaniards, in conversing with the natives, till the arrival of the expedition at the place where Vera Cruz was afterwards built. When Cortez entered the harbor, a large canoe, full of people, among whom were two who seemed to be persons of distinction, approached his ship in a friendly manner, making signs for a parley. They came on board without fear or distrust, and addressed him in a respectful manner; but Cortez was thrown into the greatest embarrassment, on perceiving that Aguilar was totally unacquainted with their language. His disappointment was most distressing and mortifying, as he had imagined his interpreter familiar with the speech of the whole empire. He instantly foresaw the formidable difficulties

that now lay in the way of the accomplishment of his great design, and began to hesitate whether he ought not at once to abandon all attempt to communicate with a people with whom he could hold intercourse only by signs.

In the midst of this doubt and perplexity, he was suddenly relieved by the interference of one of his Indian slaves. This was Donna Marina, who, with nineteen other native women, had been given as a present to Cortez, by the cacique of Tabasco. She perceived the embarrassment and distress of the general when he was accosted by his visitors, and, immediately divining the cause, she explained their speech to him in the Yucatan dialect, with which Aguilar was acquainted. Cortez was overjoyed to find a person in his possession who perfectly understood the language of the great empire of Mexico, and considered this fortunate incident as a visible interposition of Heaven in his favor, designed to urge him forward in his great undertaking.

Donna Marina was baptized in the Christian faith immediately on becoming the property of the Spaniards, and received from them the name by which she is known to us. The services she rendered them during the war of the conquest were so manifold and important, that it is hardly too much to say that she was the main instrument by which Cortez effected the subjugation of the country. The alliance of the Tlascalans and Zempoalans was not of greater consequence to him than the possession of a person whose quick apprehension, fertile genius, and perfect knowledge of the Mexican language, furnished him

at once with information, and suggested expedients and precautions of the most momentous consequence in the invasion of a strange territory. She was not only the sole medium of his negotiations with the Tlascalans, the Zempoalans, the Mexicans, and other nations of Anahuac; but she frequently saved the lives of the Spaniards, by warning them of dangers, and pointing out the means of avoiding them. She accompanied Cortez in all his expeditions, serving him always as an interpreter and counsellor. She bore him a son, who became subsequently known, in the history of New Spain, by the name of Don Martin Cortez, and was made a knight of the military order of St. Jago. Her connection with the conqueror of Mexico did not prove an obstacle afterwards to her marriage with a respectable Spaniard, Juan de Xaramillo.

During the progress of Cortez through the country after the fall of Mexico, he came to Gozacoalco, where the mother and brother-in-law of Donna Marina resided. He summoned all the chiefs of the neighborhood to wait upon him, and among the rest came the two relatives of Donna Marina, in the greatest terror, and drowned in tears, thinking they were sent for to be put to death, in revenge for the wrongs they had done her in her infancy. Donna Marina, whose generosity was equal to her genius, received them, on the contrary, with the greatest affection, dried their tears, and assured them of her hearty forgiveness. She further made them some rich presents, and declared she should always be mindful of their welfare; adding, that she thanked God, who had taken her

from the worship of idols, and joined her to the true church; esteeming herself happier in her connection with the Spaniards, than if she had been sovereign of all Mexico. "All this," says honest Bernal Diaz, in his quaint simplicity, "I heard with my own ears, and swear to the truth thereof. Amen."





MONTEZUMA II.

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MONTEZUMA XOCOJOTZIN, or *junior*, the unfortunate prince who saw the crown of Mexico struck from his head by an audacious invader from beyond the ocean, was the grandson of Montezuma I., and was elected to the throne in 1502. He had in early life signalized himself in war, and also shared in the dignity of the priesthood. He was noted for the gravity of his demeanor, his taciturnity, deliberation and strong religious feelings. The messengers who carried the intelligence of his elevation to the throne, found him sweeping the pavement of the temple. The Mexican histories have preserved the speech addressed to him on this occasion by the king of Acolhuacan, one of the electors; and we are assured that Montezuma was so deeply affected that he thrice attempted in vain to reply, but was checked by his tears.

In the early part of his reign he discovered a strong passion for pomp, magnificence and ceremony. The palaces which he erected, surpassed all that had yet been seen for their grandeur and costliness. To meet the expenditure caused by these undertakings, he imposed unusually heavy and oppressive burdens upon the people, which occasioned much disaffection. Yet many acts of his administration indicated liberal views. The city of Colhuacan was converted into a hospital for invalids, where all persons who had served the empire either in military or civil employments

were maintained at the public expense. He also gave great encouragement to artists and manufacturers of every description. The gardens of his palace contained large collections of animals of every species found in the country, and all the plants, flowers and other natural productions useful in medicine.

The beginning of the reign of Montezuma was disturbed by rebellions among the provinces of the empire. These were suppressed without much difficulty. But Montezuma, shortly after, found himself involved in more serious hostilities with the republic of Tlascalala, a nation dwelling near the city of Mexico, but which had constantly maintained its independence, while all the surrounding states had submitted to the Mexican arms. Montezuma despatched an army against the Tlascalans, under the command of his eldest son. The Tlascalans encountered them in the valley of Atlixco, and, by a sudden attack, gave them a complete overthrow, killing their general. The subsequent course of the war was not more fortunate for the Mexicans, for although Montezuma surrounded their state with powerful armies, and bent all his efforts to accomplish their entire destruction, such was the skill of these brave republicans, that the Mexicans were defeated in every battle, and finally abandoned the contest.

The Mexican histories and traditions affirm that about this time the fears of Montezuma began to be excited by omens and presages of the downfall of his empire. A comet appeared, and threw all the people into consternation. An army, marching on an expedition against the distant province of Amatla, was

overwhelmed by a furious snow-storm while crossing the Cordilleras. Strange flames of fire were seen blazing from the turrets of the great temple of Mexico on a calm, serene night. The waters of the lake were agitated, in a most extraordinary manner, without wind or earthquake, or any other known cause. Figures of armed men were seen fighting in the air. But the most portentous phenomenon was the apparition of Papantzin, the sister of Montezuma, who died in the year 1509, and was buried in a cavern in the garden of Tlatelolco, in the ancient Hebrew fashion, with a great stone at the mouth of her sepulchre.

The story of this supernatural event, which was firmly believed by the Mexicans, is as follows:—Papantzin, after her death and burial, was discovered by a little child, sitting by a fountain in the garden. Montezuma was summoned to her presence, and she addressed him to the following effect: “After I was dead I found myself suddenly transported to a wide plain which appeared to have no bounds. In the middle was a road which divided into many paths, and on one side ran a river, foaming and dashing with a dreadful sound. I was about to plunge into the stream and swim to the opposite bank, when suddenly appeared before me a beautiful youth, clad in a long robe, white as snow and dazzling as the sun. He had wings of magnificent plumage, and his forehead bore this mark”—here she made the sign of the cross by laying her two forefingers across each other. “He said to me, ‘Stop; it is not time to pass this river.’ He then led me along the banks of the stream, where I saw heaps of skulls and human bones, and heard the

most appalling groans. Presently, I discovered upon the stream, large ships, filled with men in strange dresses. They were fair in complexion and bearded. They bore standards in their hands and helmets on their heads. The youth said to me, 'The groans you hear, are from the souls of your ancestors, who are tormented for their crimes. The men you see in these ships, will conquer this empire, and introduce the knowledge of the true God. Thou shalt live to be a witness of this great revolution.' Having said these things, he vanished; I awoke to life, and removed the stone of my sepulchre."

Disbelievers in the marvellous will explain this story by ascribing its origin to a dream of the Mexican princess, which alarmed the superstitious Montezuma, and the history of which was modified and adapted to the events afterwards. There is no doubt, however, that a tradition existed, from very ancient times, among the Mexicans, importing that an unknown race of men were to arrive from a distant part of the world and subjugate the country. The hieroglyphical volumes of the Mexicans contain abundant allusions to this subject. Montezuma was alarmed at the omens, and his thoughts reverted to the traditions of the disaster that menaced his empire. This, however, did not turn his attention from the active cares of government. He made war upon the provinces that skirted his empire, and subdued several nations. The prisoners captured in these wars shared the ordinary fate of those unfortunate beings; and unless the Mexican histories grossly exaggerate, there

were sacrificed, at the consecration of two Mexican temples, more than twelve thousand of these men.

In the midst of his successes, Montezuma was alarmed with the intelligence that a strange race of people had made their appearance on the eastern coast. Despatches were received from that quarter containing pictured representations of men on horseback, clad in armor, and wielding weapons that imitated thunder and lightning. Montezuma immediately consulted his oracles, and received advice not to admit the strangers into his capital. The monarch, however, either from natural indecision of character, or in a struggle between his wishes and his superstitious fears, pursued a temporizing course. He sent the strangers a rich present and a friendly message. Hernando Cortez, who, with an army of five hundred and eight Spaniards, had landed at the port of St. Juan de Ulua, on the 21st of April, 1519, received the messenger of Montezuma, and the present, borne on the backs of a hundred men. It consisted of various works in gold, silver and gems; thirty loads of fine cotton cloth, of various colors; some beautiful works of gold and feathers, and two large disks of gold and silver, representing astronomical figures, one of which was valued at twenty thousand dollars.

These presents, and the promise of others still more magnificent, which the ambassador assured Cortez should soon be transmitted from Mexico, produced effects the very reverse of what was designed by Montezuma. The ambassador replied to the request of Cortez to be admitted to the court of the emperor, that he was charged to dissuade him from so hazard-

ous an enterprise, as the road thither lay through uninhabited deserts and hostile countries. But the avaricious passions of the Spaniards were inflamed by the prospect of so much wealth, and confirmed in their determination to penetrate to the capital. Mexico was a region entirely unknown to them, and the remarkable evidences of the opulence and civilization of the inhabitants, which met their eyes in every quarter, and which far surpassed anything of the kind they had before seen in the New World, gave them the most alluring prospects of plunder in the subjugation of the territory.

Notwithstanding, therefore, the positive prohibition of the emperor, Cortez began his march for the capital. The cacique of Zempoala, who had long borne impatiently the Mexican yoke, joined him on his march, and assisted him with troops and men to carry his baggage. Montezuma, hearing of his advance, sent his two nephews, with a numerous retinue of nobles, and another magnificent present, hoping to induce the invaders to depart from his empire; but this device was followed by the same results as the former. The march of the Spaniards toward Mexico was hastened. The warlike nation of Tlascala opposed an obstacle to their progress. But the Spaniards overcame them in a bloody battle, and a treaty of alliance was concluded with the Tlascalans. Cortez, with a strong army of auxiliaries, continued his march, and sent a threatening message to Montezuma, announcing his determination to treat him as an enemy.

Montezuma became more and more alarmed at the

audacious proceedings of the invaders, who defeated his armies and put his people to the sword. Making a further effort to keep the Spaniards at a distance, he offered to pay an annual tribute to the king of Spain, and to bestow a donation of gold upon Cortez and his officers, of the value of six millions of dollars, on condition of their departing from the country. Cortez replied that he could not return without disobeying the orders of his sovereign, and that his only object in visiting the capital was to deliver a message from the king of Spain to Montezuma, after which, if his stay should not prove agreeable to the emperor, he would depart, without doing any injury to the Mexicans. The timid and superstitious Montezuma, whose apprehensions were daily heightened by the oracles of the priests, could not summon resolution sufficient to take any decisive step against his dreaded enemy. By a vigorous and well-directed blow, in the first instance, he might have crushed the invaders, and the name of Cortez would have been transmitted to posterity as a rash and incompetent adventurer, who shared the fate of Cambyses and Crassus. Instead of this, he continued to negotiate and temporize, till the favorable moment had passed, and the Spaniards, accompanied with a powerful army of allies, arrived at his capital. On the 8th of November, 1519, Montezuma saw these mysterious strangers, the objects of his deepest dread, approaching the city of Mexico.

The emperor met the Spaniards without the city. He presented himself to Cortez in a magnificent dress, borne upon a palanquin, covered with plates of gold,

and sustained on the shoulders of four nobles. Three other officers of rank preceded him, bearing golden rods. Montezuma's dress surpassed all that the Spaniards had yet seen of barbaric pomp and splendor. He wore on his shoulders a mantle ornamented with the richest jewels of gold and precious stones. Buskins of gold covered his feet, and were tied with strings studded with gold and gems. He was crowned with a diadem of gold; and a parasol of green feathers, profusely adorned with golden ornaments, was held over his head. Two hundred nobles, magnificently dressed, but barefooted, appeared in his train. As soon as Montezuma and Cortez came in sight of each other, both alighted, and Montezuma, leaning on the arms of two kings, received the salutation of Cortez, and bowed his head to accept a string of glass beads, which the general placed round his neck. Montezuma returned the compliment by the gift of two necklaces of mother-of-pearl, embellished with golden ornaments. After a formal speech on both sides, the Spaniards marched into the city. The people, who from the housetops and windows observed all that passed, were astonished at the sight of so many extraordinary objects, and the unexampled complaisance of the emperor toward the strangers, which contributed greatly to raise their estimation of the Spaniards. As they advanced into the city, the Spaniards were struck with equal wonder at the vast size of the place, the magnificence of the buildings, and the swarming crowds of population.

The Spaniards were lodged in a spacious building, where they found ample room for themselves and all

their servants and attendants, amounting to above seven thousand. It was built with thick walls, studded with towers, and was well adapted for a citadel. A strange fatality seems to have guided the decisions of Montezuma in quartering his enemies in a spot where they had every advantage in fortifying themselves. Cortez did not fail to perceive this, and turned it immediately to account. He distributed his guards, placed a battery of cannon facing the gate of the palace, and took as many precautions, in strengthening his position, as if he expected an assault the next day. Montezuma ordered a sumptuous feast to be spread for his guests, and after they had dined he visited them in their quarters. He presented to Cortez many curious pieces of workmanship, in gold, silver and feathers, and upwards of five thousand fine cotton dresses. Every possible act of courtesy, civility and generosity was practised by the Mexican monarch towards the Spaniards.

Cortez, instead of being moved to any feeling of gratitude by this generous behavior, thought of nothing but schemes of perfidy and treachery, by which he might make himself master of the prodigious wealth he saw around him. He received the attentions of Montezuma with the coolest dissimulation, and continued to deceive him by assurances of his intention speedily to return home. The emperor did not remit his efforts to please his guests. Day after day he heaped presents upon the strangers, not imagining that a race of men so superior to the Mexicans would pollute themselves with falsehood and treachery. Cortez and his soldiers were admitted

into every part of the city; and the more they explored it, the more was their greedy avarice excited by the prospect of its uncounted wealth. Cortez resolved without scruple to seize upon Mexico, at the cost of whatever bloodshed or treachery might be necessary, to achieve an act of such gigantic robbery. No sentiment of gratitude, no sense of honor or justice, interposed to check this perfidious project. The only obstacle was the immense population of the city, among whom the Spaniards were but a handful.

After revolving various schemes, Cortez decided upon the audacious resolution of taking the emperor prisoner. Arrangements were instantly made. A body of Spaniards were ordered to repair to the palace of Montezuma, two by two, in such a manner as to meet there all at once, as if by accident. The emperor, far from suspecting the plot, received them with his wonted courtesy, and complimented them with rich presents. After some conversation, Cortez, assuming a serious tone, began to complain of certain hostile acts committed by the Mexican troops against the Spaniards at Vera Cruz. Montezuma replied, with the utmost sincerity, that these things were done entirely without his authority or knowledge. Cortez then demanded that, as a proof of his sincerity, Montezuma should leave his palace and take up his residence in the quarters of the Spaniards. The emperor now, for the first time, began to suspect the perfidious designs of his guest, and exclaimed, in astonishment, "Was it ever known that a king tamely suffered himself to be led to prison? Were I even willing to debase myself by such an act, would not

my people immediately rush to arms to set me free? I am not a man who can creep into an obscure corner, or fly to the mountains. I will satisfy your reasonable demands, but not by such a deed of infamy." Cortez, not disconcerted by this refusal, renewed his demand, and pledged his faith that Montezuma should receive every honor and attention from the Spaniards which had been shown towards him by his own people.

Montezuma, with his exalted sense of his own dignity, seems to have possessed all the fickleness, the indecision and pusillanimity of the unfortunate Louis XVI. The superstitious panic, under which he had labored ever since the arrival of the Spaniards, must be allowed its share in paralyzing the energies of his mind. Yet, had he been inspired with the courageous spirit and prompt resolution of the first Montezuma, his honor and his empire might have been saved. The conference at the palace lasted but a short time. One of the Spaniards at length exclaimed that they should seize the emperor by force, or put him to death. Montezuma, struck by his furious gestures and tone, immediately demanded of the interpreter, Donna Marina, what he had said. She replied by informing him that his life was in danger, and that his only resource was to place himself in the hands of the Spaniards.

The unhappy emperor, seeing himself surrounded by armed enemies, yielded, to save his life. "Let us go," said he, "for so the gods decide." Without delay he suffered himself to be transported from his palace, to which he was destined never to return.

The news of this astounding occurrence brought the population of Mexico in crowds to witness the passage of the king to the Spanish quarters. Astonishment, grief, despair, and every wild and stirring passion, agitated the people. Some burst into tears at the degrading spectacle; others threw themselves on the ground in paroxysms of sorrow. Montezuma attempted in vain to console them, telling them it was his own pleasure, and that he was going to visit his friends. The Mexicans, however, were not quieted by these assurances, and the emperor gave orders to drive them from the streets. He appears to have lost all spirit, energy and courage at this disaster, and to have submitted, like a doomed victim, quietly to his fate. On his arrival at the Spanish quarters, he was placed under strong guards, though treated with much outward respect. The Mexicans were allowed to visit him, but only a few at a time. He gave audience to his vassals, heard their petitions, pronounced sentences, consulted his ministers and councillors, and governed the empire apparently as usual. So completely does he appear to have resigned himself to his fate, that Cortez at length permitted him to go out of his quarters, under a guard of Spanish soldiers, whenever he chose to take the air. The debased monarch did not scruple to use this wretched privilege, and thought it no dishonor to visit the temples, to hunt in his pleasure-grounds, and to fish in his ponds for amusement, with a band of armed Spaniards around him. Even the wish to regain his liberty appears to have died within him.

The Spaniards, having the emperor in their power,

proceeded to glut their rapacious avarice with the wealth of Mexico. The magazines and treasuries of the city lay at their mercy, and were speedily plundered of their gold and precious commodities. Degradations now thickened upon the head of the unhappy Montezuma. Cortez one day burst into his apartment, with a number of men bearing fetters, and, in an angry tone, uttered the coarsest abuse against the monarch, charging him with treachery against the Spaniards, in having instigated his subjects to make war upon them. He then ordered his men to put the emperor in irons, which was done immediately, without the slightest opposition from the royal prisoner, who was struck dumb by the audacity of this outrageous proceeding. His domestics expressed their grief by silent tears, and, throwing themselves at his feet, eased the weight of the fetters with their hands, and endeavored to prevent their contact with his limbs by placing bandages of cotton between them. The treacherous and remorseless Cortez was now ready for any deed of injustice and cruelty. Immediately after this insult to the emperor, he ordered a huge fire to be made in front of the royal palace, with piles of bows, arrows and lances taken from the Mexican armories. In this fire he caused the cacique of Nauhltlan, with his son and fifteen of his officers, to be burnt alive, for some acts of hostility exercised against the Spaniards.

Cortez, finding the spirit of Montezuma completely broken by these indignities, did not judge it necessary to keep him any longer in confinement, and informed him that he might return to his palace. But the em-

peror had now degraded himself to such a degree, in the eyes of his people, by his abject submission to the Spaniards, that he was ashamed to present himself abroad, and preferred to remain the inglorious slave and tool of his base betrayers. But the spirit of the Mexican people was roused. Indignation and the thirst of vengeance took place of the timid and superstitious dread with which they had at first viewed the Spaniards. Montezuma had now become the object of their scorn and contempt, and they determined to make an effort to free their country from its treacherous invaders. Montezuma, in the most abject and pusillanimous manner, had formally yielded up his empire to the king of Spain, and exhorted all his subjects to transfer their obedience to that monarch. This disgraceful act, and a massacre of the people at a solemn festival by the Spaniards, precipitated the catastrophe, and the insurrection of the Mexicans immediately burst forth.

Cortez, who had been called away from the city by the expedition of Narvaez against him, found, on his return to Mexico, on the 24th of June, an unusual ferment among the people. The bridges were raised from the canals, and there were other signs of threatened hostilities. The following day the Mexicans attacked the Spanish quarters and poured upon it a shower of stones and darts, that, as Cortez says, was like a tempest. The streets were thronged with countless multitudes of people, yet the Spaniards sallied out, and a most bloody combat took place, the **Mexicans** making up by numbers for their inferiority to their enemies in weapons and discipline. On the

26th, the attack was renewed with equal obstinacy and bloodshed, and continued the whole day. On the 27th a still more furious assault took place. The Mexicans scaled the walls on every side, and fought with such desperation that they forced a passage and commenced fighting hand to hand with the Spaniards. The destruction of the invaders now appeared to be inevitable, when Montezuma, whose every act seems to have been dictated by the evil genius of his country, was seized with apprehensions for his own safety, and resolved to show himself to the people, in hopes to restrain their fury. He accordingly dressed himself in his imperial robes, and, with a large train of attendants, appeared on a terrace in sight of the people, his ministers making signals for silence that he might be heard by them. On beholding the emperor, the whole multitude instantly suspended their hostile rage. All were hushed into silence, and some kneeled to the ground in devout reverence. Montezuma then addressed them in the following terms: "Mexicans,—If you have taken up arms to restore me to liberty, I thank you for your love and loyalty: but you mistake in thinking me a prisoner. I am at liberty to go wherever I choose. If you have taken up arms to expel the strangers, I assure you they will depart as soon as you lay them down. Quiet your fears, and obey my commands, as you dread the vengeance of heaven."

A dead and mournful silence followed these words. At length a Mexican, more daring than the rest, raised his voice from amid the crowd, and called Montezuma an effeminate coward, more fit to handle the distaff

and the shuttle than to govern an empire. Having uttered these and other insulting reproaches, he shot an arrow at him. The multitude, obeying a sudden impulse, instantly followed his example, and a clamor of insulting shouts was heard on every side. Showers of stones and arrows were poured toward the spot, and Montezuma, although shielded by the bucklers of the Spaniards, was struck to the ground by three wounds. An arrow pierced his arm, a stone bruised his head, and another his leg. He lingered but a few days, and expired on the 30th of June, 1520. The immediate cause of his death is not known with certainty. Cortez and Gomara affirm that he died of the wound in his head. Solis declares that his death was occasioned by not having the wound dressed. Herrera makes him die of a broken heart. Sahagun and other Mexican historians assure us that the Spaniards killed him, and one of them mentions the circumstance of a soldier having stabbed him with an eel-spear. Cortez gave his body up to the Mexicans, who celebrated his funeral obsequies with every mark of affection and reverence, notwithstanding their censures of his conduct while living. The corpse was burnt on a funeral pile, at Copalco, and the ashes buried in the same place.

In person, Montezuma was tall and well-shaped, but of a complexion more dusky than was ordinary among his countrymen. His eyes were remarkably expressive. In early life he was courageous and enterprising, though he subsequently enervated himself by voluptuous habits. In his administration of the government he showed a natural disposition

towards justice and clemency, but his fondness for magnificence and show led him to undertakings which oppressed the people, while his reserved and taciturn habits rendered him almost inaccessible to the complaints of his injured subjects. Strength of mind was a quality which he never exhibited, and his generosity and forbearance toward the perfidious Spaniards were so egregiously misplaced as to amount to a fault. He possessed, in short, none of the essentials of a great character, and it is chiefly for his overwhelming misfortunes that he can find a place in history. He left posterity in Mexico, from one branch of which descended the Counts Montezuma and Tula.





COFACHIQUE.

COFACHIQUI,

A PRINCESS of Florida, or, more properly, of that wide region traversed by Soto in his expedition. This district comprised, not only the country now known as Florida, but also a portion of Georgia, Alabama and Louisiana. The precise situation of the territory of this princess is not known, few of the original names in that part of the continent having been preserved to the present day. Soto, in his wanderings to all parts of the compass, came one day to a broad and rapid river, beyond which, his Indian guides informed him, lay the territory of Cofachiqui. The Spaniards were suffering from famine and the fatigues of their long march. The country through which they had passed was hostile, and they found it necessary to cross the stream. Marching up and down the banks, they at length came in sight of an Indian town, which they were told was the residence of the princess of the country. Some of the inhabitants appeared on the opposite shore, and the Spaniards called out to them, saying that some friendly strangers wished to visit their sovereign, and treat of an alliance. The Indians, after gazing in astonishment at the horses of the Spaniards, ran away to the town, and, a short time afterward, six of the inhabitants, who afterwards proved to be magistrates, came down to the shore with their attendants, embarked in a canoe, and crossed the river. On being introduced to the general they

bowed first to the sun in the east, then to the moon in the west, and lastly to the general, to whom they put the usual question, whether he wished for peace or war. Soto replied that he wished for peace and a passage across the river ; also a supply of food for his men. He made many apologies for giving this trouble, but he hoped to be able to make some suitable return.

The ambassadors made reply that they accepted his offer of peace, and that every disposition would be felt to comply with his request for provisions, but that, unfortunately, the country had been severely ravaged by a pestilence the year previous ; in consequence of which, a great many of the fields had been abandoned, and the inhabitants had fled to the mountains, so that a great scarcity of food existed at that time. They further stated that the sovereign of the country was a noble and amiable young princess, just of a marriageable age, who would do everything in her power for the entertainment of her guests. With these words, they bade the general adieu, and returned to the town.

In a short time, the Spaniards espied two large canoes approaching. One of them was decked with an elegant canopy and a variety of strange and beautiful ornaments. In this canoe was seated the princess Cofachiqui, attended by eight noble ladies. They had no rowers, but were towed in state by the other canoe, which contained the six magistrates and numerous attendants. On landing, the princess quite enchanted the Spaniards with her beauty and grace, and the dignity and propriety of her demeanor. After preliminary compliments, she informed Soto that, not-

withstanding the prevailing scarcity, she had provided for his men six hundred bushels of corn, which was lodged in two houses for their use ; and that, moreover, her granaries were at the service of the Spaniards, should this supply not be sufficient. She would give orders that one half the houses in the town should be evacuated to provide quarters for the army, and would even surrender the whole, if the number of the soldiers required it. Soto replied, to these and other generous offers made by the princess, with corresponding acknowledgments.

While this conversation was going on, Cofachiqui was occupied in disengaging from her neck a string of pearls, as they are called by the narrator who attended the expedition. These pearls were as large as hazel nuts, and the string passed three times round her neck, and hung down to her girdle. This she put into the hands of Juan Ortiz, to deliver to the general, her feminine scruples not allowing her to present them directly. Soto informed her that it would give him much greater pleasure to receive the gift from her own hands, as a token of peace, and that such a proceeding would not be considered as a violation of the strictest laws of decorum. After some modest reluctance, the scruples of the princess were overcome, and she rose to present him the necklace. The general rose to receive it, and, drawing a valuable diamond ring from his finger, gave it to Cofachiqui, who accepted it with great politeness.

After these ceremonies, the Indians prepared a great number of canoes and rafts, by help of which the whole army crossed the river, and took up their

quarters in the town. The Spaniards found themselves perfectly at home in this place, and passed their time in the pleasantest manner. Among the most friendly nations they had hitherto visited, they had been entertained with hospitalities more or less constrained, cool and reluctant. But there was something frank and cordial in the manners of the Indians of Cofachiqui, which made them feel as if they were among old associates. The Indians built them lofty arbors of green boughs, and feasted and amused them by all the means they could devise.

The princess had a widowed mother living in retirement about twelve leagues distant. Soto expressed a wish to see her, and Cofachiqui sent twelve of her principal officers, inviting her to come to town and visit a people never before seen, and who possessed extraordinary animals. The old lady, instead of complying, sent her daughter a severe reprimand for having admitted into her capital a body of strangers of whom she knew nothing. Soto, not deterred by this refusal, despatched a party of thirty men to fetch her. Cofachiqui gave them, as a guide, a young Indian, whom she instructed to intercede with her mother, and entreat her to comply with the request of the Spaniards. This young man had been educated by the old lady, whose attachment he had so completely won, by his gentle manners and noble disposition, that she loved him as a son. He was about twenty years of age, and was highly esteemed by the Spaniards, whom he had treated with the greatest courtesy. The historian speaks in glowing

terms of the elegance of his person and the splendor of his costume.

At their first halting place on the road, as they were sitting at their meal, under the shade of the trees, they were struck with the behavior of their guide, who, instead of the cheerfulness and gaiety which he had before exhibited, now showed signs of the deepest melancholy. He leaned his head upon his hand in silence, uttering long-drawn sighs. At length, taking his quiver, he began drawing out the arrows, one by one. The Spaniards admired them for the beauty of their shape and materials, and the perfection of their workmanship. They handled them, one after another, as their guide drew them from the quiver, and found that no two were alike, so much ingenuity was displayed in their manufacture. While their attention was thus engrossed, the Indian grasped one of the sharpest, plunged it into his own breast, and instantly fell dead.

The Spaniards were struck with astonishment at this sanguinary deed, and the Indian attendants burst into tears and lamentations, for the young man was much beloved by all. They informed the Spaniards that he had been equally attached to both the ladies, and that he had killed himself because he could not avoid offending the one or the other. He had accepted the embassy, from the daughter, because he could refuse her nothing, though he knew he was aiding the Spaniards to carry away her mother against her will. A nice sense of honor had compelled him to choose death, rather than show himself regardless of the sentiment of gratitude or love. Savage history offers

not, perhaps, another instance of such refined and romantic devotion.

The party proceeded in quest of the old lady, but, the remaining Indians either not knowing, or not willing to disclose, the place of her residence, they wandered about so long that she had intelligence of their approach, and made her escape. After six days' search, the Spaniards returned without accomplishing their purpose. Another expedition was sent in pursuit of her, but with no better success: the Indians purposely led them astray, and frightened them with stories about the danger of being ambushed and cut to pieces.

Soto had been told, before his arrival here, that this country contained abundance of white and yellow metal, which, of course, he did not doubt to be gold and silver. On questioning the princess, she assured him that he might obtain a plenty of the white and yellow metals here, and, as a proof of it, she ordered a quantity to be produced. The sight of these articles dissipated, in an instant, all the brilliant and chimerical hopes which had prompted the Spaniards to undertake this long and perilous expedition. The yellow metal proved to be copper, and the white metal was a species of stone or hard earth, which crumbled to pieces in the hand. Under this disappointment, their only consolation was found in pearls, which existed here in abundance, although the Spaniards were not judges of their value. Cofachiqui told them they might search the tombs in the town and the neighboring villages, where they would find enough to load all the horses in the army. As this fact seems utterly inconsistent

with all our notions of the reverence for ancestry, which is so striking a characteristic of the Indians, we should have strong doubts of the truth of the statement, were it not distinctly asserted in both the narratives of the expedition.

The Spaniards visited and ransacked all the tombs and temples, from which they took pearls amounting to fourteen bushels, according to one author, and to twenty-five thousand pounds' weight, according to another. That they were not genuine pearls, is pretty evident, though we cannot explain how the Spaniards could be so deceived. One of the temples merits a description, as it seems to have been the most spacious edifice which the Spaniards saw in Florida. It was above three hundred feet in length, and a hundred and twenty in breadth. The roof was very steep, thickly covered with mats, and completely watertight. Over the mats was a sort of tiling, constructed of brilliant shells, which made a most splendid appearance in the sun. The entrance to the temple was guarded by twelve colossal statues of men, completely armed. These statues were of wood, and their fierce and expressive countenances and imposing attitudes excited the astonishment of the Spaniards, who declared they would have been objects of admiration in any temple of ancient Rome. All round the interior of the walls were ranged statues of men and women, the men being armed. Beneath were vaults, in which corpses were desposited; and in these recesses the Spaniards found such quantities of pearls, that all the men and horses in the army would have been insufficient to carry them off. Attached to the temple, on the

outside, were eight smaller buildings, filled with bows, arrows, spears and other weapons. This remarkable edifice was in a town, called Tolomeco, which the Spaniards found deserted by the inhabitants, it having been depopulated by the pestilence.

Soto remained ten days after this at the capital of Cofachiqui, being entertained in the noblest manner by the generous princess. She supplied his army liberally with provisions for their march, and furnished them with guides, who were instructed to denounce war against any of the neighboring states which should not receive them in the most cordial and hospitable manner. She also gave orders that in every part of their progress throughout her dominions, all necessary supplies of provision should be furnished them without pay. This generosity was repaid with the blackest ingratitude. The Spaniards abused the people; quarrels arose between them, and Soto had the baseness to seize the person of his generous benefactor, and carry her off. He obliged her to travel on foot, with the ladies of her train, for three hundred miles, during which the Spaniards were everywhere struck with the demonstrations of reverence and love displayed toward her by her people. At her command, the Indians, in every town through which they passed, came out of their houses to carry the baggage of the Spaniards and procure them food. After being dragged a prisoner in the Spanish camp for two or three weeks, she found an opportunity to escape from her treacherous and brutal captors. Passing one day through a thick wood, she suddenly darted from the train and disap-

peared. Pursuit was vain, and though the Spaniards heard of her some days afterwards, she was fortunate enough to keep out of their way.

The historian of Florida, Garcilaso de la Vega, terminates his account of this princess by declaring that she possessed a truly noble soul, and was worthy of an empire. Shame for his countrymen has induced him to suppress all mention of the brutal indignity to which she was subjected by Soto, and for which, as a Castilian knight, he deserved to have his spurs cut off. The Portuguese narrator, who accompanied the expedition, states the facts too circumstantially to leave us in any doubt about the matter, and the noble and generous Cofachiqui is to be numbered among those who suffered by trusting to the honor and justice of the plunderers of the New World.



TASCALUZA

WAS a cacique, whose territories lay upon the rivers that enter into the bay of Mobile. He was a man of gigantic size, being taller by half a yard than any Spaniard in Soto's army, and stout in proportion. His courage, resolution and fierceness corresponded to his enormous stature. When Soto arrived at the frontier of his dominions, Tascaluza had heard of the ravages and plunderings committed by the Spaniards in their progress through the country, and resolved to oppose them. He did not at first disclose his hostile designs, but despatched his son to the frontier with a peaceable message, and an offer to guide the Spaniards to his capital. The son was nearly as tall as his father. Soto received him civilly, and sent him back with a present. Travelling three days, the Spaniards came to the town where Tascaluza held his court. They found the cacique sitting under a balcony in front of his house, which stood upon an eminence, affording a delightful prospect of the surrounding country. He was seated upon two cushions, laid upon a carpet; and an attendant held an umbrella of buck's skin over his head, to shield him from the sun. A hundred of his chief men were present, dressed in rich fur robes, and adorned with head-dresses of colored plumes.

One of Soto's officers, with a squadron of horse, preceded the general, and delivered a harangue to

the cacique, who looked on in silence, casting his eyes upon the Spaniards, one after another, in a haughty and disdainful manner; but when Soto himself appeared, Tascaluza rose and advanced fifteen or twenty steps to meet him. Soto took him by the hand, and they sat down together. The chief made a complimentary speech, and offered to accompany the Spaniards in their march through his territories. Soto accepted the offer, although he had been warned to be upon his guard against Tascaluza, who bore the reputation, among his neighbors, of being fierce, proud and turbulent. After resting two days in this place, the army re-commenced its march. It was necessary to mount Tascaluza on horseback, but the Spaniards had great difficulty in finding an animal strong enough to carry him. At length, one huge steed was found, which he could bestride without dragging his feet on the ground. The army marched two days, and came to a broad river, which they crossed on rafts of cane, constructed by the Indians. Here a circumstance occurred that began to disturb the friendly feelings of the two parties. The Spaniards, wherever they passed, had made no scruple of seizing the women, and carrying them off as slaves. An Indian woman now ran away from her master, and the Spaniard pursuing her lost himself in the woods, or was killed by the natives. Soto told the cacique he must be accountable for him, and threatened to keep him in fetters as long as he lived, if the Spaniard was not returned.

Tascaluza required nothing more than this to stimulate him to the hostile deeds which soon followed.

They were approaching the town of Mauvila, the modern Mobile. The cacique sent one of his men forward to give notice of his approach, and prepare for the reception of the Spaniards. This messenger carried secret orders to muster the warriors of the place, and hold them in readiness to attack the strangers on their arrival. On approaching the town, Soto sent a soldier forward to reconnoitre. He returned with alarming accounts that the Indians were extremely busy in fortifying the town with palisades, that armed men were arriving from all parts, and that the children had been removed, as well as all the women, except those who were young and capable of fighting. Soto was advised by his officers not to enter the place, but to encamp in the neighborhood. He replied that he was weary of encamping, and would take up his quarters in the town. He wished to avoid any overt act that might indicate hostility or suspicion, and therefore merely gave warning to all his troops to be on their guard.

The Spaniards found the town of Mauvila strongly fortified. It contained about eighty houses, but these were of enormous size, some of them being large enough to lodge fifteen hundred men, and the smallest five hundred. The army entered the town, and were received with every show of rejoicing; their horses were sent to a commodious place without the walls, and the men were entertained with the dances of some beautiful females, who, in Florida, were peculiarly skilful in this exercise. After this, the cacique and Soto fell into conversation, and Tascaluza requested the general to leave him in that place,

and not carry him further on his march. Soto declined granting this request, and the cacique left him and went into another house, where some of his people were assembled. It was customary for him to dine with the general, and the dinner-hour having arrived, notice was sent him that dinner was on the table. He sent word, in reply, that he was engaged in council with his chiefs, and would come presently. Soto waited some time, and then despatched a second message, to which he received a similar answer. After another interval, Juan Ortiz was sent to say that dinner was waiting, and that Tascaluza must instantly come.

When this affronting message was delivered, one of the Indian chiefs rushed out of the council-house, with a countenance and gestures full of indignation, and exclaimed to the Spaniards, "What robbers and vagabonds are these, that dare talk in such a style to the great Tascaluza, our sovereign—as if they were giving orders to a wretch like themselves! By the sun and moon! who can endure the insolence of such a pack of devils? Cut them in pieces!—the infamous tyrants!" This was the signal for a general attack. All the Indians rushed forth and fell in a mass upon the Spaniards. Their horses were without the town, and Soto judged it advisable to retreat until they could secure the animals, as the chief advantage they possessed over their enemies was in being mounted. The retreat was accomplished by facing the enemy and slowly withdrawing; yet such clouds of arrows were discharged upon them, that they suffered severely. The Indians pursued them

beyond the walls, and succeeded in killing several horses. They captured all the baggage of the Spaniards, knocked off the chains of the slaves, set them at liberty, and gave them weapons to fight with. When the Spaniards, however, had mounted their horses and ranged themselves in order of battle, they made head against their enemies, who could not stand the charge of the cavalry, but retreated into the town. The walls were provided with embrasures, and at every fifty paces was a tower capable of containing eight or ten men. Covered by these fortifications, the Indians maintained their post and poured such a shower of arrows and other missiles upon their assailants, that they soon drove them to a distance from the walls.

Soto now changed his plan of attack, and endeavored to decoy the Indians out of the town by feigning to retreat. He partly succeeded in this manœuvre, and the Indians suffered a considerable loss. The rear division of his army had now arrived, and a council of war was held. Some of the officers thought it too desperate an attempt to continue the assault, and advised a close siege of the place. It was decided, however, to storm it immediately. The cavalry, being the best armed, were ordered to dismount, buckle their armor close round them, and, stooping their heads, to rush forward and burst open the gates. A terrible slaughter took place at the first onset, for the Indians defended the gates with the utmost obstinacy. Several times were the Spaniards beaten back. At length the gates were forced, and the Spaniards entered pell-mell among their enemies. A new conflict

now commenced in the streets ; the Indians took possession of the houses, and held out, disputing every inch of ground. The Spaniards, overcome with thirst in the long-contested battle, relieved themselves by drinking from a pool near the wall, but it contained as much blood as water.

Soto found it impossible to drive the Indians from their houses, and he resolved on the dreadful expedient of setting them on fire. This was immediately done, and, the buildings being all constructed of very inflammable materials, the whole town was at once in a blaze. The wretched natives attempted to save themselves by flight, but the cavalry surrounded the place and drove them back into the flames. In this last extremity, the Indians called on the females to come forward. A number of these heroines had not waited for the call, but had fought side by side with their husbands ; now, at the general summons, they rushed forth in one body against the Spanish troops, who, ashamed to maintain a fight against women, it is said merely warded off their blows. In the end, however, the women were all dispersed, and those who did not perish in the flames escaped into the woods.

Such was the dreadful battle of Mauvila, the most sanguinary Indian fight that ever occurred in the territory of the United States. It lasted nine hours, and twenty-five hundred Indians were killed or burnt to death ; the historian Vega even swells this amount to eleven thousand. The number of Spaniards who fell amounted only to eighteen ; a hundred and fifty were wounded, and the number of wounds amounted

to seven hundred. They lost all their baggage and the pearls and valuable articles which they had collected during the whole expedition. Tascaluza was never heard of after the battle, having doubtless perished in the flames. His son was killed fighting, and his body was afterwards found. The Spaniards were so much disheartened by their losses, that they wished to abandon their enterprise; but Soto could not endure the thought of returning to his country without some brilliant and successful achievement. He had such a command over his followers as to prevent their mutiny, and encouraged them to continue their march into the interior, from which he was destined never to return.

Tascaluza appears to have been highly famous in his day, and his memory long continued among the Indians of Florida, if indeed it be yet extinct. Tuscaloosa, the present capital of Florida, still preserves his name, and points out the locality of his dominions.



VITACHUCO,

A FLORIDIAN cacique, was the oldest of three brothers, who divided the government of their tribe among them, contrary to the general practice in that country; Vitachuco, probably from his seniority, claiming much the greater portion. This divided authority appears not to have led to any family feuds, and when the Spaniards, under Hernando de Soto, invaded Florida, in 1539, they found the three brothers living in perfect amity. Soto had penetrated into the country with a formidable force of horse and foot. He traversed a great part of East Florida, Southern Georgia and Alabama, searching everywhere for gold, and almost everywhere encountering the hostility of the natives. In the course of his march, he came to the territory of Vitachuco, which appears to have been situated on the streams which flow through West Florida into the Gulf of Mexico. The first town he visited in this quarter was Ochile, on the frontier of the territory, consisting of about fifty houses. The Indians here had made no hostile demonstrations against the Spaniards, yet Soto did not hesitate to assault the place. The Indians, overcome by surprise at this attack, which was made early in the morning, and astounded by the clangor of the Spanish drums and trumpets, took instantly to flight. The town was captured, and many of the inhabitants were made prisoners, among whom was Ochile, the brother of Vitachuco.

Soto, having Ochile in his possession, made himself acquainted with the state of the country, and persuaded his prisoner to send to Vitachuco and the remaining brother, such exaggerated accounts of the Spaniards as, he hoped, would induce them to submit without offering resistance. With the latter, this manœuvre was successful; but Vitachuco was not so easily gained. Ochile assured him that the Spaniards were celestial beings, the children of the sun and moon, and rode on wonderfully strange animals, who were so swift of foot that the wind could hardly overtake them. He informed him that they behaved in the most friendly manner to those who received them well, but exercised all manner of severities against their enemies. He begged him, therefore, as an act of prudence, to submit at once to their authority. Vitachuco answered in a tone of determined and lofty defiance, which, the Spanish historian declares, surpassed the bravadoes of Ariosto's cavaliers. He told his brother that he was a coward for submitting to the invaders, and that he talked like a woman, or a boy, in advising him to follow his example. As for the Spaniards, their story about being born of the sun and moon was a ridiculous lie; that, whatever might be their outward pretensions, they were certainly like all the rest of their countrymen, vagabonds, traitors, liars, robbers, murderers, and children of the devil; that if they were the honest men they called themselves, they would stay at home and mind their own business, instead of roaming about, plundering and butchering people who had done them no harm. This lecture to the captive chief was

accompanied with a message to the Spaniards themselves, filled with the most furious and extravagant menaces. He told them that if they dared to set foot in his territories, he would overwhelm them with such plagues and disasters as they had never heard of before. He would poison the rivers, the lakes, the springs of water, the trees, the plants, and the very air. He would command the mountains to fall upon their heads, and the earth to open and swallow them up; and if they escaped all these dangers, he would take them alive, boil one half of them and roast the other half.

If the Spanish writers have given us a faithful copy of this manifesto of the Floridian chief, we must allow that his eloquence reminds us rather of Ancient Pistol than of Julius Cæsar. He soon found, indeed, that he had talked somewhat too largely. After repeating these threats for several days, and perceiving that they produced no effect, he became alarmed. The Spaniards advanced into his country, and Vitachuco, learning from various quarters that they were much more formidable than he had imagined, thought it prudent to propose terms of peace. A negotiation ensued, and he went out to meet Soto on friendly terms. He made many apologies for the insulting language he had used towards the Spaniards, and professed his entire willingness to submit his territory to their authority. He offered to supply them with provisions, to whatever extent they might wish, and declared that he was solicitous only to do them honor and service. Soto received all these declarations amicably, professed his desire to overlook what had

passed, promised to render Vitachuco and his people every service in his power, and declared that he would study not to be burdensome. A treaty of peace was forthwith concluded.

The Spaniards marched into the capital of Vitachuco, which contained above two hundred large houses, besides a great number of smaller buildings. Here they passed five days, reposing from the fatigues of their long march, and making merry with their entertainers. But the crafty Vitachuco, under this veil of friendship, nourished the most rancorous feelings of hatred toward the Spaniards, and his demonstrations of amity were only a cover to a scheme by which he hoped to ensnare his detested enemies and cut them off to a single man. On the fifth day he instructed a number of trusty messengers to proceed to the different parts of his dominions, with orders to this effect. Strong parties of warriors were to assemble at different points in the neighborhood of the capital, and secrete their arms in the woods. On the day appointed, they were to enter the town in irregular groups, with loads of wood, water, vegetables, and other things for the use of the Spaniards, and hold themselves in readiness to fall upon them at a given signal. The messengers being despatched, Vitachuco called together his bravest officers and laid the plot before them. They applauded his resolution, and declared themselves ready to sacrifice their lives, if necessary, for the deliverance of their country.

Having made all necessary dispositions for the success of the scheme, Vitachuco informed Soto that he proposed to honor him by exhibiting a body of his

troops drawn up in battle array. Soto replied that it would give him great pleasure to see the Indian army in martial order, and, to reciprocate the honor, he would at the same time bring out his own Spaniards in order of battle. Vitachuco was taken by surprise at this proposal; he would gladly have dispensed with this embarrassing honor, but he had no pretence for declining it without exposing himself to a dangerous suspicion.

The peril of Vitachuco was already greater than he imagined. Before the plot was ripe, it was betrayed. One of the confidential messengers, taking serious thought of the enterprise, began to conceive apprehensions as to its success; and fearing, moreover, that it might be revealed to the Spaniards by some one of his associates, in which case he would be doomed to death as a main actor in the plot, decided to secure his own safety by instantly making it known. He hastened, therefore, to Ortiz, one of Soto's officers, and gave him a relation of the whole affair. Ortiz lost not a moment in communicating the intelligence to his commander. Soto resolved to dissemble, keep up an appearance of amity with his enemy, and turn his scheme against him. The plot and counterplot therefore went on.

The town was skirted by a wide plain, at one extremity of which was a high mountain covered with thick woods; at the other end of the plain were two deep lakes. On the appointed day, the Indians appeared drawn up on this plain, between the mountain and the lakes. Their number amounted to ten thousand; they were all chosen men, and decked with tall

plumes in their head-dress, so as to make a very showy appearance. To prevent all suspicion on the part of the Spaniards, they exhibited no weapons, but had their bows and arrows concealed in the tall grass close at hand. The Spanish troops marched out of the town, every man being instructed how to act, according to given signals. Soto and Vitachuco marched on foot at their head. At a certain spot, Vitachuco was to have given a signal for his men to snatch up their arms and rush upon the Spaniards. Just as they were approaching this spot, Soto ordered a musket to be fired, on which signal, twelve Spanish soldiers instantly surrounded the Indian chief and made him prisoner. The Indians, who at this moment had grasped their weapons and stood ready to make the assault, were struck with sudden astonishment at the capture of their leader; but, after wavering a moment, they set up a loud shout and rushed forward. Soto sprang upon his horse and led his troops to the charge. Rushing with the most daring valor upon the ranks of the enemy, he was received with a shower of arrows all aimed at his horse, a practice common to the Indians, who were not slow in perceiving what immense advantages the use of this animal gave to the Spaniards. Eight arrows pierced the body of the steed at the first discharge, and he fell dead. Soto fell with him, and was in extreme danger, but the Spanish cavalry instantly rushed forward and charged the ranks of the Indians. The squadron consisted of about three hundred men, and such was the fury of their onset, that the loose ranks of the natives were totally unable to withstand it. They

broke, dispersed, and fled in every direction. Part saved themselves in the woods. Nine hundred, the flower of the army, who found themselves in the rear, could not escape except by throwing themselves into one of the lakes, where the water was so deep that, four feet from the bank, it rose over their heads, and they were forced to swim.

The Spaniards chased the fugitives across the plain, till the thick woods, by which it was skirted, prevented any further pursuit by their cavalry. They then surrounded the lake, where the remainder had taken refuge. The Indians refused to surrender, and the battle was continued the whole day with the greatest obstinacy, the Indians swimming about, and locking themselves three or four together, on the backs of whom one stood upright and shot arrows at the Spaniards as long as they had any remaining. They hoped to make their escape in the darkness of the night, and not a man suffered himself to be taken prisoner. The Spaniards, however, surrounded the lake with their whole force, and kept up so vigilant a watch through the night, that not an Indian could approach the shore, under cover of the water-lilies, without being fired upon. All this time they continued calling upon them, offering pardon and good treatment if they would surrender, and threatening certain death in case of their refusal.

Fourteen hours the Indians remained swimming in the lake, with stout hearts and an unconquered determination to resist all overtures for surrender. At length, about two in the morning, finding themselves in a most miserable and exhausted state, half dead

with cold and the fatigue of sustaining themselves on the surface of the water, a few of them approached the shore; but most of these, after touching it, again plunged into the water, not yet willing to trust to the promise of the Spaniards. When they saw, however, that the few who landed were kindly treated, others followed. At ten in the morning, a body of two hundred surrendered, who had been twenty-four hours in the water without touching land. They were nearly drowned, and enormously swollen with the water they had taken in; yet we are not told that any of them died in consequence of these unparalleled sufferings. Seven Indians only now remained in the lake, and these were obstinately determined to perish sooner than yield. Soto, therefore, sent out half a dozen of his best swimmers, who plunged into the water, holding their swords between their teeth, and pulled out the half-drowned wretches by the hair of their heads. After proper remedies had restored them fully to animation, they were asked what could induce them to persevere in so obstinate and hopeless a resistance. They replied that they had been honored by their master, the cacique, with the highest commands in the army, and they considered themselves bound to be true to their trust by sacrificing themselves in his cause, and thus to set a noble example to their children and posterity. They declared that they felt wretched and degraded in consequence of having been spared by the clemency of the Spanish general, and begged him, as a deed of kindness, to put them to death. This is an instance of firmness and self-devotion, unsurpassed even in Roman history.

The Spaniards, notwithstanding their sanguinary and rapacious disposition, could not but be touched with the high loyalty and courage manifested by these sentiments, which they felt to be congenial to their own notions of Castilian honor. Their historian assures us that they shed tears of admiration at the conduct of these brave Floridians; and Soto, with the general approval of all his band, allowed the seven heroes to return free to their own homes.

Notwithstanding the treachery of Vitachuco, the Spanish commander judged it not advisable to deal severely with him, lest the Indians, who revered their cacique, should be again excited to hostility. He therefore, after reproaching Vitachuco with his conduct, again admitted him to his friendship, and promised to overlook what had been done, in case the chief would in future act up to those professions of fidelity which he had repeatedly made. Vitachuco renewed his declarations, and Soto entertained him at his table as formerly. Possibly this time the cacique might have been sincere in his wish for peace, after experiencing the superior strength of the Spaniards; but all amicable feelings were soon dissipated by the conduct of Soto, who, instead of pursuing a steady line of policy, adapted to secure the good will of the Indians, embraced such measures as were highly offensive and insulting toward them. He rashly judged that some severe punishment was necessary to prevent the other natives from imitating the example of Vitachuco's people. For this purpose he caused the prisoners taken at the lake to be distributed among the Spaniards, whom they were to

serve as slaves during their stay in that quarter. These proud chiefs and warriors were thus compelled to act as cooks and scullions, and to perform every sort of low and menial drudgery. It is no wonder that this degrading slavery excited their resentment and indignation. Soto, it is said, intended to liberate them at his departure, but, as he did not make this known, the Indians considered themselves doomed to perpetual bondage. Vitachuco felt the insult most keenly, and the fierce thirst for revenge, which had been lulled in the breast of this proud savage, was awakened anew in all its force. Again he bent his thoughts upon schemes for the destruction of his tyrannical enemies.

Soto had taken away the arms of the Indians, yet it was impossible to deprive them of the liberty of going at large. In their attendance upon the Spaniards in their quarters, the Indians had them at any time within their reach. Vitachuco concerted a scheme for attacking the Spaniards within doors, by which he hoped to extirpate them at a single blow. It was arranged that each Indian should, at a given signal, fall upon his own master and put him to death. The plot was kept secret till the day appointed. At dinner time, on the seventh day after the battle, Soto and Vitachuco sat together at table, accompanied by the chief officers of the army. Just as the repast was ended, Vitachuco sprang up from his seat, flourishing and whirling his arms, cracking his joints in an extraordinary manner, and uttering a yell, which, we are assured, might have been heard the greater part of a mile. He then fell upon Soto with

his clenched fist. The blow was so powerful, that the Spaniard was prostrated upon the ground, senseless, in an instant, with his face covered with blood, and his teeth knocked down his throat. Vitachuco then threw himself upon his prostrate foe, and a most extraordinary battle ensued.

All the Indians, at the first signal, started up and seized such weapons as came to hand—sticks, chairs, dishes, jugs, spits, fire-brands, pots of soup and hot water—and hurled them in a shower upon the Spaniards. Several were killed on the spot; others were scalded, burnt, and desperately wounded. Scarcely a man escaped unhurt. They rallied, however, and took to their arms. The Indians, after the surprise of the first rush was over, were unable to follow up the attack with equal spirit and success. The Spaniards stood on their defence with great courage, and soon forced their assailants to give ground; but many of them felt great embarrassment in this ignoble conflict, thinking it beneath their dignity to kill their own slaves. All they would condescend to do, was to drag them into the great square, and cause them to be despatched by the arrows of the auxiliary Indians that accompanied the army; but many of the prisoners shook themselves free on the way, throwing down and trampling upon their masters. In the end, they nearly all perished. Such was the calamitous end of nine hundred brave and resolute Floridians, after an unexampled resistance against fire, water and the edge of the sword. Vitachuco, at the commencement of the battle, was assailed by the Spanish officers, who, when they saw their general attacked,

drew their swords and rushed upon the cacique. He instantly fell dead, pierced with twelve wounds.

Vitachuco was one of the most formidable enemies that the invaders of Florida encountered in the course of their expedition. Had his prudence been equal to his courage, the Spaniards might have found in him an antagonist sufficiently powerful to arrest their progress, and spare them the long train of sufferings which closed their disastrous enterprise.



POCAHONTAS.

THIS celebrated princess, so intimately connected with some of the most interesting events in the early history of Virginia, was born about the year 1594. Her father, Powhatan, was called Emperor of Virginia, being the most powerful and famous of all the Indian chiefs in that quarter. His dominions extended from James' river, called originally Powhatan river, north to the Patuxent, and also comprised a portion of the territory on the eastern shore of the Chesapeake. Captain John Smith, whose adventures have already been made familiar to the reader, paid a visit to Powhatan in 1607, while on an exploring expedition up James' river, in company with Captain Newport and a small party of men. The English were at peace with the savages, and were received by them in a friendly manner. The residence of Powhatan was then at a small town on the bank of the river, in front of three islets, just below the spot where Richmond now stands. The Virginian emperor was then about sixty years of age, gray-headed, and of a lofty demeanor. He was dressed in racoon skins, and bore a crown of feathers. At the entertainment given to Smith's party, some of the Indians expressed their apprehensions of the English, and counselled hostilities against them; but they were silenced by Powhatan. "The strangers," said he, "want but a little ground, which we can easily spare. Why should we



POCAHONTAS IN ENGLAND.

object to their coming into our territory?" Supposing this language to have been sincere—the Virginian emperor had, among his advisers, men who possessed more shrewdness and foresight than himself.

Whether Pocahontas was present at this interview, we are not told; nor is there any mention of her till the occurrence by which she is best known to the world,—the saving of Smith's life. Powhatan, it is said, was a great dissembler, and even while addressing his visitors in the language of peace and friendship, and interchanging presents with them, was plotting a scheme for their destruction. Hostilities broke out shortly after, and before Smith and Newport could return to Jamestown, that settlement was attacked by a strong body of the Indians. The English were quite defenceless, having no arms at hand, as their imbecile governor, Wingfield, fearing a conspiracy of the people, had locked up their guns and prohibited military exercises. Jamestown would have been taken, and the inhabitants massacred, but for a fortunate accident. A cannon shot, from a vessel in the river, cut off the branch of a tree, which fell among a party of the Indians who were rushing to the assault. This so terrified them that they fled in all directions and abandoned the undertaking.

A treaty of peace followed, and Smith, with a party of men, made several excursions into the interior to obtain supplies of provisions. The rivers were covered with innumerable flocks of wild fowl, and the woods abounded with deer and turkeys. The necessities of the colonists were soon relieved, but the restless activity of Smith, and a desire to silence the

murmurs of some of his countrymen, who asserted that he had not made sufficient endeavors to explore the head streams of the Chickahominy, induced him to continue his enterprises during the season of plenty. In the winter of 1607, he collected a small number of followers, and proceeded once more in a barge up that river as far as it was navigable. Having left the barge in a wide bay, out of the reach of the Indians, with positive orders that none of the crew should leave her on any account, he rowed farther up, in a small canoe, attended by two Englishmen and two friendly Indians. He was scarcely out of sight, when the crew of the barge, impatient of restraint, disobeyed his orders and went on shore.

At the very spot where they landed, a body of three hundred savages, headed by Opechancanough, brother to Powhatan, were lying in ambush, watching for a favorable opportunity to attack the barge. One of the Englishmen, straying from the rest, fell into their hands, and from him they extorted information of the object and route of Smith. They immediately put the captive to death in a cruel manner, and followed Smith with all their force and with the utmost caution. Twenty miles up the river, they discovered his two English companions fast asleep by a fire in the woods: they immediately shot them with their arrows, and then followed on the track of Smith, who had gone to shoot some wild fowl for provisions. Smith was proceeding up the bank of the river, not far from his canoe, when he discovered the savages close upon him. He endeavored to retreat, and, finding the enemy pressing hard upon him, shielded himself by

tying his Indian guide to his left arm, while he exercised the right in his defence. In this manner he contrived to load and fire his musket, and ward off the arrows of his assailants, while he retreated slowly toward the water. He shot three of them dead, wounded several others, and, in this manner, of facing one way and walking another, kept the enemy, who were astonished at his bravery and skill, at a safe distance. But, not being able to pay close attention to his steps, he sank, at last, into a miry spot, so deep that, owing to his embarrassing connection with his guide, he was unable to extricate himself. Here he remained a considerable time, the savages not daring to attack him so long as he held the musket. But, the cold having benumbed his limbs, he could make no further exertion; yet no man dared to lay hands on him, and those who made the nearest approach to him were observed to tremble with fear. He at length threw down his arms, and made signs that he had surrendered.

The Indians now pulled him out of the mud and took him to the fire where his two companions had been killed. They chafed his benumbed limbs and restored them to activity. He called for their chief, and Opechancanough appeared. Smith, with perfect self-possession, entered into such conversation with him as could be carried on by signs. He had an ivory pocket-compass with him, which he showed to Opechancanough and his attendants. "Much they marvelled," says the narrative, "at the playing of the fly and needle, which they could see so plainly and yet not touch, because of the glass that covered them.

But when he demonstrated, by that globe-like jewel, the roundnesse of the earth and skies, the spheare of the sunne and moone and starres, and how the sunne did chase the nighte about the world continually—the greatnesse of the land and sea, the diversity of the nations, the varietie of complexion, and how we were to them antipodes, and many other such like matters, they all stood as amazed with admiration.” If this account of the old narrator be correct, Captain John Smith may claim the honor of having been the first scientific lecturer in the United States. How much of his lecture the savages understood, we are not informed.

If not highly edified by Smith's explanation of the Copernican system, they were amused sufficiently to listen to him for some time; but, an hour afterwards, they bound him to a tree and prepared to shoot him. When their bows were bent, Opechancanough stepped forward and held up the compass, on which they all threw down their weapons, and Smith was led off in triumph to Orapaxe. They marched in Indian file, Opechancanough being in the centre, with the English swords and muskets borne before him. The prisoner followed, held fast by three of the savages, and on each side of him marched a file of six, with their arrows ready to let fly in case of an attempt to escape. When they reached the town, the women and children flocked in crowds to see the prisoner. The Indians formed a circle round Opechancanough and sung and danced. Smith was then placed in a large log wigwam, and supplied so liberally with provisions that he imagined he was to be fattened for

slaughter. They took him to a sick man to cure him, but Smith refused to prescribe unless they would permit him to go to Jamestown for medicines, which was denied. A design was entertained by the Indians, at this time, to make another attack upon Jamestown; and they had so high an opinion of the courage and talents of Smith, that they endeavored to gain his assistance, by the offer of a large tract of land, with as many women as he chose to demand. But he rejected all their offers, and assured them that they could never succeed against the English; in proof of which, he described their formidable means of defence by their muskets and cannon, and the terrible apparatus of mines, by which whole armies might be blown into the air. To convince them that his accounts were not exaggerated, he wrote on a leaf of his pocket-book a note to his friends in Jamestown, directing them to frighten the Indians, and send him certain articles which he wanted. The savages, who carried this note, came back terrified beyond description, and bringing the very things that Smith had sent for, to the utter amazement of the whole tribe, who were unable to penetrate the mystery of the "speaking leaf."

Failing in their scheme of attacking Jamestown, the Indians carried their prisoner from place to place, through all the dominions of Powhatan, that the whole tribe might enjoy the spectacle of the renowned Englishman, led in triumph by their warriors. At Werowocomoco he was brought into the presence of Powhatan. The savage emperor was dressed in his racoon skin robe, and sat on a wooden throne, some-

thing like a bedstead, placed before a large fire. On his right and left sat two young girls, his daughters. His counsellors, adorned with shells and feathers, were ranged on each side of the wigwam, with an equal number of women standing behind them. On the entrance of Smith, the attendants of Powhatan greeted him with a loud shout. The queen of Appamatox was directed to bring him water to wash, and another woman wiped his hands with a bunch of feathers. These acts of savage politeness seem to have been thought due to the prisoner, on account of his reputation for courage and skill, as at this time no thoughts of clemency were entertained by his enemies. A short consultation between Powhatan and his warriors was terminated by a resolution to put the captive to instant death, as a man whose superior bravery and genius rendered him very dangerous to the Indians.

No time was lost in preparing to carry this decision into effect. Two large stones were brought in and placed at the feet of the emperor. Smith was seized by as many of the Indians as could lay hands on him, dragged forward, and his head laid on the stones. A heavy club was then produced, and laid before Powhatan, for whom was reserved the honor of beating out the brains of the victim. The grimly-painted warriors looked on in silence, with sensations of awe at the spectacle. A dreaded and formidable enemy was to be sacrificed for their safety; but in their most savage mood, they were not insensible to the emotion of pity for the hard fate of a foe, whose bravery they could not but admire. And now comes a scene

which has never failed to touch the heart and excite the interest of the reader—and one which has few parallels in history. The fatal club was uplifted; one instant more and the wretched victim had been struck dead, when Pocahontas, the young, amiable and beautiful daughter of the emperor, uttered a scream of terror and agony, which arrested the blow. With dishevelled hair and eyes streaming with tears, she threw herself upon the body of Smith, clasped his head in her arms, and, by the most imploring looks, directed towards her father, solicited the life of the captive. The royal executioner suspended his blow in amazement, and looked round upon his warriors. Either a respect for the gallant prisoner, or admiration of the noble behavior of his fair friend, had moved their hearts. Powhatan read in their looks a sentiment of mercy, and spared the life of the doomed victim. Such is the narrative of the most striking and dramatic incident in the whole history of the North American Indians.

Pocahontas was about thirteen years of age, but we have not the means of knowing whether simple humanity or a more tender sentiment filled her breast on this occasion. Smith, though saved from death, was still detained a captive. Nantaquaus, the brother of Pocahontas, a brave and finely-shaped young man, also took a deep interest in the welfare of the prisoner. Through his influence with Powhatan, the hardships of the captive were much alleviated. Smith employed himself in making bells, beads, and copper trinkets for Pocahontas, and bows, arrows and

other articles for her father. After a while, Powhatan was persuaded to set him free. This act was preceded by a strange ceremony. Powhatan disguised himself and two hundred of his men in the most hideous manner, and caused Smith to be carried into a large wigwam in the woods, where he was laid on a mat by a fire. Ere long he was alarmed by a most terrific howling, and imagined that the hour of his execution had at last arrived. Powhatan and his grim masqueraders burst into the wigwam, and, instead of delivering a sentence of death, announced to Smith that he was at liberty, and that he and the emperor were friends. He requested Smith to send him, on his arrival at Jamestown, a pair of cannon and a grindstone, in requital of which, he would give him the country of Capahowsick, and love him as his son Nantaquaus. Smith returned to his countrymen, and did not fail to reward the generous Pocahontas by such presents of toys and finery as he judged most acceptable to a savage belle. Powhatan was now on good terms with the settlers, and Pocahontas lent her friendly offices in the most effectual manner. A scarcity of provisions was felt at Jamestown; discontent and a mutinous spirit began to prevail. Pocahontas visited the place every four or five days, always with a supply of provisions, by which the lives of many persons were saved, and the affairs of the colony relieved from much embarrassment.

During Smith's administration as president of the colony, in 1609, the friendly relations between the Indians and the settlers experienced some disturbance. The historians of Virginia accuse Powhatan of du-

plicity and treachery, but not, as it appears, on any very plausible grounds. Smith, with a body of armed men, paid a visit to him at Werowocomoco, and requested a supply of provisions. The emperor pleaded poverty, and frankly confessed that he disliked the English, and should be glad to get rid of them. There was no duplicity here.* A speech which he made to Smith, while discussing the question of peace and war, is worth quoting. "I have seen two generations of my people die. Not a man of the two generations is alive now but myself. I know the difference between peace and war better than any man in my country. I am now grown old, and must die soon; my authority must descend to my brothers, Opitchapan, Opechancanough and Cata-tough;—then to my two sisters, and then to my two daughters. I wish them to know as much as I do, and that your love to them may be like mine to you. Why will you take by force what you may have quietly by love? Why will you destroy us who supply you with food? What can you get by war? We can hide our provisions and run into the woods; then you will starve for wronging your friends. Why are you jealous of us? We are unarmed, and willing to give you what you ask, if you come in a friendly manner, and not with swords and guns, as if to make war upon an enemy. I am not so simple as not to know that it is much better to eat good meat, sleep comfortably, live quietly with my wives and children, laugh and be merry with the English, and trade for their copper and hatchets, than to run away from them, and to lie cold in the woods, feed on acorns,

roots and such trash, and be so hunted that I can neither eat nor sleep. In these wars, my men must sit up watching, and, if a twig break, they all cry out, '*Here comes Captain Smith!*' So I must end my miserable life. Take away your guns and swords, the cause of all our jealousy, or you may all die in the same manner."

Smith, however, could not be persuaded that Powhatan was sincere, and persisted in keeping his guard near him; so the meeting broke up. Symptoms of distrust now increased on both sides, and, before long, Powhatan formed a plan to attack the English, and put Smith to death. Pocahontas obtained information of this design, and lost not a moment in communicating it to her English friend. At the dead of night she left her father's house, and traversed the wilderness till she reached the quarters of Smith, where, with tears streaming from her eyes, she informed him of his danger, and besought him to provide for his safety. Warned by this advice, the English stood upon their guard, and foiled the attempt of the savages. The colony of Virginia may be said thus to have twice owed its preservation to the noble-minded Pocahontas.

After Smith left the country for England, in consequence of the accident by which he was severely injured, we hear no more of Pocahontas till 1612, when Captain Argall, who had just arrived from England, proceeded on a trading voyage up the Potomac. Hostilities had prevailed between the settlers and the Indians, during most of the period subsequent to the above adventure, but Argall had estab-

lished friendly relations with the tribes on the river. Relying on this, none of them apprehended any hostile measures at Argall's visit. Pocahontas, for some reason which is not known, had left her father, and was at that time residing on the Potomac, in the neighborhood of a chief named Japazaws. This came to the ears of Argall, and he immediately conceived the perfidious design of making her a prisoner, either for the purpose of holding her as a hostage to check any designed hostilities on the part of her father, or for the mercenary purpose of extorting a ransom. For the accomplishment of this scheme, he tampered with Japazaws, whose honor and integrity were not proof against the attractions of a bright copper kettle, which was offered as the price of his treachery. A bargain was struck, and the perfidious chief betrayed the guardian angel of Virginia into the hands of a people whom her generous and compassionate spirit had often saved from famine and the tomahawk.

The only circumstance that can palliate the treachery of Japazaws, is the fact that it was accompanied with a promise from the English captain, that no hurt should befall Pocahontas, and that she should be treated with every care and respect. The plot to get her into the hands of the English, was contrived with some art. The wife of Japazaws was employed to entice her on board the ship of Argall, which lay in the river. Pocahontas had no curiosity to visit the ship, having already seen many vessels during her frequent visits to Jamestown. The wife of Japazaws therefore pretended great anxiety to see one, but declared her-

self unwilling to go on board, unless Pocahontas would accompany her. The latter, having no acquaintance with Argall, at first hesitated, but, giving way to the solicitations of her friend, at length consented. Pocahontas was received so amicably that she dismissed all her fears, and presently strayed from her companions into the gun-room, where she was secured as a prisoner. Japazaws and his wife counterfeited great sorrow and indignation, to conceal the share they had borne in this base transaction. Argall sailed with his prize for Jamestown. Pocahontas was overwhelmed with grief at finding herself in captivity, not being able to conjecture what fate was designed for her. But having received assurances that considerations of policy alone had induced the English to seize her person, in order to gain more favorable terms in their negotiations with her father, her apprehensions and sorrow subsided.

The English immediately sent a message to Powhatan, informing him of the capture of his daughter, and demanding of him the prisoners, guns and other articles which he had at various times taken from them. They had, however, made a miscalculation in their measures. Either the affection of Powhatan for his daughter had cooled,—of which there is some probability, considering the favor she had always shown to his enemies, the English, and her late separation from him,—or motives of policy and a regard for his people withheld him from making any sacrifice or concession to regain his daughter. He sent no message in reply; but two of his sons, on the faith of a truce, visited Jamestown, to inquire into the situation

of their sister. On their return, they made such a report as apparently to satisfy him with regard to her safety, but he said nothing of the proposed ransom. At the end of three months, by the advice of his council, he released several English prisoners, each with a broken musket, and opened a negotiation, by offering, in case his daughter should be immediately given up, to pay five hundred bushels of corn, and pledge his constant friendship. But this negotiation failed. The English demanded the remainder of the muskets taken by the Indians. Powhatan affirmed that they were lost. The two parties distrusted each other, and the English heard no more of Powhatan for a long time.

Early in 1613, Sir Thomas Dale, the former governor of the colony, took Pocahontas on board a vessel, and sailed up the Potomac to visit her father. On arriving at Werowocomoco, they found that Powhatan was absent, and the Indians appeared disposed to fight them. The English, to intimidate them, burnt many of their wigwams, and sent threatening messages throughout the neighborhood. Some of the Indians were induced to renounce hostilities, and a partial pacification was effected. Two of the brothers of Pocahontas went on board the vessel, and were delighted to meet her and find her happy. No intercourse could be obtained with Powhatan, and Dale returned to Jamestown, without accomplishing the chief purpose of his expedition.

Pocahontas, in the mean time, had embraced the Christian religion, and was baptized at Jamestown, by the name of Rebecca. Her usual appellation, while

living among the English, was "the Lady Rebecca." Her desire to return to her own kindred was materially weakened by an attachment which had grown up between her and a young Englishman, Mr. John Rolfe, who bore a high character in the colony. He now proposed to make her his wife,—an important step, which was submitted for consideration to Sir Thomas Dale, and other persons of high authority. No obstacle being offered, Pocahontas sent her brother information of the design. He communicated the intelligence to Powhatan, who gave a ready consent to the match, and despatched Opachisco, his brother, and two of his sons, to be present at the marriage. In April, 1613, Rolfe and Pocahontas were married at Jamestown.

³The union appears to have been an eminently happy one, and Pocahontas expressed not the slightest wish to return to a savage life. In 1616, she left Virginia for England, in company with her husband, Sir Thomas Dale and a number of Indians. They arrived at Plymouth in June, and proceeded to London, where "the Lady Rebecca" became an object of great curiosity to all descriptions of people. She was able to converse with readiness in the English language, and attracted the admiration of all by her unaffected grace, and the child-like simplicity of her manners. She enjoyed the particular friendship of Lord and Lady Delaware, by whom she was taken to court, where she received great attention. But we are informed that the aristocratic pride of the monarch, James I., was greatly shocked that one of his plebeian subjects had dared to marry the daughter of a *king*.

Such a scruple was worthy of James, in some respects the weakest and silliest prince that ever sat on the throne of England.

The meeting which took place in England between Pocahontas and Smith, has something in it touching and pathetic, though the circumstances are rather obscurely denoted. Smith, at the time of her arrival, was on the point of embarking for New England. He went to visit her at Brentford, in the neighborhood of London, where she had taken up her residence, to avoid the smoke and tumult of the great capital, which could not but be disagreeable to one accustomed to the sunny skies and green solitudes of Virginia. It appears that she had been made to believe, we know not for what purpose, that Smith was dead, and now seeing him, suddenly, in her presence, she gave way to the most unbounded expressions of joy and affection, threw herself upon his neck, and called him her father. Smith, however, with too frigid an adherence, perhaps, to what he judged to be the decorum of polished society, did not return her caresses with equal warmth, on which the artless young woman turned away from him, and hid her face with her hands. After some entreaty she conquered her feelings, and addressed him in the following words :

“ You promised my father that whatever was yours should be his, and that you and he would be all one. When you were a stranger in our country, you called Powhatan father ; and for the same reason I will now call you so.” Smith endeavored to make her understand the absurd and jealous pride of king James, which would not allow him to claim the paternity,

even by name, of an Indian princess. She continued, in a firmer and more earnest tone, "You were not afraid to come into my father's country and strike a fear into everybody but myself; and are you afraid here to let me call you father? I tell you then, I *will* call you father, and you shall call me child, and so I will forever be of your country and kindred. They all told us you were dead, and I knew not otherwise, till I came to Plymouth. But Powhatan commanded Tomocomo to seek you out, and know the truth, because your countrymen are much given to lying."

We are not told how far the sturdy veteran, Smith, was moved by this pathetic appeal, which shows the frankness, amiability and artless innocence of Pocahontas in the most beautiful manner. Smith, notwithstanding the cool and cautious reception he gave his benefactor, exerted himself to promote her interests at court, and addressed a petition to the queen in her behalf, from which we make the following extracts, which may show that he by no means appreciated, too lightly, her character and services. "If ingratitude be a deadly poison to all honest virtues, I must be guilty of that crime if I should omit any means to be thankful. So it was that about ten years ago, being in Virginia, and taken prisoner by the power of Powhatan, their chief king, I received from this great savage exceeding great courtesy, especially from his son Nantaquaus, the manliest, comeliest, boldest spirit I ever saw in a savage, and his sister Pocahontas, the king's most dear and well-beloved daughter, being but a child of twelve or thir-

teen years of age, whose compassionate, pitiful heart of my desperate estate, gave me much cause to respect her. I being the first Christian this proud king and his attendants ever saw, and thus enthralled in their power, I cannot say I felt the least occasion of want that was in the power of those, my mortal foes, to prevent, notwithstanding all their threats. After some six weeks' fattening amongst these savage courtiers, at the minute of my execution, she hazarded the beating out of her own brains to save mine, and not only that, but so prevailed with her father, that I was conducted to Jamestown, where I found about eight and thirty miserable, poor and sick creatures to keep possession of all those large territories in Virginia. Such was the weakness of this poor commonwealth, as, had not the savages fed us, we directly had starved; and this relief, most gracious queen, was commonly brought us by the lady Pocahontas. Notwithstanding all those passages, when unconstant fortune turned our peace to war, this tender virgin would still not spare to dare to visit us, and by her our fears have been often appeased, and our wants still supplied. When her father, with the utmost of his policy and power, sought to surprise me, having but eighteen with me, the dark night could not affright her from coming through the irksome woods, and, with watered eyes, gave me intelligence, with her best advice to escape his fury, which had he seen, he had surely slain her. Jamestown, with her wild train, she as freely visited as her father's habitation, and, during the time of two or three years, she, next under God, was still the instrument to prevent this colony

from death, famine, and utter confusion. As yet, I never begged anything of the state, and it is my want of ability, and her exceeding deserts; your birth, means and authority; her birth, virtue, want and simplicity, doth make me thus bold, humbly to beseech your majesty to take this knowledge of her, though it be from one so unworthy to be the reporter as myself, her husband's estate not being able to make her fit to attend your majesty."

It does not appear that any very copious shower of royal bounty was the answer to this prayer. The notorious parsimony of the king may account for his neglecting to take notice of Pocahontas in any substantial form. Tomocomo, a Virginian chief who accompanied her to England, was not slow to discover the meanness of the English monarch, nor backward in expressing his opinion. He was introduced to James, but found that person so unkingly, that he refused to believe him a sovereign, until by confirmatory circumstances he was satisfied, and then, with a melancholy countenance, he said: "You gave Powhatan a white dog, which he fed as himself. But your king has given me nothing; yet I am better than your white dog." The sarcastic wit of the barbarian should have extorted a bounty from the lord of St. James' palace, but probably no courtier had the audacity to remind the king that Powhatan had treated a white dog with more liberality than *he* had treated a prince.

Pocahontas, in less than a year after her arrival in England, prepared to return to America, but, on the point of her embarkation at Gravesend, she fell sick and died, at the age of twenty-two. Her death dis-

played a happy combination of savage fortitude and Christian submission. All who witnessed her last moments, were affected by the lively and edifying picture of piety and virtue which her language and demeanor exhibited at the approach of the fatal hour. Her infant son, Thomas Rolfe, was left at Plymouth with Sir Lewis Steukly, who took charge of his maintenance and education. He returned afterwards to Virginia, and became a man of fortune and eminence there. His descendants, at the present day, form a very numerous and highly respectable progeny.

The name of Pocahontas adorns the brightest page in the history of the natives of America. In whatever light we view her character, either as a maiden, a wife, or a mother, she is equally entitled to our respect and admiration. Heroic and amiable, constant and courageous, humane, generous, discreet and pious, she combined in an extraordinary manner the virtues and perfections of both savage and civilized nature. The union of so many qualities honorable to the female sex and to the human species, should never be forgotten, in forming our estimate of the American race.



PINDAR.

PHILIP.

MASSASOIT, the sachem of the tribe of Indians, who dwelt in the neighborhood of Boston, and who gave his name to the state of Massachusetts, had two sons, whom the English named Alexander and Philip. Massasoit was the friend of the English as long as he lived. At the period of his death, in 1661, the settlements had extended inland beyond Connecticut river, and the white population of New England probably amounted to forty thousand souls. The Indians, at the same period, might have numbered thirty thousand; but the whites were continually increasing, and the Indians diminishing. The latter became jealous and distrustful as they saw the former encroaching on their territories, and themselves cooped up in narrow precincts, where their neighbors could watch them and keep them in subjection. It is true these encroachments were always made by purchase, and the prices were duly paid, but the Indians commonly repented of their bargains, or forgot them, and saw nothing but injustice and usurpation in the gradual extension of the English settlements over the country of which they had formerly held undisturbed possession.

Alexander, the elder son, inherited the authority of Massasoit, but died after a reign of a few months. Philip succeeded him in 1662. His Indian name was Metacom. Hubbard, the old historian of New

England, informs us that, "for his ambitious and haughty spirit, he was nicknamed king Philip." He was chief of the Pokanokets, or Wampanoags, a tribe of the Narragansets, who dwelt around the bay of Rhode Island. Philip's chief seat was at Mount Hope, now Bristol. He appears to have nourished hostile feelings against the English at a very early period. Immediately after his accession to the command, rumors of plots and treacheries began to alarm the settlers. At the court of Plymouth, on the 6th of August, 1662, Philip made his appearance to clear himself of the charges made against him. We are unable to say whether he had any settled plan of hostilities at this period. The accusation of plotting to cut off the English, he utterly denied, and earnestly requested the continuance of the friendship which had subsisted between them and his father. A treaty was accordingly drawn up, signed by Philip and his uncle, and witnessed by other Indian sachems. This seems to have quieted the fears of the Plymouth people, and we hear little more of Philip's designs for eight or nine years.

During this period, the Pokanokets increased in numbers, and acquired additional strength by obtaining fire-arms from the English. Their ancient bows and arrows were now thrown aside. Philip was active in studying the condition of the settlers, and making himself acquainted with their strength, policy and designs. Historians have given him credit for a grand scheme, conceived with deep foresight, and carried on with the most crafty and persevering dissimulation—a scheme to lull the suspicions of the

whites by a constant show of friendship, till a general combination of all the Indian tribes could be formed to extirpate them at a single blow. There was probably less systematic plotting and precise calculation in the Indian politics, than is commonly imagined. The savages, irascible, vindictive, reckless and impetuous, could not avoid collisions with their neighbors. Threats of hostility were uttered from time to time, and the fears of the colonists magnified these explosions of an angry temper into an organized scheme of resistance. All we know with certainty, is, that the broils with the Indians continued to multiply, till the English were fully persuaded that a plot was going on for their destruction. They felt that something must be done to meet the coming storm, or dissipate it before it should burst on their heads.

In April, 1671, Philip was discovered to be making warlike preparations. The English summoned him to a conference with the Plymouth government at Taunton, to which place he came with a band of warriors, attired, painted and armed as for battle. A council was held in the meeting-house, one side of which was occupied by the Indians, and the other by the English. Philip charged the whites with depredations upon his cornfields, and declared that he was arming not against the English, but against the Narragansets. This was contradicted by such proofs that Philip was utterly confounded and driven to a confession of the whole plot, declaring "that it was the naughtiness of his own heart that put him upon that rebellion, and nothing of any provocation from the English." He signed a submission, with four of

his councillors, agreeing to give up all the fire-arms among his people, to be kept by the government of Plymouth as long as they should "see reason." The guns he had with him were accordingly given up, and the remainder he promised to deliver at Plymouth at a specified time.

The disarming of his men does not speak much for Philip's sagacity. He certainly repented of this step, as he failed to deliver the remaining guns at the time fixed. The Plymouth people sent a messenger to Boston, complaining of him for not keeping his word, as the government of Massachusetts had acted as umpires in this affair. Philip, however, had foreseen this, and was at Boston as early as the Plymouth messenger. Josselyn, the English traveller, saw him on this occasion. "The roytelet of the Pokanokets," he informs us, "had a coat on, and buskins set thick with beads in pleasant wild work, and a broad belt of the same. His accoutrements were valued at twenty pounds." "Their beads are their money; of these there are two sorts, blue beads and white beads; the first is their gold, the last their silver. These they work out of certain shells, so cunningly that neither Jew nor devil can counterfeit." Philip had the address to satisfy the government at Boston, and a favorable report was carried back to Plymouth. A general congress of commissioners from all the colonies was projected to meet at Plymouth for the final settlement of affairs with Philip. This congress was held in September, 1671. Philip confessed himself the author of the troubles, and stipulated to pay a hundred pounds "in such things as he had," as an

indemnity for the expense to which he had subjected the colony. Furthermore, he covenanted to deliver five wolves' heads, *if he could get them*, or as many as he could procure until they came to five wolves' heads, yearly.

The treaty of Plymouth restored tranquillity to the colonies for two or three years. But, in 1674, the tempest of hostilities, which had been repeatedly lulled by negotiations, burst suddenly out in all its fury. The war, commonly known as Philip's war, lasted for nearly three years, and threatened the total destruction of all the New England colonies. The first act in this war was the murder of John Sassamon by the Indians. This man was a subject of Philip, and a roving, adventurous character. While he lived in the neighborhood of the English, he mastered their language and became a convert to Christianity. He showed a great aptitude for learning, acquired the art of reading and writing, and translated a portion of the Bible into Indian. He was for a time employed as a schoolmaster at Natick; then he returned to his people, and was engaged by Philip as his secretary. But, ever unquiet, he again went among the English, who received him in a friendly manner, in consequence of his professions of sincere repentance, for it appears that he had gone back to paganism when he rejoined his own people. Sassamon was re-baptized, received into the church, and officiated as a Sunday teacher. In 1672 he was sent as a missionary to the Namas-kets and other Indians, in Middleborough. While living here, he obtained intelligence of Philip's plot

against the English; he immediately went to Plymouth, and gave information of it to the governor.

Sassamon was perfectly aware of the risk he ran in making this disclosure. He enjoined strict secrecy upon the English, assuring them that if the Indians suspected him of giving information of their designs, his life would be forfeited. Yet, by some means, it became known to Philip, and, early in the spring of 1675, Sassamon was missing. Suspicion immediately arose that he had been murdered, and, after a search, his body was found in Assawomset pond, in Middleborough. The murderers, hoping to escape suspicion, left his hat and gun upon the ice, that it might be supposed he had drowned himself, or fallen in by accident; but, upon an examination of the body, it appeared that his neck had been broken. No doubt now existed that this murder had been committed by order of Philip. Three Indians were arrested, and put upon trial at Plymouth, in June, before a jury composed of eight English and four Indians; they were all found guilty of the murder, and executed. One of them, before the execution, confessed his guilt. The dead corpse, it was said, bled at the approach of one of the murderers!

Philip was highly exasperated, when he heard that the murderers of Sassamon had been executed. He did not deny their agency in the affair, but contended that "the English had nothing to do with one Indian's killing another." At this time, he was training his forces, but had not fully matured his plans. The murder of Sassamon precipitated the conflict. Philip could no longer restrain his vindictive spirit

and rushed at once into hostilities. The Narragansets, who had entered into the plot, and were to furnish four thousand warriors, were not yet ready, and the war commenced without that combination of the savages, which might have given them victory at last. The first attack was made upon Swansey, a frontier town, on the 24th of June, 1675. The Indians waylaid the inhabitants as they were returning from meeting, it being a fast day, and killed several of them. Consternation immediately spread throughout the country. The minds of the people had for some time been brooding over the idea of an impending calamity, and their superstitious fears were aroused by portentous omens. Cotton Mather relates, with all the gravity of a historian, that, "in a clear, still, sunshiny morning, there were divers persons in Malden, who heard, in the air, on the south-east of them, a great gun go off, and presently thereupon, the report of small guns, like musket-shot, very thick, discharging as if there had been a battle. This was at a time when there was nothing visible done in any part of the colony to occasion such noises. But that which most of all astonished them was the flying of bullets, which came singing over their heads, and seemed very near to them; after which, the sound of drums passing along westward was very audible; and, on the same day, in Plymouth colony, in several places, invisible troops of horse were heard riding to and fro." Other writers speak of an eclipse of the moon, in which the figure of an Indian scalp was seen imprinted on the disk of that orb. The perfect form of an Indian bow appeared in the sky; strange

howlings of wolves were heard at night. Such were the wild and superstitious fancies, which, at that season of alarm and apprehension, filled the minds of the colonists with terror.

Swansey was immediately abandoned by the inhabitants, and, a few days after, burnt by the Indians. Taunton, Middleborough and Dartmouth, quickly after, shared the same fate. The colonists flew to arms. Massachusetts sent companies of volunteers to Plymouth colony, but the Indians dared not face the English in the open field. They practised a system of ambushes and surprises. When the troops came upon them, they fled into the swamps and forests, where they could not be pursued, and, while the English were marching in one direction, the savages were burning, ravaging, plundering and laying waste in another. On the 18th of June, Philip, with a very strong force, was discovered in a swamp at Pocasset, near Taunton river. By the edge of the swamp were a hundred wigwams, newly constructed of green bark. A few Indians showed themselves, and were immediately attacked by the English, who, by this means, were drawn into an ambush, and lost fifteen of their number. They then surrounded the swamp, although it was nearly seven miles in circuit, in hopes of starving out the Indians, but, after a blockade of thirteen days, the latter escaped across the river in birch canoes, which they had constructed during this interval. Philip fled to the country on Connecticut river, from which quarter he made incursions upon the settlements. His finances being low at this time, he cut his coat, which was made entirely of wampumpeag,

to pieces, and distributed them throughout the country among the Nipmuck sachems and other Indians. Philip's coat appears to have been a kind of portable treasury!

In September, a company of between eighty and ninety English, under Captain Lathrop, of Beverly, marched from Hadley to Greenfield, to bring away the corn and other valuables from that town. Having loaded their teams, and commenced their march homeward, they stopped on the road to gather grapes, and were ambushed and attacked by the Indians at Sugar-loaf Hill. The attack was so sudden, and the English were so unprepared for defence, that, before they could take any measures for their safety, almost every man was killed. The Indians were nearly a thousand in number. A company of seventy English, under Captain Moseley, being on a reconnoitring excursion in the vicinity, were drawn to the scene of action by the report of the musketry. They immediately attacked the Indians, with great resolution, and continued the fight from eleven in the forenoon till nearly night, when they were obliged to desist. On their retreat, they were joined by another body of a hundred English, with sixty Mohegans. The attack was then renewed, and the Indians were compelled to retreat in their turn. The disaster of Lathrop's company was a severe blow to the colony of Massachusetts, and filled the land with mourning. The persons who fell were all "choice young men, the flower of Essex county."

Terror and excitement prevailed throughout the country for a whole year. The Indians, skulking

from covert to covert, waylaid the inhabitants upon their journeys, in their resort to public worship, and at their labor in the fields. The tomahawk and scalping-knife were constantly busy. The mangled carcasses and disjointed limbs of their victims were suspended upon the trees, to terrify those who escaped. Troops of savages hung upon the skirts of the towns and villages, "like the lightning on the edge of the clouds." Brookfield and Deerfield were set on fire. Hadley was suddenly attacked, while the people were at meeting. In the midst of the consternation and tumult, an unknown individual suddenly made his appearance in the town, rallied the disheartened people, cheered them on to battle, and the Indians were defeated. The mysterious unknown then disappeared. He is supposed to have been Goffe, the regicide, who had been long concealed in that part of the country.

The attack on Lancaster is vividly described by Mary Rowlandson, who was carried into captivity by the Indians. Forty-two persons sought shelter under her roof, and, after a furious assault, the house was set on fire by the Indians. "Quickly," says she, "it was the dolefullest day that ever mine eyes saw. Now the dreadful hour is come. Some in our house were fighting for their lives; others wallowing in blood; the house on fire over our heads, and the bloody heathen ready to knock us on the head if we stirred out. I took my children to go forth, but the Indians shot so thick, that the bullets rattled against the house, as if one had thrown a handful of stones. We had six stout dogs, but none of them would stir. The bullets flying thick, one went through my side, and through

my poor child in my arms." The house was taken, and a horrible massacre followed. "There remained nothing to me but one poor wounded babe. Down I must sit in the snow, with my sick child, the picture of death, in my lap. Not the least crumb of refreshing came within either of our mouths from Wednesday night to Saturday night, except only a little cold water. One Indian, and then a second, would come and tell me, 'Your master will quickly knock your child on the head.' This was the comfort I had from them. Miserable comforters were they all."

Philip was not present at the attack on Lancaster. The party that captured Mrs. Rowlandson joined him on the west bank of the Connecticut. Her narrative, at this point, contains some particulars, which showed that Philip could treat his prisoners with humanity. "We must go over the river to Philip's crew. When I was in the canoe, I could not but be amazed at the numerous crew of pagans that were on the bank on the other side. There came one of them, and gave me two spoonfuls of meal to comfort me, and another gave me half a pint of peas, which was worth more than many bushels at another time. Then I went to see king Philip. He bade me come in and sit down, and asked me whether I would smoke, a usual compliment, now-a-days, among the saints and sinners; but this noways suited me. During my abode in this place, Philip spoke to me to make a shirt for his boy, for which he gave me a shilling. Afterwards he asked me to make a cap for his boy, for which he invited me to dinner. I went, and he gave me a pancake, about as big as two fingers; it was made of

parched wheat, beaten, and fried in bear's grease, but I thought I never tasted pleasanter meat in my life."

Philip, having ravaged the western frontier of Massachusetts, next proceeded to the country of the Narragansets, who had not yet heartily engaged in the war, although it appears their coöperation had been expected by him. The alliance of the Narragansets with Philip was regarded by the colonists as a measure that called for their most powerful efforts. An army of fifteen hundred men was raised by the three colonies of Massachusetts, Plymouth and Connecticut, and placed under the command of Josiah Winslow. They took the field in November, 1675, and directed their march toward the Narraganset country, in the south-westerly part of the present state of Rhode Island. Philip had prepared for their approach, and fortified his army in the strongest manner. He made choice of an island in the centre of an immense swamp in South Kingston, where he erected the largest and strongest fortification ever constructed by the savages of New England. Five hundred wigwams, of superior structure, were surrounded by a high and thick palisade. A hedge of fallen trees, a rod in thickness, encircled the palisading. The wigwams were fortified with baskets and tubs of corn, piled round them on the inside, so as to render them bullet-proof. The whole fort comprised an area of five acres, and was skirted by a body of water, over which the trunk of a tree had been laid for a bridge. The only assailable point was defended by works which would have done no discredit to a modern engineer; a block-house and bastions flanked it on either side, and exposed the

assailants to a heavy cross-fire. In this strong-hold three thousand Indians had taken up their residence, with munitions of war and provisions for the whole winter.

The season was very severe, and the march of the English was so much retarded, that Philip had full information of the expedition on foot against him. Nearly a month elapsed before the different bodies of troops, marching from separate points, formed a junction, about eighteen miles from Philip's head quarters. The army was obliged to encamp in the open field, under a December sky, without tents to cover them. An intense cold prevailed; the air was filled with snow; the provisions of the army were nearly exhausted, and it was necessary to make the attack without delay. No Englishman in the army was acquainted with that part of the country, and, from the abundance of snow on the ground, there seemed hardly a possibility of discovering the strong-hold of the Indians. By a fortunate accident, an Indian, named Peter, had just been taken prisoner. This man, who had probably lived among the English some time previous, was prevailed upon to guide the army to Philip. Following his directions, they pushed forward, and, about mid-day on the 19th of December, reached the swamp where the fort stood. The attack was instantly made. The advanced body attempted to pass the narrow bridge, but could only march two abreast, and were swept off by the fire from the fort; others supplied their places and were shot down. Six captains and a large number of men were killed, and the English were on the point of being repulsed in this

quarter, when another small party, under Captain Mosely, had, by some means or other, passed all the impediments, scaled the palisades, and got within the fort, where they were contending hand to hand with the Indians. A cry arose of "*They run! they run!*" The Indians were struck with panic; the English gathered fresh courage, poured in greater numbers upon the bridge, effected a passage, and assaulted the main breastwork. The battle now raged with the utmost fury for three hours. The English forced their way into the intrenchments, and drove the Indians from wigwam to wigwam, with terrible slaughter; men, women and children were shot and hewn down indiscriminately, and lay in heaps upon the snow. Such of them as escaped the swords and bullets of the English, dispersed and hid themselves in the woods. A third part of the whole Narraganset tribe are supposed to have perished in this battle. The English had eighty killed and a hundred and fifty wounded. They set fire to the wigwams and abandoned the place, being obliged to march eighteen miles through a snow-storm before their wounds could be dressed.

Nothing is said of the personal exploits of Philip in this battle, and some have doubted whether he was present on the occasion. It is certain that, immediately after, he fled towards Albany, and attempted to raise the Mohawks against the English. These savages, however, could not be seduced by his intrigues, but turned out against him, killed many of his followers, and drove him out of their country. His affairs were now at a very low ebb. His allies, discouraged by their repeated losses and defeats, fell off,

one after another. He was hunted from place to place, and, in the summer of 1676, we find him, with a small band of followers, again revisiting his old residence at Pokanoket. In July he made an attack upon Taunton, but was repulsed by Captain Church, who took many prisoners. Philip fled to the woods of Pocasset. He practised the most wily stratagems to cut off his pursuers, but without success. On Taunton river he was attacked by a party from Bridgewater, and ten of his men were killed. He narrowly escaped being made prisoner, but, by shaving his hair and otherwise disguising himself, he eluded the search of his pursuers.

The situation of Philip had now become desperate. The indefatigable Captain Church followed hard after him, and tracked him through every covert and hiding-place. On the 1st of August, he came up with him, and killed and took one hundred and thirty of his men. Philip again had a narrow escape, and fled so precipitately that he left all his wampum behind. His wife and son were captured. His cup of misfortune now seemed to be full. "My heart breaks," said he, in the agony of his grief; "now I am ready to die." Yet he still maintained a desperate resistance, and uttered no word of submission to his enemies. A few days after, he again faced his pursuers. Both parties laid ambushes, but neither succeeded in ensnaring the other, and they came to an open fight. Philip was defeated, and once more betook himself to the woods, having lost nearly two hundred of his followers within three days. One of those who remained, advised him to make peace with the English; for which advice,

Philip immediately put him to death. Such was the stern and inflexible resolution of the savage chieftain. This act of severity accomplished his ruin. The brother of the man thus slain, fearing the same fate, deserted, and gave Captain Church information of Philip's hiding-place, offering to lead him to the spot.

On a little eminence, skirted by a miry swamp, at the foot of Mount Hope, his old capital, Philip had made his last stand, with a few faithful adherents. They lay down to sleep, on the night of the 11th of August, without any suspicions that their enemy was at hand. Early the next morning they were aroused by the discharge of the English musketry. Philip was the first to fly. At the report of the first gun, he started from his sleep, threw his gun and powder-horn over his shoulder, and ran at full speed, being but half dressed. But the English had surrounded the swamp, and Philip was met by two of his enemies, the one an Englishman, and the other an Indian, named Alderman. They knew not who he was, but allowed him to come within point-blank shot, and then took aim at him. The morning being rainy, the Englishman's gun missed fire, but Alderman's went off. Philip was shot through the heart, and fell upon his face in the mud and water, with his gun beneath him.

Philip had a mutilated hand, occasioned by the bursting of a pistol. Being identified by this mark, the whole company gave three loud huzzas. Captain Church, in his exultation over the body of his fallen enemy, exclaimed, "Forasmuch as he has caused many an Englishman's body to lie unburied and rot

above ground, not one of his bones shall be buried." Then, calling his old Indian executioner, he ordered him to behead and quarter the body. This was done, with a most scurrilous speech from the savage, which the readers of the old histories will excuse us from copying. Philip's head was sent to Plymouth, where it was exposed upon a gibbet for twenty years. If we condemn the barbarity of this act, we must also bear in mind that the heads of the Scotch rebels were exhibited upon Temple Bar, in London, nearly a century later.

With Philip, perished five of his most trusty followers, and among them the very Indian who fired the first gun at the commencement of the contest. Philip's war was not only the most serious conflict which New England ever sustained against the savages, but the most fatal to the aborigines themselves. The great tribe of the Narragansets, of old the leading tribe of New England, was almost entirely extirpated; hardly a hundred men remained. The last chief capable of leading the Indians to battle had fallen. Philip's son was transported to Bermuda and sold as a slave. The war cost the colonies half a million of dollars, and the lives of above six hundred men, the flower of the population. Thirteen towns and six hundred houses were burnt, and there was hardly a family in the country that had not occasion to mourn the death of a relative.

The character of the last sachem of the Pokanokets may be gathered from the preceding narrative. He was a true Indian, and the deadly foe of the whites; ever resolute, persevering and implacable in

his enmity. Courage and cunning he possessed in common with all his race; but perhaps his talents for intrigue and the depth of his political schemes have been exaggerated. The heroism which belongs to constant intrepidity and reckless daring, he certainly possessed; and we cannot withhold a certain degree of admiration from the man who fights to the last in defence of his home, his race and his independence, whatever barbarian vices may stain his character. Whoever has visited Mount Hope, and seen the lovely bay that spreads at its foot, may sympathize with the savage patriot in his desperate efforts to transmit it to his posterity.

It does not appear that Philip was personally vindictive. His enmity was national, not individual. Considered as a savage, we have no right to call him blood-thirsty or cruel. He had staked everything upon the struggle, and that war was conducted on his part according to the established system of Indian warfare. In his general policy and his negotiations, he was insincere and vacillating. He always opposed, in practice, the introduction of Christianity among his people, though he amused the missionaries sometimes with favorable words. Gookin says of him, "He is a person of good understanding and knowledge in the best things. I have heard him speak very good words, arguing that his conscience is convinced." But when Mr. Elliot urged the importance of Christianity, he told him he "cared no more for the Gospel, than he did for a button upon his coat." Such was Philip of Pokanoket, to the last, consistent only in the virtues of a savage, and his implacable animosity to the white men.

PONTIAC

Was the chief of the Ottawas, a tribe which, during the lifetime of this renowned leader, inhabited the country in the neighborhood of Detroit. The Ottawas were the oldest and most powerful tribe in that region, and Pontiac exercised a sort of imperial sway over his neighboring sovereigns. A traveler, who visited that country about the year 1760, mentions him in the following terms: "Pontiac is their present king or emperor, who has certainly the largest empire and greatest authority of any Indian chief that has appeared on the continent since our acquaintance with it. He puts on an air of majesty and princely grandeur, and is greatly honored and revered by his subjects." During the wars between the French and English, in North America, Pontiac adhered constantly to the French interest, and the histories of the time represent his enmity to the former as so deep-seated and inveterate, that the conclusion of peace between the two nations could not for some time mitigate his hostile temper. Courageous, enterprising, subtle and ambitious, he was reluctant to abandon the depredations which he had systematically carried on against his old enemies, and his thoughts were devoted to a scheme for combining all the tribes which were under his influence into a grand league for the extirpation of the English. After Quebec had been captured from the French,



PONTIAC.

an expedition was despatched by the British general, under Major Rogers, against the French posts in the Indian country. On reaching Pontiac's dominions, Rogers was met by that chieftain, who, in an authoritative manner, demanded his business, and asked how he dared to enter his territory without permission from himself, the "king and lord of the country." Rogers informed him that he had no hostile design against the Indians, but only wished to expel the French, who were their common enemies, and the cause of all their troubles. Pontiac replied with a peremptory prohibition against his further advance, couched in the following laconic style: "I stand in the path you travel in, till to-morrow morning." However, he condescended to interchange presents with the British commander, and very civilly inquired whether he was in want of supplies for his men. The next day, a quantity of parched corn and other provisions were furnished for their use, and paid for by the British. Pontiac now assumed a more friendly air, smoked the pipe of peace with his guest, and assured him that he might pass through his country unmolested, and displace the French garrisons. Rogers had much conversation with him, and was struck with the evidence of his sagacity, and his desire for knowledge. He wished to be made acquainted with the English mode of war, to know how their arms and accoutrements were provided, and how their clothing was manufactured. Rogers attempted to persuade him to submit to the authority of the king of England. Pontiac replied, that he would not acknowledge him as his superior, though

he was willing to call him *uncle*, and make him a present of furs. He expressed a willingness to grant favors to the English, and allow them to settle in his country, but upon the express condition that they should consider themselves under his authority; and he assured them, in plain terms, that, in case they acted in opposition to his will, he would "shut up the way, and keep them out." During the stay of Rogers and his detachment in that quarter, they were treated as friends by Pontiac and all the tribes under his command. He even made a proposal to visit England, which country he had a strong desire to see; he offered Rogers a part of his territory, if he would take him across the Atlantic.

There seems no reasonable doubt of the sincerity of Pontiac's friendship toward the English at this period. He accompanied the troops during a considerable part of their route homeward, and was the means of preserving them from the fury of a body of Indians, who had collected near Detroit for the purpose of cutting them off. What aroused his subsequent enmity against that nation, we have no positive means of knowing; but within two or three years we find him inspired with the most hostile temper toward the English, and projecting a deep-laid and extensive scheme for their destruction. Like Philip of Pokanoket, he determined to try the effect of a combination among the various tribes within his reach. In this enterprise, he displayed much sagacity, deep calculation and foresight, and his attempts were for a time crowned with such remarkable success, that he became the terror of the frontier, and the name of

Pontiac attained a high degree of celebrity, not only throughout North America, but even in Europe.

By his efforts, a band of confederate nations, consisting of the Hurons, Miamis, Chippeways, Ottawas, Potawatamies, Missisauges and others, was organized for united action against the enemy, in 1763. Instead of openly attacking the English settlements, Pontiac formed a plan for capturing, by stratagem, such of their forts and outposts as they had lately acquired by the treaty with France. One of the most important of these was Michilimackinac, a fortress situated upon an island in the strait between lakes Michigan and Huron, and which, down to the present day, has always been considered a military station of the highest consequence. At this period of our history the fortress was surrounded by a strong stockade, and defended by a garrison of about a hundred men. It contained also about three hundred French inhabitants. Pontiac aimed his first blow at this place; and the artifice and cunning which were exhibited on the occasion, were such as to entitle the capture of Michilimackinac to a conspicuous rank in the history of military stratagems. There was a game played by the Indians, called *baggatiway*, which is practised with a bat and ball. Two posts are set in the ground, a mile or farther apart. Two parties take possession of the posts, and each endeavors to throw the ball up to the post of the adversary. In this endeavor, the ball is tossed in all directions, and the game is attended by all the shouting and turbulence natural to rude athletic sport. The whole stratagem being well matured, a large body of Indians

resorted to Michilimackinac, under the pretence of trade or curiosity. No indications had yet appeared of a hostile disposition on their part, and the garrison were entirely unsuspecting of a plot, although Major Etherington, the commander, was advised to be upon his guard, by a person who had heard a rumor of some treacherous design then in meditation against the English.

On the 4th of June, 1763, the birth-day of the king of England, above four hundred Indians had collected round the fort, and began the game of *baggatiway*. The English officers went to look on, for their amusement. In the height of the game, as had been previously agreed, the Indians struck the ball over the stockade, as if by accident. A few of them rushed in to recover it. This was repeated a second and a third time, to lull suspicion, the Indians running in and out in tumultuous laughter, and, to appearance, entirely absorbed in their sport. Having, in this manner, put the sentry at the south gate completely off his guard, and collected a large crowd at that spot, they made a sudden rush, poured in at the gate, and took possession of the fort before the garrison could make a movement for its defence. Seventy of the soldiers were put to death; and the Indians, apprehending no danger from the resistance of the remainder, spared their lives. Many of them were afterwards ransomed at Montreal, at high prices. The Indians also made prisoners of another party of English, who arrived in a boat a few days afterward, and ignorant of the capture of the place.

Pontiac was not present at the taking of Michili-

mackinac, but the scheme was of his planning. The leader of the band was a chief, named Menehwehna. Pontiac, seeing his first blow at Michilimackinac crowned with success, immediately took the field, and opened the campaign on a large scale. In about a fortnight, he had taken possession of every fort in the west, except three. Thus, eleven of the English strong posts, extending from Presque Isle, on Lake Erie, to Michilimackinac, remained in his hands. These rapid successes entitled him to the name of the Napoleon of the Indians. The financial policy of this sagacious leader appears evidently to have been borrowed from the Europeans, and we may admire the ingenuity of the unlettered savage, who issued bills of credit with all the regularity and system of a British exchequer. Pontiac appointed a commissary, and raised funds to carry on the war, by pledging his royal credit. His bills were drawn on birch bark, and bore the figure of an otter, which was his coat of arms; under this was drawn the representation of the particular article for which the bill was valid,—as a gun, a bag of corn, a deer, &c. These bills passed current among the Indians, and were faithfully redeemed after the war. The "Pontiac treasury notes," we believe, were never below par. Repudiation was unknown under savage rule in Michigan. Let the barbarian chief enjoy the full applause due to his financial honor. His modern successors might find something in his example worthy of imitation.

The only strong place in the west, remaining in the hands of the English, was Detroit, then defended by

about three hundred men, under Major Gladwyn. Pontiac, by a rapid march, appeared before the place, while the garrison were yet ignorant of the fall of Michilimackinac and the subsequent hostilities. The warriors of Pontiac's party were very numerous, but they were so intermixed with their women and children, and carried so many commodities for trade, that no suspicion was excited. Pontiac, encamped his multitude at a short distance from the fort, and sent a message to the commander, informing him that he had come to traffic, and, as a preliminary, he wished to hold a parley with him, to "brighten the chain of peace" between the English and his people. Major Gladwyn consented, and the following day was appointed for the conference. Detroit was now on the point of falling a prey to the same treachery which had surprised Michilimackinac, and a more bloody and horrible massacre would have ensued; but while the crafty and dissembling savage deemed his foe already in his power, an unforeseen and trivial incident fortunately caused the miscarriage of his plot, and Detroit was saved.

On the evening of that day, an Indian squaw, who had been employed by the major to make him a pair of Indian moccasins out of a curious piece of elk-skin, brought them to his quarters. The commander was so highly pleased with the workmanship, that he resolved on making a present of the moccasins to a friend, and directed her to take the remainder of the hide back, and execute another pair for himself. Ordering his servant to pay her for her work, he then dismissed her. The woman went to the door, but

did not depart; and when the patrol guard took their rounds to see that the fort was clear of strangers, she was found loitering in the area, and could give no satisfactory account of her business there. On being carried into the presence of the commander, he demanded why she did not depart before the gates were shut. She told him, after much hesitation, that, as he had always behaved with great goodness toward her, she was unwilling to take away the remainder of the skin, upon which he set so high a value. Being unable to comprehend this explanation, the major pressed her further, and, with still more reluctance, she replied, that if she took the skin away again, she should never be able to return it.

The commander now suspected that she was in the possession of some secret which she feared to divulge, and insisted on knowing the whole matter, promising her that the disclosure should not cause her any harm, but that, if it appeared important to the English, she should be rewarded for her service. Under this encouragement, she informed him that the Indians were engaged in a plot to surprise the place, massacre the garrison and inhabitants, and plunder the town. This was to be done in the following manner. All the Indians, who were to attend the council in the fort the following day, had cut their guns short, so that they could be concealed under their blankets. Pontiac, while delivering his speech to the commander, was to give a signal, by extending his belt of wampum in a particular manner, on which the Indians were to spring up, draw their guns, and fire on the major and his attendants. Having

despatched them, they were immediately to rush into the town, where they would find themselves supported by a great number of their warriors, who were to pass in, during the sitting of the council, under pretence of trading, but privately armed in the manner described.

Having gathered these and further particulars of the stratagem from the woman, the commander sent her off, and took immediate measures for defence. He walked round the fort the whole night, to see that every sentinel was on duty, and the utmost vigilance observed. As he traversed the ramparts on the side of the Indian camp, he heard them in boisterous merriment, all unconscious of the discovery of their plot, and indulging in festive anticipation of their bloody triumph on the morrow. With the dawn of day the troops were mustered, and every man received his instructions. Word was sent to all the traders in the town that it was expected a great number of Indians would enter the place that day, who might be inclined to plunder, and the commander advised them to have their arms ready to repel any such attempts. About the middle of the forenoon, Pontiac and his chiefs arrived, and were conducted to the council-room, where the major and his principal officers, with pistols in their belts, awaited their arrival. When the number of Indians agreed upon had entered, the gates were closed. As the Indians passed along, they did not fail to observe that a greater number of troops than usual were drawn up on the parade, and marching about in different quarters. After taking their seats on the skins prepared for them, Pontiac asked

the reason of all this extraordinary display, and remarked that it was an odd way of holding a council. He was told the men were only exercising.

Pontiac, now having his suspicions lulled, began his speech, which abounded in the strongest expressions of good will toward the English. The moment for giving the signal approached. Pontiac drew his wampum belt, but, on the instant when his attendants made the first movements to grasp their muskets, all the English officers drew their swords half out of the scabbards, and the men made a loud clashing with their guns. Pontiac, though one of the boldest of men, immediately turned pale and trembled, and, instead of making the concerted signal with the belt, delivered it in the usual way. His chiefs, who had impatiently expected the command to fall upon their enemies, looked at each other with astonishment, but continued quiet, waiting the result of this unexpected turn of affairs.

The British commander, having heard him to the conclusion, addressed Pontiac in reply. Instead of thanking the great warrior for his protestations of friendship, he put on a frowning look, and boldly pronounced him a traitor. He assured him that the English knew everything, and were fully acquainted with his villainous designs. In proof that they were acquainted with his most secret thoughts, he stepped toward the nearest Indian, and, drawing aside his blanket, exposed his shortened firelock. The savages, seeing their perfidy exposed, were struck dumb with confusion. The commander then proceeded to tell them that, as he had given his word, when they

desired an audience, that their persons should be safe, he should hold his promise inviolable, though they had no right, in consequence of their treachery, to claim such an indulgence. He advised them, however, to make the best of their way out of the fort, lest his young men, in indignation at their perfidious design, should cut them all in pieces. Pontiac had the hardihood to deny the charge of treachery, but the major would not listen to him, and immediately turned him and his men out of the fort.

Being foiled in his stratagem, the vindictive chieftain threw off the mask, and attacked the fort openly the next day. The Indians pressed the assault with great fury, and practised a variety of expedients to capture or destroy it. At one time they filled a cart with combustibles and forced it against the pickets to set them on fire. At another time they attempted to set fire to the church by shooting fiery arrows against it, but were dissuaded by a French priest, who told Pontiac that it would call down the anger of God upon him. On several occasions, they succeeded in making a breach in the defences by cutting through the stockade, but these attempts were at last counteracted by the garrison, who hewed away the timbers on the inside, and when the Indians rushed into the breach, discharged a cannon planted for the purpose, which made so terrible a slaughter that the enemy were effectually repulsed. The Indians, at length, despaired of mastering the fort by assault, and turned the siege into a blockade.

There was no other British post in the neighborhood to afford relief to Detroit, and the garrison were

reduced to great distress for want of provisions. Forts Pitt and Niagara were also besieged, and all communication between the different stations was for a long time interrupted. The siege of Detroit lasted for nearly a year. On the 29th of July, a reinforcement, under Captain Dalyell, reached the place. A few days after, this officer, with a body of about two hundred and fifty men, made a sortie, with the design to surprise the camp of Pontiac; but that vigilant and crafty chieftain was apprized of his movements by his spies, and laid an ambush for the English, behind a picket fence, near a bridge. Just as the detachment had passed the bridge, the Indians discovered themselves and poured in so prompt and destructive a fire, that great numbers were levelled to the earth, and the whole body thrown into confusion. The Indians were vastly superior in numbers, and the English made a hasty retreat. They succeeded in making their way back to the fort, with the loss of their commander and about fifty men. The bridge where the battle was fought, retains, to this day, the name of *Bloody Bridge*. Nearly a hundred dead bodies were counted on the bridge the next morning, which entirely blocked up its passage. The savage chief ordered Captain Dalyell's head to be cut off, and set upon a post.

During the siege, Pontiac captured several vessels which attempted to relieve the garrison, and treated the crews with much cruelty. One day a schooner arrived near the fort, loaded with provisions; but finding the shores lined with enemies, she tacked about and made sail down the strait. The Indians

pursued her in their canoes, and kept up so heavy a fire that they killed almost every man of her crew. At length they boarded her in great numbers, and the master, being determined not to fall alive into the hands of the savages, ordered the gunner to set fire to the magazine that they might all be blown up together. A Huron chief of the assailing party happened to understand English enough to comprehend this order, and immediately gave the alarm to the rest, on which they all rushed into their canoes and paddled off with the greatest precipitation. The crew, taking advantage of a brisk flaw of wind, which fortunately sprung up at this moment, crowded sail and ran under the guns of the fort, where the cargo was landed in safety, and Detroit was saved from famine.

The siege nevertheless continued, and the obstinate perseverance of the savage leader still cheered on his followers in their endeavors to reduce the place. But "Pontiac's war" had now fixed the serious attention of the British government, and preparations were made on a large scale for an offensive campaign against the savages. An army of three thousand men, under General Bradstreet, took the field and marched upon Detroit. Pontiac was too well aware of the superiority of the English arms, to indulge a hope of resisting, with success, so great a force as this. He immediately made overtures for an accommodation, without waiting for the arrival of Bradstreet's army. Gladwyn listened to his proposals, and a treaty was concluded on favorable terms to the English. The Indians abandoned Detroit and retired to their hunting grounds. Pontiac's war was thus

brought to a close, and the tranquillity of that region remained undisturbed by savage hostilities for a long time afterwards.

From this period, Pontiac appeared entirely to have laid aside his animosity toward the English, and to have become their sincere and zealous friend. The government, to reward him for his new attachment, and insure a continuance of his fidelity, allowed him a valuable pension. Of the remainder of his life we find no very circumstantial relation, but we are told that his restless and intriguing spirit would not allow him to continue faithful to his new allies, even with the strong inducement of a yearly stipend, and that he fell under strong suspicions of treacherous dealing. In 1767, he was sent as an agent, by the British, to attend a council of the Illinois tribes. A faithful Indian accompanied him as a spy. Pontiac delivered a speech in the council, which discovered so much lurking hostility to the British, and was altogether of so insidious a purport, that his attendant, in a fit of passionate indignation, drew his knife as soon as he had done speaking, and stabbed him to the heart.

Pontiac was one of the most remarkable of his race for resolute courage, deep sagacity, fertile invention, and the main components of the character of a great savage warrior. He had compass of mind, judgment and forethought, equal to the conception and formation of mighty projects; but his temper appears to have been capricious, and he was not distinguished for inflexible firmness of purpose. We possess the history of the man, however, in too imperfect a shape, to allow us

to scrutinize his policy with a very satisfactory result. His military talents were superior to those of Philip. Like him, he probably, at one time, brooded over a grand scheme for the total extirpation of the whites; but his superior penetration, doubtless enabled him to perceive, before the close of his career, the hopelessness of such a project. At one period, he urged strongly upon his people the necessity of dispensing altogether with European commodities. He advised them to have no intercourse with the whites, and to return altogether to their ancient modes of life.

An anecdote, illustrating the fearless confidence of Pontiac, reminds us of a similar one of Alexander of Macedon. A messenger had been sent to him, by Major Rogers, who carried him a present of brandy. The attendants of the chief were suspicious of a stratagem to poison him, and entreated him not to drink it. Pontiac was determined that the English should see that he could conduct himself without timidity or distrust, and boldly replied: "It is not possible that this man, who knows my love for him, and who is also sensible of the great favors I have done him, can think of taking away my life;" then, putting the cup to his lips, he drank a draught without betraying the slightest apprehension. Such are the contradictions of the Indian character. This great warrior could practise treachery himself, yet scorn to suspect it in others!



LOGAN.

THIS unfortunate chief, better known to the world by the eloquent and pathetic speech which he has left as a record of his misfortunes and sorrows, than by his exploits in war, was of the Mingo or Cayuga tribe. His father, Shikellimus, was a personal friend of the benevolent James Logan, the friend of William Penn, and the founder of the Loganian Library, at Philadelphia. The name of the son was probably derived from this person. During the war with the French, when the Indian confederates, under the guidance of Pontiac, threatened the northwestern settlements with extermination, Logan refused to take up arms against the whites, to whom he was attached by the most friendly feelings, and exerted himself as a peace-maker. He became known, throughout all the neighboring tribes, as the white man's friend, and continued on terms of the most perfect amity with all the western settlers till the year 1774, when his friendship was requited with a series of acts of such barbarous and wanton cruelty, as rendered him at once a most vindictive and implacable enemy to the whole civilized race. Few portions of the history of the red men afford events more tragical and affecting than the fate of the unhappy Logan.

In the month of April, 1774, while the Indian tribes on the northern frontier of Virginia were in a state of profound peace with their white neighbors, a rumor

was circulated in that quarter that the savages had stolen the horses of some land-jobbers on the Ohio and Kenhawa. This report, although unsupported by any good evidence, seems to have created a general belief or suspicion that the Indians meditated hostilities against the settlements. In consequence of this impression, the land-jobbers collected in a body at Wheeling, where, in a few days, they received intelligence that a canoe with a few Indians was coming down the Ohio. A man, called Captain Michael Cresap, who seems to have acted as commander of the party, proposed to ascend the river and kill the Indians. There were at that time not the slightest indications of hostility on the part of the savages, except what could be gathered from the report above mentioned. Colonel Zane, one of the settlers, strongly objected to the proposal, representing to Cresap, very justly, that such an act, besides being an atrocious murder, which would disgrace forever all concerned in it, must inevitably bring on a war, in which torrents of innocent blood would be shed. Unfortunately, this reasonable and humane counsel did not prevail. Cresap, with a detachment of the party, went up the river. On their return they were asked what had become of the Indians. They coolly replied that they had fallen overboard. On examining their canoe, it was found bloody and pierced with bullets. The fate of the unoffending natives was but too evident. This was the first blood shed in a war which brought the most terrible vengeance on the heads of the aggressors.

Having thus got a taste of blood, Cresap indulged

his appetite for slaughter without scruple or restraint. The same evening, hearing of an encampment of Indians in the neighborhood below, he proceeded down the river, fell upon them while they were totally unsuspecting of any hostile design, and killed a number of them. In neither of these cases did the whites pretend any provocation for their murders. Cresap's atrocities were soon imitated by another blood-thirsty wretch named Daniel Greathouse. He collected a company of thirty-two men, and proceeded to the mouth of Yellow Creek, opposite which a large number of Indians had encamped. Greathouse concealed his men in an ambuscade, and crossed the river to learn the number of the savages. He went round among them, estimated their strength, and found that they were too numerous to be openly attacked. It happened that the Indians had heard of the murders committed by Cresap, and began to talk of revenge. Greathouse knew nothing of his danger till one of the squaws came to him and advised him to go home, for the Indians were drinking, and, being angry on account of the murder of their people down the river, they might do him a mischief.

He accordingly made the best of his way back, and consulted with his party how to ensnare the Indians by a stratagem, as an open assault was too hazardous. It was determined to invite a portion of them across the river, and get them intoxicated, by which means their whole body might be massacred, piecemeal. This was accordingly done; a number of the Indians, male and female, accepted the invitation of the whites to drink rum, crossed the river, and after being well

plied with liquor, were all barbarously murdered in cold blood, with the exception of one little girl. The Indians in the camp heard the firing, and, as was expected, sent off two canoes with armed warriors. The whites lay in ambush on the bank of the river, and received them with a deadly fire, which killed the greater part, and forced the survivors to return. A great number of shots were exchanged across the stream, but none of the whites were killed or even wounded. Their conduct throughout this bloody affair was atrocious and brutal. They scalped their victims, one of whom was the very female who had given Greathouse the friendly caution when he visited the camp.

The whole of the family of Logan perished in these wanton massacres; in the last, were his brother and sister, the latter in a delicate situation, which aggravated the enormity of the crime, and augments our sympathy for the fate of the unfortunate victim. It will excite the wonder of no man, that Logan from this moment breathed nothing but vengeance against the treacherous and inhuman whites. A general Indian war immediately followed. Logan was the foremost in leading his countrymen to the slaughter of their perfidious enemies. On the 12th of July, with a party of only eight warriors, he attacked a settlement on the Muskingum, captured two prisoners and carried them off. When they arrived at an Indian town, they delivered them to the inhabitants, who instantly prepared to put them to death in torture. Logan, however, in the heat of his vindictive feelings, displayed the humanity of his nature. He cut the

ords of one of the prisoners who was about to be burnt at the stake, and saved his life. This man was afterward adopted into an Indian family, and became Logan's scribe.

A chief, named Cornstalk, was the leader of the Indians in this war. Large bodies of warriors were collected, and they abandoned the usual mode of savage warfare, and, instead of making petty incursions upon the settlements, they resolved to meet the whites in the open field, with a strong army, and give them battle in their own way. This new scheme of military tactics, however, they had not the skill to follow up with success, and the contest was brought to a close much more speedily than would have been the case, had the savages pursued their old method of hostilities. The whites, everywhere along the frontier, abandoned their settlements, and either fled from the scene of warfare, or took shelter in the forts. Governor Dunmore, of Virginia, ordered out the militia, and an army of three thousand men was equipped for the campaign. One half this force, under the command of Colonel Lewis, marched toward the mouth of the Great Kanhawa, and the other division, under Dunmore, proceeded toward the Indian towns on the Ohio, with the design of destroying them in the absence of the warriors, who were drawn off by the approach of Lewis's army.

At Point Pleasant, on the Great Kanhawa, a sanguinary battle was fought on the 10th of October, 1774, between Lewis's army and the combined forces of the Shawanese, Mingoes, and Delawares. The two armies were about equal in numbers. The

action commenced a little after sunrise, by a furious attack from the Indians, who drove in the advanced body of three hundred Virginians, with great slaughter. The main body coming up, the fight was renewed, and continued with the utmost obstinacy through the day. The Indians, with great military skill and calculation, had completely invested their opponents, who were hemmed in upon a point of land at the junction of the Kanhawa and Ohio rivers, having the Indian line of battle in their front, and no possibility of a retreat in any direction. Cornstalk commanded the savage forces, and this tawny son of the forest distinguished himself in all his manœuvres throughout the engagement, by the skill as well as the bravery of a consummate general. During the whole of the day, his stentorian voice was heard throughout the ranks of his enemies, vociferating, "*Be strong! be strong!*" After an incessant fire for twelve hours, darkness put an end to the conflict. The Virginians lost one hundred and forty killed and wounded; the loss of the Indians was about the same.

The Indians retreated the next day, and shortly afterward made proposals for peace. Logan, who had fought with great bravery throughout the war, refused to be a suppliant on the occasion. Cornstalk, with eight other chiefs, visited the camp of Lord Dunmore, to open negotiations, but Logan remained at his cabin in sullen seclusion, refusing to meet the whites. He was too distinguished a personage to be neglected in this important matter, and a messenger was sent to him to inquire whether the proposals for peace met his approbation. Under these circumstances he

delivered the celebrated speech to which he owes his reputation. According to the best authenticated accounts, after shedding an abundance of tears for the loss of his friends, he addressed the messenger in the following language :

“I appeal to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan’s cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, ‘Logan is the friend of white man.’ I had even thought to have lived with you but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it; I have killed many; I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbor a thought that this is the joy of *fear*. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan?—Not one!”

Every reader has been touched with the simple eloquence and pathos of this famous speech. Mr. Jefferson has indulged in no exaggeration in asserting, that neither Greek, Roman, nor modern oratory has any passage that surpasses it. Logan’s affecting appeal to the white men will be longer remembered than any other existing specimen of Indian rhetoric.

We are acquainted with few more particulars of the history of this unfortunate chief. It is mournful to state, that his great qualities became obscured, late in life, by indulgence in that vice which has been the most fatal scourge of his race—intemperance. He fell by assassination on a journey homeward from Detroit.



BRANT.

THIS famous warrior bore the name of Thayandanecca among his countrymen. The word signifies a *brant*, and it is by this name only that he was known to the whites during his life-time. He was an Onondaga, of the Mohawk tribe, and, at a very early age, left the savages for the society of the English. Many accounts represent him as a half-breed Indian, the son of a German; but this notion appears to be incorrect. His complexion was somewhat lighter than was common among his tribe. He was born about the year 1742. Sir William Johnson, the commander-in-chief of the British forces in North America, took him under his care while a youth, and the belief was entertained, by some people, that he was his son. Johnson determined to give him a good English education, and accordingly, in July, 1761, placed him at Moor's charity school, at Lebanon, in Connecticut. Johnson was a great friend and patron of the Indians. The anecdote of his "dreaming contest" with one of the chiefs, in which the savage complained that Sir William "dreamed hard," is well known. His residence was on the Mohawk, about forty miles above Albany, where he built him an elegant house, and entertained the red men of the Six Nations with great hospitality. A sister of Brant, named Molly, was his domestic companion, and he



BRANT.

remained on friendly terms with the Indians till his death, in 1774.

Joseph Brant, as our hero was called, appears to have made good proficiency in his studies, and adopted successfully the manners of the English. In 1775, he visited England, where he attracted much notice. Either during this visit, or shortly after, he received the commission of colonel in the regular army. The revolutionary war was now at hand, and the British government seem, at the very outset, to have made calculations on engaging the savage tribes as auxiliaries in the contest. At the beginning of the troubles Brant was employed as a secretary by Guy Johnson, son-in-law of Sir William, who embraced the royal party, and bore a military command. Johnson was compelled to leave the country, and Brant fled with him into Canada. How long he remained there, is not stated. At the invasion of Burgoyne, in 1777, Brant was employed, by that general, to engage the Six Nations in hostilities against the Americans, and proceeded to the frontier to execute this design. A body of New York militia, under General Herkimer, went in pursuit of him, and found him at Unadilla, with a band of one hundred and thirty warriors. This was in July, 1777, when the capture of Ticonderoga, and the victorious march of Burgoyne toward the Hudson, had spread consternation throughout the country. Herkimer held a conference with Brant, hoping to dissuade him from hostilities. But the savage chief would not talk of peace; he protested his inflexible loyalty to the British;—declaring that the Indians would adhere to the cause of the king, as

their fathers and grandfathers had done ;—that “ the king’s belts ” were yet lodged with them ; and they could not be false to their pledge. He reproached Herkimer for having joined the “ Boston people ” against the king, and told him that the Boston people were resolute, but the king would humble them. He then addressed his warriors, who uttered a loud shout, ran to their encampment, seized their arms, fired several guns, set up the war-whoop, and ranged themselves as for battle. The militia were much superior in number, but avoided committing hostilities. Their commander appears to have still entertained hopes of a pacification. But a sudden tempest came on and broke up the meeting. The two parties separated without fighting, and an opportunity was thus lost of checking the hostile temper of the savages in the outset. This proved a most unfortunate occurrence for the Americans.

The savage war had now commenced. The tomahawk and scalping-knife were combined with British bayonets for the devastation of the frontier. Burgoyne, in his advance toward the Hudson, had detached General St. Leger, against Fort Stanwix, on the Mohawk. Brant, with his Indians, formed a part of this force. Colonel Gansevoort, the commander of the fort, rejected every summons to surrender, and declared his determination to defend it to the last extremity. But the fortifications were weak, and the danger of Fort Stanwix was speedily known throughout the neighborhood. A body of militia was raised in the valley of the Mohawk, for the relief of the place. General Herkimer took the command

and, early in August, began his march for the place St. Leger, hearing of his approach, despatched a strong force of British and Indians to meet them. Brant, knowing from experience that the militia would advance without much order or precaution, planned an ambush, which the misconduct of the Americans and their commander enabled them to carry into effect with such success as to cause them a severe loss. He placed his warriors in a ravine at Oriskana, where the militia were obliged to pass over a narrow "corduroy road." Herkimer approached this spot in the forenoon of the 6th of August, without the precaution of sending scouts ahead to see that the pass was clear. His first intimation of the vicinity of an enemy, was a terrific Indian yell, followed immediately by so heavy and well-aimed a discharge of rifles, as brought nearly every man of his advanced body to the ground. The Indians then rushed down from the heights which overlooked the ravine, and fell with their tomahawks upon the second regiment, advancing upon the causeway. This body was severed from the rear division, and maintained so desperate a fight with their assailants, that the savages at length began to give way; but, at the moment when the Americans were on the point of routing their enemies, a reinforcement of Tories came up. These were a body of men who had left that neighborhood at the commencement of the war, and were the objects of deadly hatred to the patriots. The sight of these men greatly increased the exasperation and fury of the militia, and the battle raged with tenfold heat. A most extraordinary conflict was now

witnessed. Hemmed in between the steep heights, the tories and militia were broken into groups of twenty or thirty each, in such a manner that they could not fire ; they fought hand to hand, or closed in deadly strife, drawing their knives and stabbing each other. The Indians, witnessing this strange confusion, and the severe loss they sustained in the struggle, began to suspect that both parties of the whites had combined to destroy them ; and, at length, several of their chiefs exclaimed that it was a plot of the white people to draw them into a snare and cut them off ; upon which, orders were given to the Indians to kill all whites without distinction. These orders were instantly obeyed ; the arms of their savage allies were turned against the British themselves, who, by this most remarkable caprice of fortune, suffered more from their friends than they did from their enemies. A number of Herkimer's men saved themselves by flight, but about a hundred were so surrounded by the enemy that escape was impossible. Yet they bravely maintained the contest, and, posting themselves in Indian fashion behind logs and trees, kept the foe at bay, till the British commander, fearing a part of the garrison of Fort Stanwix might sally out and attack his rear, drew off his men and abandoned the field:

Brant lost a hundred of his Indians in this battle ; and about the same number of the tories were killed. The militia suffered a loss of one hundred and sixty killed. General Herkimer was mortally wounded, and his horse was shot under him. He ordered his saddle to be placed upon a little knoll, and, seating

himself upon it, continued to give his orders. He was entreated to withdraw to a place of safety, but he replied, "*No—I will face the enemy;*" and while the battle was raging in all its fury, he deliberately drew his tinder-box from his pocket, lighted his pipe, and smoked it with the greatest composure.

A body of two hundred and fifty men of the garrison were in the mean time advancing to the relief of Herkimer's party. They fell upon the Indians and Tories, put them to rout, captured their provisions and baggage, with five standards, and returned in safety. Herkimer's disaster produced no disheartening effects upon the garrison. They repulsed every attack, and refused to listen to any mention of a surrender, although they had no longer any hope of being relieved. As it was of the utmost importance to reduce this place, in order to leave no military post in the hands of the Americans, which might threaten the right flank of Burgoyne's army in its approach, St. Leger tried the arts of intimidation. On the 8th of August, he sent a flag to the fort with another summons, in which he exaggerated his own strength, and represented that Burgoyne had entered Albany in triumph, after laying the whole country waste in his victorious march. He further stated, that Brant and his Indians were determined, if they met with further resistance, to massacre every soul on the Mohawk river; and, in case they were obliged to wait any longer for the surrender of Fort Stanwix, every man of the garrison would be tomahawked.

Gansevoort, maintaining his inflexible resolution, was not moved in the slightest degree by these men-

aces, but determined to make a new attempt to raise the neighborhood for his relief. Two of his officers undertook the desperate task of passing through the besiegers' lines, and conveying intelligence to the inhabitants of the surrounding district, of the state of the fort and the necessity of relieving it. In the dead of the night they stole over the parapets, and crept on all-fours through the grass and bushes for half a mile, to the stream of the Mohawk, which they crossed by swimming. Here they were obliged to traverse the path leading from the Indian camp, on which the enemy were continually going backward and forward, and for a long time they had the shouts and yells of the savages sounding in their ears on the right and left. Travelling fifty miles farther, with no other food than blackberries, they reached the German Flats, from which place an express was sent to General Schuyler, at Stillwater.

Measures were instantly taken to relieve the fort. General Arnold offered to conduct the expedition, and a brigade was detached for this purpose. An opportunity presented itself for directing a stratagem against the enemy. A spy of the tories, named Cuyler, had been lately captured by the Americans. He was carried before Arnold, who promised him his life and the restitution of his estate, on condition of his performing the following service. He was to rejoin the besiegers of Fort Stanwix, and alarm them with accounts that the Americans were marching in great force against them; which representation he was to substantiate by such arts as he could devise for the occasion. Cuyler, who understood the Indian lan-

guage well, agreed to the proposal. He engaged some friendly Indians in the scheme, and managed all the contrivances with a degree of cool cunning that would have done credit to a genuine Yankee. He shot several bullets through his coat, and then, proceeding to the Indian camp, told the savages that General Arnold, with an army of three thousand men was rapidly advancing upon them; that Colonel Butler, the commander of the Tories, was captured, and that he himself had narrowly escaped with his life, in proof of which he exhibited the shot-holes in his coat. While the camp was in a great alarm at this news, the friendly Indians, as had been agreed upon, dropped in one by one and corroborated the story. A complete panic now took possession of the savages, and they resolved to decamp immediately. St. Leger used every art to induce them to stay, but not even the tempting offer of strong liquor could conquer their fears. They only replied: "You mean to sacrifice us. When we marched down, you told us there would be no fighting for us Indians, and that we should have nothing to do but to smoke our pipes. But you see how the whites have killed our warriors." Saying this, they immediately marched off.

St. Leger's force was much superior to that which Arnold was leading against him, yet his men were so discouraged by the defection of the Indians and the exaggerated reports of the strength of the Americans, that he was forced immediately to raise the siege. About noon, on the 22d of August, he broke up his camp, and retreated with precipitation, leaving his tents, artillery and stores. The garrison sallied out

and took possession of the whole; they found the British bombardier, fast asleep by the side of a mortar. The Indians were highly exasperated against St. Leger for what they considered his treacherous dealing in leading them into trouble. They took their revenge by practising the following horse-play upon the British commander. Towards night, the retreating army came to a piece of soft muddy ground. St. Leger and Sir John Johnson, one of his officers, were engaged in an angry altercation, each blaming the other for misconduct during the siege. An Indian came running after them, crying out, "*Here they come! Here they come!*" The two officers began scampering with all their might, tumbling over in the mud in a manner neither comfortable nor dignified. The soldiers, catching the alarm, threw away their packs and took to flight, as well as their commanders. The Indians repeated the trick again and again, and kept the British in a constant panic till they reached the shores of Lake Oneida. Such was the disastrous and humiliating termination of this enterprise. As Stephano says of losing his bottle in the pool, there was not only loss, but great dishonor.

The disaffection of Burgoyne's Indian allies was completed by the victories of Bennington and Stillwater, and they abandoned him to his fate. We hear no more of the movements of Brant till the following year, when he made an expedition against Cherry Valley, where a fort had been erected as a place of refuge for the families in the neighborhood. With a body of savages, he approached the fort cautiously to reconnoitre. It happened that, on this day, the boys

of the neighborhood had assembled for their amusement, and were training with wooden muskets. The Indians obtained an indistinct view of them through the woods, and imagined them to be men. Believing the garrison too strong for his force, Brant dared not attack the place, but secreted his men behind a large rock near the road leading to the Mohawk. An officer, who had been to the fort to carry intelligence of a reinforcement being about to march for its relief, was on his way back, when he was fired upon from their ambush, and fell from his horse. Brant, ever foremost in deeds of blood, sprang from his hiding place, and tomahawked him with his own hands. Shortly after he attacked Springfield, the birth-place of Benjamin West, burnt the town and carried off a number of prisoners. On this occasion, however, he showed more than common humanity; the women and children were spared.

The detail of the ruthless deeds of this savage marauder now brings us to one of the most calamitous and heart-rending occurrences of the revolutionary war,—the destruction of Wyoming,—an event which has afforded a theme for one of the most gifted among modern English poets. The beautiful valley of Wyoming, on the east branch of the Susquehanna, seemed destined by nature for the abode of peace and sylvan repose. The opening stanzas of the poem of Campbell, describe its characteristics with some license of the writer's imagination.

“On Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming,
Although the wild-flower on thy ruin'd wall
And roofless homes a sad remembrance bring

Of what thy gentle people did befall,
 Yet thou wert once the loveliest land of all
 That see th' Atlantic wave their morn restore.
 Sweet land! may I thy lost delights recall,
 And paint thy Gertrude in her bower of yore,
 Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's shore.

It was beneath thy skies that but to prune
 His autumn fruits, or skim the light canoe
 Perchance along thy river calm at noon,
 The happy shepherd swain had nought to do
 From morn till evening's sweeter pastime drew
 Their timbrel in the dance of forest brown,
 Where lovely maidens pranked in floweret new;
 And aye, those sunny mountains half way down,
 Would echo flagelet from some romantic town.

There, where of Indian hills the daylight takes
 His leave, how might you the flamingo see,
 Disporting like a meteor on the lakes;
 And playful squirrel on his nut-grown tree,
 And every sound of life was full of glee,
 From merry mock-bird's song, or hum of men;
 While hearkening, fearing nought their revelry,
 The wild deer arch'd his neck from glades, and then
 Unhunted, sought his woods and wilderness again.

And scarce had Wyoming of war or crime
 Heard but in transatlantic story rung;
 For here the exile met from every clime,
 And spoke in friendship every distant tongue;
 Men from the blood of warring Europe sprung
 Were but divided by the running brook;
 And happy where no Rhenish trumpet sung,
 Or plains no sieging mine's volcano shook,
 The blue-eyed German changed his sword to pruning-
 hook."

The first settlers of Wyoming were from New
 England, and the population were subsequently aug-

mented by a body of German emigrants. At the period of the catastrophe, it was in the most flourishing condition, and contained eight townships, each five miles square, beautifully situated on both the sloping banks of the stream. The valley was so populous that a thousand soldiers had been raised here for the continental army. Unfortunately, there was a considerable mixture of royalists among the inhabitants, and civil discord and animosity raged, in this sequestered spot, with all the rancorous heat of a political capital. The act of sending away all the effective strength of the population was a piece of great imprudence, and the inhabitants soon received warnings from the neighborhood, that they were in imminent danger. The quiet of the valley had been interrupted, during the year 1777, by petty incursions of the Indians, and marauding attacks by parties of the tory refugees of their own people; and it was only by a vigorous opposition, and a series of successful skirmishes, that these troublesome invaders had been driven off. Since then several more royalists, and others not before suspected, had abandoned the settlement, and gone among the enemy, carrying with them not only full information of the state of affairs in the place, but such feelings of resentment and malignity, as could not fail of stimulating anew the hostile temper of the refugees, and exciting the Indian appetite for plunder, devastation and blood.

Early in 1778, intelligence was received that a large force of British and savages was collecting at Niagara, for the purpose of laying waste the frontiers of New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia. An un-

sual number of strangers began to make their appearance at Wyoming, under various pretences, whose behavior became so suspicious, that many were arrested. Upon their examination, there appeared strong evidence that they were acting in concert with the enemy, and that a scheme was on foot for the destruction of the settlement. Twenty of the suspected persons were accordingly sent off to Connecticut for trial, and the remainder were forcibly expelled from the neighborhood. Application was made to congress for military assistance; but the war in other parts of the country so completely occupied their attention that no relief was afforded by the government. The inhabitants of Wyoming were compelled to trust to their own strength for their defence. They erected four forts, and garrisoned them in the best manner they were able.

Brant and his Indians combined with the Tories under the command of Colonel John Butler, to fall upon Wyoming. As the time fixed upon for the attack drew near, the savages practised unusual treachery. For several weeks they repeatedly sent small parties to the settlement, making the strongest professions of friendship. These parties, besides lulling the people into security, carried on a correspondence with the disaffected persons there, and acted as spies. On the 1st of July, 1778, the enemy suddenly appeared in full force on the Susquehanna, consisting of twelve hundred British and Tories, and four hundred Indians. All the whites were disguised and painted as Indians, except the officers, who wore their British regimentals. One of the small forts was

immediately given up by the treachery of the garrison, who were secretly inclined to the tories. Another was taken by storm, and all, except the women and children, massacred, in the most inhuman manner. Colonel Zebulon Butler, the second in command at Wyoming, was cousin to the tory leader, and experienced all the unnatural and deplorable effects of civil rage, in extinguishing the sentiments of humanity and severing the ties of kindred. Leaving a small party in the fort at Wilkesbarre, he crossed the Susquehanna with about four hundred men, and took post at Kingston fort, which was crowded with women, children and defenceless people. On the 3d of July, he marched out in search of the enemy, but was attacked by a much superior force. In the heat of the action, Brant, with a body of his warriors, issued suddenly from a swamp and fell with great fury upon the left flank of the Americans, who at length gave way, completely routed.

The fort was now closely besieged, and, as there appeared to be no chance of escape, the commander proposed a parley with his kinsman and enemy. This was agreed to, and the American suffered himself to be overreached by the treacherous cunning of the tory commander. The conference was to be held in the open field, at such a distance from the fort as to exclude all possibility of protection from it. Four hundred men, the whole strength of the garrison, marched out with their commander, who was not altogether without suspicion of the designs of his enemy. On arriving at the place, they found none of the opposite party there. Advancing somewhat

farther to the foot of a mountain, they discovered a few persons displaying a white flag, and retiring as the garrison approached them. This was a device to lead the Americans into a snare. They followed the flag till, on a sudden, they found themselves attacked on every side by the whole force of the enemy.

The conflict was maintained for three quarters of an hour, when a panic caused the Americans to break their ranks and fly. The remainder of the affair was but a bloody massacre of the fugitives. Butler, with about seventy men, escaped, and regained the fort where he found himself closely besieged again the next day. The enemy, to intimidate the garrison, sent in to them the scalps of one hundred and ninety-six of their late friends. Butler deemed it useless to attempt any further defence of the place, and abandoned it with his family, leaving the command to Colonel Denison. This officer determined on another trial for negotiating with the enemy. He went with a flag of truce to the tory commander, demanding what terms he would grant on a surrender. Butler replied, with savage address, "*The hatchet.*" Denison, having defended the fort till most of his men were killed or disabled, surrendered at discretion, on the 4th of July.

The scenes that followed are too horrible for detail. Savage cruelty was glutted to the full extent. The tomahawk and the firebrand completed the destruction of Wyoming. Men, women, children, and even cattle, were involved in a common massacre. The tories surpassed their Indian associates in ferocity, and Butler was a far greater savage than Brant, on

this occasion; yet the tender mercies of the latter were cruel. Mr. Campbell has given a striking picture of his barbarities, in the language which he puts into the mouth of the Oneida chief, while warning the people of Wyoming that the enemy were at hand.

“But this is not a time—he started up,
 And smote his breast with wo-denouncing hand—
 This is no time to fill the joyous cup :
 The mammoth comes—the foe—the monster Brant,
 With all his howling, desolating band—
 These eyes have seen their blade, and burning pine,
 Awake at once, and silence half your land ;
 Red is the cup they drink, but not with wine,
 Awake and watch to-night, or see no morning shine.

Scorning to wield the hatchet for his bribe,
 'Gainst Brant himself, I went to battle forth,—
 Accursed Brant!—He left of all my tribe
 Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth.
 No—not the dog that watched my household hearth
 Escaped that night of blood upon our plains;
 All perished!—I alone am left on earth!
 To whom nor relative nor blood remains,
 No!—not a kindred drop that runs in human veins!”

Brant continued an active partisan of the British during the remainder of the revolutionary war. In November, 1778, he assisted a party of Tories in an attack on the settlements in Cherry Valley, where the horrors of Wyoming were renewed. These repeated disasters at length directed the attention of the American government to this quarter, and, in the summer of 1779, an army, under General Sullivan, marched upon the Susquehanna. Brant and Butler, with a force of eight hundred Indians and Tories, entrenched

themselves at Newtown, to oppose the advance of Sullivan. On the 29th of August, they were attacked, and, after an engagement of two hours, defeated and put to flight. The Americans destroyed forty Indian villages and completely laid waste the country. These severities checked the hostilities of the savages for a year; but, in the summer of 1779, Brant was again in the field, and fell suddenly upon Minisink, in Orange county, New York. He plundered and burnt the place, and drew a body of militia, who turned out to pursue him, into an ambush, where the greater part of them were killed. In the spring of the following year he surprised Harpersfield, and carried off many prisoners. In August, he fell upon Canajoharie, and committed great devastations. He continued to be the scourge of the frontier till the close of the revolutionary contest.

The peace of 1782 put an end to Brant's military career. He took no part in the Indian hostilities of 1791 and 1793, but exerted himself to bring about a pacification, and avowed friendly feelings toward the United States. He visited Philadelphia and New York, in 1792, and had an interview with Washington. On the march of General Wayne into the Indian territory, Brant was one of the Indian ambassadors who waited upon him, and attempted to negotiate for the Ohio as a boundary between the two parties. He appears to have been at this time superior to all the other Indian chiefs in authority and influence, and is called, in the publications of the day, their "king of kings." He owed this title, however, less to any positive rank than to the influ-

ence which his superior knowledge and talent gained him among his countrymen. He was their chief negotiator, and the director of their councils.

As a recompense for his services in the revolutionary war, the British government made him a grant of land at the western extremity of Lake Ontario. Here he finally established himself and continued to the day of his death. His residence was on Grand river, twenty-four miles from Newark, where he had a farm and garden under cultivation, a half-blood wife and forty negro slaves. His manners and dress were almost entirely European, and the domineering spirit he displayed toward his black menials showed that he could imitate the worst characteristics of the whites. A traveller, who visited his seat, says, "These poor creatures are kept in the greatest subjection, and they dare not attempt to make their escape, for he has assured them that, if they did so, he would follow them himself, though it were to the confines of Georgia, and would tomahawk them wherever he met them. They know his disposition too well not to think that he would strictly adhere to his word." Notwithstanding his savage propensities, he always entertained visitors in a polite and hospitable manner. During the latter part of his life, he received from the British government a captain's half pay, together with annual presents, the whole amounting to five hundred pounds sterling a year. The Mohawk Indians inhabited his neighborhood, having removed from their former residence in the state of New York at the conclusion of the revolutionary war. Brant managed their affairs with much ability, and rendered them great service in the leasing of their lands.

In 1796, he put his own son to death, in a quarrel. The son was a dissolute, worthless fellow, and had often threatened the life of his father. He afterwards spoke of this act with regret, but consoled himself by the reflection that he had done a service to his countrymen by ridding them of a rascal. The character of Brant was a strange compound. He wished for leisure amid his public cares, that he might devote his time to the study of Greek, of which language he professed himself an ardent admirer. He translated a portion of the New Testament into the Mohawk tongue, and designed to finish the work when affairs of state allowed him sufficient time.

The latter part of the life of this singular man appears to have been undisturbed, except by the domestic troubles which we have related. He died on the 24th of November, 1807, leaving several children. One of his sons became a member of the colonial assembly of Upper Canada. This person visited England in 1822, and appears to have been keenly sensible of the odium attached to his name in consequence of the severe terms in which the poet Campbell had spoken of his father. He took some pains to show that he was less to blame for the bloody deeds of Wyoming, than had been generally supposed, and Mr. Campbell was so far convinced, that he publicly avowed that he had judged too harshly of the savage chieftain. Still there can be no question that the character of Brant is disgraced by savage cruelty;—the more inexcusable as he had the advantage of a civilized education. That he was a person of superior abilities, there can be as little doubt. He was, per-

haps, the most successful leader that the red men have ever had in their contests with the whites; and the degree of civilization to which he attained must be pronounced remarkable, when we consider the strong obstacles which military habits throw in the way of every species of refinement and mental cultivation.





TEOUNSEK.

TECUMSEH

THIS renowned warrior was born on the Scioto, near the present site of Chillicothe, in Ohio. His father, Pukeesheeno, was a Shawanese chief, and was killed fighting against the Virginians, at the battle of Point Pleasant, in 1774. His mother had three sons at one birth, Tecumseh, Ellskwatawa and Kumskaka. Of the latter we have no further account, but Tecumseh and his brother Ellskwatawa, or the Prophet, became the two most famous Indian chiefs of their day. *Tecumseh*, in the Shawanese language, signifies *a cougar crouching for his prey*, and Ellskwatawa *an open door*. The date of their birth is about the year 1770. Tecumseh engaged in the hostilities which led to the defeat of St. Clair in 1792, and, at this early age, became distinguished for his prowess and his animosity toward the Americans. He continued fighting against them until General Wayne had given the Indians a severe overthrow, and effected a pacification by the treaty of Greenville, in 1795. The hatchet was then laid aside for several years. Tecumseh acquired great influence among his countrymen by his sagacity and penetration, and was particularly noted for the uniform sobriety of his habits.

The government of the tribe in the mean time was administered nominally by his brother, the Prophet, but Tecumseh was in fact the chief director of public affairs. His hostility to the Americans was

silently cherished during the whole interval of peace. His views being expanded and his judgment matured by years and experience, he began to entertain thoughts of a scheme which had exercised the talents of Philip and Pontiac,—to unite all the tribes in a confederacy against the whites. The intrigues and impostures of his brother contributed to aid this project in a singular manner. The Prophet, during the early part of his life, abandoned himself to stupid intoxication, but, about the year 1804, a sudden and remarkable change came over him, and he was inspired with a singular project. The story of this event is in substance as follows. One day, while in the act of lighting his pipe in his wigwam, he fell back in a trance upon his bed, and continued a long time motionless and without any signs of life. He was supposed to be dead, and preparations were made for his burial. All the principal men of the tribe were assembled, according to custom, around the body of their chief, and they were in the act of bearing him away to his grave, when he suddenly revived, and uttered these words: "*Be not alarmed—I have seen heaven. Call the tribe together, that I may reveal to them the whole of my vision.*" The tribe were accordingly collected together, and he proceeded to inform them that two beautiful young men had been sent from heaven by the Great Spirit, who addressed him in the following language:—"The Great Spirit is angry with you, and will destroy all the red men, unless you abandon drunkenness, lying and stealing. If you will not do this, and turn yourselves to him, you shall never enter the beautiful

place which we will now show you." He was then conducted to the gates of heaven, where he was indulged with a sight of all its glories, but not permitted to enter. After being tantalized in this manner for several hours, he was ordered to return to the earth, inform the Indians of what he had seen, and urge them to repent of their vices, and they would visit him again.

It was in consequence of this vision that Ellskwatawa assumed the name and functions of a prophet, and soon acquired an extraordinary celebrity. He established himself at Greenville, where Wayne's army had been cantoned in 1795, and the treaty with the Indians concluded. Here he proclaimed himself a Prophet and Reformer, and announced that the Great Spirit who had made the red men, was not the same that made the white men; that the misfortunes which had befallen the red men, were owing to their having abandoned the mode of life which he had first taught them, and imitated the manners of the whites; and that he was commanded to tell them that they must return to their former habits, leave off the use of whiskey, discard the coats and blankets of the white men, and clothe themselves in skins. The fame of the Prophet spread through all the surrounding tribes, and he soon found himself at the head of a large number of followers. It is remarkable that although the purpose of his mission was the reformation of the morals of his people, the greater number of his adherents consisted of the most abandoned characters. They were principally young men of the Shawanese, Delawares, Wyandots, Potawotamies,

Ottawas, Chippeways and Kickapoos,—dissolute, unprincipled and roving adventurers. But we can find a parallel in the history of past times. The first band of crusaders who marched to the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre, were mostly men of the same stamp. Novelty and the love of adventure were the main stimulants in both cases.

Besides his ordinary followers, the Prophet was visited by immense throngs of men, women and children from the tribes on the Upper Mississippi and Lake Superior. The most extravagant tales were told, and believed by the Indians, of his power to perform miracles; and they considered no fatigue or suffering too great to be endured for a sight of him. The inhabitants of Ohio became alarmed at witnessing this great assemblage of the savages upon their frontier, and the governor of the state sent a messenger to the Prophet to insist upon their removal. The agent of the United States at Fort Wayne, also perceiving the design of their crafty leader to fix himself permanently at Greenville, which was within the American limits, seconded these remonstrances so strongly that he was compelled to remove. In 1808 he abandoned Greenville, with all his followers, and selected a new residence on the north bank of the Wabash, near the mouth of the Tippecanoe.

The occupation of this place was also illegal, as the territory belonged to the Miami tribe, who had never given their consent to the intrusion. They made strong remonstrances against it, but the Prophet paid no heed to them. His followers now comprised a strong body of the most daring and unprincipled

young blades to be found in the whole Indian territory; and, adopting the principle of "might makes right," which has been acted upon by many a greater man, he maintained his post at Tippecanoe by force of arms, and the Miamies were too weak to expel him. All the chiefs of the surrounding tribes, with hardly an exception, were hostile to him, as they saw that he was constantly endeavoring to destroy their influence, and to propagate a seditious and revolutionary spirit among their people. These efforts were attended with such success, that several of the chiefs were put to death, at the instigation of the Prophet's partisans, on charges of practising sorcery. Teteboxke, the venerable chief of the Delawares, and several of his friends were burnt at the stake. Fanaticism, whether in civilized or savage communities, runs the same career. These severe measures, however, soon had the effect of injuring the cause of their author. In the course of a year, his adherents fell off to such an extent that he was left with not more than three hundred warriors in his train. In their dissolute idleness, they suffered much for want of provisions, and many of them would have starved, had they not been supplied with corn by General Harrison, the governor of the territory of Indiana.

In September, 1809, a treaty was concluded at Fort Wayne, between the Delawares, Miamies and Potawatamies, and General Harrison, as commissioner on the part of the United States. By this treaty the Indians ceded to the government, a tract of land extending sixty miles along the Wabash above Vincennes. This was done without the advice or knowledge of

Tecumseh, and neither the prophet nor any of his followers were present during the transaction. They had no claim to the land in question, it having been in the legal possession of the Miamies time out of mind. The chiefs of the other tribes attended the council, and advised the cession, and the transaction was in every respect regular and equitable. Yet Tecumseh, who had been absent during the negotiation, on a mission of intrigue among the different tribes, was inflamed with anger when he returned, and learnt what had been done. He openly threatened to kill the chiefs who had signed the treaty, and declared his determination to prevent the land from being surveyed and occupied by the Americans. Harrison, being informed of this, sent him a message, informing him that if he possessed any just claims to the territory, they would not be annulled by the treaty; that he might come to Vincennes and exhibit his pretensions, and if they proved to be well founded, the land would either be given up to him, or a satisfactory indemnity allowed.

Accordingly, in August, 1810, Tecumseh proceeded to Vincennes, attended by several hundred warriors. A day was appointed for a conference, and the savage chief pleaded his cause in a long speech to the governor, amounting in substance to this—that the Great Spirit had made the Western World for the sole use of the Indians; that the white men had no right to come there and take the land away from them; that the territory was held in common by all the red men, no particular part being the property of any one tribe; and that, consequently, no sale of land made without the consent of all, was authentic or valid. There would

have been a show of plausibility in this argument, had this savage expounder of law been able to show that the red men of the western continent were in reality one political family; but as it was notorious that the various tribes were almost constantly in a state of hostility with one another, his argument was clearly unsound. Governor Harrison heard him patiently to the end, and then replied, in a manner which the rudest savage could understand—that the Indians, like the white people, were divided into many different tribes and nations, having no common association or interest; that the Great Spirit never designed that they should form a single community, which was evident from the fact that they spoke different languages, thus putting it out of their power to understand each other; that Tecumseh could have no claim to the land ceded by the treaty, as he was of the Shawanese tribe, who emigrated from Georgia; and, finally, that the lands on the Wabash had been peaceably possessed by the Miamies beyond the memory of any man living.

The interpreter, who translated this reply into the Shawanese, had not quite finished, when Tecumseh interrupted him with the exclamation, "*It is all false.*" At the same time, giving a signal to his men, they grasped their tomahawks and war clubs, and sprang up from the grass on which they had been sitting. Harrison leaped from his seat and drew his sword. He was for some minutes in imminent danger; his immediate attendants were all unarmed, and the only guard in the neighborhood consisted of a sergeant and twelve men. He maintained, however, the utmost cool-

ness, and ordered the guard to advance. Both parties now faced each other with the most menacing aspect; tomahawks were raised, swords unsheathed, and pistols cocked. The firm countenance of the governor intimidated the savages, and they thought it prudent not to strike. After a short suspense, he broke silence, and told Tecumseh that he was a bad man, and he would have nothing more to do with him. He therefore ordered him to retire immediately to his camp and return home. Thus ended the conference. The parties separated, and the militia of the neighborhood were ordered into the town during the night, to defend the inhabitants from the attack which was expected.

The savages, having slept upon the matter, considered it more coolly the next morning, and deferred their hostilities. At an early hour, their chief sent for the interpreter, and, after making an apology for his passionate behavior, earnestly requested another parley with the governor. Wishing to try every method of terminating the business amicably, Harrison consented, but took the precaution to go attended by a strong guard. Tecumseh made another speech, affirming that he had been incited to his late proceedings by some white persons, but that it was not his intention to offer any violence to the governor. He was asked whether he had any other grounds for his claim to the lands, than those he had already stated. He answered, No. Harrison then observed to him, that so great a warrior as Tecumseh ought to disdain all duplicity and concealment, and desired to know whether he really designed to make war upon the United States if they persisted in maintaining their

right to the land which they had acquired by a fair treaty. He replied that he was firmly resolved to do this, and to defend the "old boundary." Several of the other warriors then started up and declared that they would stand by Tecumseh and obey his orders.

This interview closed without any satisfactory result, the savage chief avowing his determination never to rest till he had brought all the tribes upon the continent into a confederacy against the whites. Harrison informed him that the United States would defend their title to the land, but that his words should be reported to the president, who would take the proper steps in the affair. As Tecumseh had abated the insolence of his demeanor since the first conference, it was hoped that a farther interval might bring him to reason. Harrison paid him a visit in his camp the next day, and was received with great civility. A long conversation was held, but the resolution of the savage was inflexible. He affirmed that he was very reluctant to go to war with the United States, as he had no complaint against them, except on the subject of their purchasing land from the Indians. On the contrary, he was sincerely anxious to be their friend, and if General Harrison could persuade the president to give up the territory lately ceded, and agree never to make another treaty without the consent of all the tribes, he would be their constant and faithful ally, and assist them in all their wars against the English,—who were always treating the Indians like dogs—clapping their hands and crying "*stuboy!*" He would much prefer joining the Seventeen Fires, but if the Americans would not give

up the lands, he would join the English against them. Harrison again assured him that his demands never could be complied with by the president. "Well," replied Tecumseh, "as the great chief is to decide the matter, I hope the Great Spirit will put sense enough in his head to induce him to give you orders to give up the land. It is true, he is so far off as to be out of danger from the war. He may sit still in his own town and drink his wine, while you and I must fight it out."

It was now evident that not a mere savage caprice, but deep policy, and stern, inflexible resolution guided the actions of the great chieftain. The general perceived that an Indian war could not be avoided, and he improved the opportunity, before the departure of Tecumseh, to express to him a wish that, in case of hostilities, no cruelty should be exercised upon prisoners. The chief assured him that he would do all in his power to prevent it. We shall see hereafter that he strictly kept his word. The negotiations of Vincennes came to a final close, and the Indians departed. Tecumseh and his brother continued their intrigues to effect a general rising of the tribes against the United States. The prophet visited the Creek Indians in the summer of 1811, and, we are told, attempted to work upon their superstitious feelings by announcing that a great lamp would shortly appear in the west to aid him in his war against the whites; and, in case the Creeks would not follow his directions, the earth would, before long, tremble to its foundations. The comet of 1811, and an earthquake, which was believed to have happened about that time,

afforded the believers in the marvellous, ample food for their credulity. The precise date of the prediction is of material importance in settling his claim to a foreknowledge of the events. This, however, is wanting in the present case; but the prophet had no lack of believers on that account.

Tecumseh did not suffer his passionate and vindictive feelings to hurry him into any precipitate action upon his plan of hostilities. It appears to have been the original intention of this wary and experienced politician, to avoid a war till he could organize a combination among the tribes sufficiently powerful to present an effectual resistance to the American arms, or till his cause could be strengthened by a rupture between the United States and Great Britain,—an event which grew more and more probable every day. In the mean time, he kept up a constant correspondence with the British Indian department in Canada, and his followers were supplied with arms, ammunition and clothing from the king's stores, at Malden. It has been asserted that the plan of the Indian confederacy originated with the British government, but of this we have no positive proof. We are only certain that the Indians, who visited the British posts on the frontier, were tampered with by the agents at those places, and urged, by presents and promises, to hostilities against the Americans. Their natural passion for war was thus inflamed, and they were assured of assistance from the British arms, in case they took up the hatchet against "Big Knife,"—the name bestowed on the Virginians and Kentuckians, who had given

them the severe defeats which they had suffered in the campaigns of Wayne and Dunmore.

Under the influence of all these motives, hostile acts could not long be avoided. In 1811, Indian depredations and murders began to alarm the inhabitants along the frontiers of the territories of Indiana, Illinois and Missouri. The authors of these outrages being known, messages were sent to the chiefs of the several tribes, demanding that they should be given up. No satisfaction could be obtained. Governor Harrison, having summoned Tecumseh to restore some stolen horses, was informed that the chief and his brother would pay him a visit. It was agreed that they might do so, provided they brought only thirty followers. The governor knew these men too well to trust them implicitly, and caused them to be closely watched while yet at a distance. They were discovered descending the river with a body of several hundred. Their farther approach was forbidden, and Tecumseh advanced with a few canoes, but was quickly followed by his whole force, and they encamped within a mile of Vincennes. There was every appearance that they intended to plunder the town; but so large a force of militia was collected, that the attempt was not made. A parley was held, in which Harrison complained of the murders and robberies committed by the Indians. Tecumseh replied that he had never sheltered the offenders; but confessed his design of forming a grand confederacy against the Americans. He stated that the policy pursued by the United States, of purchasing the Indian lands, he viewed as a "mighty water," which

threatened to overflow his people, and that his confederacy was a dam to resist the inundation.

This council served no other purpose than to show the threatening state of affairs, and the unconquerable perseverance of the savage leader in the prosecution of his grand design. Two days after the council broke up, he set off on a journey to the south. He visited the Creeks, Choctaws and Chickasaws; then, crossing the Mississippi, he returned northerly, and continued his course up the stream as high as the river Des Moines; from this point he crossed the head streams of the Illinois, and returned to the Wabash. The activity, ingenuity and perseverance which he displayed in this expedition, are truly wonderful. All the tribes which he visited were prevailed upon, by his eloquence and his arguments, to join in the grand Indian league, and oppose, as one man, the encroachments of the Americans.

But, during his absence, affairs had taken a most important turn. The Prophet, who had been left with the sole authority at Tippecanoe, received instructions from his brother to avoid coming to extremities with the Americans, as matters were not yet ripe for an explosion, but to restrain his followers from committing depredations, which might afford their enemies a plausible pretext for attacking them before their schemes were fully organized. The Prophet, however, lacked the sagacity and self-command of his brother, and neither comprehended his plans, nor possessed sufficient influence over the wild desperadoes around him to restrain their excesses. Murders and depredations followed in quick succession; no

redress could be obtained by the sufferers; and the inhabitants of the frontier at length held a meeting at Vincennes, and drew up a memorial to the president of the United States, setting forth their dangers, and requesting that a stop might be put to the outrages of the banditti of Tippecanoe.

This produced immediate effect. A regiment of United States' troops, under Colonel Boyd, was ordered from Pittsburg to Vincennes. Governor Harrison was authorized to raise the militia, take command of the whole force, and expel the Prophet and his followers. The militia were immediately called out; volunteers flocked to the rendezvous, and, about the end of September, 1811, Harrison, at the head of nine hundred men, began his march up the Wabash. Conformably to his orders, he halted within the limits of the United States, and despatched some Delaware and Miami Indians to induce the Prophet to give up the murderers and the stolen horses which he had with him. These messengers of peace were received and treated with great insolence, and the demands were rejected with haughty disdain by the Prophet and his council. So far from wishing to accommodate matters, or to defer the breaking out of the war, the Indians detached a small party to begin hostilities by cutting off any stragglers which they might fall in with near the American camp. Finding none, they fired upon one of the sentinels and wounded him severely. The messengers on returning, informed Harrison that it was vain to expect peace, and that nothing but force could obtain either satisfaction for injuries done, or security for the future. They

assured him farther, that the strength of the prophet's party was hourly increasing by the arrival of crowds of giddy young sparks from every quarter, particularly from the tribes on the Illinois.

Harrison was now convinced that nothing but an immediate advance upon the enemy would bring matters to a crisis. On the 29th of October, he resumed his march. Two routes led to the Prophet's town; one on the north and the other on the south shore of the Wabash. The latter was the more direct, but led through a hilly region, covered with wood. The northern route passed over wide prairies, which afforded few situations favorable for ambuscades. To impose on the enemy, a route was reconnoitred on the south side of the river, and a wagon road begun. Having advanced a short distance along this line, the army suddenly wheeled to the left and crossed the Wabash. By this manœuvre the Indians were completely out-generalled, and sent their detached parties in a direction where no enemy was to be found. Harrison continued to advance, till, on the 6th of November, he arrived within five or six miles of Tippecanoe, where he first obtained a sight of the enemy. The advanced guard approached the Indians, and endeavored to open a parley with them, but they replied only with manifestations of insult and defiance. The whole army then moved forward with the utmost caution, while clouds of savages hung upon their front and flanks. Within a mile and a half of the town, they were met by three Indians, one of them a principal counsellor of the Prophet. They demanded to know why the troops were advancing against them.

They stated that their leader wished, if possible, to avoid hostilities, and that he had sent a pacific message by the Miami and Potowatomie chief, who had unfortunately gone down on the wrong side of the Wabash.

Harrison indulged a hope that the savages, perceiving the Americans were in earnest, had at last resolved to compromise matters. He agreed to a suspension of hostilities, and the next day was appointed for a council to treat of peace. The army encamped on a little elevation skirted by a prairie. Notwithstanding the pacific demonstrations of the Indians, the general, like a prudent commander, took every precaution against treachery. A strong night-guard was placed on duty; all the forces were distributed in a manner to enable them to act at a moment's warning. The strictest vigilance was enjoined upon every one, and all necessary preparations were made for a surprise. The sun went down at the close of a quiet afternoon,—the hum and bustle of the Indian town died away into perfect repose. The moon rose at a late hour. The stillness of midnight was not interrupted by a single sound; all breathed of quietness and peace, and the near approach of dawn indicated that every danger was past; but the moment of most imminent peril was now at hand.

A little after four in the morning, a sentinel, who was gazing on the wide prairie before him, had his attention roused by a strange movement on its surface. Not a breath of wind was stirring, yet the tall grass was waving as if under the influence of a strong breeze. Rapidly the noiseless waves approached nearer till they broke against the eminence at his

feet. He cried, "Who goes there?" but no voice was heard in reply. Suddenly, with the quick thought of a backwoodsman, he stooped down, and, looking *under* the grass, beheld an Indian stealthily creeping towards him! He fired; in an instant a tremendous yell arose from the prairie, and a cloud of savage warriors rushed upon the American lines. But the troops were better prepared for their reception than they imagined. Harrison, knowing from experience the hour of the greatest danger, was already at his post, and every officer prepared for action. The troops, who had lain upon their arms, were marshalled with great promptness. All the watch-fires were immediately extinguished, that the enemy might not be guided by them in directing their attacks.

The American left flank received the first onset. The guard in that quarter gave way, overpowered by numbers and the fury of the assault. The general hastened to the spot, and ordered up several companies from the centre, which kept the enemy in check. The attack was now extended to front, flank and rear, and a most deadly fire from the enemy nearly surrounded the American camp. The Indians rushed upon the lines and retreated alternately, making a loud rattling noise with deer-hoofs. They fought with the utmost resolution, and seemed determined to vanquish or die. The Prophet was not in the battle, but sat on a hill adjacent, singing a war-song. He had told his men that the Great Spirit would render the guns of the Americans useless, and that their bullets would not hurt the Indians, who would have light,

while their enemies would be involved in thick darkness. But, soon after the commencement of the battle, he was told that his men were falling; he ordered them to fight on, for his predictions would soon prove true, and continued singing louder than ever. The Indians maintained the conflict with undaunted resolution, rushing up to the bayonets of the troops and striking at them with their tomahawks and war-clubs. But the Americans sustained the charges with great coolness and intrepidity, and repulsed their assailants. With the dawn of day the contest began to turn in their favor. They charged the enemy on all sides, drove them into the woods and swamps, and put an end to the conflict.

Such was the battle of Tippecanoe, one of the hardest fought actions ever gained by the American arms. The two parties were about equal in numbers, each amounting to eight hundred men; but a great part of the Americans were raw troops, totally inexperienced in military affairs. They had fifty killed, and double that number wounded. The Indians are supposed to have suffered an equal loss. General Harrison narrowly escaped, the hair of his head being cut by a bullet.

Tippecanoe was instantly abandoned by the Indians, and the troops found nobody there except a chief whose leg was fractured. This defeat broke up for a time the Indian confederacy. Tecumseh was unable to raise any considerable savage force against the Americans till the commencement of the war of 1812. On his return from the south, finding the warriors of Tippecanoe dispersed, and his brother fled, he pro-

ceeded to the American post of Fort Wayne. He still cherished the same haughty spirit and obstinate resolution in endeavoring to combine the savage tribes against their great enemy. He spoke with much bitterness of Harrison, whom he never could forgive for expelling his men from Tippecanoe. He attempted, by threats and insolent language, to obtain ammunition from the commander of the fort, but being refused, he said he would go to his British father, who would not deny him. He appeared thoughtful for a while, then gave the war-whoop and went away.

Before the war with Great Britain had actually broken out, he began to put his threats in execution. Small parties committed depredations on the frontiers of Indiana, Illinois and Ohio, early in the spring of 1812; but we hear little of Tecumseh personally, until after the disastrous campaign of General Hull, which brought the whole northern hive of savages down upon the defenceless settlements of the American frontier. The British had now engaged them as auxiliaries in the war, and Tecumseh received a commission of brigadier-general. With a strong body of warriors he joined the army of General Procter, when Harrison took the field, in the autumn of 1813, and marched toward Detroit. Procter, with a very strong force, occupied Malden, on the opposite side of the river. Here he at first determined to wait the attack of Harrison, but the unexpected victory of the Americans on Lake Erie had given them the command of the waters, and he decided to burn Malden and retreat into the interior. Tecumseh, who possessed more courage than the British commander, could not

hear of this design without indignation, and addressed him in the following speech :

“ *Father!*—Listen to your children : you have them now all before you. In the old war our British father gave the hatchet to his red children when our old chiefs were alive. They are now dead. In that war our British father was thrown on his back by the Americans, and he took them by the hand without our knowledge. We are afraid our father will do so again this time. In the summer before last, when I came forward with my red brethren, and was ready to take up the hatchet in favor of our British father, we were told not to be in a hurry, for he had not yet determined to fight the Americans.

“ *Listen!*—When war was declared, our father stood up and gave us the tomahawk, and told us that he was then ready to strike the Americans ; that he wanted our assistance ; and that he would certainly get our lands back which the Americans had taken from us.

“ *Listen!*—You told us at that time to bring forward our families to this place ; and we did so. You promised to take care of them, and they should want for nothing while the men went to fight the enemy ; that we need not trouble ourselves about the enemy’s garrisons ; that we knew nothing about them, and that our father would attend to that part of the business. You also told your red children that you would take good care of your garrison here, which made our hearts glad.

“ *Listen!*—When we were last at the Rapids, it is true we gave you but little assistance. It is hard to fight people who live like ground hogs.

"*Father, listen!*—Our ships have gone out upon the lake; we know they have fought; we have heard the great guns; but we know nothing of what has happened to our father with the great guns. Our ships have gone one way, and we are much astonished to see our father packing up everything and preparing to run off the other way, without letting his red children know what his intentions are. You always told us to remain here, and take care of our lands; it made our hearts glad to hear that was your wish. Our great father, the king, is the head, and you represent him. You always told us that you would never draw your foot off British ground, but now we see you are drawing back, and we are sorry to see our father do so without seeing the enemy. Our father is like a fat dog, that sticks his tail over his back when there is no danger, but, as soon as he is frightened, drops it between his legs and runs off.

"*Father, listen!*—The Americans have not yet beaten us by land, nor are we sure they have done so by water. We therefore wish to stay here and fight the enemy if they come. If they beat us, we will then retreat with our father. At the battle of the Rapids, in the last war, the Americans certainly defeated us, and when we retreated to our father's fort at that place, the gates were shut against us. We were afraid this would happen again; but, instead of this, we now see our British father preparing to march out of his garrison.

"*Father!*—You have got the arms and ammunition which our great father sent for his red children. If you mean to go away, give them to us, and you may

go and welcome. Our lives are in the hands of the Great Spirit. We are determined to defend our lands, and, if it be his will, we wish to leave our bones upon them."

It is believed that, had the British general followed the advice of his savage ally, and made a stand against the Americans at Malden, the result would have been much more favorable to the British. The remonstrance of Tecumseh, however, had no effect. Procter set fire to the town and retreated with precipitation. Tecumseh had above two thousand Indians under his command, but was obliged to retreat in company with the British. Harrison crossed the river and advanced rapidly in pursuit. He overtook the retreating army at the Moravian towns, on the river Thames, and, on the 5th of October, 1813, forced them to battle. Each side numbered about twenty-five hundred men. The British were posted in an advantageous situation, with their flanks protected by the river and a swamp. Tecumseh, with his whole savage force, was stationed on the left. It is not our purpose to give a minute account of the battle. The Indians fought desperately, and, as they were charged by the Americans, reserved their fire with great coolness till the columns had approached within a few paces of their line, when they poured upon them so destructive a volley that the front ranks were nearly all cut down. Tecumseh was foremost among his men, animating them to the conflict by his voice and gestures. Colonel Johnson, who led on the mounted infantry against them, ordered his men to dismount and form in line. This was done, and a fierce and sanguinary

conflict was maintained for a short space. Tecumseh was shot dead; and the whole Indian band, no longer able to sustain the charge of the Americans, gave way, fled into the swamp, and dispersed. The British right wing had been previously routed, and the victory was complete. More than six hundred prisoners were taken. The British general escaped by the fleetness of his horse, but his carriage and sword fell into the hands of the victors. This overthrow, and the death of Tecumseh, who was the life and soul of the Indian confederacy, completely broke the spirit of the savages. Seven of the hostile tribes immediately sued for peace, delivered up their prisoners, and gave hostages for their pacific behavior.

Such was the close of the career of this famous savage, who, if not the most successful, was, perhaps, the most able military chief of all the northern tribes. He possessed great qualities, sagacity, foresight, self-command, valor, eloquence, and a strength of intellect adequate to grasp great political schemes. If we compare him with the British general under whom he fought, we must pronounce him a far superior man. He had more courage, more humanity, more firmness, and understood better the art of war. Few officers in the British service in America were so well qualified to command in the field as this Indian warrior. As a specimen of his geographical knowledge we may cite the following anecdote. When the British, under General Brock, were about to invade Michigan, their commander asked Tecumseh what sort of a country they must pass through in case they penetrated into the interior. The chief, taking a roll

of birch bark, extended it on the ground by means of four stones; then drawing forth his scalping knife, he etched upon it a map of the country, with the positions of all the hills, woods, plains, morasses and roads, forming an accurate military chart. In his person Tecumseh was tall and muscular, with a dignified carriage and a piercing eye. He had a more than Indian austerity of manners, which enabled him to control the wayward and furious passions of the wild hordes whom he led to battle. He was generally taciturn, but, when occasion demanded it, he could speak with great fluency and eloquence. At an interview with General Harrison, a chair was offered to him, with the words, "Your father requests you to take a seat." "My father!" exclaimed he, with great animation; "the sun is my father, and the earth is my mother; and on her bosom I will repose!" Saying this, he seated himself in the Indian manner on the ground.

Tecumseh had none of the savage passion for gaudy attire, and although great abundance of valuable and ornamented clothing and trinkets fell into his hands, he invariably wore a plain dress of deer skin. His humanity deserves to be noticed to his special honor. He faithfully adhered to the promise he gave General Harrison, that he would do all in his power to prevent cruelty to prisoners. Procter, the British commander—a man infamous in the history of bloody deeds—authorized and permitted the most atrocious massacres by the savages in his army. On one occasion, Tecumseh, perceiving a number of American prisoners about to be tomahawked, while the British officers were quietly looking on, rushed in among

them, flourished his sword, and called upon the savages, for shame, to desist; adding "it is a disgrace to kill a defenceless prisoner!"

Tecumseh left a son, who was fighting by the side of his father when the latter was slain. The Prince Regent of England made him a present of a handsome sword, as a token of respect for the memory of his parent. In 1826, he emigrated to the west of the Mississippi. The Prophet was believed to have been killed in November, 1812, at the capture of the Mississinaway towns, on the Wabash, by the Americans; but it subsequently appeared that he made his escape into Canada. After the termination of the war he received a pension from the British government, and continued to reside there, till 1826, when he accompanied his nephew to the west.



RED JACKET.

SAGOYEWATHA, who was called Red Jacket by the whites, in consequence of his wearing such a garment when a boy, was of the Seneca tribe—one of the Six Nations. He was born about the year 1750, in the western part of the state of New York. He was of a plebeian family, and does not appear to have been gifted with military talents, yet he attained the highest distinction and influence among his tribe, solely by his powers of eloquence. Of the early part of his career, little appears to be known. After the close of the revolutionary war, a great council of the Indian nations was held at Fort Schuyler for the settlement of affairs with the American commissioners. Red Jacket distinguished himself at this council by his opposition to the general wish for peace. He delivered a speech against "burying the hatchet," and urged the continuance of the war, with such eloquence and force, that the warriors were carried away by the magic of his oratory; and it was only by allowing time for the effect of it to dissipate and the temper of his auditors to cool down by sober reflection, that the more prudent and moderate of the chiefs were enabled to give a pacific turn to their deliberations.

About the year 1790, a council was held on the shore of Lake Canandaigua, to negotiate a purchase

of land from the Indians. After two days spent in discussing the terms, a treaty was agreed upon, and only wanted the formality of a signature to make it complete, when Red Jacket, who had not yet been heard, arose to speak. An eye witness thus describes the scene. "With the grace and dignity of a Roman senator, he drew his blanket around him, and with a piercing eye surveyed the multitude. All was hushed; nothing interposed to break the silence, save the gentle rustling of the tree-tops, under whose shade they were gathered. After a long and solemn, but not unmeaning pause, he commenced his speech in a low voice and sententious style. Rising gradually with the subject, he depicted the primitive simplicity and happiness of his nation, and the wrongs they had sustained from the usurpations of white men, with such a bold but faithful pencil that every auditor was soon roused to vengeance or melted into tears. The effect was inexpressible. But ere the emotions of admiration and sympathy had subsided, the white men became alarmed. They were in the heart of an Indian country, surrounded by more than ten times their number, who were inflamed by the remembrance of their injuries, and excited to indignation by the eloquence of a favorite chief. Appalled and terrified, the white men cast a cheerless gaze upon the hordes around them. A nod from the chiefs might be the onset of destruction. At this portentous moment, Farmer's-Brother interposed. He replied not to his brother chief, but with a sagacity truly aboriginal, he caused a cessation of the council, introduced good cheer, commended the eloquence of Red Jacket, and,

before the meeting had re-assembled, with the aid of other prudent chiefs, he had moderated the fury of his nation to a more salutary review of the question before them."

The fame of his great eloquence gained Red Jacket a powerful influence, not only in his own tribe, but among all the Six Nations of Indians. At one time he fell into discredit with his people, from what cause does not appear, and was denounced by his enemies as guilty of witchcraft. On this charge he was brought to trial, and defended himself in a speech three hours in length, which proved so effectual that he was acquitted. His reputation was greatly augmented by this occurrence. He was one of a deputation of his countrymen who visited Philadelphia, in 1792, and acted as chief spokesman in their negotiations with the governor.

He had a rooted antipathy to Christianity, which neither the lapse of time nor the persuasions of the white men could remove. He always opposed strongly the intrusion of missionaries among his people. In 1805, a missionary from Massachusetts visited Buffalo, and convened a council of the Indians, which comprised many of the Seneca chiefs and warriors. His purpose was to inculcate upon the savages the advantages they would derive from the introduction of Christianity among them. He delivered a discourse, in which he explained his object in calling them together. He informed them that he was sent by the great missionary society of Boston to teach them how to worship the Great Spirit, and not to defraud them of their lands and property; that there

was only one true religion in the world, and unless they embraced it, they could not be happy, and that they had lived in darkness and error all their lives. He wished, if the Indians had any objection to his religion, they would state it. After he had finished, they conferred together, and appointed Red Jacket to give their answer. He addressed the missionary in a speech which we shall quote entire. It exhibits genuine Indian shrewdness, and considerable force of argument.

“Friend and brother; it was the will of the Great Spirit that we should meet together this day. He orders all things, and he has given us a fine day for our council. He has taken his garment from before the sun, and caused it to shine with brightness upon us; our eyes are opened, that we see clearly; our ears are unstopped, that we have been able to hear distinctly the words that you have spoken; for all these favors we thank the Great Spirit, and him only.

“Brother, this council fire was kindled by you; it was at your request that we came together at this time; we have listened with attention to what you have said. You requested us to speak our minds freely; this gives us great joy, for we now consider that we stand upright before you, and can speak what we think; all have heard your voice, and all speak to you as one man; our minds are agreed.

“Brother, you say you want an answer to your talk before you leave this place. It is right you should have one, as you are a great distance from home, and we do not wish to detain you; but we will first look back a little, and tell you what our fathers have told us, and what we have heard from the white people.

“Brother, listen to what we say. There was a time when our forefathers owned this great island.* Their seats extended from the rising to the setting sun. The Great Spirit had made it for the use of Indians. He had created the buffalo, the deer, and other animals for food. He made the bear and the beaver, and their skins served us for clothing. He had scattered them over the country, and taught us how to take them. He had caused the earth to produce corn for bread. All this he had done for his red children because he loved them. If we had any disputes about hunting grounds, they were generally settled without the shedding of much blood. But an evil day came upon us; your forefathers crossed the great waters, and landed on this island. Their numbers were small; they found friends, and not enemies; they told us they had fled from their own country for fear of wicked men, and come here to enjoy their religion. They asked for a small seat; we took pity on them, granted their request, and they sat down amongst us; we gave them corn and meat; they gave us poison in return. The white people had now found our country; tidings were carried back, and more came amongst us; yet we did not fear them, we took them to be friends; they called us brothers; we believed them, and gave them a larger seat. At length, their numbers had greatly increased; they wanted more land; they wanted our country. Our eyes were opened, and our minds became uneasy. Wars took place; Indians were hired to fight against

* An opinion prevails among the Indians that this country is an island.

Indians, and many of our people were destroyed. They also brought strong liquor among us; it was strong and powerful, and has slain thousands.

"Brother, our seats were once large, and yours were very small; you have now become a great people, and we have scarcely a place left to spread our blankets; you have got our country, but are not satisfied; you want to force your religion upon us.

"Brother, continue to listen. You say you are sent to instruct us how to worship the Great Spirit agreeably to his mind, and if we do not take hold of the religion which you white people teach, we shall be unhappy hereafter. You say that you are right, and we are lost; how do we know this to be true? We understand that your religion is written in a book; if it was intended for us as well as you, why has not the Great Spirit given it to us, and not only to us, but why did he not give to our forefathers the knowledge of that book, with the means of understanding it rightly? We only know what you tell us about it. How shall we know when to believe, being so often deceived by the white people?

"Brother, you say there is but one way to worship and serve the Great Spirit; if there is but one religion, why do you white people differ so much about it? Why not all agree, as you can all read the book?

"Brother, we do not understand these things. We are told that your religion was given to your forefathers, and has been handed down from father to son. We also have a religion which was given to our forefathers, and has been handed down to us their children. We worship that way. It teacheth us to

be thankful for all the favors we receive ; to love each other, and to be united. We never quarrel about religion.

“ Brother, the Great Spirit has made us all ; but he has made a great difference between his white and red children ; he has given us a different complexion, and different customs ; to you he has given the arts ; to these he has not opened our eyes ; we know these things to be true. Since he has made so great a difference between us in other things, why may we not conclude that he has given us a different religion according to our understanding. The Great Spirit does right ; he knows what is best for his children ; we are satisfied.

“ Brother, we do not wish to destroy your religion, or take it from you ; we only want to enjoy our own.

“ Brother, you say you have not come to get our land or our money, but to enlighten our minds. I will now tell you that I have been at your meetings, and saw you collecting money from the meeting. I cannot tell what this money was intended for, but suppose it was for your minister ; and if we should conform to your way of thinking, perhaps you may want some from us.

“ Brother, we are told that you have been preaching to the white people in this place. These people are our neighbors ; we are acquainted with them ; we will wait a little while and see what effect your preaching has upon them. If we find it does them good, makes them honest and less disposed to cheat Indians, we will then consider again what you have said.

"Brother, you have now heard our answer to your talk, and this is all we have to say at present. As we are going to part, we will come and take you by the hand, and hope the Great Spirit will protect you on your journey, and return you safe to your friends."

The Senecas took part with the United States in the war of 1812. The practice of employing the savages in hostilities had always been condemned by the people of this country, but as the British government had set the example, and strengthened their armies materially by Indian auxiliaries, it began to be questioned whether such a system ought not to be turned against them. Grand Island, in the river Niagara, belonged to the Senecas, and when the British threatened to invade it, the Indians determined to take up arms in its defence. They were accordingly permitted to join the American forces on the Niagara frontier. Red Jacket was one of their leaders, and distinguished himself in an action near Fort George, on the 17th of August, 1813, in which the British and their Indian allies were defeated. The prisoners were all treated with humanity; nor was any excess committed by the savages on the American side during the war.

After the peace, Red Jacket professed to feel himself much annoyed by the attempts of missionaries to establish themselves among his people. In 1821, he made a formal complaint against them to the governor of New York, in a letter dictated by himself, which we have not space to copy. About the same time, a squaw of the Senecas was put to death on the accusation of witchcraft. The Americans took the

matter in hand, and put the executioner on trial. Red Jacket and other witnesses testified that the woman was a witch, and had been legally tried and executed. The doctrine of witchcraft was ridiculed by the Americans; to which he made a reply, reminding them,—if we may take his recorded speech as genuine,—of the transactions at Salem. Before he was admitted to give evidence at the trial, he was questioned whether he believed in the existence of a God, and a future state of rewards and punishments. He replied, with stern indignation, "*Yes! much more than the white men, if we are to judge by their actions.*" The trial was carried through three terms, and the prisoner was finally acquitted.

Red Jacket continued to enjoy great distinction to the day of his death. His residence was a log cabin, situated in a lonely spot near Buffalo. Scarcely a traveller passed that way without calling to visit a chief so celebrated for his wisdom and eloquence. He understood English well, yet refused constantly to converse in it, and would not even reply to a speech till it had been translated into his own language by an interpreter. This rigid adherence to an ancient formality, reminds us of the practice of the English sovereigns, who continue to sanction or reject acts of parliament in the language of William the conqueror. Red Jacket died on the 20th of January, 1830.



SHONGMUNECUTHE;

OR,

THE IETAN.

THE original name of this famous chieftain was Shong-mun-e-cuth-e, or the Prairie Wolf. The title of the Ietan, by which he is chiefly known to the whites, was given for exploits which will be detailed in the course of our narrative. His father was named Big Horse, and he had several brothers, two of whom, Blue Eyes and Lodge Pole, became celebrated warriors.

The tribe of which he was a native, consists of the remnants of the Ottoes and Missouries, once numerous and warlike tribes, which roamed over the boundless west; but they are now so greatly reduced that the whole number of warriors, in both tribes, does not exceed two hundred. Being united by the closest friendship, they have cast their lots in union and act together as one people; and, small as is their aggregate, they have sustained themselves with such uniform bravery and good conduct as to command the respect of the tribes around them. They are more indebted to Ietan than to any other individual for the high reputation they have maintained, as he was not only one of the boldest of their warriors, but he was distinguished for his knowledge and wisdom in peace. The tribe lives near the La Platte, thirty miles

southwest of Council Bluffs. They have two mud villages, where they plant corn and pumpkins, which they leave to grow during the summer, while they go to the prairies, to hunt the buffaloes. At this period, they live in tents made of their buffalo robes. Upon their return they gather their harvest, and spend the winter in their wigwams.

When Colonel Long's party were encamped on the Upper Missouri, in 1819, they were visited by a party of Ottoes, among whom was Ietan, then a young but distinguished warrior. A grand dance was performed in honor of the American officers; in the course of which the leaders of the greatest repute among the Indians narrated their exploits. In his turn Ietan stepped forward and struck the flag-staff which had been erected, and around which the dancers moved. This ceremony is called *striking the post*; and such is the respect paid to it, that whatever is spoken by the person who strikes, may be relied upon as strictly true; and, indeed, it could not well be otherwise, for the speaker is surrounded by rival warriors, who would not fail to detect, and instantly expose, any exaggeration by which he should endeavor to swell his own comparative merits.

In recounting his martial deeds, Ietan said he had stolen horses seven or eight times from the **Kanzas**; he had first struck the bodies of three of that nation, slain in battle. He had stolen horses from the Ietan nation, and had struck one of their dead. He had stolen horses from the Pawnees, and had struck the body of one Pawnee Loup. He had stolen horses several times from the Omahas, and once

from the Puncas. He had struck the bodies of two Sioux. On a war party, in company with the Pawnees, he had attacked some Spaniards, and penetrated into one of their camps. The Spaniards, excepting a man and a boy, fled, himself being at a distance before his party; he was shot at and missed by the man, whom he immediately shot down and struck.

On the occasion above alluded to, we are told, in the dance Ietan represented one who was in the habit of stealing horses. He carried a whip in his hand, as did a considerable number of the Indians, and around his neck were thrown several leathern thongs, for bridles and halters, the ends of which trailed on the ground behind him. After many preparatory manœuvres, he stooped down, and with his knife represented the act of cutting the hobbles of the horses; he then rode his tomahawk as children ride their broomsticks, making such use of his whip as to indicate the necessity of rapid movement, lest his foes should overtake him.

While yet young, the Ietan was the leader of a party of some eight or ten warriors, against a small tribe called Ietans—probably a branch of the Snake or Blackfoot Indians; they surprised a considerable party of the enemy, and, in the desperate fight which followed, Ietan killed seven warriors with his own hand. On returning to his camp, he displayed seven scalps, and several horses, the trophies of his skill and courage. From this period, he was ranked as one of the greatest warriors of his nation, and the name of the Ietan became his common appellation.

But the qualities of a warrior were not those by

which he was most extensively known. The Indians are by no means insensible to wit, and among themselves they frequently take much delight in pleasantry. But it is not often that a person is found among them, who is distinguished for a playful fancy. This, however, was the case with Ietan. His humor broke out on all occasions. Wherever he went, he was the life of the party; and such at last was his established reputation as a wag, that, whenever he opened his mouth, the Indians around were prepared to laugh.

On one occasion a great number of warriors had assembled, to hold a council. They sat around in silence, no one presuming to speak. Decorum required, upon such an august occasion, the sages and warriors, renowned alike for their great virtues and their famous deeds, being present, that all should preserve the utmost gravity. Ietan was among the number; and a superficial observer might have fancied, on looking at his face, that he fully participated in the solemnity of the scene. A closer critic might have remarked, as beneath a mask, a quivering smile around his lip, indicating some merry thought about to burst forth upon the assembly. At last, preserving his grave exterior, he made some remark in a low tone, yet so as to be heard over the whole mass. In an instant the gravity of the council was disturbed; there was a general grunt, and then a laugh, which could not be repressed. Ietan had suggested some idea so humorous, that even the established laws of good society were set at naught.

An instance of playfulness of fancy is afforded in the following story. He had been on a visit to Gov-

ernor Clarke, the intendant of Indian affairs at St Louis. As he was returning, he stopped at the little settlement of Liberty, about half way to Council Bluffs. Here he manifested a great desire to see the process of manufacturing whiskey, which he knew was carried on there. As the Indians had already made some attempts to procure this article, in which they had sacrificed large quantities of their corn, it was not thought prudent to show so sagacious a person as Ietan the whole process. He was, therefore, taken only into the room where the distillation was taking place. When he saw the coiling pipe, called the *worm*, and understood its use and operation, he remarked playfully,—“I see now why it is that the whiskey, when it gets into the head, makes the brain turn round so; it is because of the trick it gets in passing through the tube.”

Being once at Council Bluffs, with some of his Indian friends, he saw some rockets sent into the air by the soldiers. In talking with his companions upon the subject, he told them that the Great Spirit had made the whites superior to the Indians in two things,—in making fire-water and fire-powder; and in gratitude for these gifts, they sent up these streams of fire, so that He might light His pipe.

About the year 1822, Major O'Fallan, who had been stationed at Council Bluffs, attended a deputation of chiefs, from several of the tribes, to Washington. Among them were warriors from the Kansas, Pawnees, Otoes, Gros Ventres, Mandans, Omahas, &c., amounting in all to about twenty. Of this party, Ietan was one.—During the expedition, he was con-

stantly exciting the mirth of his companions by his wit, and his humorous observations upon what they saw.

The chiefs were taken from Washington to Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York. They took careful note of everything; they paced the decks of the ships, and measured the guns of the forts with strings; they also measured the size of some of the public buildings. They attempted to count the people of New York, and keep the record upon notched sticks.

On their return to their homes, these chiefs, with the exception of Ietan, gave an account of what they had seen. In every instance this was received with incredulity, and, in most cases, the result was fatal to the character of the chiefs for veracity. It has been a matter of policy for the leaders of the Indians to inculcate the belief that they were among the most sagacious and powerful of the nations of the earth. It is the pride, the conceit, thus established, that becomes the source of much of their courage and vigor of character. Let them become humbled by a knowledge of their comparative ignorance and weakness, and they would soon sink into listlessness and insignificance.

The fate of the Mandan chief was melancholy indeed. On his return, he told, without exaggeration, what he had seen. "The white people," said he, "have lodges, some of which are a hundred paces in length; they have canoes fifty paces in length, and of sufficient bulk to hold five hundred men. In their great cities the people are so numerous that you cannot number them; they seem as countless as the stars in the sky, or the straws on the prairie."

This announcement, so different from the current notions of the people at that time, was received with universal disbelief. Some of them rose up and told the chief that it could not be true; that he had sought to deceive them; that he had spoken with a double tongue. In vain the chief protested that he spoke the truth; in vain did he appeal to the Great Spirit, in attestation of his veracity. "You have spoken with a false tongue!" was the universal cry.

However they may practise every species of deceit toward their enemies, truth toward each other, is a cardinal virtue with the Indians. An attempt to practise a deception upon the tribe, is held to be an unworthy degradation of the man, and a foul sin against Heaven. It is considered better that a man shall die, and put an end to sinning, than to live after he has defiled himself by falsehood. Proceeding upon these views, the Mandan savages were called out for the execution of the chief, whom they had pronounced a liar. "Sing your death song, for you must die!" was the universal decree.

Seeing that it was vain to resist, and submitting to a decision which every Indian considers final, the chief, in the presence of the assembled tribe, began his death song. This is a sort of dying confession, offered to the Great Spirit, but it usually contains as much of boasting as humility. "I am a great warrior," said the chief; "I have stolen many horses; I have taken many scalps from my enemies; I have struck many bodies of the dead, in the heat of battle. I am a great hunter. Who could ride over the prairie more swiftly than me? Whose arrow was

more true than mine? Who has slain so many buffaloes as I have done? And who was wiser in council than the chief of the Mandans? Yet he must die, for he is condemned by his own people. I have spoken the truth, yet they say I am a liar. Thou, Great Spirit of the air—thou knowest all things; and thou knowest that I spoke truly. Yet I die content, for my people have so decreed. Great Father of the Indian family, smile upon me in the far land of spirits. Let me dwell forever in the rich prairie, far from the Black Feet, and the Snakes, and the Pawnees; let me feast upon the fattest of buffaloes; let there be no enemy, to disturb my feast, or to break my slumbers; no prickly pear to wound my feet. Let me be surrounded by willing squaws, who will arrange my tent, and provide my moccasins, and dress my food."

Having sung his death song, of which this is but an imaginary sketch—the chief declared that he was ready to die. Several of the Indians had their rifles prepared; they fired, and he fell dead upon the earth. Thus it seems that, among savages, as among civilized men, ignorance is ever bigoted; that it is an offence to know more than the mass; and to announce truth that conflicts with the established creed of society, leads to condemnation. Galileo was persecuted for declaring that the earth had a revolving motion; and the Mandan chief was shot for asserting that the whites possessed ships one hundred and fifty feet in length!

The fate of the Great Bear, a chief of the Pawnees, who had accompanied the party to Washington, and who indiscreetly disclosed the truth on his return,

was hardly less severe. He was degraded from his rank as a warrior, and made to hold a station among the squaws—a mark of the utmost reprobation. One of our officers, belonging to the station at Council Bluffs, happening to be at the Pawnee village, saw the Great Bear in his state of humiliation. He was covered with filth; his neglected beard was grown long upon his face, and his head was covered with ashes. When the warriors assembled in council, he took his place without the circle of chiefs, among the boys.

Ietan was present on this occasion. During the session of the council, the Great Bear left the boys, and, after a short space, he returned in the full dress of a warrior. He was a man of noble form, and now, in his war gear, had an imposing appearance. He wore around his neck the medals he had received at Washington, and held in his hand a roll, consisting of several certificates he had received from different Indian agents of the U. States. He proceeded with a lofty air to the centre of the council, and cast a haughty look upon the grave circle of smoking warriors and sages. He then began an address, in which he set forth his deeds as a hunter and a warrior. He appealed to the assembled chiefs, in attestation of the truth of what he said. "But I am now degraded," said he, "to the level of a squaw; the Great Bear, the renowned warrior, the fear of his enemies, and the pride of the Pawnees, is now an object of contempt. In the assembly of the chiefs, I am obliged to take my place in the outer circle, with the boys! And why is this? Because I told my people what I

had seen in the land of the white men. In vain have I declared my veracity; in vain have I appealed to the Great Spirit, to attest my innocence. But there is now here a great warrior and a great chief of the Otoes. Who has not heard of Shongmunecuthe, the Ietan? He is here. I appeal to him. He was with me in the cities of the white men. He can tell you whether I spoke with a false tongue. Speak, Shongmunecuthe! I told my people that the white men had canoes fifty paces in length, and that some of their lodges were two hundred paces in length. I said that the white men were numerous as the stars. Say, chief of the Otoes, is the Great Bear a liar?"

The scene produced a strong excitement. Every eye was bent upon Ietan, who now arose, and replied to the appeal thus made. But it seems that generosity was not among the virtues of the Prairie Wolf. He knew the Indian character well, and he had been careful not to jeopard his reputation by telling the Indians what they would not readily believe. In speaking of what he had seen among the white people, he had always used general terms. He now replied in the same manner. "The whites," said he, "have some pretty large lodges, and large canoes, and their people are numerous." The effect of his speech was unfavorable to the Great Bear. The cautious manner in which the renowned Ietan had spoken, satisfied the assembly that the Pawnee chief had been guilty of misrepresentation. The latter saw the effect produced, and, with a dejected air, he retired from the council. Thus it appears, that, by his sagacity, Ietan preserved his character and standing with the Indians.

knowing their prejudices, he took care not to shock them by his statements, which would only prove injurious to himself; while the less prudent chiefs fell victims to their frankness.

An extraordinary evidence of the confidence reposed in him by his tribe, was afforded a few years before Ietan's death. Some of the white traders came to the village of the Otoes, and, in order to bribe the chiefs to use their influence with the Indians to part with their furs on easy terms, presented them with a keg of whiskey. They therefore prepared for a debauch—a business upon which they usually enter with due calculation. The women, foreseeing what would follow, took care to put the knives and other weapons of the savages beyond their reach.

In the height of their revel, Ietan and his brother, Lodge Pole, fell into a dispute, which ended in a quarrel. They grappled, and Ietan was thrown to the ground. During the violent scuffle which ensued, Lodge Pole bit off his brother's nose. Both parties were too much intoxicated to notice what had happened, but the next day, when Ietan came to his senses, and discovered the mutilation, he seized his rifle, went straight to his brother's lodge, and shot him dead. Knowing that he had forfeited his life, he left the village and proceeded to Council Bluffs. He was well known by the officers, who sought in vain to comfort him. He cared little, indeed, for his brother's death, or his own exile; but he seemed to feel a peculiar degree of humiliation on account of the wound upon his nose. He was not a little relieved when the surgeon found means to patch it up, assuring him that the scar would be scarcely visible.

The chief had been absent but a few days, when a "crying deputation," as it is called, came from the tribe, beseeching Ietan to return. It consisted of the principal men of the tribe; they were loaded with presents of horses, cloths and furs; and as they came into the presence of their chief, they wept aloud, in token of their sorrow. Ietan promised to take the subject into consideration. This he did, and, after a few weeks, he returned. He was received with joy by the people; his crime was overlooked; and from that time he was the war-chief of the tribe.

He continued to be their leader for a number of years; his reputation, not only as a warrior, but as a man of great sagacity and wisdom, was greatly extended, and he was regarded as one of the great men of the day. His fame for wit was spread far and wide, and his society was much sought on account of his powers of amusement. The white people were accustomed to call him the Indian Voltaire.

The death of this renowned chief was inglorious. During his absence, about the year 1834, one of his young wives, being smitten with affection for one of the youthful dandies of the tribe, forgot her duty and went to live with her new lover. When Ietan was about to return, the young Indian began to dread the wrath of the chief. Accordingly, being joined by five or six of his companions, he fled to the woods. Ietan returned, and learning what had happened, pursued the seducer and his party. They lay in ambush, and as the chief approached they rose and fired a volley upon him. Though desperately wounded, he sprung upon them like a tiger, and slew two of them

with his own hand. In the midst of the conflict, he received a ball in his breast, and fell shouting in triumph for the vengeance he had inflicted upon his enemy.





BLACK HAWK.

BLACK HAWK.

IN 1832 and 1833, the western frontier of the United States again experienced the ravages of an Indian war. The principal leader of the savages was Black Hawk, a chief of the united tribes of Sacs and Foxes, occupying the territory between the Illinois and Mississippi rivers. He had been concerned in marauding expeditions against the settlements at an early period, but his hostile temper was strongly excited by a treaty made with the Sacs and Foxes, in 1830, by which those tribes sold their lands to the United States, and agreed to remove to the west of the Mississippi. A chief named Keokuk was the principal Indian negotiator in this business, to which Black Hawk was not a party. When he learnt what had taken place, he testified the greatest indignation, and, finding a considerable number among the Indians who were dissatisfied with the treaty, he offered to place himself at their head and raise the standard of opposition to Keokuk. The quiet of the frontier was soon disturbed by irregular proceedings, but it appears that, in the first act of violence, the whites were the aggressors. The abundant facilities for a border feud may be understood from the history of the first irregular proceeding in this case. One of the Indians found a bee-hive in a hollow tree, and carried it to his wigwam. The hive was claimed by some of the whites, and given up;

but these men, not content with reclaiming what might or might not have been their property, thought proper to indemnify themselves for their trouble by plundering the Indian's wigwam of all the skins he had obtained by his winter's hunt. None of the savages could understand such justice, and it is not surprising that this, and sundry other irregular proceedings, soon excited ill-blood between the whites and the red men.

Black Hawk now resolved upon open war. He was particularly bent on maintaining possession of the Sac village, situated upon a point of land at the confluence of the Mississippi and Rock rivers. It was an old residence of the tribe, having been occupied by them above a century and a half. Here were beautiful cornfields and the ancient cemeteries of their kindred. But as this spot was comprised within the limits of the ceded territory, the Americans demanded the evacuation of the village, according to the stipulations of the treaty. Black Hawk succeeded in convincing Keokuk of the impolicy or illegality of the cession which he had made, and the latter promised to open a negotiation with the Americans, and get the village restored. With this expectation, the Indians still kept possession of it, till the autumn of 1830, when they went abroad as usual, on their winter's hunt. The whites, in their absence, occupied the village, and when the Indians returned, they found their wigwams filled with intruders.

The high spirit of the savage could not endure this. The chiefs of the tribes resolved to drive out the new comers by force; and proceeded to execute their

design. The whites, who were not in sufficient force to oppose them, offered to compromise matters by living in company with the tribe. This was agreed to; but the whites, as might be expected, took the advantage of their associates, and appropriated to themselves all the best planting lands. Other impositions were practised upon the Sacs, and at length they were ordered to quit the village. Many of them complied, but Black Hawk and his party refused. In the spring of 1831, the emigrant Indians returned, and again took possession. The resolution of the Indians to maintain themselves on the spot being now evident, the white intruders began to make public complaints of the "encroachments of the Indians." Moved by these clamors, Reynolds, the governor of Illinois, took the extraordinary measure of declaring the state invaded by foreign enemies, and ordered out seven hundred militia for the public defence. These forces were directed to remove the Indians, dead or alive, across the Mississippi. General Gaines, the commander of the United States' troops in that quarter, being apprehensive that these rash and precipitate movements might provoke the Indians to hostilities, proceeded to Rock river, to mediate between the two parties. The Illinois militia had not arrived, and he succeeded in persuading about a third of the Indians to remove immediately. The remainder refused to leave the place; and the women implored their husbands to fight rather than abandon their homes.

Gaines held a council with Black Hawk on the 7th of June. The savage chief came, at the head of his band of warriors, armed and painted as if for battle.

He declared to the general that he would not remove, and that he was not afraid of the Americans. Notwithstanding these boasts, as soon as the militia arrived on the 25th, the Indians abandoned the place without firing a gun. Two days after, Black Hawk made his appearance again, with a white flag, and demanded a parley. After a few days' negotiation, a treaty was agreed upon, and the Indians relinquished their claim to the territory.

This pacification, however, was not of long continuance. The Indians still retained the feelings of exasperation caused by the harsh treatment which they had received, and their unfriendly temper was increased by the imperfect fulfilment of the treaty by the Americans. They had been promised a liberal supply of corn as an indemnity for the crops which they had been forced to abandon. But the quantity they received was far from sufficient to support them, and a party of the Sacs found themselves obliged, as one of their chiefs said, to cross the river and "steal the corn from their own fields." New complaints now arose on both sides; the Indians gathered strength on the west bank of the Mississippi, and Black Hawk resolved on commencing a predatory war on the frontier settlements. This measure was precipitated by the hostilities which had existed between his own people and the Menominies and Sioux. These hostilities had been allayed for a time by the intervention of the whites; but, in 1831, a band of Sioux, who were encamped in the neighborhood of the American fort at Prairie du Chien, were attacked by Black Hawk's men, and twenty-

eight of their number were killed. The Americans demanded that the murderers should be given up, but Black Hawk refused, alleging that it was an affair between two Indian tribes, who were independent of the authority of the United States. The act, however, was committed on the United States' territory, and the murdered men were at that time under the protection of the American government.

Early in the spring of 1832, Black Hawk had collected a force of Sacs, Foxes and Winnebagoes, amounting to about a thousand men. At the head of this army he crossed the Mississippi and commenced a hostile invasion of the United States. The frontier inhabitants, alarmed at the approach of this powerful force, abandoned their farms and remote settlements. The governor of Illinois ordered out a brigade of militia. General Atkinson, the commander of the United States' troops on that frontier, marched toward the scene of hostilities about the middle of June. The regular troops and militia amounted to three thousand four hundred men. Black Hawk knew that he was unable to resist so strong a force, and withdrew from the open country into the swamps, from whence he sent out marauding parties against the unprotected settlements. In this manner he ravaged the mining districts of Michigan, and murdered a number of defenceless families. These transactions, and the defeat of a party of two hundred and seventy Americans, who were attacked and dispersed by Black Hawk, at Sycamore Creek, spread the greatest alarm throughout the country. More troops were ordered from the sea-coast and other quarters.

Five companies of artillery made a rapid march of eighteen days from Fortress Monroe, on the Chesapeake, to Chicago, on Lake Michigan, but were unfortunately attacked by the cholera on the route, and the whole rendered unfit for service before they reached the seat of war.

General Scott, who was advancing with the reinforcements to take the command, found it impossible to join Atkinson with his forces in season to coöperate with him. He, therefore, directed him to pursue the campaign without waiting for his arrival. Atkinson scoured the country and attempted to drive the Indians out of their lurking places. Black Hawk, finding himself closely pressed on all sides, began to retreat. He abandoned a camp which he had formed at the Four Lakes, and moved toward the Mississippi. He took the route of the Wisconsin, having been assured that the tribes in that quarter would join his party, and that he should meet with plentiful supplies of provisions. In both of these expectations he was disappointed. No allies joined him, provisions were not to be procured, and he received advices that the American army was in close pursuit of him. About forty miles from Fort Winnebago, as he was about to cross the Wisconsin, on the 21st of July, he was attacked by an advanced body of the Americans, under General Dodge. The attack began about sunset. The Indians were defeated, but, under cover of the night, they escaped across the river. The Americans had no boats nor canoes, and, being fatigued by the day's march, could not pursue them.

Black Hawk was now bent solely on the means of

escape. On the 1st of August, as he was attempting to cross the Mississippi, he was interrupted by an armed steamboat. Whether he judged his case to be so desperate that he had no course left but to surrender, or whether he designed to practise a stratagem is uncertain. He displayed two white flags, and sent one hundred and fifty of his men down to the shore, making signs of submission. The Americans, suspecting this to be only a decoy, ordered them to send one of their canoes on board. This they declined doing, on which a fire was opened upon them from a six-pounder, together with a volley of musketry. Above twenty of the Indians were killed, and the action continued till night, with no loss to the Americans, except one man wounded. The next day Atkinson's army arrived, and the conflict was recommenced. After three hours' action, the Indians were totally defeated; great numbers of them were driven into the Mississippi, where they were drowned or despatched by the American sharpshooters. Above fifty women and children were captured. Black Hawk, in the heat of the action, stole away, leaving all his baggage behind him, among which were found certificates, signed by British officers, testifying to his good character, and the services he had rendered by his bravery in fighting against the Americans during the war of 1812.

After the battle, Atkinson ordered Keokuk to send out some of his men and demand the surrender of the chiefs who had escaped, and particularly Black Hawk, whom it was desirable to take, alive or dead. This chief, in the mean time, had fled, with a small party, to

the Winnebago village at Prairie la Cross. He now despaired of eluding the vigilance of his pursuers, and told the Winnebago chiefs that he wished to surrender himself to the whites, and that they might put him to death if they pleased. The warriors, accordingly, took him into their custody. The Winnebago women, by general subscription, gave him a suit of clothes made of white tanned deer-skin, as a testimonial of their esteem for his gallantry. Two of the Winnebago chiefs then accompanied him to the American post of Prairie du Chien, where, on the 27th of August, he was delivered into the hands of General Street. Black Hawk addressed the general in the following speech :

“ You have taken me prisoner with all my warriors. I am much grieved, for I expected, if I did not defeat you, to hold out much longer, and give you more trouble before I surrendered. I tried hard to bring you into ambush, but your last general understands Indian fighting. The first one was not so wise. When I saw that I could not beat you by Indian fighting, I determined to rush on you, and fight you face to face. I fought hard. But your guns were well aimed. The bullets flew like birds in the air, and whizzed by our ears like the wind through the trees in the winter. My warriors fell around me ; it began to look dismal. I saw my evil day at hand. The sun rose dim on us in the morning, and at night it sunk in a dark cloud, and looked like a ball of fire. That was the last sun that shone on Black Hawk. His heart is dead, and no longer beats quick in his bosom. He is now a prisoner to the white men ; they

will do with him as they wish. But he can stand torture, and is not afraid of death. He is no coward. Black Hawk is an Indian.

"He has done nothing for which an Indian ought to be ashamed. He has fought for his countrymen, the squaws and papooses, against white men, who came, year after year, to cheat them and take away their lands. You know the cause of our making war. It is known to all white men. They ought to be ashamed of it. The white men despise the Indians, and drive them from their homes. But the Indians are not deceitful. The white men speak bad of the Indian, and look at him spitefully. But the Indian does not tell lies; Indians do not steal.

"An Indian who is as bad as the white men, could not live in our nation; he would be put to death, and eat up by the wolves. The white men are bad school-masters; they carry false looks, and deal in false actions; they smile in the face of the poor Indian to cheat him; they shake them by the hand to gain their confidence, to make them drunk, to deceive them, and ruin our wives. We told them to let us alone, and keep away from us; but they followed on and beset our paths, and they coiled themselves among us like the snake. They poisoned us by their touch. We were not safe. We lived in danger. We were becoming like them, hypocrites and liars, adulterers, lazy drones, all talkers, and no workers.

"We looked up to the Great Spirit. We went to our great father. We were encouraged. His great council gave us fair words and big promises; but we got no satisfaction. Things were growing worse.

There were no deer in the forest. The opossum and beaver were fled; the springs were drying up, and our squaws and papooses without victuals to keep them from starving; we called a great council and built a large fire. The spirit of our fathers arose and spoke to us to avenge our wrongs or die. We all spoke before the council fire. It was warm and pleasant. We set up the war-whoop, and dug up the tomahawk; our knives were ready, and the heart of Black Hawk swelled high in his bosom when he led his warriors to battle. He is satisfied. He will go to the world of spirits contented. He has done his duty. His father will meet him there, and commend him.

“Black Hawk is a true Indian, and disdains to cry like a woman. He feels for his wife, his children and friends. But he does not care for himself. He cares for his nation and the Indians. They will suffer. He laments their fate. The white men do not scalp the head; but they do worse—they poison the heart; it is not pure with them. His countrymen will not be scalped, but they will, in a few years, become like the white men, so that you can't trust them, and there must be, as in the white settlements, nearly as many officers as men, to take care of them and keep them in order.

“Farewell, my nation! Black Hawk tried to save you, and avenge your wrongs. He drank the blood of some of the whites. He has been taken prisoner, and his plans are stopped. He can do no more. He is near his end. His sun is setting, and he will rise no more. Farewell to Black Hawk.”

The surrender of Black Hawk put an end to the

war. During the following month, treaties were made with the Winnebagoes, Sacs and Foxes, by the terms of which that chief with his two sons and five other principal Indians were to remain in the hands of the Americans, as hostages during the pleasure of the president. It was thought advisable to conduct the prisoners on a visit to some of the large cities of the United States, that they might carry home to their countrymen such descriptions of the wealth, population and military strength of the Americans, as to convince them of the inexpediency of ever again taking up arms against them. Accordingly, they were transported to the east, and, on the 22d of April, 1833, arrived at Washington, where they were admitted to an interview with President Jackson. From hence they proceeded to Fortress Monroe, on the shores of the Chesapeake, where it was intended to detain them for some time, but early in June they recommenced their tour. Black Hawk took his leave of Colonel Eustis, the commander of the fort, in the following speech :

“ Brother, I have come on my own part, and in behalf of my companions, to bid you farewell. Our great father has at length been pleased to permit us to return to our hunting-grounds. We have buried the tomahawk, and the sound of the rifle will hereafter only bring death to the deer and the buffalo. Brother, you have treated the red men very kindly. Your squaws have made them presents, and you have given them plenty to eat and drink. The memory of your friendship will remain till the Great Spirit says it is time for Black Hawk to sing his death song.

Brother, your houses are as numerous as the leaves upon the trees ; and your young warriors are like the sands upon the shore of the big lake which rolls before us. The red man has but few houses and few warriors, but the red man has a heart which throbs as warmly as the heart of his white brother. The Great Spirit has given us our hunting-grounds, and the skin of the deer, which we kill there, is his favorite, for its color is white, and this is the emblem of peace. This hunting-dress and these feathers of the eagle are white. Accept these, my brother. I have given one like this to the White Otter. Accept it as a memorial of Black Hawk. When he is far away, this will serve to remind you of him. May the Great Spirit bless you and your children. Farewell."

They were then carried to Norfolk, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, where they were gratified and amazed at the sight of the immense crowds of spectators who flocked from all quarters to obtain a view of them. The prospect of the navy yards, arsenals and ships of war, caused them, as was expected, to feel the weakness and insignificance of their own nation in comparison with the American. Black Hawk exclaimed, "I once thought I could conquer the whites ; my heart grew bitter, and my hands strong. I dug up the tomahawk, and led my warriors on to fight. But the white men were mighty. I and my people failed. I see the strength of the white men. I will be the white man's friend. I will go to my people and speak good of the white men. I will tell them that they are like the leaves of the

forest,—very many—very strong,—and that I will fight no more against them.”

From New York they returned, by the way of Albany and the lakes, to the Upper Mississippi, where they were set at liberty. Black Hawk had little opportunity, after this period, to signalize himself by any martial deeds. By the invitation of the government of the United States, he again, in 1837, visited the Atlantic states, in company with many of the chiefs of different tribes. They proceeded as far as Boston, and were received with public ceremonies in every quarter. The remainder of the life of Black Hawk offers nothing particularly worthy of being recorded. He died at his residence on the Des Moines, on the 3d of October, 1838.

The character of Black Hawk is not marked by any very striking or peculiar qualities to distinguish him among the multitude of savage leaders. The reputation which he enjoyed during his life-time, has brought him under our notice in this work, rather than the talents which he exhibited in war or council. His name was once the terror of the western frontier, but his military exploits fade into insignificance when compared with those of Philip, Pontiac, Brant and Tecumseh.

