

FINLEY MARTHA

ELSIE'S JOURNEY ON
INLAND WATERS

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CHAPTER I

After her return from the trip across the lake with the bridal party, the *Dolphin* lay at anchor near the White City for a week or more; there were so many interesting and beautiful exhibits at the Fair still unseen by them that Captain Raymond, his family, and guests scarce knew how to tear themselves away.

At the breakfast table on the morning after their arrival, they, as usual, considered together the question where the day should be spent. It was soon evident that they were not all of one mind, some preferring a visit to one building, some to another.

"I should like nothing better than to spend some hours in the Art Palace, examining paintings and statuary," said Violet, "and I have an idea that mamma would enjoy doing the same," looking enquiringly at her mother as she finished her sentence.

"In which you are quite right," responded Grandma Elsie. "There is nothing I enjoy more than pictures and statuary such as may be found there."

"And I am sure your father and I can echo that sentiment," remarked Mrs. Dinsmore, with a smiling glance at her husband.

"Very true, my dear," he said.

"Then that is where we shall go," said the captain.

"That includes your four children, I suppose, papa?" remarked Lucilla, half enquiringly, half in assertion.

"Unless one or more of them should prefer to remain at home – here on the yacht," he replied. "How about that, Neddie, my boy?"

"Oh, papa, I don't want to stay here! Please let me go with you and mamma," exclaimed the little fellow, with a look of mingled alarm and entreaty.

"You certainly shall, if you want to, my son," returned his father. "I am happy to say that my little boy has been very good and given no unnecessary trouble in visiting the Fair thus far. And I can say the same of my little Elsie and her older sisters also," he added, with an affectionate look from one to another.

"Thank you, papa," said Lucilla and Grace, the latter adding, "I think it would be strange indeed should we ever intentionally and willingly give trouble to such a father as ours."

"I don't intend ever to do that," said little Elsie earnestly, and with a loving upward look into her father's face.

"I am glad to hear it, dear child," he returned, with an appreciative smile.

"I, too," said her mother. "Well, we will make quite a party, even if all the rest choose to go elsewhere."

The Art Palace was a very beautiful building of brick and steel; its style of architecture Ionic of the most classic and refined type. It was very large: 320 feet wide by 500 feet in length, with an eastern and western annex, a grand nave and transept 160 feet wide and 70 feet high intersecting it, and that surmounted by a dome very high and wide, and having upon its apex a winged figure of Victory.

From this dome the central section was flooded with light, and here was a grand collection of sculpture and paintings, in which every civilized nation was represented, the number of pieces shown being nearly twenty-five thousand. It was the largest art exhibition ever made in the history of the world.

It was not strange, therefore, that though our friends had been in the building more than once before, they still found an abundance of fine works of art which were well worth attentive study, and as entirely new to them as though they had been but just placed there.

Little Elsie was particularly attracted, and her curiosity was excited by an oil painting among the French exhibits of Joan of Arc listening to the voices.

"Is there a story to it?" she asked of her grandma, who stood nearest to her at the moment.

"Yes, dear; and if you want to hear it, I shall tell it to you when we go back to the *Dolphin*," was the kindly rejoinder, and the child, knowing that Grandma Elsie's promises were sure to be kept, said no more at the moment, but waited patiently until the appointed time.

As usual, she and Neddie were ready for a rest sooner than the older people, and were taken back to the yacht by their father, Grandma Elsie and Grace accompanying them, saying that they, too, were weary enough to enjoy sitting down with the little folks for an hour or so.

"Oh, I'm glad grandma's going too!" cried Ned, and Elsie added, with a joyous look, "So am I, grandma, but I'm very sorry you are tired."

"Do not let that trouble you, dearest," returned Mrs. Travilla, with a loving smile. "You know if I were not tired I should miss the enjoyment of resting."

"And there is enjoyment in that," remarked the captain; "yet I regret, mother, that your strength is not sufficient to enable you to see and enjoy all the beautiful sights here, which we may never again have an opportunity to behold."

"Well, captain, one cannot have everything in this world," returned Grandma Elsie, with a contented little laugh, "and it is a real enjoyment to me to sit on the deck of the *Dolphin* with my dear little grandchildren about me, and entertain them with such stories as will both interest and instruct them."

"Oh, are you going to tell us the story of that picture I asked you about, grandma?" queried little Elsie, with a look of delight.

"What picture was that?" asked her father, who had not heard what passed between the lady and the child while gazing together upon Maillart's painting.

Mrs. Travilla explained, adding, "I suppose you have no objection to my redeeming my promise?"

"Oh, no! not at all; it is a historical story, and I do not see that it can do them any harm to hear it, sadly as it ends."

They had reached the yacht while talking, and presently were on board and comfortably seated underneath the awning on the deck. Then the captain left them, and Grandma Elsie, noting the look of eager expectancy on little Elsie's face, at once began the coveted tale.

"The story I am about to tell you," she said, "is of things done and suffered more than four hundred years ago. At that time there was war between the English and French. The King of England, not satisfied with his own dominions, wanted France also and claimed it because his mother was the daughter of a former French king; so he sent an army across the Channel into France to force the French to take him for their king, instead of their own monarch."

"Didn't the French people want to have the English king to be theirs too, grandma?" asked Elsie.

"No, indeed! and so a long, long war followed, and a great many of both the French and English were killed.

"At that time there was a young peasant girl named Joan, a modest, industrious, pious girl, who loved her country and was distressed over the dreadful war going on in it. She longed to help to drive the English away; but it did not seem as if she – a girl of fifteen, who could neither read nor write, though she could sew and spin and work out in the fields and gardens – could do anything to help to rid her dear land of the invaders. But she thought a great deal about it and at length imagined that she heard heavenly voices calling to her to go and fight for her king."

"And that was the picture that we saw to-day, grandma?" asked Elsie. "But it wasn't really true?"

"No, dear; probably Joan of Arc, as she is called, really imagined she heard them, and the painter has imagined how they might have looked."

"Then it isn't real," remarked the little girl, in a tone of disappointment.

"No, not what the picture represents; but the story of what poor Joan of Arc, or the Maid of Orleans, as she is often called, thought and did is true. When she told her story of the voices speaking to her no one believed it; they thought she was crazy. But she was not discouraged. She went to her king, or rather the dauphin, for he had not been crowned, and told her story to him and his council – that God had revealed to her that the French troops would succeed in driving the enemy away from the city of Orleans, which they were besieging at that time.

"The dauphin listened, believed what she told him, and gave her leave to dress herself in male attire and go with the troops, riding on a white palfrey and bearing a sword and a white banner. The soldiers believed in her, and in consequence were filled with such courage and enthusiasm that they fought very bravely and soon succeeded in driving the English away from Orleans.

"This success so delighted the French, and so raised their hope of ridding France of her enemies, that they won victory after victory, driving the English out of one province after another, and even out of Paris itself, so that the English hated and dreaded poor Joan.

"She conducted the dauphin to Rheims, where he was crowned, and she wept for joy as she saluted him as king. Then she wanted to go home, thinking her work was done; but King Charles begged her to stay with the army, and to please him she did. But she began to have fearful forebodings because she no longer heard the voices. Yet she remained with the French army and was present at a good many battles, till at length she was taken prisoner by the Burgundians and sold to the English for a large sum by the Burgundian officer."

"Oh, grandma! and did the English hurt her for fighting for her own dear country?"

"I cannot say certainly," replied Mrs. Travilla; "accounts differ, some saying that she was put to death as a heretic and sorceress; others that some five or six years later she arrived at Metz, was at once recognized by her two brothers, and afterward married."

"Oh, I hope that is the true end of the story!" exclaimed Elsie. "It would be so dreadful to have her put to death for helping to save her dear country."

"So it would," said Grace; "but in those early times such dreadful, dreadful deeds used to be done. I often feel thankful that I did not live in those days."

"Yes," said Mrs. Travilla, "we may well be full of gratitude and love to God our Heavenly Father that our lot has been cast in these better times and in our dear land."

"And that we have our dear, kind grandma to love," said Neddie, nestling closer to her, "and our papa and mamma. Some little children haven't any."

"No, I had no mother when I was your age, Ned," sighed Grandma Elsie, "and I cannot tell you how much I used to long for her when Aunt Chloe would tell me how sweet and lovely she had been, and how sorry she was to leave her baby."

"Her baby? was that you, grandma?" he asked, with a wondering look up into her face.

"Yes," she replied, with a smile, and stroking his hair caressingly.

"But you had a papa? grandpa is your papa, isn't he? I hear you call him that sometimes."

"Yes, he is; my dear father and your mamma's grandfather, which makes him yours too."

"Mine, too," said little Elsie, in a tone of satisfaction.

"Oh, see! here comes the boat with Evelyn and Uncle Walter in it!"

"You are early to-night as well as ourselves," remarked Grace, as they stepped upon the deck and drew near the little group already gathered there.

"Yes," returned Evelyn, "I was tired, and Walter kindly brought me home. The yacht seems like a home to me nowadays," she added, with a light laugh.

"Yes," said Grace; "I am sure papa likes to have us all feel that it is a home to us at present."

"And a very good and comfortable one it is," remarked Walter, handing Evelyn to a seat, then taking one himself opposite her and near his mother's side.

"Where have you two been? and what have you seen that is worth telling about?" asked Grace.

"Visiting buildings," returned Walter; "Brazil, Turkey, Hayti, Sweden, and lastly Venezuela."

"And what did you see there?"

"In Venezuela's exhibit? Christopher Columbus and General Bolivar – that is, their effigies – specimens of birds, animals, minerals, preserves, spices, coffee, vegetables, fine needlework, some manufactured goods, and – most interesting of all, we thought – the flag carried by Pizarro in his conquest of Peru."

"Pizarro? who was he? and what did he do, Uncle Wal?" asked little Elsie.

"He was a very, very bad man and did some very, very wicked deeds," replied Walter.

"Did he kill people?"

"Yes, that he did; and got killed himself at last. The Bible says, 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed,' and there have been a great many examples of it in the history of the world."

"Does God say that, Uncle Walter?" asked Neddie.

"Yes; God said it to Noah, shortly after he and his family came out of the ark."

"When the flood was over?"

"Yes."

"Please tell us about that flag and the bad man that carried it," urged little Elsie, and Walter complied.

"Pizarro was a Spaniard," he began, "a very courageous, but covetous and cruel man; very ignorant, too; he could neither read nor write. He was a swineherd in his youth, but gave up that occupation and came over to America to seek a fortune in this new world. He crossed the Isthmus of Panama with Balboa and discovered the Pacific Ocean. While there he heard rumors of a country farther south, where gold and silver were said to be as abundant as iron in Spain, and he was seized with a great desire to go there and help himself to as much as possible. So he and another fellow named Almagro, and Luque, a priest, put their money together and fitted out a small expedition, of which Pizarro took command.

"They did not go very far that time, but afterward tried it again, first making an agreement that all they got of lands, treasures, and other things, vassals included, should be divided equally between them.

"They set sail in two ships. They really reached Peru, and when Pizarro went back to Panama he carried with him many beautiful and valuable ornaments of gold and silver which the kind-hearted natives had given him, also specimens of cloth made of wool and having a silky appearance and brilliant color, and some llamas, or alpacas."

"They had certainly treated him very kindly," remarked Grace, as Walter paused for a moment in his narrative.

"Yes; and what a mean wretch he must have been to want to rob them of everything – even to life, liberty, and happiness. He was determined to do that as soon as possible; so determined that, not being able to find enough volunteers in Panama, he went all the way back to Spain (a far greater undertaking then than it would be now), told the story of his discoveries before the king, Charles V., and his ministers; describing the wealth of the countries and showing the goods and ornaments he had brought from them.

"Then they gave him – what was not theirs to give – permission to conquer Peru, and the titles of governor and captain-general of that country. He on his part agreed to raise a certain number of troops, and to send to the King of Spain one-fifth of all the treasures he should obtain. He then returned to Panama and soon set sail for Peru again."

"With a great many soldiers, Uncle Wal?" queried little Ned.

"No; with what in these days would be considered a very small army; only 180 soldiers, of whom 27 were cavalry."

"Cavalry?" repeated Ned, in a tone of enquiry.

"Yes, soldiers on horseback. The Peruvians, having never before seen a horse, took each mounted man and the steed he rode to be but one animal, and were much afraid of them. The firearms, too, inspired great terror, as they knew nothing of gunpowder and its uses.

"At that time there was war among the natives of Peru and Quito. Huano Capac, the former Inca of Peru, had died some years previous, leaving Peru to his son Huascar, and Quito, which he had conquered shortly before, to another son – half-brother to Huascar. The two had quarrelled and had been fighting each other for about two years, and just before the arrival of the Spaniards Atahualpa had defeated his brother Huascar, taken him prisoner, and confined him in a strong fortress."

"Perhaps," remarked Evelyn, "if they had not been so busy fighting each other they might have discovered the approach of Pizarro, their common enemy, in season to prevent the mischief he was prepared to do them."

"Very possibly," returned Walter. "As it was, the Spaniards drew near Atahualpa's victorious camp, where they found fifty thousand men assembled. Pizarro had at the most only two hundred; a mere handful in comparison with the numbers of the Peruvians, but by a most daring and diabolical stratagem he got possession of the unsuspecting Inca.

"Atahualpa came to visit him in a friendly spirit. A priest began explaining to him the Christian, or rather the papal religion; told him that the Pope had power over all the kingdoms of the earth and that he had presented Peru to the King of Spain; also that they had come to take possession in the name of that king.

"Naturally that made Atahualpa very angry; so angry that he indignantly interrupted the priest, saying that the Pope – whoever he was – must be a crazy fool to talk of giving away countries which did not belong to him. Then he asked on what authority such claims were made.

"The priest pointed to a Bible. Atahualpa dashed it angrily to the ground, and the fields began to fill with Indians. Then Pizarro waved a white scarf – the signal he had agreed upon with his men – and his artillery poured sudden death into the terrified masses of Indians, while the Spanish cavalry rode them down in a furious, merciless way. The ranks of the poor, unarmed Peruvians were thrown into confusion; their foes were butchering them without mercy; they could do little to save themselves; they used every effort to defend and save the sacred Inca, but in vain; and after hours of that fiendish murdering of the poor, defenceless creatures, the Spaniards got full possession of him.

"At first they pretended to be very kind to him, especially when he offered, as his ransom, to fill the room in which he stood with gold as high as he could reach.

"Huascar, in his prison, heard of this and offered a still larger ransom for himself, and to prevent it Atahualpa had him secretly murdered.

"Soon after that the gold for Atahualpa's ransom began to pour in, and when there was as much as he had promised he demanded his freedom. But Pizarro refused to let him go – though he took the gold – accusing him of plotting against him; and after much base treachery the Spaniards held a mock trial and condemned Atahualpa to be burned. But when they led him out to the stake he consented to be baptized, and for that they were so very merciful as to strangle before burning him."

"Oh, Uncle Walter, what cruel, cruel men!" exclaimed little Elsie.

"They were, indeed," sighed her grandma. "The Bible tells us 'the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.' Pizarro and his band were very, very wicked men. They had no more right to the country of the Peruvians than the Peruvians would have had to theirs, had they crossed the ocean to Spain and seized upon it for their own. 'All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword,' our Saviour said, and how true it proved in the case of these men of whom we have been talking! Atahualpa caused his brother Huascar to be killed; Pizarro, Almagro, and the others killed Atahualpa; Pizarro afterward killed Almagro; and later on Pizarro was himself slain by Almagro's son Diego."

CHAPTER II

Ned had begun to nod, and Elsie's eyes drooped as if she too were in need of a nap; perceiving which Grandma Elsie bade their nurse take them to their berth.

A light breeze had sprung up, and it was very pleasant on deck in the shade of the awning; while, resting upon couches or in easy chairs, they talked in a quiet way of the various interesting exhibits to which they had given their attention since leaving the yacht that morning.

"We visited the Illinois Building," said Evelyn, "and were very much interested in the wonderful grain picture there. It is an ideal prairie farm – with farmhouse, barn, stock-sheds, all made of corn-husks as well as the picket fence surrounding it; there are stock and poultry in the barnyard; there is a windmill too, and there are fields and cattle."

"Yes," said Walter, as Eva paused in her account, "and the perspective showed fields of grass and grain, pasture too, and sky effects – all made of natural grains, grasses, leaves, and berries indigenous to Illinois."

"Oh, I think I must get papa to take us to see it!" exclaimed Grace.

"There is a curtain that partly covers the picture," continued Walter; "it is made of the same materials and caught up by a rope with tassels made of yellow corn."

"We visited the Idaho Building too," he went on, "and I think you should all see it. It is really picturesque – a log-house on a foundation of lava and basaltic rock. The timbers we were told are from young cedar trees, stuffed and stained to produce the effect of age; then it has fine upper and lower balconies shaded by a projecting roof upheld by brackets of logs. I heard people remarking that it was the handsomest log-house ever built, and certainly I never saw any other nearly so handsome."

"Ah, here comes the boat again with the rest of our folks!" exclaimed Grace, and springing to his feet, Walter hastened to the side of the vessel to assist the ladies in getting on board.

"Well, Lu, have you had a good time since I left you?" asked Grace, in a lively tone, as her sister drew near.

"Yes; yes, indeed!" returned Lucilla; "we have seen and enjoyed a great deal, and I wouldn't have missed it on any account, though we are all very tired, I think. I am, I know," she concluded, dropping into a seat by Grace's side.

"As we all are," said Violet. "I am glad, mamma, that you came back to the yacht when you did."

"Yes, I thought it wiser not to allow myself to become very weary before taking rest; and we have had a pleasant, quiet time here together," returned Grandma Elsie, looking up with an affectionate smile into the face of her father, who had just drawn near and was standing by her side, regarding her with a slightly anxious look.

"I am glad you were so prudent," he said, "for you have not been over strong since that illness that made us all so anxious."

"No; and we all feel that we must be very careful of our dear mother," remarked the captain, who had just joined the little group.

"Of Gracie also," he added, smiling down into her face and laying a caressing hand for a moment on her head. "Are you feeling very tired, daughter?"

"Not so very much now, papa," she answered brightly; "we have been resting nicely here, talking over the sights and historical stories connected with them."

Then, turning to her sister, "Tell us where you have been and what you have seen since we left the party, Lu," she requested.

"Ah, I am afraid I cannot begin to tell all," returned Lucilla, in a lively tone and with a pleased little laugh, "for 'their name is legion'; the loveliest pictures and statuary in the Fine Arts Building, and a great variety of curious and interesting things in Machinery Hall. We went up to the gallery there and took a ride in the travelling crane. It is like an elevated railroad, is moved by electricity,

and runs the whole length of the building, twenty or thirty feet above the floor. We stepped in at one end and sat down upon chairs ranged along the front edge, and it was really entertaining to watch the crowds of people moving along the floors below, and to get at last a glance at the exhibits."

"Exhibits!" echoed Grace. "Of what kind? Oh, machines, of course! But I should hardly expect them to be very interesting."

"Machines for making ice cream and candy would interest you, wouldn't they?" asked Lulu. "Perhaps the hot baths, too; though I suppose you wouldn't care much about printing-presses, rock-drills, sewing-machines, washing-machines, looms, and the like. I own I didn't care over much for them myself. But in the restful, cooling, breezy ride, with nothing to do but watch the goings on of other people, and a glance now and then at something interesting as we glided past it, I did find a good deal of enjoyment. Ah," drawing out her pretty little watch and glancing at its face, "I must excuse myself now and go to my stateroom; for I see it is nearly meal time, and my hair and dress certainly need some attention;" and with that she left them.

Mr. Dinsmore and the captain, wishing to look at some exhibits in which the ladies took but little interest, went ashore again early in the evening; leaving Mrs. Dinsmore, Mrs. Travilla, and the younger ones occupying the comfortable seats on the *Dolphin's* deck, and enjoying the cool evening breeze and the somewhat distant view of the beauties of the brilliantly illuminated White City, as well as that of the starry heavens above them.

Violet had gone down to the cabin with her children to see them safely in bed, and for some minutes no one left in the little group behind had spoken. But presently Grace broke the silence.

"I have just been thinking what a wonderful change has come over this part of our country since the war of 1812. I remember that history tells us there was only a fort and a trading post here then, where now this great city stands, and that it was destroyed. Grandma Elsie, don't you want to tell us the whole story?" she concluded in a coaxing tone.

"I am willing, if you all wish it," was the sweet-toned reply, immediately followed by an eager assent from everyone present.

"Well, then, my dears," she said, "to begin at the beginning – this spot, we are told, was first visited by a white man in 1674. He was a French Jesuit called Father Marquette. He built a cabin there and planted a missionary station. Eleven years afterward his cabin was replaced by a fort. I do not know how long that fort stood, but Lossing tells us that in 1796 a mulatto from St. Domingo found his way to that far-off wilderness, and that the Indians said of him 'the first white man who settled here was a negro.' He did not stay very long, however, and the improvements he had made fell into the hands of the next comer, who was a native of Quebec named John Kinzie.

"He was an enterprising trader with the Indians, and for twenty years the only white man in northern Illinois except a few American soldiers. It was in 1804 that he made Chicago his home, and on the Fourth of July of that year a fort our government had been building there was formally dedicated and called Fort Dearborn, in honor of the then Secretary of War. It stood on a slight elevation on the south bank of the Chicago River, about half a mile from its mouth, and directly opposite, on the north bank, stood Mr. Kinzie's dwelling. It was a modest mansion begun by Jean Baptiste, and enlarged by Mr. Kinzie. He had some Lombardy poplars planted in front within an enclosed yard, and at the back a fine garden and growing orchard.

"There he had lived in peace and prosperity, esteemed and confided in by the surrounding Indians, for eight years, when in June of 1812 war was declared by our government with Great Britain. Of course you all know and remember what were the causes of that second struggle with our mother country?"

"Indeed we do, mother," exclaimed Walter. "She interfered with our commerce, capturing every American vessel bound to, or returning from a port where her commerce was not favored; and worse still, was continually seizing our sailors and forcing them into her service; depriving us of our

God-given rights and making slaves of freemen. If ever a war was justifiable on one side that one was on ours. Is it not so?"

"I think it is, my son," replied Grandma Elsie, smiling slightly at the lad's heat.

"Was Fort Dearborn strong and well built, mamma?" queried Rosie.

"Yes; it was strongly picketed, had a block-house at each of two angles on the southern side, on the north side a sally-port and covered way that led down to the river for the double purpose of obtaining water during a siege and of having a way of escape should that be desirable at any time – and was strongly picketed.

"The fort was built by Major Whistler, his soldiers dragging all the timber to the spot because they had no oxen. Some material was furnished from Fort Wayne, but so economically was the work done that the fortress did not cost the government fifty dollars.

"But to return to my story – the garrison there at the time of the declaration of war consisted of fifty-four men. The only other residents of the post at that time were the wives of Captain Heald and Lieutenant Helm, the second in command, those of some of the soldiers, a few Canadians with their wives and children, and Mr. Kinzie and his family.

"They were all on the most friendly terms with the principal tribes of Indians in that neighborhood – the Pottawatomies and Winnebagoes, yet they could not win them from their attachment for the British, who yearly made them large presents as bribes to secure their alliance. Portions of their tribes had been engaged in the battle of Tippecanoe, fought the previous autumn, and since that some of the leading chiefs had seemed sullen, and suspicions of intended hostility on their part at times troubled the minds of the officers of the fort.

"One day in the spring of 1812 two Indians of the Calumet band were at the fort, and seeing Mrs. Helm and Mrs. Heald playing at battledore, one of them, named Nan-non-gee, turned to the interpreter with the remark, 'The white chiefs' wives are amusing themselves very much; it will not be long before they will be living in our cornfields.'"

"Oh!" cried Grace, "I should think that ought to have been enough to warn the officers of the fort to make every preparation to repel an assault by the Indians."

"Yes," said Grandma Elsie, "but Heald seems to have been strangely blind and deaf to every kind of warning.

"On the evening of the 7th of April, 1812, Mr. Kinzie sat by his fireside playing his violin, his children dancing to the music, when their mother, who had been attending a sick neighbor, a Mrs. Burns, living half a mile above the fort, came rushing wildly in crying out: 'The Indians! the Indians!' 'What? where?' exclaimed her husband. 'Up at Lee's, killing and scalping!' she gasped in reply, and went on to tell that the alarm had been given by a boy, the son of Mr. Lee, and a discharged soldier who had been working for them. They had shouted the dreadful tidings across the river to the Burns family, as they ran down the farther side, Mr. Lee's place being between two and three miles farther up the stream.

"Not a moment was to be lost. Mr. Kinzie hurried his family into two pirogues moored in front of his house, and hastened with them across the river and into the fort. The alarm had reached there also, and a scow with Ensign Ronan and six men started at once up the river to rescue the Burns family. Also a cannon was fired to give notice of danger to a party of soldiers who were out fishing. Mrs. Burns and her family, including an infant not yet a day old, were taken safely to the fort."

"I hope those soldiers got back safely too," said Grace.

"Yes; they were two miles above Lee's; it was already dark when they returned, and in passing his house they came upon the bodies of murdered and scalped persons, which were the next day recovered and buried near the fort. It was afterward learned that the scalping party were Winnebagoes from Rock River, who had come with the intention of killing every white person outside of the fort, but were frightened away by the sound of the cannon before they had finished their fiendish work; so fled back to their homes.

"In those days an agency house stood upon the esplanade, about twenty rods west from the fort, and in it all the whites not belonging to the garrison now took refuge. It was an old-fashioned log-house, with a passage through the centre, and piazzas in front and rear extending the whole length of the building. These were planked up, port-holes cut in the barricades and sentinels were posted there every night.

"Hostile Indians hovered around the post for some time, helping themselves to whatever they could lay their hands upon, but at length disappeared, and for a while there was no further alarm.

"On the 7th of August, toward evening, a friendly Pottawatomie chief, named Win-ne-meg, or the Catfish, came to Chicago from Fort Wayne as the bearer of a despatch from General Hull to Captain Heald. In that despatch Hull told of the declaration of war with England, the invasion of Canada, and the loss of Mackinack. It also ordered Captain Heald to evacuate Fort Dearborn, if practicable; and if he did so to distribute all the United States property there among the Indians in the neighborhood."

"Including guns, powder, and balls with which to kill the whites!" said Lucilla. "I think I should have concluded from such an order that Hull must be either a traitor or an idiot."

"His idea," said Grandma Elsie, "seems to have been to make a peace-offering to the savages to induce them to refrain from joining the British, then menacing Detroit.

"Win-ne-meg, who had some knowledge of the contents of the missive he brought, begged Mr. Kinzie, with whom he was intimate, to advise Captain Heald not to evacuate the fort, assuring him it would prove a difficult and dangerous movement; for the Indians had already received information from Tecumseh of the disasters to the American arms and the withdrawal of Hull's army from Canada, and were growing insolent and restless. The fort was well supplied with ammunition and provisions sufficient to last for six months; by the end of that time relief might be sent, and why not hold out till then? But if Heald was resolved to evacuate, it had better be done at once, before the Indians should be informed of the order, and so be prepared to make an attack.

"Win-ne-meg's advice in that case was to leave the stores as they were, allowing them to make distribution for themselves; for while they were engaged in that business the white people might make their way in safety to Fort Wayne.

"Mr. Kinzie perceived that this was wise advice, as did the officers of the fort, with the exception of Heald, who would not listen to it, but expressed himself as resolved to yield strict obedience to Hull's orders as to evacuation and the distribution of the public property.

"The next morning Hull's order was read to the troops, and Heald took the whole responsibility of carrying it out. His officers expected to be summoned to a council, but they were not. Toward evening they called upon the commander and remonstrated with him. They said that the march must necessarily be slow on account of the women, children, and infirm persons, therefore, under the circumstances, exceedingly perilous. They reminded him that Hull's order left it to his discretion to go or to stay; adding that they thought it much wiser to strengthen the fort, defy the savages, and endure a siege until help could reach them.

"But Heald replied that he should expect the censure of the government if he remained, for special orders had been issued by the War Department that no post should be surrendered without battle having been given by the assailed; and his force was entirely too small to hazard an engagement with the Indians. He added that he had full confidence in the professions of friendship of many chiefs about him, and he would call them together, make the required distribution, then take up his march for Fort Wayne."

"And did the other officers submit to him then, Grandma Elsie?" asked Grace.

"Yes; my dear, he was in authority, and I presume they were too loyal to oppose him. But being determined to abandon the fort, he should have done so at once; for delay was certainly increasing the danger, the Indians becoming more unruly every hour; yet he procrastinated and did not call them together for the final arrangements for two or three days.

"At last that was done and they met near the fort on the afternoon of the 12th, when Heald held a farewell council with them. He invited his officers to join him in that, but they refused. In some way they had been informed that treachery was intended on the part of the Indians, that they had planned to murder them and then destroy those who were in the fort. Therefore they remained inside the pickets and opened a port-hole of one of the block-houses so that the Indians could see a cannon pointing directly toward their group, thus protecting Captain Heald. It had the desired effect; no effort was made by the savages to carry out their treacherous design, they professed friendship, and accepted Heald's offers to distribute among them the goods in the public store – blankets, calicoes, broadcloths, paints, and other things such as Indians fancy."

"Beads among them, I presume," remarked Rosie.

"Very likely," said her mother, "as they have always been a favorite ornament with the Indians. The distribution of those goods, the arms and ammunition and such of the provisions as would not be needed by the garrison, was to take place next day; then the whites were to leave the fort and set out upon their journey through the wilderness, the Pottawatomies engaging to furnish them with an escort, on condition of being liberally rewarded on their arrival at Fort Wayne."

"Oh, but I should have been afraid to trust them!" exclaimed Grace, shuddering at the very thought of the risk.

"Mr. Kinzie, who knew the Indians so well, was of your opinion," said Grandma Elsie, "and earnestly remonstrated with Captain Heald; telling him they were not to be trusted in the face of such temptations. Especially he urged him not to put arms and ammunition in their hands, as that would fearfully increase their ability to carry on the murderous raids which had become so frequent and caused so great terror in the frontier settlements.

"He succeeded in convincing Heald that he had been very foolish in making that promise, and he resolved to violate his treaty so far as the arms and ammunition were concerned. That very evening something occurred that certainly ought to have opened Heald's eyes and led him to shut the gates of the fort and defend it to the last extremity. Black Partridge, a chief who had thus far always been friendly to the whites, and who was a man of great influence too, came to Heald in a quiet way and said, 'Father, I come to deliver to you the medal I wear. It was given me by the Americans, and I have long worn it in token of our mutual friendship. But our young men are resolved to imbrue their hands in the blood of the white people. I cannot restrain them, and I will not wear a token of peace while I am compelled to act as an enemy.'"

"And did Heald actually disregard such a warning as that?" exclaimed Evelyn Leland. "I really do not see how it could have been made plainer that the purpose was to attack and murder all in the fort as soon as they were fairly in their power."

"Nor do I," said Grandma Elsie; "yet Heald seems to have paid no more attention to it than to the previous warnings.

"The next morning, August 13, was bright and cool. The Indians came in great numbers to receive their promised presents. Only the goods in the store were distributed that day, and in the evening Black Partridge said to Mr. Griffith, the interpreter, 'Linden birds have been singing in my ears to-day; be careful on the march you are going to take.' This was repeated to Captain Heald, but solemn warning as it evidently was, he paid no more attention to it than he had to previous ones. He seems to have been perfectly infatuated, and how he could ever forgive himself in after years I cannot see. He went steadily on in the execution of his plans, of which, as I have told you, all the other officers, Mr. Kinzie, and friendly Indian chiefs disapproved. That night he had all the guns but such as his party could make use of in their journey – gunscrews, flint, shot, and everything belonging to the use of firearms – thrown into the well. This was done at midnight, when the sentinels were posted and the Indians in their camp; at least, they were supposed to be, but the night was dark, Indians can move noiselessly, and some whose suspicions had been aroused crept to the spot and made themselves acquainted with what was going on. Liquor and powder, too, were poured into the well, and a good

deal of alcohol, belonging to Mr. Kinzie, into the river; also a portion of the powder and liquor of the fort was thrown into a canal that came up from the river far under the covered way. But the water of the river was sluggish, and so great a quantity of liquor had been thrown into it that in the morning it was like strong grog; and powder could be seen floating on the surface."

"And of course the Indians, who loved liquor, were angry when they saw how it had been wasted, instead of given to them," remarked Grace.

"Yes; their complaints and threats were loud, and now the little garrison had no choice but to brave the danger of exposing themselves to their vengeance, for it was no longer possible to hold the fort, and they must set out upon their perilous journey. Ah! if Heald had but been less obstinately bent upon having his own way – more willing to listen to the advice and remonstrances of his officers, Kinzie, who understood the Indians so well, and the warning of the friendly chiefs, much suffering might have been averted and valuable lives saved.

"Mrs. Heald had an uncle, the brave Captain William Wells, who had passed most of his life among the Miami Indians and been made one of their chiefs. He had heard at Fort Wayne of Hull's order to evacuate Fort Dearborn, and knowing of the hostility of the Pottawatomies, had made a rapid march across the country with a party of his Miamis to reinforce Heald and help him to hold and defend the fort. But he arrived just too late; the means of defence had already been destroyed, and there was no choice but to attempt the perilous march through the wilderness.

"Nine o'clock of the 15th was the hour set for the evacuation, and it was already evident that the Indians intended to massacre the whites – men, women, and children. Nor could they entertain any hope of being able to defend themselves, so overwhelming was the number of their savage foes, 500 warriors against 54 soldiers, 12 civilians, and 3 or 4 women."

"But there were the Miamis with Wells, mamma," remarked Rosie.

"Who proved of no assistance," returned Grandma Elsie. "Lossing tells us that when, at nine o'clock, the gates were thrown open, and the march began, it was like a funeral procession. The band struck up the Dead March in 'Saul.' Captain Wells, with his friendly Miamis, took the lead, his face blackened with gunpowder in token of his impending fate. His niece, Mrs. Heald, with her husband, came next, while the others, I presume, followed in the order of their rank."

"Were the Kinzies with them?" asked Grace.

"Mr. Kinzie was, hoping by his personal influence to be able to soften, if not avert their impending fate. His family had left in a boat, in charge of a friendly Indian who was to take them to his other trading station, where Niles, Mich., now stands. Poor Mrs. Kinzie! having a daughter among the seemingly doomed ones, how terribly anxious and distressed she must have been!" added Grandma Elsie in tones tremulous with feeling. A moment of silence followed, then she went on with her narrative.

CHAPTER III

"The procession, escorted by the five hundred Pottawatomies, moved slowly along the lake shore in a southerly direction till they had reached the Sand Hills between the prairie and the beach. There the Indians filed to the right, so that the hills were between them and the white people.

"Wells and his mounted Miamis, who were in the advance, came suddenly dashing back, their leader shouting, 'They are about to attack us: form instantly!'

"The words had scarcely left his lips when a storm of bullets came from the Sand Hills. The Pottawatomies, both treacherous and cowardly, had made of those hills a covert from which to attack the little band of whites.

"The troops were hastily brought into line, charged up the hill, and one of their number, a white-haired man of seventy, fell dead from his horse, the first victim of the perfidy of the Indians hounded on by the inhuman Proctor, a worse savage than they.

"The Miamis proved cowardly and fled at the first onset. Their chief rode up to the Pottawatomies, charged them with perfidy, and brandishing his tomahawk told them he would be the first to lead Americans to punish them; then, wheeling his horse, he dashed away over the prairie, following his fleeing companions.

"Both men and women among the whites fought bravely for their lives; they could not hope to save them, but they would sell them to the savage foe as dearly as possible. It was a short, desperate, bloody conflict. Lossing tells us that Captain Wells displayed the greatest coolness and gallantry. At the beginning of the fight he was close beside his niece, Mrs. Heald.

"'We have not the slightest chance for life,' he said to her. 'We must part to meet no more in this world; God bless you!' and with that he dashed forward into the midst of the fight. Seeing a young warrior, painted like a demon, climb into a wagon in which were twelve children, and scalp them all, he forgot his own danger, and burning to avenge the dreadful deed, cried out, 'If butchering women and children is their game, I'll kill too!' at the same time dashing toward the Indian camp where they had left their squaws and papooses.

"Instantly swift-footed young warriors were in hot pursuit, firing upon him as they ran, while he, lying close to his horse's neck, occasionally turned and fired upon them. He had got almost beyond the range of their rifles when a shot killed his horse and wounded him severely in the leg.

"Yelling like fiends the young savages rushed forward to make him prisoner, intending, as he well knew, not to kill him at once, but to reserve him for a lingering and painful death by slow torture. Two Indian friends of his – Win-ne-meg and Wau-ban-see – tried to save him, but in vain; and he, knowing well for what fate he would be reserved if taken alive, taunted his pursuers with the most insulting epithets, to provoke them to kill him instantly.

"He succeeded at last by calling one of them, Per-so-tum by name, a squaw, which so enraged him that he despatched Wells at once with a tomahawk, jumped upon his body, tore out his heart, and ate a portion of it with savage delight."

"Oh, how awful!" cried Grace, shuddering with horror. "How his niece must have felt when she saw it!"

"Very possibly she did not see it," said Grandma Elsie, "so busy as she must have been in defending herself. She was an expert with the rifle and as an equestrienne, defended herself bravely, and received severe wounds; but, though faint and bleeding, managed to keep the saddle. An Indian raised his tomahawk over her and she looked him full in the face, saying, with a melancholy smile, 'Surely you would not kill a squaw!' At that his arm fell, but he took the horse by the bridle and led it toward the camp with her still in the saddle. It was a fine animal, and the Indians had been firing at her in order to get possession of it, till she had received seven bullets in her person. Her captor had spared her for the moment, but as he drew near the camp, his covetousness so overcame his better

impulses that he took her bonnet from her head and was about to scalp her when Mrs. Kinzie, sitting in her boat, whence she had heard the sounds of the conflict but could not see the combatants, caught sight of them and cried out to one of her husband's clerks who was standing on the beach, 'Run, run, Chandonnai! That is Mrs. Heald. He is going to kill her. Take that mule and offer it as a ransom.'

"Chandonnai made haste to obey the order, offered the mule and two bottles of whisky in addition, and as the three amounted to more value than Proctor's offered bounty for a scalp, he succeeded, and Mrs. Heald was placed in the boat and there hidden from the eyes of other scalp-hunters."

"I think you were right, Grandma Elsie, in calling that Proctor a worse savage than those Indians! bribing them as he did to murder men, women, and children!" exclaimed Lucilla, her eyes flashing with indignation.

"Is it quite certain that he did?" asked Grace.

"Quite," replied Grandma Elsie. "Lossing tells us that Proctor had offered a liberal sum for scalps, and that in consequence nearly all the wounded men were killed, their scalps carried to him at Malden, and such a bounty paid for them as is given for the destruction of so many wolves. In a footnote Lossing gives an extract from Niles' *Weekly Register* of April 3, 1813, in which it is stated that Mrs. Helm had arrived in Buffalo, and in the narrative she gave of her sufferings at and after the massacre at Chicago said, 'Colonel Proctor, the British commander at Malden, bought the scalps of our murdered garrison at Chicago,' and thanks to her noble spirit, she boldly charged him with the infamy in his own house."

"Did he deny it?" asked Evelyn.

"We are not told that he did; but no doubt he was angered, for he afterward treated both her and her husband with great cruelty, causing them to be arrested and sent across the wilderness from Detroit to Niagara frontier, in the dead of a Canadian winter. The writer also stated that Mrs. Heald had learned from the tribe with whom she was a prisoner, and who were the perpetrators of those murders, that they intended to remain true, but received orders from the British to cut off our garrison whom they were to escort.

"In our wars with England many British officers have shown themselves extremely cruel, – not a whit behind the savages in that respect, – but it would be very wrong to judge of the whole nation by their conduct; for there were in the mother country many who felt kindly toward America and the Americans. And I think," she added, with her own sweet smile, "that there are many more now."

"It seems Mrs. Helm too escaped with her life," said Walter; "but she was wounded, I presume, mother, since you just spoke of her sufferings both at and after the massacre."

"Yes, a stalwart young Indian attempted to scalp her; she sprang to one side, and the blow from his tomahawk fell on her shoulder instead of her head; at the same instant she seized him around the neck and attempted to take his scalping-knife, which hung in a sheath on his breast. Before the struggle was ended another Indian seized her, dragged her to the margin of the lake, plunged her in, and to her astonishment held her there in a way to enable her to breathe; so that she did not drown. Presently she discovered that he was the friendly Black Partridge, and that he was engaged in saving instead of trying to destroy her life.

"The wife of a soldier named Corbord fought desperately, suffering herself to be cut to pieces rather than surrender; believing that, if taken prisoner, she would be reserved for torture. The wife of Sergeant Holt was another brave woman. At the beginning of the engagement her husband was badly wounded in the neck, and taking his sword she fought like an Amazon. She rode a fine, spirited horse, which the Indians coveted, and several of them attacked her with the butts of their guns, trying to dismount her, but she used her sword with such skill that she foiled them; then suddenly wheeling her horse, she dashed over the prairie, a number of them in hot pursuit and shouting, 'The brave woman! the brave woman! don't hurt her!'"

"Did they overtake her?" asked Grace.

"Yes, at length; when a powerful savage seized her by the neck and dragged her backward to the ground while several others engaged her in front."

"Oh, I hope they didn't kill her!" exclaimed Grace.

"No," replied Mrs. Travilla; "she was afterward ransomed. But to go on with my story. Presently the firing ceased; the little band of whites who had escaped death succeeded in breaking through the ranks of the assassins – who gave way in front – and rallied on the flank, and gained a slight eminence on the prairie near a grove called the Oak Woods. The Indians gathered upon the Sand Hills and gave signs of a willingness to parley. Two-thirds of the whites had been killed or wounded; only 28 strong men remained to cope with the fury of nearly 500 savages – they had lost but 15 in the conflict. To prolong the contest would be little better than madness. Captain Heald, accompanied only by a half-breed boy in Mr. Kinzie's service, went forward and met Black-Bird on the open prairie to arrange terms of surrender.

"It was agreed that all the whites who had survived the conflict should become prisoners of war, to be exchanged as soon as practicable. With this understanding captors and captives all started for the Indian camp near the fort. On arriving there another terrible scene ensued. The Indians did not consider the wounded to be included in the terms of surrender, and immediately proceeded to kill and scalp nearly all of them."

"To gain the bounty offered by that – human, or inhuman fiend Proctor!" exclaimed Walter. "I wonder how he viewed that transaction when he came to die."

"I am sure that in the sight of God he was a wholesale murderer," said Rosie; "a murderer not of men only, but of innocent women and children also."

"Yes," said her mother, "there were twelve children killed, besides Captain Wells, Surgeon Van Voorhees, Ensign Ronan, and twenty-six private soldiers.

"Toward evening the family of Mr. Kinzie were permitted to return to their own home, where they found the friendly Black Partridge waiting for them. Mrs. Helm, the daughter of Mrs. Kinzie, you will remember was his prisoner. He placed her in the house of a Frenchman named Ouilmette. But the Kinzies and all the prisoners were in great danger from a freshly arrived band of Pottawatomies from the Wabash, who were thirsting for blood and plunder. They thoroughly searched Mr. Kinzie's house for victims; but some friendly Indians arrived just in time to prevent the carrying out of their bloodthirsty intentions. These were led by a half-breed chief called Billy Caldwell. Black Partridge told him of the evident purpose of the Wabash Indians, who had blackened their faces and were sitting sullenly in Mr. Kinzie's parlor, no doubt intending presently to start out and engage in the savage work they had planned. Billy went in and said in a careless way, as he took off his accoutrements: 'How now, my friends! A good-day to you! I was told there were enemies here, but I am glad to find only friends. Why have you blackened your faces? Is it that you are mourning for your friends lost in battle? Or is it that you are fasting? If so, ask our friend here (indicating Mr. Kinzie) and he will give you to eat. He is the Indians' friend, and never yet refused them what they had need of.'

"Hearing all this the Wabash Indians were ashamed to own what their intention had been, and so the threatened massacre did not take place. The prisoners were divided among the captors and finally reunited or restored to their friends and families."

"But they must have had a great deal to endure before that happy consummation," sighed Evelyn. "Oh, I think we can never be thankful enough that we live in these better times!"

"So do I," said Grace. "How very dreadful it must be to fall into the hands of savages and meet with a death so awful and sudden! I wish I knew that they were all Christians and ready for heaven."

"I can echo that wish," said Grandma Elsie, in tones full of sadness; "but I very much fear that they were not. Some we may hope were, but it is said, on what seems good authority, that Mrs. Helm, in telling of that terrible scene near the Sand Hills, spoke of the terror of Dr. Van Voorhees. He had been wounded badly, and his horse shot under him, when he asked her, 'Do you think they will take our lives?' and then spoke of offering a large ransom for his. She advised him not to think of that,

but of inevitable death. 'Oh, I cannot die! I am not fit to die!' he exclaimed. 'If I had only a short time to prepare for it – death is awful!'"

"'Look at that man! at least he dies like a soldier,' she said, pointing to Ensign Ronan. 'Yes,' gasped the doctor, 'but he has no terror of the future – he is an unbeliever.'

"Just then Mrs. Helm's struggle with the young Indian who attempted to tomahawk her began, and directly afterward she saw the dead body of Van Voorhees."

"Oh, poor, poor fellow!" exclaimed Grace, tears starting to her eyes. "One would think that, in such circumstances as theirs had been for months, every man and woman would have been careful to make sure work for eternity."

"Yes, but Satan is ever tempting men to delay, and perhaps more souls are, in Christian lands, lost through procrastination than from any other cause," sighed Grandma Elsie. "'Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation.'"

There was a moment of silence, broken by Evelyn.

"I remember when I was a very little girl, papa used to talk to me about being a Christian, and that once I answered him, 'I would, papa, if I only knew how,' and he said, 'It is very simple, daughter; just to believe in the Lord Jesus, take him for your Saviour, and give yourself to him – soul and body, time, talents, influence – all that you have or ever shall have, to be his forever, trusting in him with all your heart, sure that he meant all that he said in speaking to Nicodemus – 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' And that other, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' Those two texts seem to me to make the way very simple and plain."

"They do indeed," said Grandma Elsie, "and anyone who has the Bible and will study it faithfully, with earnest prayer to God for help to understand and obey its teachings, can hardly fail to find the way."

CHAPTER IV

The greater part of the next day was spent by our friends in a farewell visit to the Fair; but the sun had not yet set when again they all gathered upon the *Dolphin's* deck, and she weighed anchor and proceeded on her course up the lake.

"What a wonderful city it is to be so young!" remarked Mr. Dinsmore when they reached Chicago.

"Yes, sir," said Rosie. "Mamma was giving us a little sketch of its early history, last evening; and we found it very interesting; but I can't say that the events here, or anywhere else, for that matter, of the war of 1812-14 have increased my love for the British. Think of them hiring the Indians to kill men, women, and children, paying just the bounty for them that they would for so many wolf-scalps!"

"Yes, it was barbarous indeed; but do not forget that even in the days of the Revolution there were Britons who viewed such doings with horror. In 1777 there was a debate in the English Parliament concerning the employment of Indians against the American colonists, when a member of the House of Lords spoke in approval of it, saying it was right to use the means given them by God and Nature. 'God and Nature!' repeated the Earl of Chatham in scornful tones. 'Those abominable principles and this most abominable avowal of them demand most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend bench (pointing to the bishops), those holy ministers of the Gospel and pious pastors of the Church – I conjure them to join in the holy work, and to vindicate the religion of their God.' That showed that he (Chatham) was strongly opposed to such barbarity, but his appeal to the bishops was vain. Every man of them voted for the employment of the savages in a war against their brethren, who were fighting for their freedom after years of patient endurance of oppression – years of patient but unsuccessful effort to gain it by peaceful means."

"Yes, I have always admired William Pitt!" said Rosie. "But did any of the British people disapprove of the employment of the Indians in the war of 1812, grandpa?"

"I presume a great many did, though I do not just now remember any historical mention of the fact," replied Mr. Dinsmore, "except among those whose business interests were sure or likely to suffer," he added musingly.

"Those Sand Hills from behind which the Pottawatomies fired upon the whites are quite gone now, are they not, papa?" asked Grace.

"Yes," replied Captain Raymond, "the city now covers the entire theatre of the events of that dreadful day. It has been a rapid and wonderful transformation."

"Don't you think, papa, it might have been saved – I mean Fort Dearborn – if Captain Heald had not been so obstinately determined to do as he thought best, regardless of the opinions of his officers and Mr. Kinzie, and the warnings of friendly Indians?" asked Grace.

"I do, indeed," was the emphatic reply. "And that Mackinack, which fell into the hands of the British about a month earlier, might have been saved to our country but for the criminal neglect of the then Secretary of War. Hancock, who was in command, did not know, had not heard of the declaration of war, though he might have been informed of it nearly a week earlier than the news reached the British commander of Fort St. Joseph, who led the attack, and by reason of the ignorance of the garrison and its commander of the true state of affairs came upon them so unexpectedly that they had no opportunity to defend the fortress."

"Oh, tell us the story of it, papa, please!" pleaded little Elsie, and drawing her to a seat upon his knee, he complied at once.

"The fort was built in the first place by the French," he said, "and taken from them by the English when they conquered Canada. The Indians were not pleased with the change and said to the English, 'You have conquered the French, but you have not conquered us.' Perhaps you may remember what I told you some weeks ago about the attack of the Indians upon the people in the fort.

The Indians were playing ball outside the walls of the fortress, and, pretending to be very friendly, invited the garrison to view the game. It was a gay and exciting scene, and the unsuspecting members of the garrison were looking on with interest, forgetting to be on their guard against treachery, when a ball went up in a lofty curve and fell near the pickets of the fort.

"It was a preconcerted signal; the warriors instantly rushed toward the fort, armed with hatchets which their squaws had concealed under their blankets, and the whites being taken by surprise, a dreadful massacre followed.

"The following year the fort was again garrisoned by the English, the Indians fleeing at their approach. After the Revolutionary War – in 1796 – the island with its fort came into possession of the United States, the western military posts being surrendered to the Americans by the British, and in 1812 the fortress, then called Fort Holmes, was garrisoned by fifty-seven men under the command of Lieutenant Hancks of the United States Artillery. As a defence of the fur-traders and the scattered settlements of the Northwest, it was a very important post. You doubtless remember that it stands on a bluff overlooking the harbor."

"It is a beautiful place in the summer," remarked Grace, "but must be dreary enough through the long winters."

"It is," said her father, "yet by no means so dreary now as it was in those days, surrounded by hordes of savages ever ready to raise the hatchet in the pay of those who seemed to be the stronger party.

"Lieutenant Hancks and his garrison knew that in the event of war they must be prepared to defend themselves, but as you have just been told, they were left in uncertainty for nearly a week after the news should have reached them. There had been rumors of expected hostilities brought by traders, but the first intimation that there had been an actual declaration of war was given by the arrival of the English Captain Roberts, on the morning of the 17th of July, with his garrison of British regulars – 46, including 4 officers – 26 °Canadian militia, and 715 Indians – Ottawas, Chippewas, Sioux, Winnebagoes.

"They came in boats, bateaux, canoes, convoyed by the brig *Caledonia*, which belonged to the Northwest Fur Company and was laden with provisions and stores.

"On the morning of the day before, the Indian interpreter had told Hancks he had reliable information that the Indians were assembling in large numbers at St. Joseph and were about to attack Fort Holmes.

"Hancks had no sooner heard that than he summoned the American gentlemen on the island to a conference on the matter, at which it was decided to send a messenger to St. Joseph to learn, if possible, the temper of the commandant, and to watch the movements of the Indians.

"Captain Darman was the man chosen, and he set off upon his errand about sunset that same evening."

"All by himself, papa, when it was just getting dark, too?" asked Elsie. "How could he see to row his boat?"

"A full moon shone in the sky, daughter, and lighted him on his way," replied the captain. "But he had gone only fifteen miles when he met the boats carrying the British and Indians, and was taken prisoner by them."

"And did they kill him and scalp him, papa?"

"No; they let him go on condition that he would return to the island in advance of them, call the people together to the west side of it to receive the protection of a British guard for themselves and their property, and not give Lieutenant Hancks any information of the approach of the enemy. Also he was to warn the people that if any of them carried the news to the fort there would be a general massacre. Darman was landed at dawn, and did exactly as he had promised."

"Oh, papa! and didn't anybody warn the poor fellows in the fort?"

"Yes; a Dr. Day, braver than any of the rest, hurried to the fort and gave the alarm while the others were fleeing from the village to escape from the bloodthirsty savages. But it was too late; the enemy had already landed and taken one of their two heavy guns to the top of the hill at the back of the fort, placing it so as to command the American works at their weakest point. By nine o'clock Roberts had possession of the heights, and hideously painted savages were swarming everywhere.

"At half-past eleven the Americans were summoned to surrender the fortress to the forces of his 'Britannic Majesty.' Hancks then held a consultation with his officers and the American gentlemen in the fort, and all agreeing in the opinion that it would be impossible to defend it against such overwhelming numbers – over a thousand, while the garrison could boast but fifty-seven men rank and file – he decided that it was expedient to surrender.

"Honorable terms were granted and at noon the American colors were taken down and those of Great Britain substituted in their stead. The prisoners were all paroled, and those who desired to leave the island were sent in a British vessel to Detroit."

"I should hardly have supposed any American would want to stay here under British rule," remarked Grace.

"An order was presently issued that all upon the island who would not take the oath of allegiance to the British government must leave there within a month," said Captain Raymond.

"And they didn't let the Indians kill anybody, papa?" asked Elsie.

"No," replied her father, "but it is altogether likely that if there had been any resistance many, if not all, would have fallen victims to the bloodthirsty savages, for one of the British, who had command of 280 of the Indians, said in a letter to Colonel Claus at Fort George, 'It was a fortunate circumstance that the fort surrendered without firing a single gun, for had they done so, I firmly believe not a soul would have been saved.'"

"The capture of Mackinaw was a great loss to our country, was it not, father?" asked Lucilla.

"Yes, it was indeed," responded the captain, "a loss to the fur-trade of the West and a terrible calamity to the people of Detroit and other Western pioneers. It gave the enemy command of the upper lakes with all the advantages connected with it, and exposed Detroit to fearful raids by the hostile Indians."

"And all that dreadful state of affairs was the result of the unpardonable negligence of the Secretary of War!" she exclaimed. "Really, I don't see how he could ever forgive himself."

"No, nor do I," said Rosie, "especially when afterward Detroit too fell into the hands of the British; for its fall was a great assistance to the British cause."

"Yes," said Walter, "in more ways than one; for they got arms, ammunition, and stores; also it was months before another invading army of Americans could be raised and furnished with arms and other necessaries; and in the meantime the British made their preparations for further attacks upon us. They got valuable stores at Mackinaw, too; among them seven hundred packages of costly furs. By the way, Brother Levis, was there not an attempt made by our troops, later on in the war, to repossess Mackinaw?"

"Yes; Mackinaw was the key to the traffic in furs of the Northwest; therefore the Americans were determined to recapture it, and the British fully as determined to keep possession of it; for which purpose they sent there a considerable body of troops consisting of regulars, Canadian militia, and seamen. They took with them twenty-four bateaux loaded with ordnance, and found on the island a large body of Indians waiting to join them as allies. That was in April, 1814, and about the same time Commander Arthur St. Clair with a little squadron consisting of the *Caledonia*, *St. Lawrence*, *Niagara*, *Tigress*, and *Scorpion*, started on a land and naval expedition to the upper lakes. The land force, under the command of Lieutenant-colonel Croghan, the gallant defender of Fort Stephenson, was attacked by the British and Indians August 1, 1813."

"Oh, yes, I remember!" exclaimed Walter. "What splendid work he did there, though he was but twenty-one years old!"

"The expedition left Detroit early in July," continued the captain. "I will not go into the whole story of its action at present; sufficient to say they arrived at Mackinaw on the 26th of July. They soon learned that the enemy was very strong in position and numbers, and it was a question between St. Clair and Croghan whether it would be wise to make an immediate attack. The guns of the vessels could not damage the works because they were so elevated, and they could not carry the place by storm.

"Finally it was decided that Croghan should land on the western side of the island, under cover of the guns of the vessels, and try to attack the works in the rear. He did so on the 4th of August, landing without much molestation, but was presently met by the garrison, who were strongly supported by the Indians in the thickets; also a storm of shot and shell was poured upon them from a battery of guns. There was a sharp fight and Croghan was compelled to fall back and return to the ship; 1 officer and 12 privates had been killed, 52 wounded, and 2 others were missing.

"The attempt to recover Mackinaw at that time had to be given up, and most of the little squadron sailed for Detroit. The *Scorpion* and the *Tigress* were left behind to blockade the only route by which provisions and other supplies could reach Mackinaw. The two vessels cruised about for some time till the garrison was threatened with starvation or surrender in order to avert it; but early in September they were both captured by British and Indians sent out from the fort. They came in five boats and surprised the *Tigress* first, when the *Scorpion* was said to be fifteen miles away. She was at anchor near the shore, it was about nine o'clock in the evening, intensely dark, and the enemy was within fifty yards of the vessel when discovered.

"The Americans made a gallant defence, but were overpowered by numbers, there being but thirty of them beside the officers, and about one hundred of the assailants. Lieutenant Bulger, the British commander of the expedition, said in his report of the affair that the defence of the vessel did credit to her officers, who were all severely wounded. They and the crew were all sent prisoners of war to Mackinaw, while Bulger and his men remained on board the *Tigress*. They kept her position unchanged and her pennant flying, and when, on the 5th, the *Scorpion* was seen approaching, Bulger ordered his men to hide.

"All this deceived the men on the *Scorpion*; they thought the *Tigress* was still in the hands of their comrades, and when within two miles anchored for the night. At dawn the next morning the British ran the *Tigress* down alongside of her, the concealed soldiers ran out from their hiding-places, rushed on board the *Scorpion*, and in a few minutes the British flag was floating over her."

"And the British were very jubilant over the capture, as I remember reading," remarked Violet.

"And not very truthful in their report of it," added Walter. "Lossing says Adjutant-General Baynes actually reported in a general order that the vessels had crews of 300 each; only exaggerating 570 in stating the aggregate of the crews of the two schooners."

But just here the talk was interrupted by the not unwelcome summons to their evening meal.

CHAPTER V

As they left the table and gathered upon deck on the evening of the next day, the captain announced that they were nearing Mackinaw.

"I am glad of that, papa," said Grace; "for we shall have a lovely view of it by moonlight."

"Are we going to stop there, sir?" asked Walter.

"Not unless someone particularly desires it," returned the captain; "but we will pass slowly and quite near, so that we may all have a good view of it. Ah! it can be seen in the distance now," he added, pointing it out.

"And though the sun has set the moon will, as Gracie says, give us a lovely view of it," remarked Violet.

"Yes, she is nearly full," said the captain, glancing skyward, "which will help us to a more vivid conception of how things looked to Darman when he set out for Fort St. Joseph, on the 16th of July, 1812."

"I'm glad of that," said Lucilla. "I want to be able to imagine just how things looked at that time."

"Yes," said Grace, "but it is far more delightful to know that no war is going on now, and we are in no danger from either civilized or savage foes."

"It is indeed!" responded her father. "Peace is a great blessing; war a dreadful scourge."

"It is an Indian name the island bears, is it not, captain?" asked Evelyn.

"Yes; and the meaning is the Great Turtle, alluding to its shape. Notice that as we approach, and see if you do not think the name appropriate."

"To the tongue of which of the Indian tribes does the name belong, sir?" asked Walter.

"The Algonquin."

"The harbor is considered a fine one, is it not?"

"Yes; it is semicircular, 1 mile long; the strait is 40 miles long and 4 miles wide; the island 7 miles in circumference. Now we are near enough for a good view."

"What makes it look so white, papa?" queried little Elsie.

"It is limestone rock, my child," replied her father. "See the village down near the water and the fort on higher ground – the white cliffs half covered with green foliage – beyond it the ruins of old Fort Holmes."

"The one the British took in that war you told about, papa?"

"The very same," he said. "I believe you were not by when I pointed it out to the others on our former visit to the island."

"No, sir; I think Neddie and I were asleep in our berths."

"Yes, so you were," said her mother. "Ah, my dear," to her husband, "what a lovely sight it is by this witching light!"

"Yes," he said. "I think we will visit it again one of these days, when we can spend more time in viewing the various interesting places – such as the Arch Rock, a natural bridge almost as picturesque as the famous one in Virginia, the Rabbit's Peak, Giant's Causeway, and the Lover's Leap. We are passing that last now; and I want you all to notice a projecting crag at the other end of the island, called Robinson's Folly. These are all famous places, and each has its legendary story."

They steamed slowly past, greatly enjoying the moonlight view of the island; then, as it faded from sight, the speed of the vessel was increased, and before the older ones had retired they had entered Lake Huron.

The pleasant weather continued, and most of them spent the greater part of the following day upon the deck.

"We will reach Detroit early this evening, I suppose, Brother Levis?" said Rosie, in a tone of enquiry.

"Should nothing happen to prevent," was the pleasant-toned reply. "And now I wonder if my pupils can tell us most of the history of that city?"

"Beginning with the war of 1812, I suppose, as we have already gone over the story of the doings of Pontiac?"

"Yes; but first I shall give you a few facts concerning its settlement, growth, and so forth:

"It is by far the oldest city in the western part of our country, and older than either Philadelphia or Baltimore on the seaboard. It was founded by the French in 1670, as an outpost for the prosecution of the fur-trade; and as late as 1840 it still had less than 10,000 inhabitants. It is on the west side of Detroit River, about 7 miles from Lake St. Clair and 18 from Lake Erie. Can you tell me the meaning of the name Detroit, Elsie, daughter?"

"No, papa, you never taught me that," replied the little girl.

"It is the French for strait," he said. "The strait or river connecting Lakes St. Clair and Erie gave the name to the city."

"At the time we are talking of – when General Hull was marching toward the place – Detroit had only 160 houses and a population of about 800, most of them of French descent. It was a very small place considering its age, for it was a trading-post as early as 1620, and established as a settlement as early as 1701, when a Jesuit missionary came there with one hundred men. So it was a very old town though so small; but seven years before there had been a fire that destroyed all the houses but one."

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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