Early History *of* Middle Tennessee

BY

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Brandon Printing Company
Nashville, Tenn.
1909

Preface

The history of Tennessee, and especially that of our own section of the State, was long sadly neglected, and it is now with the greatest difficulty that many of the isolated facts of tradition may be woven into a continuous thread of history.

The failure of preceding generations to gather and record, first-handed, many of the stirring events of early times in the Cumberland Valley from those who participated in them, has increased the task of the historical writer of to-day. Only one other attempt has been made to write a history of Middle Tennessee and that was by Col. A. W. Putnam, of Nashville, in 1859. From this work I have gathered much valuable information as well as from Carr's Early Times, the histories of the State written by Judge Haywood, Dr. Ramsey, Mr. Phelan, Prof. McGee, Garrett and Goodpasture, and others. I am also indebted to Imlay's Historical Works, Roosevelt's Winning of the West, and Washington Irving's account of Spanish travels.

Much of the latter-day traditions extant in both Sumner and Davidson Counties has been collected and harmonized and to the many sources from which this has been gathered I acknowledge myself indebted. Especially do I desire to express thanks to Dr. J. H. McNeilly, of Nashville, Dr. R. V. Foster, of Lebanon, and Col. Ruben T. Durrett, of Louisville, for the courtesies and help extended and many favors shown. Without the aid of these and of others who might be mentioned I should have fallen far short of the historical accuracy which I believe to be a characteristic of the forthcoming work.

For my own gratification as well as for that of coming generations, I have gathered the facts presented from every available source, and now give them to the public, trusting that they may both instruct and entertain.

EDWARD ALBRIGHT.

Gallatin, Tenn., Jan. 15, 1909.

Early History of Middle Tennessee

CHAPTER I.

THE MOUND BUILDERS.

The first inhabitants of Middle Tennessee belonged to a race of people called Mound Builders, because of the mounds or monuments they erected and left behind. No one knows from whence they came, how long they remained, or whither they went. They were quite numerous. This is evident from the fact that around many of the lasting springs, and in various localities along the water courses, early immigrants found acres of graves containing their remains. These burial places gave evidence of having been made long before the advent of the whites, possibly several hundred years previous to the beginning of the 17th century. Though seemingly sound, when exhumed, the bones therein crumbled to powder when exposed to the air, thus attesting their great age.

One of these ancient graveyards covered a part of what is now Sulphur Spring Bottom in Nashville. Another was located in North Edgefield. A third was clustered about the mouth of Stone's river, above the city, and a fourth, the largest of all, was situated upon the farm of Mr. O. F. Noel, South, adjoining Glendale Park.

Others were found throughout Sumner County, especially at and around Castalian Springs, formerly Bledsoe's Lick. These places of interment were also numerous along the Harpeth River in Williamson, Cheatham and Dickson Counties. Mounds and stone graves are also to be found in Humphreys and Hardin Counties.

It is related of the "Long Hunters," the first organized band

of adventurers coming to this region, that to them no trace of human habitation was visible, the primeval state of things then reigning in unrivaled glory. But in dry caves on the side of creeks tributary to the Cumberland, down the course of which they traveled, they found many places where stones were set together, thus covering large quantities of human bones; these were also found far in the caves with which this region yet abounds. The conical shaped mounds left throughout Middle Tennessee by these early builders afford evidence of industry, and also of a measure of skill. They, too, were used as places for burial of the dead, and possibly for religious and military purposes as well. At Castalian Springs there may yet be seen the remnant of one of these mounds, which was formerly surrounded by a low wall or embankment enclosing a small acreage of land. This was opened first by General James Winchester about a hundred years ago, and within were found a quantity of human bones, some broken pottery, a box of red powder, burnt corn cobs, and several cedar posts. The latter had doubtless constituted part of the framework of a chamber formerly existing, but then in decay. At the time of the discovery of Bledsoe's Lick there stood on the top of this mound an oak tree three feet in diameter, thus indicating that it was then at least a century old.

In the same neighborhood have been found from time to time other relics of this pre-historic race. Near the door of a storehouse at Castalian Springs there lay for many years the carved sandstone image of a human form. This was about two feet in length, the arms of which, though partially broken off, seemed to have been raised in supplication. The shape of its head and the expression of its rude features were foreign, being entirely unlike those of the Indians. It was probably an idol once used in some form of heathen worship. It was not taken from

the mound above described, as has been alleged, but was ploughed up from a neighboring field.

Another elevation of similar character in Sumner County is located on the farm of Mr. Alexander Kizer, and stands near the public road leading from Shackle Island to Hendersonville. This mound measures thirty-five feet across the top. From the south side it is fifty feet in height, having been approached for-

THE KIZER MOUND NEAR HENDERSONVILLE, SUMNER COUNTY

merly from the north to the summit, by a slanting roadway thrown up from the surrounding soil. At a radius of about a hundred yards it is surrounded by the remains of a number of smaller mounds. An excavation conducted by Eastern scientists some years ago disclosed the fact that the latter were used

as receptacles for the dead, in truth the entire space between these and the central mound was covered with graves such as those already described. Popular tradition says that ages ago these ruins constituted the seat of government of a community or tribe of an extinct race; that the ruler or principal chief dwelt on the large elevation, while the lesser ones were used as stations by the officers of his council. A more probable theory is that the entire arrangement was for use in the ceremonial minutiæ incident to the burial of their dead.

Near Nashville, at a point half way between the west bank of the river and the north side of old French Lick Creek, stands an elevation known as the Charleville mound, so called in honor of a French trader who many years before the coming of the settlers had a station on its summit. This, too, was opened in 1821, and found to contain broken pottery, and a piece of oval-shaped metal on one side of which was an indented outline of the head of a woman.

In Williamson County a short distance north of Franklin, are three mounds of about equal size standing in a row from north to south. The remains of others like unto these are to be seen also in Warren, Lincoln and Hickman Counties. Near Manchester in Coffee County under the shadow of the great dividing range of the Cumberland Mountains stands an old moss covered stone fort which is yet in a partial state of preservation. Builded in the long ago it is without even a tradition to disclose its identity. Its architects are now in that happy hunting ground from whose bourn no traveler has yet returned. The Indians met by the pioneers on the arrival of the latter in Middle Tennessee could give no information as to the origin of these antiquities, all of which they held in great veneration, but were content to say that they had been here always.

At the discovery of this region, its soil, which was covered by

thick cane-brakes and forest trees of mammoth size, seemed never to have been broken by cultivation.

We are, therefore, left in ignorance as to the means by which the Mound Builders supplied themselves with food and clothing.

They had undoubtedly attained a degree of civilization, but despite all that has been written upon the subject, a large part of which is mere fiction, there is little to indicate that they were highly civilized, or to a great extent acquainted with the arts of more recent progress. Modern scientists have cast aside many of the mysterious theories with which the existence of the Mound Builders was long enshrouded, and now believe that they were simply the ancestors of the American Indians, the latter through the lapse of many centuries having degenerated into the low state of civilization in which they were found by the early discoverers.

CHAPTER II.

FIRST INDIAN SETTLERS.

Following the Mound Builders came the Shawnees, who were the first tribe of Indians to settle in Middle Tennessee. They journeyed from a region surrounding the Great Lakes about 1650 and built their villages along the banks of the Cumberland. The boundaries of this settlement extended north to what is now the Kentucky line, and as far west as the Tennessee River. Until the time of their coming the country now comprising Kentucky and Middle Tennessee had been held as neutral territory by the Indians, and was used as a common hunting ground by the Iroquois on the north, and by the tribes composing the Mobilian race on the south. Chief among the latter were the Creeks, Cherokees, Choctaws, Chickasaws and Seminoles.

The Shawnees were of the Algonquin race, a part of the powerful Iroquois Confederacy, and are called by historians the "Gypsies of the Forest." There was among them a tradition that their ancestors were of foreign birth, and had come to America from over the seas. Until a short time previous to their advent into the region of the Cumberland, they had made yearly sacrifice in thanksgiving for their safe arrival after a long and dangerous voyage. They had been once wealthy and powerful, but following a natural inclination to rove, were now weakened by division into bands, some one of which at various times subsequent thereto resided in almost every portion of the United States. The Indians with whom they came in contact having no written language and no definite rules of pronunciation called them by various names, such as Shawnees, Sewanees, Suwanos, Savannahs, Satanas, and many others of like sound. These names the Shawnees generously gave to the villages, rivers and mountains of the land through which they traveled. While living along the Cumberland they explored the whole of Middle Tennessee and gave their name to Sewanee Mountain, on which is now located the University of the South.

Another tradition, if true, explains their location on the Cumberland. According to this legend a large party of them were moving south in search of new fields of adventure. Arriving at Cumberland Gap in East Tennessee they halted for rest, and in order that they might take council as to a future course After much discussion it was found they could not agree as to the latter, whereupon a part of the band pursued the well known trace through the mountains of East Tennessee south into Georgia and Florida, while the other portion directed its journey toward the west, thus founding the settlement above described.

However, the stay of the Shawnees in the valley of the Cumberland was comparatively of short duration. Angered by such

a continued occupancy of the common hunting ground, the Cherokees, Creeks and Chickasaws, their nearest neighbors, laid plans for their expulsion. After a short but bloody war the Shawnees were driven north and became again a wandering tribe among the Iroquois. By the generosity of the victors they were allowed a return to the hunting ground during the winter season of each year, but were forbidden to remain after dogwood blossoms appeared. The date of this war, probably the first in a region which has since been the scene of many bloody conflicts, is not now definitely fixed. In the year 1788, Piomingo, the Mountain Leader, famous Chickasaw chief, and friend of the whites, came from his village near the present site of Memphis to visit the settlers at Bledsoe's Lick. While there he told the latter that the expulsion of the Shawnees from the Cumberland Valley took place in 1682. He said that the length of his life at the time of this visit had been "a hundred and six snows," and that he was born the year the war occurred. His father, himself a noted Chickasaw chief, was killed in one of the battles incident to the contest. Piomingo also vouchedsafe the information that before the attacking forces would venture to engage the Shawnees in battle they held themselves a long time in readiness awaiting a signal from the Great Spirit. At length it came in the rumblings of an earthquake which, as Piomingo said, "broke open the mountains and shook the rocks from their places of rest." The settlers associated this tradition with an account given by their ancestors of an earthquake which occurred about the year 1685.

It is quite probable that small, roving bands of these nomads continued to make headquarters near the present location of Nashville for some years after the main force had been driven away. The Shawnees were the last permanent Indian residents of Middle Tennessee, but the latter continued to be held as common property by the neighboring tribes until the white settlers came upon the scene a hundred years later.

CHAPTER III.

SPANISH ADVENTURERS.

For more than two hundred years after the discovery of America by Columbus in 1492, with perhaps one exception, no European adventurer set foot upon the soil of Middle Tennessee. This possible exception we shall now notice.

By reason of the successful voyage of Columbus, and a few subsequent discoveries by his fellow countrymen, Spain claimed the whole of North America. Following the return of these expeditions there were circulated throughout the Spanish domain the most extravagant stories of the wealth and beauty of this new found land, and numerous parties were formed for its exploration and conquest. In 1512 Ponce De Leon, a Spaniard, crossed the Atlantic at the head of a company and landed on the southern extremity of the continent. He named the country Florida, because of the abundance of wild flowers growing along its shores and also because the discovery was made on Palm Sunday. For many years thereafter all the country south of the island of Newfoundland was called Florida. The object of this expedition led by Ponce De Leon was the discovery of a fabled fountain of youth, said by the mystics to be located within the interior of the continent. It was confidently believed by the Spaniards that those who were so fortunate as to drink from this source would enjoy perpetual youth. Before they had long pursued their journey, however, they found instead, death from wounds inflicted by poisoned arrows from the bows of hostile Indians. At intervals for twenty-six years thereafter other Spanish explorers visited America for purposes of spoil and conquest but returned without evidence of success.

Ferdinand De Soto was a renowned Spanish soldier of fortune who had served with Pizarro in the conquest of Peru. In

1538, under the patronage of the emperor, Charles V, this veteran warrior began the organization of a company for the purpose of exploring Florida. His patron, the emperor, had but recently ascended the throne of Spain, which was now the most powerful monarchy in all Europe, uniting as it did under one scepter "the infantry of Spain, the looms of Flanders, and the gold of Peru." Thus with unlimited resources at his command, De Soto soon found himself leading a company of nine hundred and fifty adventurers.

Ramsey says that "the chivalry, rank and wealth of Spain entered into this army," and Irving declares that "never had a more gallant and brilliant body of men offered themselves for the new world." Many of them, though of immense wealth, had made disposition of all, and in reckless disregard of the future had invested the proceeds in this enterprise, some bringing over their wives and children together with a retinue of servants. On board ship when they sailed from Spain, were three hundred and fifty horses and mules and a herd of swine, the latter the first of their kind yet brought to America. Arriving at Havana, Cuba, during the month of May, 1538, a year was spent in further preparation for the journey into the interior of the continent.

Having added here fifty recruits to their number, they again set sail, landing at Santo Bay on the west coast of Florida, May 27, 1539. From thence a few days later they marched bravely into an unknown region. A majority of these adventurers were yet in the springtime of life, and cared but little for fountains of youth. Instead, they were searching for cities of silver and gold, the glittering battlements of which they fancied now hidden away within the region they were about to invade. If in the days of our youth, over field and fen we have trudged in fruitless search of a pot of gold at the end of a fitful rainbow, we have already an idea of the disappointment which at every turn awaited these

credulous wanderers. For two years they traveled hither and thither through the Southern States, deluded by savage deceit and beset by savage foe. However, the latter were not altogether the aggressors. De Soto and his officers had been trained in a bad school of warfare, and in turn their treatment of the natives was in many instances both treacherous and cruel in the extreme. On the Savannah River at the present site of Silver Bluff, Georgia, they came upon the village of a beautiful Indian princess, the ruler of a large domain. When informed of their approach she ordered no resistance, but going at once to the camp of the Spaniards, made a peace offering of blankets and shawls and such other supplies as she possessed. Taking from her neck a string of pearls, she gave them to De Soto, at the same time offering to him and his followers the freedom of her realm. They accepted this invitation, and after remaining at the village for a month, rewarded the kindness of the princess by taking her captive and leading her in chains on foot behind them as they traveled through the surrounding provinces. At length she escaped and returned to her subjects, remaining forever thereafter a bitter enemy of the whites. This incident is but an example of many others of like character.

In the early spring of 1541, the army came by some route to the Chickasaw Bluffs, the present site of Memphis, and there De Soto discovered the Mississippi River.

Because of the unfamiliar Indian names used by the historian of this expedition we are now unable to locate, with certainty, all the mountains, rivers and villages by, over and through which they passed en route. That at some period of the journey they visited the Muscle Shoals of the Tennessee River in Northern Alabama is supposed by reason of the location there of two ancient forts or camps, more recently identified as of Spanish construction. The names of some of the villages and the numerous

crossings of streams have led to the belief that they traveled also through a portion of East Tennessee, the line of march being from North Georgia through Polk, McMinn and Monroe Counties to the foot of the Chilhowee mountains; thence west and southwest, crossing the Tennessee River near Chattanooga, and from thence into Middle Tennessee. Canasauga, Talisse, and Sequachie, all mentioned by the Spanish historian in connection with this part of the journey, are now familiar names in the locality mentioned. They camped for a while at the foot of the mountains which are supposed to be the modern Chilhowee. Around the base of these there flowed a small but rapid river, which properly describes the Little Tennessee. Leaving there "the first day's march westward was through a country covered with fields of maize of luxuriant growth." During the next five days they traversed a "chain of easy mountains covered with oak and mulberry trees, with intervening valleys, rich in pasturage and irrigated by clear and rapid streams." When at the rate of ten miles a day they had journeyed for sixty miles, they came to a village which "stood in a pleasant spot bordered by small streams which took their rise in the adjacent mountains." These streams "soon mingled their waters and thus formed a grand and powerful river," probably the Tennessee. Turning now from a westerly course they resumed their journey along the bank of this stream toward the south. Eighty miles below they discovered a village on the opposite shore to which they crossed in many rafts and canoes which they prepared for that purpose. Here their wornout horses were for a season allowed to enjoy rich and abundant pasturage in the neighboring meadows. While in this retreat the Indians showed them how to obtain pearls from oysters or muscles, taken from the river. If the theory advanced be true, the village mentioned was near the present site of Chattanooga, and beneath the shadow of the overhanging cliffs

of Lookout Mountain, a locality which for ages was the haunt of the Aborigines.

The mountains, the rivers, the distances traveled, and the pearls all tend to establish the route indicated. From this place they crossed the mountains westward. Martin's history of Louisiana suggests that from thence they passed entirely through Middle Tennessee and into Southern Kentucky, in which event their journey lay through Maury, Rutherford, Davidson and Sumner Counties.

It is not unreasonable to suppose that the natives with whom they conversed during the first of their travels had not failed to lure this band of plumed and armored pilgrims searching for mystic treasures into a region so fruitful of legend. By the glens of the far-famed Hiwassee, under the sheltering coves of the Chilhowees and Lookout, on the ancient forest-covered crest and slopes of the Cumberlands, and into the darkened ravines and beautiful valleys beyond; on every hand might be uncovered secret portals to hidden treasures. These once discovered, they would return in triumph to Spain and there with sparkling jewels dazzle the eyes of their less hardy countrymen.

From the top of every mountain range stretching itself athwart their chosen route, their scouts might gaze eagerly for a glimpse of silver-paved and gold-domed cities with which a vivid imagination had vested an unknown land.

After crossing with his band the Mississippi at Memphis and traversing a region afterwards called the "Great American Desert," De Soto died in Louisiana a year later in a lonely glade near the mouth of Red River. Wrapping his body in a cloak a few of his officers rowed out at midnight to the middle of the Mississippi and there buried their gallant commander in the waters of the mighty river he had discovered. The hour selected was because of the purpose of the Spaniards to conceal from the

natives among whom they were encamped the knowledge of De Soto's death. The latter had told the Indians who came every day to his tent that he was from the land of the Great Spirit, and therefore would never die.

The expedition now ended in disaster, having already lost by disease and warfare more than two-thirds of its original number.

CHAPTER IV.

HUNTERS AND TRADERS—DR. WALKER AND PARTY.

From the expulsion of the Shawnees to the coming of the white settlers in 1779 the region now embraced in Middle Tennessee was indeed a hunter's paradise. Through its valleys and over its hills roamed countless herds of buffalo, deer, and elk. Within its forests and canebrakes bears, wolves, panthers, bob-cats, foxes, and other wild animals in great numbers found a home. Besides the food necessary for each they must also have salt. The provision made by nature for this essential was the saline water of the sulphur springs with which the country yet abounds. In times of overflow these springs left on the surrounding ground a slight deposit of salt, and over this the beasts would tramp and lick until often long trenches or furrows were made, sometimes over several acres. Thus were formed the "licks" which played so important a part in determining the location of early forts. Sulphur springs and the accompanying "licks" were especially numerous in Sumner and Davidson Counties. To this fact, together with the close proximity of these counties to the Cumberland River is largely due their selection as a location by the pioneers. The big sulphur spring in the bottom now within the corporate limits of Nashville, no doubt determined the location of that city.

To the licks in the region now embraced in Sumner and Davidson came at regular intervals the animals from over a large territory, and these in their journeys to and fro formed beaten paths or trails, all centering in this locality like the spokes of a wheel. As with the ancients all roads led to Rome, so with the conquerors of this boundless and uninhabited wilderness, all traces led to central licks which spots were destined to become the scene of earliest activity. Hunters, both Indian and white, roaming at will through the forests came upon these narrow paths, and turning about threaded them to the end. Here these mighty Nimrods fell upon and mercilessly slaughtered the game, large and small, which was usually found assembled in great abundance. After feeding upon the flesh of the slain animals, they carried away the hides or pelts from which they made clothing for themselves and their families, and in the case of the Indian hunter, covering for their tents, or "tepees." Such as were not thus applied to personal use were sold for trade in the colonies east of the mountains, or for export to the countries of Europe.

In the course of time as a result of the natural evolution and growth of traffic, foreign-made clothing, blankets, boots and shoes, wares and trinkets were brought by enterprising traders to such localities and there exchanged for pelts. The Indian hunter, who, in such transactions, was sure of the worst of the bargain, readily exchanged the most valuable buffalo robe for a string of glass beads or a daub of red paint with which to bestreak his visage when he went forth to war.

The French were the earliest tradesmen in Middle Tennessee. The first of these to appear was a young man, Charles Charleville by name, who, in 1714, built his post on a mound near the present site of Nashville. This mound has been mentioned already in connection with a sketch of the Mound Builders. Here, besides the hunting and trapping done by himself and his companions, an

extensive trade was carried on with the savage hunters from all the tribes frequenting the hunting ground. However, Charleville's station did not long remain, and in 1740 Middle Tennessee was again without a single white resident. The establishment of this and subsequent posts by men of the same nationality gave to the locality around Nashville the name, French Lick, by which it was known to early historians. Some of the old logs from the walls of the Charleville storehouse were found on the mound by the settlers who came to Nashville sixty-five years later.

From the departure of Charleville and his band to the year 1748, no white adventurer came to disturb the peaceful serenity of the hunting ground, but in the latter part of that year Dr. Thomas Walker led a party of hunters across the mountains from Virginia. Walker was an explorer and surveyor of renown, and is described as a man of mark among the pioneers. With his company came Colonels Wood, Patton and Buchanan, and Captain Charles Campbell. After giving the name Cumberland to the lofty range of mountains crossed, they pursued their journey by way of Cumberland Gap through the counties of Campbell, Scott, Fentress, Overton and Jackson. Finding a beautiful mountain stream flowing across their course they called it Cumberland River in honor of the Duke of Cumberland, who was then Prime Minister of England. The latter had taken his title from the county of Cumberland, a picturesque region of lakes and mountains in the northern portion of his native land. Previous to this time Cumberland River had been called Warioto by the Indians and Shauvanon by the French traders. It is probable that Walker's party hunted along the river as far as French Lick, and from thence returned to Virginia through Kentucky.

CHAPTER V.

TIMOTHY DEMONBREUN.

Late in the autumn of 1760 a strange craft appeared on the Cumberland just below French Lick. With a single sail fluttering from a low mast it was creeping up with noiseless motion along the western bank of the river. On deck stood a tall, athletic man with broad shoulders, long arms, and an eagle eye. Over his face was an expression of daring and adventure. He was clothed in a blue cotton hunting shirt with red waistcoat, and leggins of deer skin, and on his head he wore a fox-skin cap with the tail hanging down his back. With him were several companions. The craft proved to be a French trading boat heavily ladened with wares and merchandise, and the strangely attired individual in command was Timothy DeMonbreun, a French soldier who had come to establish a post in the Wilderness, as the Cumberland country was then called.

The Indian hunters loitering on the bluff where Nashville's countless mills and factories now stand had never before seen a vessel like this, and supposing it to be a "war boat from the Great Spirit's lake" prostrated themselves in an attitude of humble worship.

Slowly the party moved up the river, and on coming to a small tributary now known as Lick branch, they decided to enter and trace it to its source. A little way up they found a spring and around it the tracks of much buffalo, bear and deer. At this spring they landed, cooked their evening meal, and retired for the night, sleeping on their arms lest they might be attacked by the natives. However, they were undisturbed, and in the morning after having stretched a line between two trees, they hung out bright red blankets, strings of beads, shining trinkets and other articles with which to attract the Indians. They were careful to show by their actions that the mission on which they had

come was one of peace, and made such signs as they were able indicating a desire to trade their wares for pelts and furs, such as the savages possessed.

DeMonbreun had come to Canada with the army of his native land during the war between England and France. He fought bravely at the battle of Quebec, which took place on the Plains of Abraham in 1759, and upon the restoration of peace concluded to make America his home. In the spring of 1760 he journeyed from Quebec to Kaskaskia, Illinois, and thence to the French Lick. His trade with the Indians proved profitable, and here, except at brief intervals, he spent the remainder of his life. For some years he lived during the winter months in a cave above Nashville on the bank of the Cumberland between the mouth of Stone's River and Mill Creek. After the first season his family came to live with him in the cave, and here was born his son, William DeMonbreun, long an honored citizen of Williamson County, where some years ago he died, leaving a large family and a fine estate. William DeMonbreun was probably the first white child born in Middle Tennessee.

In the summer of each year DeMonbreun, the elder, would return to Kaskaskia, taking with him a cargo of buffalo hides and furs which had been laid by in store during the winter and spring. Later he would come back to his station with a new supply of goods for the trade of the following season.

At the beginning of the Nashville settlement he built two cabins of cedar logs; one near the northeast corner of the Public Square, and the other at the juncture of Broad and College Streets. The first was used as a storehouse and the other as a dwelling for himself and family. Later he erected a farmhouse on Broad Street near High, and in this he died in 1826, at the advanced age of ninety-six years. It was in honor of this brave and venerable pioneer that the city of Nashville gave the name "DeMonbreun" to one of its principal streets.

CHAPTER VI.

WALLEN, BOONE, CALLAWAY, AND SCRAGGINS.

The solitude that for ages had rested like a protecting canopy over the great national park of the Red man was again about to be disturbed. The fame thereof had crossed the mountains and reached the fartherest limits of the colonies, now slowly but surely turning the tide of emigration this way.

A party of men known as "Wallen's Company," composed of Wallen, Scaggs, Blevins and Cox, together with fifteen others whose names are unknown, came over in 1763. This company had been formed in Virginia two years before for the purpose of exploration and trade, and had spent two winters thereafter in Kentucky and East Tennessee. This season they followed the route previously taken by Dr. Walker and party in 1748. Passing through Cumberland Gap they hunted during the whole summer along the Cumberland River, later recrossing the mountains with an abundance of game.

In 1764 Daniel Boone, the renowned hunter and explorer, who is popularly accredited with having led the vanguard of civilization into western wilds, came on a short expedition into the eastern portion of Middle Tennessee. Boone was a typical pioneer, loving as he did the solitude of the forest and usually making his journeys alone. On this occasion, however, he had with him his kinsman, Samuel Callaway, the ancestor of a distinguished family by that name, pioneers of Tennessee, Kentucky and Missouri. As they came in sight of the Cumberland Valley Boone looked down from the summit of the mountain on the vast herds of buffalo grazing beneath and exclaimed: "I am richer than the man mentioned in the Scriptures who owned the cattle on a thousand hills, for I own the wild beasts of more than a thousand valleys." At this time Boone's home was upon the Yadkin

River in North Carolina, whither he had moved from Virginia many years before. He returned to the Cumberland in 1771, and later played an important part in the settlement of Kentucky. With the establishment of courts of justice at the admission of the latter State into the Union in 1792, Boone lost possession of nearly all the lands he had secured in Kentucky, his titles thereto being contested and declared invalid. Disgusted at this treatment by the commonwealth he had done so much to found, he emigrated to Missouri and built for his abode a cabin in the wilderness forty-five miles west of St. Louis. There he remained until his death in 1822. By order of the Legislature of Kentucky his remains were removed to Frankfort in 1845, and re-interred in the city cemetery on a beautiful site above the Kentucky River and now just across the valley from the new capitol building. Above this new grave a fitting monument was erected, on either of the four sides of which were scenes wrought in bas-relief, commemorating the heroic deeds of Boone's eventful life. This monument still stands, though now much defaced by the ravages of time and the hand of the vandal. Other monuments to the memory of Boone have since been located at various places throughout Kentucky, notable among these being a statue in Cherokee Park at Louisville, the latter a gift to the city by Mr. C. C. Bickel. Following Boone and Callaway came Henry Scraggins, who explored the lower Cumberland in 1765, and for a while had a station near the present site of Goodlettsville in Davidson County. Of him but little is known save that he was a representative of Henderson & Company, of North Carolina, who were large dealers in western lands, and of whom we shall learn more later on. The explorations made by Scraggins were the most extensive yet undertaken west of the mountains. During the summer of 1766 Col. James Smith, accompanied by Joshua Horton, William Baker and Uriah Stone came hither for the purpose of exploring along

the Cumberland and Tennessee. Some of this party were from the north, Baker being from Carlisle, Pennsylvania. They entered the region they proposed to traverse by way of East Tennessee, having first explored the Holston Valley. They brought with them a mulatto slave, a boy about eighteen years old, the property of Horton, and the first slave ever seen in Middle Tennessee. Stones River, near Nashville, was explored, and named by this party, being so called in honor of Uriah Stone. They traversed a large portion of the section now included in Sumner and Davidson Counties, and then going west, followed the course of the Tennessee River to its mouth at Paducah, Kentucky. There they separated. Smith, with the slave for company and protection, returned to North Carolina. The other members of the party went north into Illinois. Uriah Stone returned the following year, and in partnership with a Frenchman, spent the season trapping on Stones River. One day late in the spring when they were loading their boat with furs preparatory for a journey to market, the Frenchman, in the absence of his partner, stole off with the boat and cargo. Stone having thus lost the fruits of several months of labor returned empty-handed to his home in Virginia.

Next in order came Isaac Lindsay and four others from South Carolina. They crossed the Alleghanies westward and hunted along the Cumberland as far as French Lick. Here they met Michael Stoner and a companion named Harrod, both of whom lived in Pittsburg, having come by way of Illinois on their way to the hunting ground. These parties were hunting for pleasure, and met by accident. It is quite probable that each also had an eye on valuable tracts of land upon which, in the future, they hoped to obtain concessions. After remaining together for some time in the region about French Lick they separated and returned to their respective homes. Later on Lindsay was an important factor in the early settlement at Nashville.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LONG HUNTERS.

The year 1769 witnessed the coming of the largest party of white men yet seen in Middle Tennessee. They were organized in June for the purpose of hunting game and exploring in the country west of the mountains, and were afterwards called "Long Hunters" because of the length of time they were away. Among them were Kasper Mansker, John Rains, Abraham Bledsoe, John Baker, Joseph Drake, James Knox, Obadiah Terrill, Uriah Stone, Henry Smith, Ned Cowan, Robert Crockett, Thomas Gordon, Cash Brook and Humphrey Hogan. Some of these were from North Carolina, some from the neighborhood of Natural Bridge, and others from a small settlement near Inglis' Ferry, Virginia. The party was well equipped with guns, ammunition and all other supplies necessary for a protracted hunting and exploring expedition.

After having met at the town of New River in southwestern Virginia, they proceeded to the head of Holston River, traversing the north fork of same. Traveling on from thence they crossed Clinch and Powell Rivers, and passing on by way of Cumberland Gap, journeyed through Kentucky to the headwaters of Cumberland River. Proceeding down this stream they camped at a place since called Price's Meadow in Wayne County, Kentucky, six or seven miles from the present site of Monticello. This camp they agreed to make a station or rendezvous, for the deposit of their game and peltries. The hunters then dispersed in many directions, a part of them crossing what is now the Tennessee line, and exploring the country as far south as Caney Fork River and along its tributaries in Putnam, White and DeKalb counties. Most of the hunting, however, was done on Roaring and Obey Rivers in Clay, Jackson, Overton and Pickett Counties. Obey

River, as it is now called, was at that time given its name, the same being in honor of Obadiah Terrill, a member of the party.

A sad event of this outing was the death of Robert Crockett which occurred on the headwaters of Roaring River in Overton County. While returning to camp at nightfall he was fired upon and killed by a band of six or eight Indians who were hid in ambush. This is the first recorded death suffered by the whites at the hands of the Indians in the territory now embraced in Middle Tennessee.

The country at this time abounded in small game, and the expedition was very successful. The entire landscape was covered with high grass, tall trees and low undergrowth, the whole forming a boundless wilderness hitherto untrodden by the foot of civilization. Most of the game they got by what was called "still hunting." Some deer, however, was killed after having been lured within gun shot by imitating the bleat of a fawn. Some also were fired upon from scaffolds when they came to the salt licks at night. In mid-winter the hunters donned snow-shoes and followed the practice of "crusting" the game—that is, running it down in the snow. Of this practice, however, many of the hunters did not approve.

They continued in the region above mentioned until the spring of 1770, when some of them returned home. Others, led by James Knox, went further north into the Kentucky country where they hunted for a season before recrossing the mountains. The remainder, consisting of Stone, Baker, Gordon, Brook, Hogan and three or four others, all under the leadership of Kasper Mansker, having built two flat-boats, and hollowed out of logs two pirogues, or dug-out canoes, began a river journey with the proceeds of the hunt to Natchez, Mississippi. On their way down the Cumberland they stopped at French Lick, the present site of Nashville. There they saw enormous herds of buffalo, elk and

deer, and great quantities of other game. The country surrounding was crowded with wild animals, the bellowings of the buffalo resounding from the hills and forests. They had found but little big game in the upper country, so some of this they now killed, and of the hides made coverings for their boats. At this place also they met Timothy DeMonbreun, who, as before related, had erected his trading station there ten years before. This visit by Mansker to French Lick marked his advent into a region in the subsequent settlement of which he was destined to play a conspicuous part.

Rowing on down the river they came at length to the Ohio. There some of their boats were looted by a band of Indians, but Mansker and his party fell in with some French traders who were generously inclined, and in return for what they had lost, gave them a supply of flour, salt, tobacco, and taffa, the latter a drink which was especially prized.

Proceeding down the Ohio and Mississippi they arrived in due season at Natchez, then an outpost of the Spanish headquarters at New Orleans. There they sold their cargo, consisting of hides, furs, oil and tallow, after which Mansker and Baker returned to their home at New River, Virginia. Others went around by ship to North Carolina, and the remnant of the party settled in Natchez. Those who returned to the colonies gave such glowing accounts of the abundance of game and fertility of the soil on the Cumberland that the desire for western exploration became very intense.

At Natchez Uriah Stone found his boat which had been stolen from him by the Frenchman on Stones river several years before. The latter had descended to that place by water and then disposed of the boat and cargo, departing thence for parts unknown.

CHAPTER VIII.

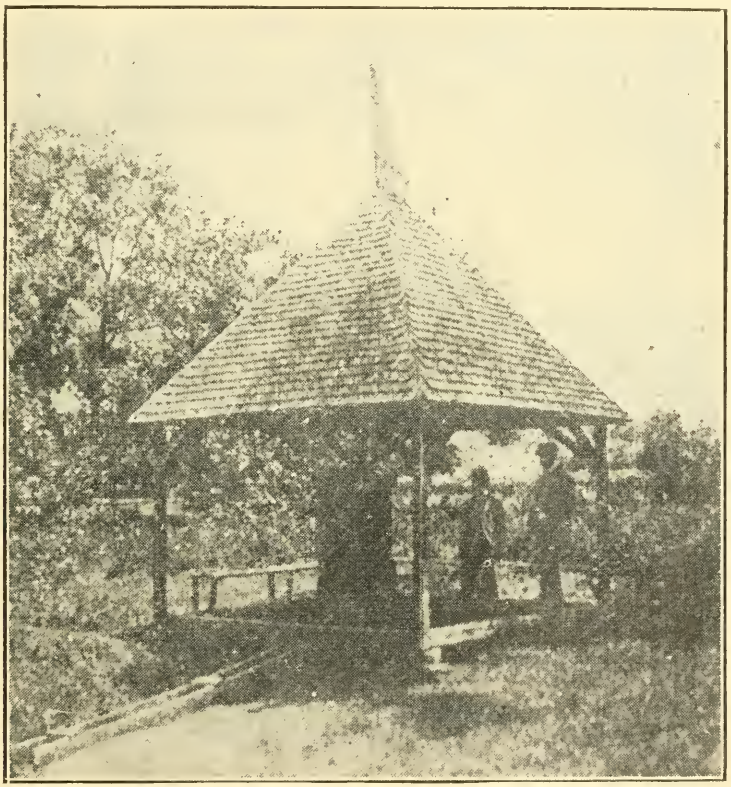
MANSKER'S PARTY. FIRST INDIAN KILLED.

In the fall of 1771 Kasper Mansker led another party of adventurers into the wilds of Tennessee. Among them were Isaac Bledsoe, John Montgomery, Joseph Drake, James Knox, Henry Suggs, William Allen, Christopher Stoph, and William and David Lynch. There was with them also an old hunter named Russell whose eyesight was so poor that he was obliged to fasten a piece of white paper on the muzzle of his gun in order that he might thus direct his sight to the game. Despite this hindrance, however, he killed a large number of deer.

Arriving at what is now Sumner County, Mansker's party pitched its station or camp close to a creek near where Dr. Anderson formerly resided, on the turnpike leading from Gallatin to Nashville. It was in this way that Station Camp Creek got its name. This camp was made headquarters for the party, while they hunted over Sumner, Robertson, Davidson, Wilson, Smith and Trousdale Counties. The winter was exceedingly cold, and they built skin houses for protection from the ice and snow. Some one of the hunters was usually left behind to guard the stores. However, on one occasion when all were away on the chase, a party of twenty-five Cherokee Indians made a raid on the camp. They carried away all the pots, kettles and ammunition they could find, besides about five hundred deer skins, and a large amount of clothing. The trail by which they came into camp was plainly to be seen, but they were careful to leave none on their retreat. It is supposed that they left the camp singly in different directions, or waded up stream in Station Camp Creek.

During this memorable hunt many of the licks and streams of this locality took the name of their discoverers, which names they have since retained. Among these are Mansker's Lick and

Mansker's Creek, Bledsoe's Lick and Bledsoe's Creek, Drake's Lick and Drake's Creek, so called in honor of Kasper Mansker the leader of the party, Isaac Bledsoe and Joseph Drake. At other periods in the history of early explorations Stoner's Lick and Stoner's Creek were named in honor of Michael Stoner, a Dutchman from Pittsburg, previously mentioned. Flinn's Lick



BLEDSOE'S LICK

and Flinn's Creek were discovered by George Flinn. Barton's Creek in Wilson County was so named in honor of Col. Samuel Barton.

This year, as in that preceding, the country was full of all kinds of game, large and small. When Isaac Bledsoe discovered

the lick which bears his name, the location of which was the present site of Castalian Springs, the herds of buffalo in the bottoms surrounding the sulphur spring were so numerous that he was afraid to alight from his horse lest he might be trampled beneath the hoofs of the restless beasts.

Mansker discovered two licks near Goodlettsville, they being distinguished as the Upper and Lower. They were about three hundred yards apart. On the day this discovery was made Mansker is said to have killed nineteen deer in passing along the path from one to the other. At length the ammunition of the party was exhausted, and having already enjoyed the fruits of a most successful hunt they took the long trail for their homes east of the mountains, arriving late in the spring.

In company with other hunters, two of whom were named Bryant, Mansker came a third time to the Cumberland country in November, 1775. Traveling the well known route through Cumberland Gap, and passing down through the river counties the party camped at Mansker's Lick, which had been discovered by the latter in 1771. Most of them soon returned to Virginia, but Mansker and three others whose names are unknown to history, remained at the camp and began hunting and trapping on Sulphur Fork and Red River in Robertson and Montgomery Counties. Finding that a party of Blackfish Indians were hunting in the same neighborhood the whites thought it the part of wisdom to discover their number and the location of their camp. Mansker was selected as the spy and proceeding forthwith on his mission, came upon the rendezvous of the Indians near the bank of Red River. Slipping nearer and nearer from tree to tree he soon came in full view and discovered there were only two of them in the camp. These were seated on the ground by the fire; the rest of the party he supposed were hunting in the distance. He decided to remain in hiding and await their return. A few moments later one of the Indians arose and taking his

tomahawk crossed the river to the opposite shore. The other shouldered a gun and started directly toward the tree behind which Mansker was standing. That was an eventful moment in the life of this mighty hunter, but there was no alternative. Mansker leveled his rifle and shot the Indian through the body. The latter gave a yell, threw down his gun, turned, and rushing by the camp pitched headlong down the bluff, dead, into the river. Mansker and the Indian on the other bank of the stream then had a race for the camp, but Mansker outran his adversary, and seizing a gun which had been left on the ground tried to fire, but it flashed in the pan and the Indian made his escape. Mansker broke the gun and returned with all haste to his companions. Next morning they all went back to the camp, but found that during the night the surviving warrior had returned, recovered and buried the body of his dead comrade, and loading his horse with furs and the camp utensils had gone toward the west. They followed him for a long distance, but finally gave up the chase. Returning to the camp at Mansker's Lick the hunters soon thereafter began their journey to Virginia. The Indian killed in this affray was probably the first of his race to be killed by the whites in Middle Tennessee.

CHAPTER IX.

THOMAS SHARP SPENCER.

Thomas Sharp Spencer came next as an adventurer into the Cumberland Valley. Having heard from his neighbors, Mansker and Bledsoe, of the rich lands and abundance of big game throughout this region he came over from his home in Virginia in the spring of 1776. Besides other companions he brought with him a man named Holliday, and together they fixed a station at Bledsoe's Lick, probably having been directed hither by Isaac Bledsoe, who had discovered it several years before.

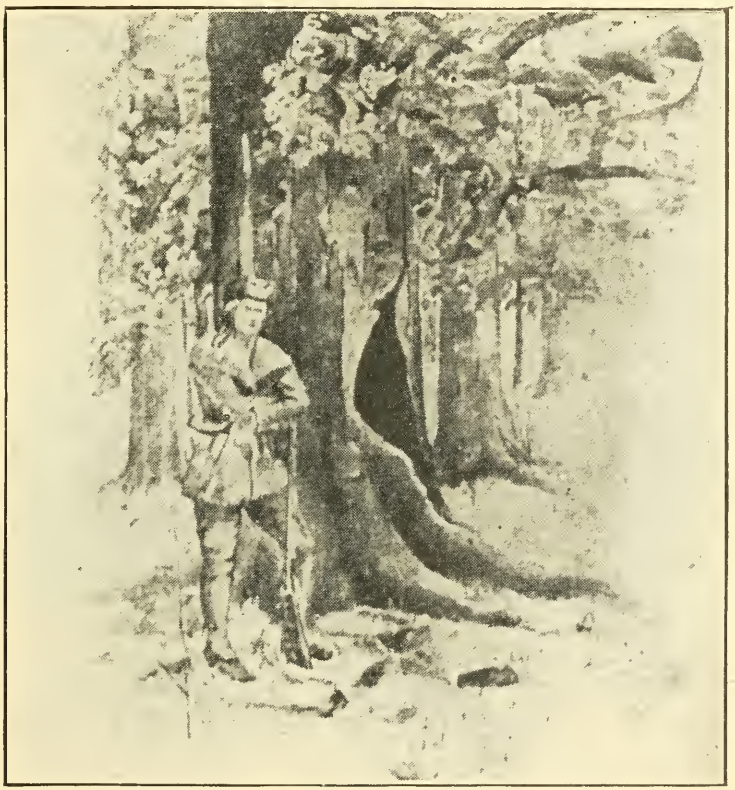
During the summer following, Spencer and Holliday hunted over and explored the country for many miles around. In the bottom adjoining Bledsoe's Lick they cleared a few acres of land which they planted in corn. This they cultivated and gathered in autumn, thus being the first crop of grain raised in Middle Tennessee.

Later on Holliday became dissatisfied and decided to return to Virginia. Spencer accompanied him to the Barrens of Kentucky, near where Glasgow now stands, and through which in those days there ran a trail leading back across the mountains. When they had bidden each other adieu and were about to separate, Holliday discovered that he had lost his hunting knife, whereupon Spencer broke his own knife in two and gave half of it to his departing comrade. The latter was never heard from thereafter and it is supposed he was killed by the Indians on his journey homeward.

Spencer returned to Bledsoe's Lick and spent the winter alone in a hollow sycamore tree which stood in the bottom near the present site of the postoffice at Castalian Springs. This tree perished many years ago, but so long as it stood it was called by the settlers "Spencer's House." Some time after the events above mentioned Spencer went back to Virginia, his native State, but returned to the Cumberland country in 1780.

During the time of his residence in the sycamore tree he explored the country side from Bledsoe's Lick to the mouth of Red River, near Clarksville, always keeping a sharp lookout for choice tracts of land to which, in the future, he might lay claim. Because of a false impression as to the provisions of the preemption law under which he was laboring, he supposed that by clearing a few acres and building a cabin on each section of 640 acres an individual would thus be able to possess himself of as much land as he might desire. In pursuance of this idea he

selected for himself four fine tracts in Sumner County. Three of these were in the region around Castalian Springs, and the fourth was near Gallatin, it being the same as that subsequently owned by General Miller.



SPENCER'S TREE

In 1781 the State of North Carolina, to which the territory embracing Middle Tennessee at that time belonged, defined by enactment its pre-emption law, which allowed only one section to each head of a family, or single man who had reached the age of twenty-one. Spencer was thereby forced to make a choice of the four tracts previously staked off, and he accordingly selected

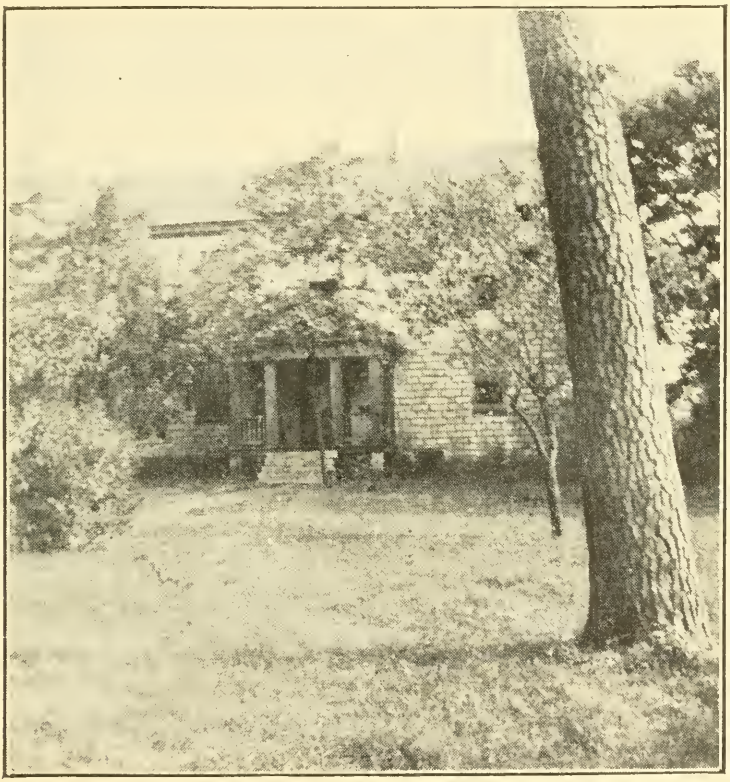
the one near Gallatin. This splendid body of land has ever since been known as "Spencer's Choice." It bounds the corporate limits of the town on the south, and comprises the land now occupied by the heirs of the late Capt. J. B. Howison, together with the farm just south of it, the latter the property of Mrs. John H. Oldham, and a part of the farm owned by Mr. R. P. Hite.

The description of this tract, when granted to Spencer, called for natural boundaries which were supposed to embrace a section, but when an actual survey was made many years later it was found to contain about eight hundred acres. The records on file in the Register's office of Sumner County show that on August 17, 1793, Thomas Spencer conveyed to Stephen Cantrell two hundred acres of the above tract, the consideration being "two hundred hard dollars." The remainder of the tract was inherited by William Spencer, brother of Thomas Spencer, at the latter's death.

Spencer was a man of great physical strength, a giant in his day, well proportioned, broad shouldered, huge in body and limb, and weighing nearly four hundred pounds. His traditional feats of strength were numerous. On one occasion, shortly after the beginning of the settlement at Nashville, he was hunting with a fellow sportsman on Duck River in what is now Humphries County. As evening came on they sought a secluded spot where they might build a fire, cook a deer they had killed, and camp for the night. While they were preparing the meal a skulking party of Indians espied them, and creeping up to within range of the camp fired at them, killing Spencer's companion. Spencer, who was unharmed, gathered up the dead body and gun of his fellow hunter and with the added weight of his own arms and ammunition dashed into the thick cane and was soon beyond the reach of danger. The Indians, seeing his great strength and activity, and knowing that he had with him two loaded guns, followed at a respectful distance. He succeeded in carrying off and burying

the remains of his comrade, after which he returned in safety to French Lick.

That veteran pioneer of Sumner County, John Carr, who has written so entertainingly of the early period of our history, says that on one occasion he rode through a parcel of ground which



SPENCER'S CHOICE

Spencer had cleared. There were five or six acres in the field, around which was a rail fence. The timbers used therein, each of which was equal in size to ten or fifteen rails, Spencer had cut from the clearing and carried on his shoulder to where the fence was being built.

Another instance of his strength is related. He was sick and lying on a blanket by a fire near where two of the settlers were building a cabin. For a long time he watched them both struggle under the weight of a log trying in vain to put the end of it in place. Finally he arose from his blanket, walked to the cabin, took hold of the log and brushing the men aside threw it into position with apparent ease. Spencer had a large foot, huge even in proportion to his immense body. During his first winter at Bledsoe's Lick, Timothy DeMonbreun, as previously related, was conducting a trading station near Nashville, and had associated with him a party of hunters from Indiana and Illinois. One morning just at daybreak Spencer, who was himself a mighty hunter, and who happened to be in that neighborhood, chased a herd of buffalo close by the door of a hut in which one of these Frenchmen was sleeping. It had been raining and the ground was very soft. The sleeping hunter, aroused by the noise of the chase, came out and seeing Spencer's footprint in the mud near the door, became frightened, swam the Cumberland River, and ran north through the wilderness until he reached the French settlement at Vincennes. There he related his experience and declared he would never return to a country that was inhabited by such giants.

Spencer was of a quiet and peaceable disposition, and being possessed of a good face and gentlemanly manners was held in high esteem by all the settlers. Like Daniel Boone and others in kind who blazed the way of civilization on its westward march, he loved the solitude of the forest and often in times of greatest danger would for weeks hunt through the woods alone, and seemingly without fear. In this way he supplied food to the settlers in times of great need. He was never married, and after the settlements began to be established in Sumner and Davidson Counties, he had no abode of his own. When not away on an expedi-

tion it was his custom to spend the night at any station most liable to be attacked by the Indians. In the fall of 1793 Spencer returned to Virginia for the purpose of winding up an estate and receiving therefrom a legacy which was his due. Returning with a party on horseback by way of Knoxville, they had reached an elevation which, because of this event has since been called Spencer's Hill, near the headwaters of Caney Fork River. True to his custom Spencer was riding alone some distance in advance of his party, when at a gap near the top of the hill he was fired upon and instantly killed by a band of Indians who were lying in wait. Thus ended a career than which in all the annals of early history there is no more shining example of undaunted courage and heroic self-sacrifice. His horse, which was a splendid animal, took fright from the fall of his master, and dashing through the line of howling savages which had surrounded him, fled back to the party and thus escaped capture.

Spencer's early advent into the region of Bledsoe's Lick proved to be a connecting link between the roving bands of hunters and adventurers who first came hither, and that hardier company whose annals we are about to consider, and who through toil and bloodshed, with trowel in one hand and sword in the other laid broad and deep the foundation of a mighty commonwealth.

CHAPTER X.

INDIAN TRIBES AND TREATIES.

The first permanent settlers came to the French Lick in the winter of 1779. Let us now locate the principal Indian tribes living east of the Mississippi River at that time.

As before related the region now included in Middle Tennessee and Kentucky had for ages been held by the Indians as a

great National Park or Hunting Ground. The reasons for this were as follows: It was well watered and, to a greater extent than any other portion of North America, abounded in fish and game. All of this made it doubly desirable to the savage heart. The section thus embraced lay on either side of a dividing line between the tribes of the North and those of the South. The former were called the Iroquois, and consisted of various clans, principal among them being the Mohawks, Senecas, Cayugas, Oneidas, Ottawas and Kickapoos. They dwelt in the country now included in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan.

Those of the South who were known collectively as the Mobilian race, included the Cherokees, Creeks, Seminoles, Choctaws, Chickasaws, Chickamaugas and Natchez. These were scattered over the States of Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi and Tennessee. For purposes of a common defense, the tribes of each of these groups were bound together in a kind of loose Confederacy. Both the Iroquois and the Mobilians had formerly laid claim to the region in question, but neither could establish a better title than the other. After long and bloody wars over its possession, during the course of which many of the smaller tribes were completely exterminated, it was tacitly agreed that the land should be held in common. We have seen already that the Shawnees at one time invaded the Cumberland Vallley, but soon came to grief. Although at certain seasons they were allowed to return and hunt, their rights thereafter were much abridged.

The Cherokees were the mountaineers of their race and inhabited East Tennessee and North Georgia. They numbered about twelve thousand and were the inveterate foes of the pioneers. South of these were the warlike Creeks, twenty thousand strong, who lived in Alabama and South Georgia. They, too, were enemies of the whites. The Seminoles, originally a part of the

Creek nation, inhabited the peninsula of Florida. Of these there were about five thousand. The Chickasaws occupied West Tennessee and were only about four thousand in number. They were peaceful and brave, and soon became allies of the early settlers, to whom they often gave warning and aid in times of impending danger.

Mississippi was inhabited by the Choctaws, of whom there were about fifteen thousand. They were far to the south, and, therefore, played but small part in the numerous wars in the western colonies.

The Natchez, a remnant of an ancient but powerful tribe of Sun worshipers, occupied a small reservation on the Mississippi River just south of the Tennessee line. The Chickamaugas were a band of murderers and horse thieves, composed largely of outlaws previously belonging to the surrounding tribes, who were now clustered about the base of Lookout Mountain in the region near Chattanooga.

The westward march of civilization across and beyond the mountains during the last half of the eighteenth century had created a market for the Hunting Ground, and straightway each Indian tribe, both North and South, began afresh to assert its claims thereto. As later events disclosed, they were willing to sell to the whites on the most favorable terms, secretly resolving to take the scalps of the latter when they should try to possess themselves of their purchase. England was anxious to secure for her American subjects such titles from the Indians, little caring as to their real value. Her reason was self-evident. Spain claimed Middle Tennessee and Kentucky by right of the discoveries of Columbus and the more recent expedition of De Soto. England having secured her title from those whom, for the time being, she chose to regard as the real owners, might thus assert her priority of right.

At Fort Stanwix, New York, on November 5, 1768, the chiefs and head-men from seventeen tribes of the Iroquois Confederacy met Sir William Johnson, agent of the English government, for the purpose of arranging a treaty. This council resulted in a sale to England by the Northern Indians of their right, title and interest in and to all that region known as the Hunting Ground, the boundaries of which were the Ohio River on the north and the Tennessee River on the south. The above transaction is known in history as the treaty of Fort Stanwix, and constituted the first conveyance of the land now included in Middle Tennessee. By its terms as they appear in the original document it was a warranty of title "so long as grass grows and water flows." The latter is until this day a favorite expression among the Indians when indicating an indefinite lapse of time.

Because of this transfer by the Iroquois the southern tribes were greatly enraged, but did not at this time take action as a whole. Later, however, the Cherokees made a sale of their interest thereto in a manner as below related.

In the early colonial period, and even during the infancy of the republic, more than one man dreamed of a day when within the heart of North America he might found an empire over which he should sway the scepter and in which his will should be supreme. Colonel Richard Henderson, of North Carolina, was one of these, though his plan of government was a modification of that above outlined. He had selected the Hunting Ground beyond the mountains as the scene of his venture. Henderson was a man of ability and enterprise, and entered into his scheme with the best of intentions. To his colonists he would grant the right to make their own laws, retaining only in his hands the power of the governorship. However, a pretext for seizing upon the lands above indicated must first be obtained.

Therefore on March 17, 1775, Henderson, together with sev-

eral business associates and a number of hunters, among the latter being Daniel Boone, met the Cherokees at Sycamore Shoals on the Watauga River in East Tennessee. This meeting was for the purpose of arranging terms of purchase of the Cherokee interest in the lands above mentioned. Henderson was an able lawyer and well knew that any conveyance thus obtained would be little more than a quit-claim deed, but such a title would afford the desired excuse for entering thereupon.

At this conference were present about twelve hundred members of the tribe. After several days of consultation the Indians proposed a sale of all the lands lying between the Cumberland, Ohio and Kentucky Rivers, which tract comprised about seventeen millions of acres. In return for this they agreed to accept goods to the value of fifty thousand dollars. Their proposition was promptly accepted, and the treaty signed on the part of the Cherokees by their chiefs, Oconostota, The Raven, and The Carpenter. Oconostota had previously made an eloquent speech in opposition to the sale thus made, but had finally accepted as his own the will of the majority. As the crowd dispersed the old chief took Boone by the hand and said: "Brother, we have sold to your people a fine country, but I believe they will have much trouble in settling it." In the light of after events these words were indeed the language of prophecy.

This transaction is known in history as the treaty of Sycamore Shoals, or Watauga. This tract, which of Middle Tennessee included only that part north of the Cumberland River, was called by Henderson the Transylvania Purchase, the word Transylvania meaning "beyond the mountains." Associating with himself eight other persons, Henderson organized the "Transylvania Company" for the purpose of carrying out his plans. However, the scheme was finally abandoned, as it was clearly in violation of the law of the land for a private citizen to purchase land from the Indians,

a fact doubtless well known to Henderson. A number of the hunting and exploring parties mentioned in previous chapters had come to the Cumberland country under the patronage of the Transylvania Company. In 1780 the State of Virginia declared void the treaty of Sycamore Shoals. However, in order that a feud might be avoided with the large and influential following of Henderson the Virginia Legislature granted to him, in compensation for his trouble and expense, a fine body of land in Western Kentucky. This tract, twelve miles square, was located between Green River and the Ohio in the region surrounding Owensboro. At the time of the Transylvania purchase, no survey having actually been made, it was generally supposed that the Cumberland Valley was within the territory belonging to Virginia.

By right of title acquired from the Indians in the treaties above mentioned the early settlers came to inhabit Middle Tennessee.

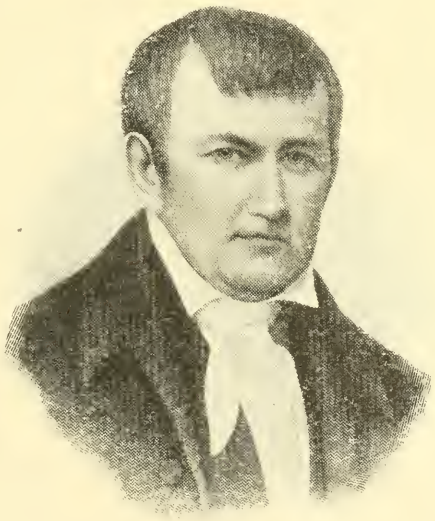
CHAPTER XI.

FIRST SETTLERS.

Because of glowing accounts given by the hunters on their return from the French Lick country a number of colonists in East Tennessee, North Carolina and Virginia decided to move thither and form a settlement. At a council of those interested, held at Watauga, it was decided that a company of men should first go over, clear land and raise a crop of corn, that their wives and children might have bread awaiting them when the removal should take place later on.

For this purpose a party set out from Watauga in the month of February, 1779. This band of hardy pioneers consisted of

James Robertson, George Freeland, William Neely, Edward Swanson, James Hanly, Mark Robertson, Zachariah White, William Overall, and a negro man whose name is unknown. James Robertson, the leader, had carefully selected his men, taking with him only suitable volunteers and experienced woodmen, all true and tried. After three weeks of hardships on their journey over the mountains and through the wilderness they reached the French Lick. A few days later they were joined by a small



BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES ROBERTSON
"FATHER OF TENNESSEE"

company from the region of New River, Virginia. These were led by Kasper Mansker, with whom Robertson had doubtless been in correspondence before leaving Watauga. A body of land near the Sulphur Spring and now within the corporate limits of Nashville was selected as the site of the cornfield. This both parties united in clearing, planting and cultivating during the spring and summer which followed. Around it they built

a rude fence for its protection against the wild animals that came daily to drink at the spring.

When at length the crop was laid by, Swanson, White and Overall were left to keep the buffalo out of the corn while the rest of the party returned to the settlement for their families. James Robertson, however, did not go with the latter, but made the journey homeward by way of Kaskaskia, Illinois. This pilgrimage was for the purpose of having an interview with General George Rogers Clark, a distinguished citizen and soldier of Virginia, and pioneer in the settlement of Kentucky. The latter had founded the city of Louisville at the Falls of the Ohio in 1778, and was now quartered near Kaskaskia at the French fort he had recently captured.

As previously related, the boundary line between North Carolina and Virginia, to which the territory included in Tennessee and Kentucky at this time respectively belonged, had not yet been fixed. Robertson believed that the country around French Lick was within the limits of Virginia. He also doubted the legality of the title thereto of Henderson's Transylvania Company under whose patronage he and his fellow settlers had come. He had heard that General Clark, as the agent of Virginia, had for sale along the Cumberland certain land claims, called "cabin rights," which could be bought for a small sum. By the purchase of these he might insure himself and his fellow immigrants against future annoyance.

Just what information Robertson received during his visit is unknown to history. It is believed, however, that General Clark gave him assurance that French Lick was safely within the boundary of North Carolina, and that he would therefore need no favors from Virginia. At least that was the impression that soon thereafter prevailed among the colonists. Before leaving Kaskaskia, Robertson bought a drove of live stock, consisting

of horses, mules and ponies. Finding some men who were going to East Tennessee, he offered them passage on the backs of his animals. The proposition was readily accepted, and soon this caravan was on its way to Watauga, the route being to Harrodsburg, Ky., and thence through Cumberland Gap. On reaching home Robertson found everything in readiness for an early removal to the new settlement.

By the middle of October a company of about 380 immigrants, gathered from all the settlements between Knoxville and New River, were ready to begin the journey.

It was arranged that they should go in two parties. The first of these, led by James Robertson, and consisting of a majority of the men, should travel overland, and by an early arrival have everything in readiness for the coming of the second party. The latter, composed largely of the families of the first party, and commanded by Colonel John Donelson and Capt. John Blackmore, were to proceed by boats down the Tennessee River to the Ohio and thence up the Cumberland to French Lick.

It was agreed that after the arrival of the land party at the new settlement some of their number should go down to the upper end of Muscle Shoals on the Tennessee River in North Alabama. There they would either await the coming of the voyagers under Donelson and Blackmore, or leave certain signs indicating whether or not it was considered safe for the river party to quit the boats and go from thence across the country to the French Lick. If this could be done, it would shorten the journey and also avoid the danger of running the shoals.

Colonel John Donelson, who is mentioned in connection with the above, was born in the year 1718, and was a native of Pittsylvania County, Virginia. He was by profession a surveyor, which vocation in that day was a mark of the highest educational attainment. From the same section of Virginia originally came

the Robertsons, the Bledsoes, the Cartwrights and Hendersons, all of whom were untiring in their efforts to extend the limits of civilization across the western mountains. We shall learn much more of Colonel Donelson in subsequent chapters.

CHAPTER XII.

JAMES ROBERTSON. THE ARRIVAL AT FRENCH LICK.

James Robertson, the leader of the expedition about to be described, and who from henceforth will play an important part in the Cumberland settlement, is called by some historians the "Father of Tennessee." With equal propriety he may be called the "Father of Middle Tennessee." He was born in Brunswick County, Virginia, June 28, 1742, and while yet a youth removed with his parents to Orange County (now Wake County), North Carolina. In 1768 he married Miss Charlotte Reeves, of that State. Having heard and answered the alluring call of the West he journeyed in the spring of 1770 from North Carolina to the Holston River in East Tennessee. There he lent his aid to the Shelbys, Seviers and others in founding Watauga, the first colony west of the mountains. For nine years previous to his coming to the Cumberland he had heroically braved the dangers of the wilderness and suffered innumerable privations because of the ravages of hostile Indians, being exposed to the cruelties of these savage foes.

Of him Judge John Haywood, his contemporary and intimate friend, has said: "Like almost all those in America who have attained distinction Robertson could boast of neither noble lineage nor splendid ancestry. But he had what was far more valuable, a sound mind, a healthy body, a robust frame, an intrepid soul and an emulous desire for honest fame."

In personal appearance Robertson was tall, of fair complexion, light blue eyes, and dark hair. Though quiet and retiring in manner, he was by nature a leader of men and master of affairs. That pioneer Frenchman, Timothy DeMonbreun, once said of Robertson: "He always know savoir faire, vat to do and he do him."

During the thirty-five years succeeding the foundation of the Cumberland settlement he was a representative of the Federal Government in the negotiation of every treaty made with the Indians of the South. The latter held him in great veneration, always explaining this esteem by saying that "he has winning ways and makes no fuss." In dealings with the savages Robertson was unquestionably the greatest diplomat the world has ever known.

But let us return to the immigrants. Late in October, 1779, the overland party, about two hundred strong, left Watauga. The route chosen was a difficult one, leading as it did, by way of southern Kentucky. Passing along the well-beaten trace through the mountains at Cumberland Gap they traveled what was then known as the Kentucky Trace to Whitley's Station on Dick's River, thence to Carpenter's Station on Green River, and thence to Robertson's Fork on the north side of Green River. From there they journeyed down the river to Pittman's Station, descending the stream to Little Barren, which was crossed at Elk Lick. From thence they passed over to Big Barren and then up Drake's Creek to a noted bituminous spring, thence to a location in Simpson County called Maple Swamp. From the latter place they crossed into Robertson County, Tennessee, and traveled along Red River to Cross Plains, going south by way of Goodlettsville, and passing over Cumberland River at the bluff where Nashville now stands. This, the end of their journey, was reached the latter part of December, probably on Christmas Day,

1779, and quite two months after their departure from Watauga. The weather during the months of November and December had been extremely severe, a large part of the journey having been made through snow. The party had suffered much from cold. This season has ever since been known throughout the Eastern States as the "hard winter." However, Robertson and all his followers arrived in safety, having traveled about five hundred miles. No deaths had occurred and they had been free from attacks by the Indians.

Cumberland River was frozen solid from bank to bank, and the entire party crossed over on the ice. When they were in mid stream the ice began to break with a cracking sound that might have been heard for many miles, and all the company were badly frightened lest they should be plunged into the river. It only settled a little, however, and finally landed them safe on the other side.

Soon after leaving Watauga, Robertson and his companions had been overtaken by a party from New River under the leadership of John Rains. The latter had with them both horses and cattle, and were bound for Harrod's Station, which was located at the present site of Harrodsburg, Mercer County, Kentucky. Robertson prevailed on them to change their plan and accompany him to French Lick. Rains had formerly visited both locations, and in discussing the matter with Robertson declared that he felt like a man who wished to get married and knew two beautiful women either of whom he could have, and both of whom he wanted.

During the same winter Kasper Mansker, Daniel Frazier, Amos Eaton and a number of other immigrants followed the route pursued by the first company, and after suffering great privations reached the Cumberland country about the first of January. Near the same time there arrived from South Carolina

a party consisting of John and Alex Buchanan, Daniel and Sampson Williams, John and James Mulherrin, Thomas Thompson and others whose names are now unknown, all of whom had come to cast their fortunes with the new colony. Many ties of kinship were afterwards disclosed as existent between various members of these several companies, and it is more than likely that this seeming coincidental movement westward by those from widely separated localities was brought about by a previous natural correspondence resulting from such relations.

There were a few women and children with the Rains and Mansker parties, but none with those led by Robertson and Buchanan.

Seeing no signs or Indians on their arrival, and having been unmolested on their journey thither, the settlers were inclined to scatter over the country, locating on any body of land they might fancy within a radius of twenty or twenty-five miles of French Lick. Robertson, however, believed there was trouble ahead, and therefore advised the building of a stockade into which all should come for protection at night. By many this advice went unheeded, and as a result they soon came to grief.

It was agreed, however, that the stockade at the Bluff should be headquarters for the colony. This fort, which was called the Bluff Station, was located at the foot of Church Street, in what is now the city of Nashville, and near a bold spring, the water of which at that time flowed out of the bank and down a precipice into the river. This spring was filled and lost sight of while the city was in progress of building, but was again uncovered a few years ago by workmen who were excavating for the foundation of a new structure in that vicinity. This fort was to be a place of general council, the seat of government, and together with the small village which sprang up immediately around it was officially called Nashborough in honor of General Francis Nash, a

former Governor of North Carolina, and Brigadier-General in the Revolutionary Army. He was mortally wounded and died at Germantown, October 4, 1777.

The main building in the Bluff fort, which was at first occupied by Robertson and two or three companions was a log structure two stories high, with port holes around the walls both above and below. These were for rifles in case of attack. On top was a lookout station from which sentinels might discover the approach and movements of the enemy. Other cabins were built round about, the whole being inclosed by a circlet of cedar pickets driven firmly into the ground. The upper ends of these pickets were sharpened to a point, making it practically impossible to scale the rude wall thus formed. There was but one entrance to this enclosure; a gate, which by means of a heavy log chain was securely fastened at night.

From the lookout on this fort the settlers might have a commanding view of the surrounding country. To the west and south beyond Broad Street, the scene was much obstructed by a forest of cedars under which was a thick growth of bushes. On the uplands and slopes around and beyond this was an abundance of timber of all varieties, and of gigantic size. The bottom lands along the river and to the east and north were covered by a thick growth of cane from ten to twenty feet in height, presenting a picture quite in contrast to that which might be viewed to-day from a similar elevation.

CHAPTER XIII.

LOCATION OF FORTS.

Within a few weeks after the completion of the Bluff Fort a number of other and smaller stations had been planted in the

surrounding country. The first of these was that of John Rains, who went out to what is now Waverly Place, and selecting a site near a spring built a cabin for himself and family, and also constructed pens of brush and rails for the twenty-one cows and seventeen horses brought by him from New River. Rains is thus entitled to credit for having first introduced these animals into Middle Tennessee.

George, Jacob and James Freeland and others of the party selected a site in McGavock's addition to Nashville, and there beside a large spring which sent forth a lasting stream of water, built a fort which is known to history as Freeland's Station. This was connected with the Bluff Fort by a few buffalo paths running through the thick canebrake which at that time covered the Sulphur Spring bottom. Eaton's Station was located on the east side of the river, a mile and a half down the same from the Bluff. It was built by Amos Eaton, Isaac Lindsey, Louis Crane, Hayden Wells, Frederick Stump, Sr., Isaac Roundsever, William Loggins and a man named Winters. This station was composed of a number of cabins built around a circle with a stockade from one to another. There were portholes through both the stockade and the outer walls of the cabins for purposes of defense.

Kasper Mansker, as previously noted, was by no means a stranger to the Cumberland country. Now taking with him William Neely, James Franklin, Daniel Frazier and others, he journeyed twelve miles north of the Bluff to the region of the twin licks he had discovered while hunting eight years before. Here on the west side of Mansker's Creek, and three or four hundred yards from what was later known as Walton's camp ground, they built a fort which was called Mansker's Station. It was located near Goodlettsville on the farm now owned by the heirs of Peyton Roscoe. In the spring of 1783 this fort was moved to a site a mile above this location on the east side of

the creek. Mansker was of German descent, and in conversation with the settlers spoke broken English. Though without collegiate education he was a man of fine intelligence and superior judgment, a great woodsman, a splendid marksman, a mighty hunter and a brave soldier. No man among the early pioneers understood better than did he the art of Indian warfare, and on

RESIDENCE OF MRS. HATTIE UTLEY NEAR GOODLETSVILLE
FORMER HOME OF KASPER MANSKER

this account he was able to render excellent service in routing the savages from the Cumberland Valley. In the early days he was the proud possessor of a flintlock rifle which he called "Nancy," after the manner of the old hunters who were given to the habit of denominating each his favorite weapon by some feminine

nickname. In his latter years the younger generation often listened with eager attention while he related his exploits and conflicts with the Indians. Soon after the founding of his station Mansker was made a colonel in the frontier militia. He engaged actively in nearly all of the bloody wars which followed, and though far advanced in years was present at the taking of the Indian village Nickajack, a campaign to be described later on. His wife, like himself, was of foreign birth, and lived to an advanced age. To them no children were born. Both, true to the instincts of their nationality, were thrifty, and in their old age owned and occupied a fine farm near the site of the second fort. Here they died some years after the cessation of Indian hostilities. Their rmains are buried in the family cemetery on the old homestead, now owned by Mrs. Hattie Utley.

During the spring of 1780 Isaac Bledsoe built a fort in Sumner County at the lick he had previously discovered. The time of the location of this fort is positively determined by the fact that Bledsoe's Station is mentioned in the compact of government which was formulated at Nashborough on May 1, 1780. The site of this fort is near Castalian Springs and on land now owned by Henry Belote. In the walls of a barn belonging to the latter are some of the old logs used in the construction of the station cabins.

Another of the immigrants by the name of Asher, taking with him a party of companions from the Bluff, went twenty-eight miles northeast into Sumner County and built a fort two and a half miles southeast of Gallatin on the buffalo path leading from Mansker's Lick to Bledsoe's. This was called Asher's Station, and was located on what is now known as the Arch Overton farm near the dirt road leading from Gallatin to Cairo. Some time during the month of January or February, another party consisting of Thomas Killgore, Moses and Ambrose Mauldon,

Samuel Mason, Josiah Hankins and others went up into the Red River country and established Killgore's Station in Robertson County near Cross Plains. Fort Union was also built by Robt. Hays at a point five or six miles up the river from the bluff and on the site of the more modern Haysborough.

The settlers at the Bluff and surrounding stations lived dur-

GRAVES OF KASPER MANSKER AND WIFE

ing the first winter and spring chiefly on wild game, which was of sufficient quantity but very poor in quality. Large numbers of the deer and other animals of like nature were found to have died of hunger by reason of the heavy snows and long and intense cold. All food was of the plainest and most simple of preparation. The only obtainable substitute for butter and lard was

bear's oil, of which, however, the hunters became very fond. The small crop of corn raised in the Sulphur Spring bottom the summer before furnished them a limited supply of bread.

In the latter part of January some of the men in pursuit of game through the woods were surprised to find traces of a party of Indians. These they were able to identify by the moccasin prints and also because the toes of the tracks turned inward, a characteristic of the savage foot. Following on apace the hunters found them encamped on a branch of Mill Creek in Davidson County, a few miles south of the Bluff. The stream mentioned has since been called Indian Creek because of this incident. The whites returned at once to the Bluff, and a delegation was sent down from the settlement to seek an interview, and discover if possible whether the intruders were only friendly visitors or on mischief bent. The whites had no interpreter, but after "heap much talk," combined with a variety of sign making it was found that they were of the Delaware tribe. Probably ignorant of the advent of the settlers they had journeyed hundreds of miles from their home in New Jersey for a quiet hunt in the reservation. Having been already for some time in the Caney Fork country, which at that time abounded in game, they remained only a few days near the settlement, after which they quietly took their leave going south into Alabama. This was the first Indian fright experienced by the settlers. Many others followed, some of which proved more serious in consequences.

Soon after the erection of the stations James Robertson, who, with such marked success, had led the largest of the four bands through the wilderness, was chosen colonel of the local militia. This office was conferred by unanimous vote, and for the time being bestowed the highest authority in matters pertaining to the government and defense of the settlements. Though several months had now elapsed since the beginning of the journey from

Watauga, no tidings had yet been received from the river party, and a feeling of uneasiness as to their safety began to pervade the colony. Let us return to the scene of their embarkment and follow them through the events of their voyage.

CHAPTER XIV.

DONELSON'S VOYAGE.—THE RIVER FLEETS BEGIN THEIR LONG JOURNEY.

Because of delays incident to such occasions, the fleets under Colonel Donelson and Captain Blackmore did not sail for nearly two months after the departure of the land force. Finally, however, the voyage was begun by each about the same time; Donelson's party from Fort Patrick Henry, five or six miles above the north fork of Holston River, and that commanded by Blackmore, from Blackmore's Fort on Clinch River. Of the adventures of the latter we know but little until after they were united with Donelson's fleet at the mouth of Clinch River some time thereafter.

Colonel Donelson was aboard the "Adventure," the largest boat in the flotilla, and for this he kept a journal in which was recorded all the principal events of the journey from the time of sailing until it reached the French Lick four months later. Fortunately this document has been preserved, and is now in the archives of the Tennessee Historical Society at Nashville. It is styled a "Journal of a Voyage intended by God's permission in the good boat Adventure from Fort Patrick Henry on Holston River to the French Salt Springs on Cumberland River, kept by John Donelson." From this journal we gain the information that the first mentioned wing of the fleet took its departure from Fort Patrick Henry on December 22d. At that time, as we have

already seen, the land party was within a few days of its destination. From there the Adventure and its companion boats fell down the river to Reedy Creek, where they were stopped by low water and excessive cold. Here they remained for some time, finally reaching the mouth of Cloud's Creek on Sunday evening, February 20, 1780. They passed the mouth of French Broad River on Thursday morning, March 2. About noon that day one of the boats which was conveying Hugh Henry and family ran on the point of William's Island two miles above Knoxville, and by force of the current sank. The freight therein was much damaged, and lives of passengers greatly endangered. Colonel Donelson ordered the whole fleet tied up while the men of the party assisted in bailing the sunken boat and replacing her cargo.

The same afternoon Ruben Harrison, one of the party, went hunting in the woods along the shore and did not return. During the afternoon and night many guns were fired to warn him. Early next morning a small four-pound cannon, the property of Robert Cartwright, and which was mounted on the Adventure, was also fired, the voyagers hoping thereby to attract the attention of the lost man. Numerous parties were sent out to scour the woods, but all to no avail. On Saturday morning, March 4th, after leaving the young man's father and the occupants of a few boats to continue the search, the main body moved off down stream. About ten o'clock that day young Harrison was found and taken aboard from the shore some miles below, to which place he had wandered the day before. The party camped that night on the South bank of the river in Loudon County, near the present beautiful and picturesque site of Lenoir City.

Sunday morning, March 5th, the fleet was under way before sunrise, and at noon passed the mouth of Clinch River in Roane County, where Kingston now stands. Three hours later they

overtook the boats under command of Captain Blackmore, the whole party camping again that night on the shore.

Donelson's Journal does not record the number of boats in this fleet, but James Cartwright, for many years a citizen of Gallatin, and whose father, Robert Cartwright, was with Donelson on the Adventure, related that when the boats from the Holston united with those from the Clinch they were about forty in number. These consisted of scows, canoes and pirogues, the latter being a kind of rude craft hollowed out from the trunks of trees. Nearly all the boats had two or more families aboard. In the combined party there were a hundred and thirty women and children, and about fifty men.

The cargo consisted of the household goods and personal effects of those aboard and of those who had gone with Robertson by land. The Adventure carried the largest number of passengers. Among them were the wife and five children of James Robertson, Robert Cartwright and family, and Colonel Donelson's family, including his daughter, Rachael, who afterwards became the wife of General Andrew Jackson. The names of other persons who came with this fleet are as follows: John Donelson, Jr., son of Colonel Donelson, Benjamin Porter, Hugh Rogan, James McCain, Isaac Neely, John Cotton, Jonathan Jennings, William Crutchfield, John Boyd, Isaac Renfroe, John and Solomon Turpin, Francis Armstrong, John Montgomery, Isaac Lanier, Daniel Dunham, John Cockrill, John Caffrey, Thomas Hutchins, Benjamin Belew, John Gibson, Hugh and Thomas Henry, Frank Haney, Russell Gower, Daniel Chambers, David Gwinn, M. Roundsever, and Messrs. Maxwell, Stuart, Payne and Johns, also Mrs. Mary Purnell and Mrs. Mary Henry, and their respective families.

The flotilla now proceeded in a body. During Wednesday, March 8, they came to the first inhabited Indian town on the

Tennessee River near Chattanooga. Its inhabitants were of the treacherous Chickamauga tribes, who, on sighting the boats, came flocking to the river and insisted that the voyagers should come ashore. They gave signs of friendship, calling the whites brothers and addressing them in other familiar terms, insomuch that John Donelson, Jr., and John Caffrey took a canoe and rowed toward them, the fleet having anchored on the opposite shore. When Donelson and Caffrey were about mid-stream they were met by Archie Coody, a half-breed, and several other Indians who warned them to return to the fleet. They did so, followed by Coody and his companions. The latter seemed friendly, and Colonel Donelson distributed among them presents, with which they were much pleased.

Looking across toward the village just at this time they saw a large party of Indians armed and painted in red and black, embarking in canoes on the other side. Coody at once made signs to his companions ordering them to quit the fleet, which order they readily obeyed, while he remained with the whites and urged them to move off at once. The boats were scarcely under way again when they discovered the village Indians, still armed and bedecked in war-paint, coming down the river, seemingly to intercept them. However, the whites were not overtaken. Coody rowed along in his canoe with the fleet for some time, but finally assuring Colonel Donelson that he had passed all the Chickamauga towns and was, therefore, free from danger, turned about and rowed back toward the first village.

The whites had not proceeded far, however, before they came in sight of another mud-cabin town situated likewise on the south side of the river, and nearly opposite a small island. Here the savages again invited them to come ashore, calling them brothers as on the previous occasion. However, the settlers were too wise to be led into such a trap, and headed their boats for the opposite

channel around the island. Seeing this, the Indians called to them through one of their number who could speak English, telling them that the channel chosen was unsafe, and that their side of the river was much better for such passage.

Captain Blackmore's boat ran too near the northern shore, and was fired upon by a band of Indians who lay concealed near the bank. Young Mr. Payne, who was aboard the craft, was killed as a result of such an unexpected volley.

There was with the flotilla a boat carrying twenty-eight passengers, among whom an epidemic of smallpox had broken out. To guard against a spread of this disease to other members of the fleet agreement had been made that it should keep well to the rear, its owner, Mr. Stuart, being notified each night by the sound of a hunting horn when those ahead went into camp. Therefore, this unfortunate party was far behind while the events above mentioned were taking place. When they came down opposite the towns the Indians were on the shore in large numbers and seeing them thus cut off from the rest of the fleet swarmed out in canoes and with cold-blooded, murderous intent killed and captured the entire crew. Cries of the latter were distinctly heard by those in the boats ahead, but they were unable to stem the swift current and thus return to aid their perishing comrades.

But the Indians suffered a swift and righteous retribution for this wanton act of cruelty. They became infected with the disease of their victims, and for many months thereafter smallpox raged, not only among the Chickamaugas, but in the tribes of their neighbors, the Creeks and Cherokees. When stricken with the malady and while the fever was yet upon them, the savages would take a heavy sweat in their huts. When driven to madness by the fever and heat, they would rush out and leap into the river, from the effects of which folly they died by scores. Old

persons of to-day well remember the traditional accounts of a great and terrible mortality which prevailed among the savages after the capture of Stuart's boat.

CHAPTER XV.

PERILS OF THE RIVER.

News of the fleet's approach seems to have preceded it down the river, and now at every turn the unhappy voyagers were greeted with signs of hostility. They had by this time reached the Whirl or Suck, ten miles down from Chattanooga, where the river is compressed into less than half its usual channel by the jutting walls of the Cumberland Mountains. While passing through the "boiling pot" near the upper end of these narrows an accident occurred which almost cost the immigrants their lives. John Cotton had attached a large canoe in which he was traveling, to Robert Cartwright's flatboat on which his household goods were stored, and into the latter Cotton and his family had gone for greater safety. At this point the canoe was overturned and its cargo lost. Pitying Cotton's distress those ahead decided to call a halt and help recover the property. They landed at a level spot on the north bank and were going back to the scene of the accident when to their utter surprise the Indians appeared in great numbers on the opposite cliffs above and began firing down on them. The would-be rescuers beat a hasty retreat to their boats and shoving off rowed rapidly down the river. The savages lining the bluffs overhead kept up a brisk fire, during which four of the immigrants were wounded. In the boat of Russell Gower was his daughter, Nancy Gower. When the crew was thrown into disorder by the attack, Nancy took the helm and steered through the narrows though exposed to all the fire of

the enemy. A bullet from an Indian's rifle passed entirely through her body, but she made no outcry, standing bravely at her post. No one knew she was wounded until her mother discovered the blood-stains on her garments. She survived the wound and afterwards became the wife of Anderson Lucas, one of the first settlers at Nashville.

It would seem that the events above recorded were enough for one day, but the end was not yet. A boat belonging to Jonathan Jennings ran on a large rock jutting out into the water at the lower end of the whirl. The enemy soon discovered Jennings' plight, and turning their whole attention to him, kept up a most galling fire on his boat and its occupants. He immediately ordered his wife, a son nearly grown, a young man who was a passenger, and two negro servants, a man and a woman, to throw all the goods into the river that they might thus lighten the craft and get it afloat. Jennings himself, being a good soldier and a fine marksman, took up his rifle and returned the fire of the Indians with great effect. Before the boat was unloaded, his son, the young man who was a passenger, and the negro man jumped overboard and started to swim ashore. The negro man was drowned, but the two young men reached the bank where they secured a canoe and started down the river. Mrs. Jennings and the negro woman continued their work of unloading the boat, assisted by Mrs. Peyton, a daughter of Mrs. Jennings and the wife of Ephraim Peyton, who had gone overland with Robertson. An infant, to which Mrs. Peyton had given birth only the day before this disaster, was accidentally killed in the confusion and excitement incident to unloading the boat. When the goods were all thrown overboard Mrs. Jennings got out and shoved the boat off the rocks. In so doing she nearly lost her life because of its sudden lurch into the water. History has seldom recorded deeds of greater heroism than those accred-

ited to the brave women who were among the immigrants on this most memorable voyage to a new and unknown land.

The two young men who deserted the boat were met on their way down the river by five canoes full of Indians. By the latter they were taken prisoners and carried back to one of the Chickamauga towns. There young Jennings was knocked down by the savages who were about to take his life, when a friendly trader by the name of Rogers came up and ransomed him with goods and trinkets. He was afterwards restored to his relatives at the French Lick settlement. The other captive was killed and his body burned. All other boats of the fleet were ahead of that of Jennings, and though their occupants feared for its safety, they were ignorant of its peril. They had proceeded without incident during Wednesday night, and after sailing all day Thursday, March 9, considered themselves beyond the reach of danger, and camped at dusk on the northern shore. About four o'clock next morning they were aroused by a cry of "help!" from the river. Upon investigation it was found that the call was from the Jennings boat, whose occupants were drifting down stream in a most wretched condition. They had discovered the whereabouts of their fellow-travelers by the light of the camp fires ashore. It was little short of miraculous that they should have escaped without the slightest wound, as their boat and even the clothing they wore had been pierced by many bullets.

The members of this unfortunate family having now been distributed among the remaining boats, the voyage was resumed. After a day of safe passage the fleet anchored again at night on the northern shore.

On March 12 they came to the upper end of the Muscle Shoals near the present site of Tuscumbia, Alabama. Here, we remember, it had been agreed that a party from French Lick should either meet them or leave a sign which should determine

their future course. Doubtless the commanders of this flotilla and the company they were leading looked forward with a sense of relief to a probable journey from this point overland, by which they might escape the further perils of the river. In this, however, they were doomed to disappointment, for upon their arrival at the head of the Shoals neither the party nor the promised sign were in evidence. Colonel Robertson's reason for not fulfilling this part of the agreement is unknown. A probable explanation is that because of the unexpected length of his own journey he supposed the river party had already passed the Shoals by the time he reached French Lick.

Nevertheless, the crews of the flotilla, though well aware of the dangers confronting them, were determined to continue the voyage. The Shoals are described as being at that time dreadful to behold. The river was swollen beyond its wont, the swift current running out in every direction from piles of driftwood which were heaped high upon the points of the islands. This deflection of the stream made a terrible roaring, which might be heard for many miles. At some places the boats dragged the bottom, while at others they were warped and tossed about on the waves as though in a rough sea. The passage which was, withal, exceedingly dangerous, was made in about three hours, the entire fleet coming through into the western channel of the river without accident.

CHAPTER XVI.

END OF THE VOYAGE.

Two days later some of the boats coming too near the shore were fired upon by the Indians and five of the crew were wounded That night after having gone into camp near the mouth of a creek in Hardin County, Tennessee, the party became alarmed by

the loud barking of their dogs, and supposing that the enemy was again upon them, ran hastily down to the river, leaving all the camp outfit behind. Springing into the boats they drifted in the darkness about a mile down stream and camped again on the opposite shore. Next morning John Donelson, Jr., and John Caffrey, who seem to have been the scouts of the expedition, determined to find out the cause of alarm. Securing a canoe they rowed back to the first camp where they found an old negro man, a member of the party, sound asleep by the fire. In the hurried flight of the night before no one had thought to wake him, and he was yet undisturbed by the rays of the morning sun. The alarm was false, for nothing had been molested.

The party now returned and gathered up their belongings, after which another day's voyage was begun. On Monday night, March 20, they arrived at the mouth of the Tennessee River and went into camp on the lowland which is now the site of Paducah. Though already much worn by hunger and fatigue, the supply of provision having run short, they were here confronted by new difficulties, the whole making the situation extremely disagreeable. Having been constructed to float with the tide their boats were unable to ascend the rapid current of the Ohio, which was almost out of banks by reason of the heavy spring rains. They were also ignorant of the distance yet to be traveled, and the length of time required to reach their destination. Some of the company here decided to abandon the journey to French Lick; a part of them floating down the Ohio and Mississippi to Natchez, the rest going to points in Illinois. Among the latter were John Caffrey and wife, the son-in-law and daughter of Colonel Donelson.

This loss of companionship made a continuation of the voyage doubly trying on those who were left behind. However, nothing daunted, they determined to pursue their course eastward,

regardless of all the danger. Accordingly they set sail on Tuesday, the 21st, but were three days in working their way up the Ohio from Paducah to the mouth of the Cumberland, a distance of fifteen miles. Arriving at the latter place they were undecided as to whether the stream they found was really the Cumberland. Some declared it could not be the latter, because it was very much smaller in volume than they had expected to find. Probably their three days of incessant toil against the swift current of the Ohio had much to do with this pygmean appearance of our own beloved and historic river. However, they had heard of no stream flowing into the Ohio between the Tennessee and Cumberland, and, therefore, decided to make the ascent. They were soon assured by the widening channel that they were correct in their conjectures. In order to make progress up stream Colonel Donelson rigged the Adventure with a small sail made out of a sheet. To prevent the ill effects of any sudden gusts of wind a man was stationed at each lower corner of this sail with instructions to loosen it when the breeze became too strong.

For three days after entering the mouth of the Cumberland their journey was without incident. An occasional hunting excursion was made through the forest which skirted the shore Thus was procured a supply of buffalo meat, which was poor but palatable. On the second day out a large swan came floating by the Adventure. Colonel Donelson shot it, and describes the cooked flesh thereof as having been very delicious. Two days later they gathered from a place in the bottoms near the shore a quantity of greens which some of the company called Shawnee salad. To this day the spot above mentioned is known as "Pat's Injun Patch," so named for Colonel Donelson's old negro cook, Patsy, who was called "Pat for short."

On Friday, March 31, they had the good fortune to meet Colonel Henderson, of the Transylvania Company, who was out

with a surveying party trying to establish the much disputed boundary line between Virginia and North Carolina. This meeting was very timely, as Colonel Henderson had come over by way of French Lick and brought to them good tidings of the arrival of Colonel Robertson and his companions from whom they had not heard since the latter began their perilous westward march over the Kentucky trail five months before. Until late in the night they plied him with questions about the new country toward which they were journeying. He painted in glowing colors the future before them, and by way of relieving anxiety as to present needs vouchsafed the information that he had just purchased a quantity of corn from the settlements in Kentucky to be shipped by boat from Louisville to French Lick for the use of the settlers. Doubtless there was then a silver lining to the cloud of uncertainty that had long hovered over this hardship-riden band of adventurers.

But there were yet three weeks of sailing before them. At length they arrived without further accident, at the mouth of Red River in Montgomery County, where they bade adieu to Isaac Renfroe and several companions, the latter having on a previous hunting trip selected a location at that place. The voyage was now near an end, and on April 23, they found themselves alongside of Eaton's Station, a mile and a half below the Bluff fort. The following day, Monday, April 24, they joined their relatives and friends of the Robertson expedition from whom they had parted many weeks before. Colonel Donelson records the fact that it was then a great source of satisfaction to himself and his associates that they were now able to restore to Colonel Robertson and others their families and friends, whom sometime since, perhaps, they had despaired of ever meeting again. Thirty-three of the party had perished by the way, and nine of those who remained were wounded.

Truly has Gilmore said: "This voyage has no parallel in history. A thousand miles they had journeyed in frail boats upon unknown and dangerous rivers. The country through which they passed was infested by hostile Indians, and their way had been over foaming whirlpools and dangerous shoals where for days they had run the gauntlet and been exposed to the fire of the whole nation of Chickamaugas, the fiercest Indian tribe on this continent."

In all events it will stand forth to the end of time as one of the most remarkable achievements in the early settlement of the American continent.

CHAPTER XVII.

COMPACT OF GOVERNMENT.

Soon after his arrival Colonel Donelson, together with his son, John Donelson, Jr., Hugh Rogan and others, went ten miles up the Cumberland to the mouth of Stones River. There in the midst of a fine body of land, since known as the "Clover Bottom," they built a fort, the location of which was about a hundred and fifty yards northwest of where the Lebanon turnpike now crosses Stones River. This beautiful tract of rich bottom land took its name from the thick growth of native white clover which covered it at that time. The Turpins and Johns went back down the river to Clarksville and there joined Renfroe in establishing near the mouth of Red River the station which bore his name. The rest of those who had come by water found locations in the various forts already erected at the time of their arrival.

Thus it appears that the entire population of Middle Tennessee at that time was less than five hundred. These were housed in the eight or nine forts of Davidson and Sumner

Counties. The little colony thus constituted was in the heart of a wild and, save their own presence, an uninhabited country several hundred miles from any other settlement and much further from the seat of government. North Carolina, the parent State, was now engaged in the Revolutionary War, and, therefore, could not, or would not, minister to the wants of her colony upon the distant frontier, while the latter, by reason of its seeming security from the legal processes of the States, was fast becoming a rendezvous for murderers, horse thieves, and all other fugitives from justice. From time to time also there arose between members of the colony matters of legitimate controversy which must of necessity be settled at law. In consequence of the above the leading men of the settlement soon set about drafting a form of local self-government. Col. James Robertson and Col. Richard Henderson were leaders in the movement. They were not without experience. The former had assisted in launching the Watauga compact some years before. The latter had been a leading spirit in early governmental affairs both at Watauga and at Boonesboro in central Kentucky. By his recent survey Henderson had established to his own satisfaction the fact that the Cumberland settlement was within the bounds of the territory belonging to North Carolina. He proposed now to claim his right of purchase by the treaty of Sycamore Shoals. This he did, and afterwards sold to the emigrants the land on which they entered. He took no money from them, however, but simply entered into an agreement by the terms of which the purchase price, which was small, should be paid when the State of North Carolina should declare his title valid. This was never done. Instead, North Carolina followed the example of Virginia by declaring his title void, and in partial payment therefor granted him two hundred thousand acres of fine land in the Holston Valley of East Tennessee. Henderson in all things

dealt justly with the early pioneers, and left among them when he died an honored name.

Robertson and Henderson probably wrote the articles of agreement establishing the compact of government which was entered into by the settlers on May 1, 1780, and which was finally ratified on May 13, following. This agreement was signed by two hundred and fifty-six of the colonists, only one of whom was unable to write his own name. This number represented nearly the entire male population.

It provided that as soon as convenient after its adoption the free men of the settlement who were over twenty-one years of age should elect or choose from their number twelve suitable persons to be called Judges, or Triers. The latter should constitute a court having jurisdiction over such matters of a civil or criminal nature as in the future might arise. These judges should serve without salary and were divided among the various stations as follows: The Bluff, or Nashborough, three; Eaton's, two; Mansker's, two; Bledsoe's, one; Asher's, one; Freeland's, one; Donelson's, one; and Fort Union, one.

Other stations at that time located were not recognized as entitled to representation on this court, probably because the number inhabiting each was considered too small. We shall see that some of the latter were soon thereafter abandoned. By the solemnity of an oath these Judges were bound to do equal and impartial justice to all parties to the best of their skill and judgment.

It was also provided that as often as the people in general became dissatisfied with the acts or decisions of the members of this body they might call a new election and elect others in their stead. This court, having due regard, of course, for the rules and regulations of the government land office, was empowered to settle contests arising from entries upon tracts of land, of which

contests there is always an abundance in every newly settled country. Its decisions in such cases were final as to any future claim of the party against whom said judgment was rendered.

It was further provided that until such time as the State of North Carolina should extend the jurisdiction of its courts beyond the mountains and thereby relieve the settlement from the many evils which had arisen, these Judges, or Triers, should be a proper tribunal for the determination of any suit for debt or damages. Of course, no jurisdiction or authority could be exercised over those who did not subscribe to the agreement, but provision was also wisely made that the latter should neither own land thereabouts nor become citizens of the colony. In all cases where the debt, demand, or damages did not exceed a hundred dollars, any three of the judges might sit as a court of competent jurisdiction to try the cause, and from their decisions in such cases there was no right of appeal. If the amount involved was greater than one hundred dollars, any three should also hear the cause, but from their judgment either party might appeal to the entire court consisting of the twelve judges. In this event nine of their number should constitute a quorum, whose decision should be final, provided as many as seven concurred.

A majority of the court was clothed with power to punish criminal offenses, even those of a capital nature, provided, however, that they should not attempt to authorize the infliction of the death penalty. In accusations calling for the latter punishment, the prisoner should be sent under strong guard to the locality where a legal trial for such an offense might be had.

All young men over the age of sixteen years who were able to perform military duty were given the right to enter and obtain land, each in his own name as though he were of legal age.

Provision was also made for calling the settlers to military service for the safety and defense of the stations.

As above suggested this improvised government was not designed to operate in conflict with the laws of North Carolina. In fact, the latter was urged to speedily organize the Cumberland settlement into a separate county over which it should appoint proper officials for the discharge of public duty. It was intended to last only until such time as the State might extend its protection over the new settlement.

The local government above described was an Absolute Democracy. We view it now as a foundation stone of a mighty republic, the like of which the world has never seen before, and under the protecting folds of whose flag the oppressed of all lands may find personal and religious freedom. Col. James Robertson was selected as one of the three judges from the Bluff. He became Chief Justice of the court and also commander-in-chief of the military forces of the settlement.

CHAPTER XVIII.

EVENTS OF 1780.—INDIAN WARFARE BEGINS.

For fourteen years after the founding of the Cumberland settlement the lives of the pioneers were in daily peril. Looking back over that eventful period from a distance of more than a century we wonder that a single individual escaped such a terrible onslaught of savage cruelty. In the language of Judge Haywood, it was indeed "a period of danger and hazard; of daring adventure and dangerous exposure." When the articles of agreement were adopted the settlers began in peace to plant their fields and plow their corn. But the Indians deeply resented this sudden advent of so large a number of the whites into their hunting grounds. By way of adding fuel to the flame, the British on the North and the Spaniards on the south were now

busily, but secretly, engaged in urging the savages to open hostilities against the defenseless outposts on the western frontier. The latter now by seeming systematic effort began to pick off the stragglers from the various stations.

One morning during the month of May a hunter by the name of Keywood came running into the fort at the Bluff and reported that John Milliken had been killed on Richland Creek, five or six miles away. The two men were journeying toward the settlement and had stopped at the creek for a drink. While they stooped down they were fired upon by a band of Indians hidden on the bank and Milliken fell dead. Keywood had escaped uninjured and made his way alone to the settlement to bear the news of the tragic death of his comrade.

A few days later Joseph Hay was alone down on the Lick Branch between the Bluff and Freeland's Station, when a skulking party of savages who were hiding in the cane shot and scalped him. They then beat a hasty retreat, carrying away with them his gun, hunting knife, shot pouch and powder horn. His body was buried by the settlers in the open ground on a point of land east of Sulphur Spring.

Soon thereafter a man named Bernard was at work on his clearing near what is now Beuna Vista Springs. So busily engaged was he with his work that he did not hear the stealthy footfalls of the approaching savages. Creeping up to within easy range the latter shot him dead in his tracks, after which they cut off the head of their victim and carried it away in triumph.

In their retreat they encountered near by three young men; two brothers named Dunham, and the third, a son of John Milliken, whose death is mentioned above as having occurred only a short time before. The Dunhams escaped to Freeland's Station, but young Milliken was killed and his head likewise cut off and carried away by the enemy. In the month of June two set-

tlers by the names of Goin and Kennedy were clearing land between Mansker's and Eaton's Stations. A party of Indians stole up behind some brush heaps the men were making and when the latter came near they were fired upon and killed. The savages then rushed out, tore off the scalps of their victims and escaped unharmed into the surrounding forest. During the months following a number of the settlers were killed within what are now the city limits of Nashville. D. Larimer was shot, scalped and beheaded near Freeland's Station. Isaac Lefeore met a like fate on the west bank of the river near the end of the Louisville & Nashville railroad bridge. Soloman Murry, Soloman Phillips, and Robert Aspey were fired upon while at work near where the Fogg High School building now stands. Murry and Aspey were killed, the savages taking away the scalp of the former. Phillips was wounded, but escaped to the fort at the Bluff, where he died a few days later. Benjamin Renfroe, John Maxwell and John Kennedy were fishing on the river bank near the mouth of Sulphur Spring Branch. Indians crept up behind them and made an attack. The men fought bravely, but were overpowered and made prisoners. Renfroe was tomahawked and scalped, but the lives of Kennedy and Maxwell were spared.

Philip Catron journeyed from Freeland's Station to the Bluff. The buffalo path along which he passed ran through a thick cluster of undergrowth near the present crossing of Cedar and Cherry Streets. While in the midst of this thicket he was shot from ambush. Holding on to his horse he rode to the station, where he received such medical attention as could be given him. Though severely wounded he finally recovered.

John Caffrey and Daniel Williams, two occupants of the Bluff fort, went for a row up the river. On returning they had made fast their canoe and were coming up the bank near the foot of Church Street when the Indians opened fire, wounding them in

the legs. Hearing the report of the rifles John Raines and several companions who were in the fort near by rushed out and chased the savages, eight or ten in number, as far as the Sulphur Spring. The latter were fleet of foot and made their escape. Late in the month of August Jonathan Jennings, who with his family barely escaped death in the voyage over, was killed near the river bank at a point opposite Island No. 1, above Nashville. He was at that time building a cabin on the tract of land upon which he had recently made entry. Not content with taking his life, the Indians, who were a roving band of Delawares. chopped his body into pieces with their tomahawks and scattered the fragments over the surrounding ground.

James Mayfield and a man named Porter were murdered in plain view of their comrades over in Edgefield near Eaton's Station. The men in the fort caught up their rifles and gave chase, but the enemy made good their escape.

Col. Richard Henderson's body servant and negro cook, Jim, was killed by a party of Indians near Clover Bottom. His master had begun the erection of a camp at that place, a short way above that occupied by Colonel Donelson, but at that time was away on a visit to forts in Kentucky. Jim and a young white man, a chain carrier in Henderson's surveying party, were about to begin a journey down the river by canoe from the camp to the Bluff. The savages were in hiding in the thick cane on the bank and fired upon them with the above result. The white man, Jim's companion, made his escape. One of the emigrants, Ned Carvin by name, had made an entry on land four miles east of Nashville. He built thereon a cabin in which he lived with his family. One day while hoeing in his garden beside the house he was shot by the Indians from a neighboring thicket and instantly killed. His wife and two small children escaped by a door on the opposite side of the cabin and hid in the cane near by.

For some unknown reason they were unmolested, and after remaining in hiding all night in the woods made their way in safety next morning to Eaton's Station. Here they were kindly comforted and provided for by the settlers.

A few days thereafter John Shockley and Jesse Balestine were killed while hunting in the woods not far from Carvin's cabin.

Jacob and Frederick Stump, two Dutchmen, had selected land and built a cabin on White's Creek, three miles north of Eaton's Station. Pursuant to custom one of them usually stood on guard while the other worked in the clearing, but on a certain occasion this precaution was neglected. While both were busily engaged some Indians crept up behind a clump of trees at the edge of the field and fired at them, killing Jacob. His brother seeing that it would be folly to stand his ground started on a run toward Eaton's, the nearest place of refuge, closely pursued by the enemy. Up hill and down, over ledges of rock, through cane brakes and cedar thickets, the race was one of life and death. After a mile or two the pursuing savages got near enough to hurl a tomahawk at Stump's head with such force as to land it twenty or thirty feet beyond. There the race ended, the supposition being that the Indians stopped to search for the lost hatchet. They probably thought more of the latter than of the prospect of capturing Stump's scalp, especially so in consideration of the rate of speed Stump was making just at that particular time.

This same band of marauders went on up the river to Bledsoe's Station and there killed and scalped two persons: William Johnson and Daniel Mungle. Then after shooting all the cattle they could find about the fort and setting fire to some out houses and fencing they pursued their journey up the river toward Hartsville. On the way they met Thomas Sharp Spencer returning alone from a hunting trip and leading two horses ladened with bear meat and pelts. The Indians fired at Spencer, slightly wounding him.

Finding himself badly outnumbered Spencer "stood not on the order of his going" but very promptly dismounted and "went at once," leaving the horses and cargo to the enemy. He ran through the woods and escaped into Bledsoe's fort. Tradition tells us that when safely inside the station he made but little complaint because of his wound, but grieved long and loud on account of the loss of the horses and especially the bear meat, of which he was exceedingly fond.

Other hunters had been with Spencer on this expedition, but had left him before the Indians were encountered.

Some of the forts were abandoned before the end of 1780 because of their apparent inability to defend themselves against attacks of which they were in constant danger. In the latter part of May, John Raines had moved his family from his station in Waverly Place to the Bluff fort, and thence later into Kentucky.

CHAPTER XIX.

EVENTS OF 1780 (CONTINUED).—MASSACRE AT RENFROE'S STATION.—ATTACK AT ASHER'S.—DEATH OF WM. NEELY.—CLOVER BOTTOM DEFEAT.

During the month of July Renfroe's Station at the mouth of Red River was attacked by a combined force of Choctaws and Chickasaws. In this onslaught Nathan Turpin and another man whose name is now unknown were slain and scalped. The fort was thereupon abandoned. The Turpin family were relatives of the Freeland's, and, therefore, would go to Freeland's Station, while Johns and some of the others would stop on the East side of the river at Eaton's. They began their journey at once, taking with them only a few necessary articles. The remainder of their household goods and personal effects were hidden as

securely as possible about the deserted fort. After a day of hard travel they camped by the roadside about dusk. After they had eaten supper some of the party began to express regret at their hasty flight and decided to return that night to the fort and bring away more of their property. Beginning the return journey at once, they reached the deserted fort in the early hours of the morning, and by daylight had gathered up all they could carry away. They then started the second time toward Eaton's and the Bluff. That evening they went into camp in what is now Cheatham County, two miles north of Sycamore Creek.

During the night they were surprised by a party of Indians who fell upon them with sudden and destructive fire. The settlers scattered and fled through the darkness in every direction, but they were pursued and all save one—a Mrs. Jones—perished by the tomahawk in the hands of an unrelenting foe. Men, women and children, the latter detected by their crying, were hunted down and chopped to death with wanton cruelty. About twenty persons were killed in this terrible massacre. Among the number were Joseph Renfroe, and Mr. Johns together with his entire family, consisting of twelve persons. Mrs. Jones, who escaped, was rescued next day and brought in safety to Eaton's Station by Henry Ramsey, a brave Indian fighter and worthy pioneer. Those of the company who had not turned back but had continued their journey, arrived at their destination in safety. When news of the above disaster reached Eaton's and the Bluff a rescuing party from each went at once to the scene of the massacre and there gave aid to the mortally wounded, and buried the dead. By the light of the morning they found that the Indians, probably the same band which had made the assault on Renfroe's Station, had captured and carried away all the horses and much of the plunder. Such of the latter as remained they had broken and scattered over the ground.

At length the Indians directed their attention to Mansker's Station and killed Patrick Quigley, John Stuckley, James Lumsley and Betsy Kennedy. This station was afterwards abandoned for a time as will be later recorded. Late in the summer a party of hunters were spending the night in a cabin at Asher's Station, in Sumner County. The Indians who by some unknown means had learned of their presence, surrounded the cabin during the night and at daybreak made an attack by poking their guns through the cracks and firing at the sleeping whites. They killed a man named Payne and wounded another by the name of Phillips. After scalping Payne and capturing all the horses about the station they started on toward Bledsoe's, riding single file in the buffalo path which led in that direction. Suddenly they found themselves face to face with a company of settlers composed of Alex. Buchanan, William Ellis, James Manifee, Alex. Thompson and others, who were returning to the Bluff from a hunting expedition in Trousdale County. Buchanan, who was riding at the head of his party, fired and killed the first Indian and wounded the second. Seeing their leader slain, the remaining savages sought safety in flight, leaving to the whites the captured horses.

After this the settlers at Asher's became so much alarmed that they broke up the station and went to Mansker's. A short time thereafer Col. Robertson, Alex. Buchanan, John Brock, William Mann and fourteen others equally as true and tried, chased a band of Indians from Freeland's Station, a distance of forty miles, to Gordan's Ferry, on Duck River. Here they came upon the savages, killed several of their number and captured a large amount of stolen plunder. This was the first military expedition conducted by Col. Robertson under the new local government.

Later in the fall another party of Indians approached the Bluff Station in the night, stole a number of horses, loaded them

with such goods and plunder as they could lay hands on and made their escape. The next morning Capt. James Leiper, with a company of fifteen, pursued and overtook them on Harpeth River. When the savages heard the approach of the whites they made every effort to escape, but their horses, which were heavily loaded with the plunder stolen from the settlement, could make but little headway through the entangled undergrowth. At the first fire from Leiper's party the Indians fled, leaving the horses and plunder to their pursuers.

The settlers were now in great need of salt for use in seasoning the fresh meat upon which they were obliged to depend almost solely for food. Their only way of securing this necessity of life was by evaporation from the waters of sulphur springs.

The first attempt at salt-making was at Mansker's Lick. Having failed there, a party consisting of William Neely, his daughter, a young lady about sixteen years old, and several men, went from that station to Neely's Lick, afterwards known as Neely's Bend, up the river from the Bluff. Here they had established a camp and were meeting with some success. Neely daily scoured the woods for game and thus kept the company supplied with food, while the young lady did the cooking. The kilns at which the salt was made were located some distance from the camp, and the workmen suspecting no danger, went off each day, leaving the father and daughter alone about the camp. One evening about sunset Neely returned from a successful hunt, bringing with him a fine buck which had been killed a few miles away. Being much fatigued he lay down by the camp fire to rest while his daughter skinned the deer and prepared the venison for supper, singing as she passed back and forth from the tent to the oven, some distance away. Suddenly a rifle barrel gleamed in the fading sunlight from behind a neighboring tree and a shot broke the stillness of the forest. Neely, raising himself half-way up on

his elbow, uttered a groan and fell back dead. The savages now rushed out from their hiding places, seized the girl, tied her hands behind her and gathering up her father's gun and powder horn dragged her away captive, a big Indian holding her on either side. Thus they forced her to run between them until far into the night, when the party reached a Creek camp many miles south of Nashville. Here they rested for awhile, but the next morning resumed their flight, going on into the interior of the Creek nation.

Neely's companions returning to camp shortly after dark and finding him dead and his daughter missing, hastened to carry the sad tidings to the wife and mother at Mansker's, which place they reached about daylight. The occupants of the fort at once organized a party to pursue the murderers and rescue the girl. After following the trail for fifteen or twenty miles, acting on the advice of Kasper Mansker, their leader, they quit the chase lest the captors, seeing themselves pursued, might kill their prisoner. The details of Miss Neely's final rescue have not been preserved. However, it is known to historians that after remaining in captivity among the Creeks for several years, her release was secured and she was allowed to return to her friends. Later she married a prominent settler at one of the Kentucky stations, living thereafter a happy life.

As previously related, Col. Donelson early in May had fixed his station at Clover Bottom, near the mouth of Stone's River. It was already late in the season, therefore he did not take time to build a fort, but constructed a number of cabins with open fronts, known in those days as "half camps," into which he moved his own family and other members of his party. Beside his wife and children, Col. Donelson had with him a number of slaves and dependants. He therefore felt the necessity of pitching his crop at once that he might be able to provide them with food dur-

ing the winter. He planted corn in an open field on the south side of Stones River, and then crossing over made a small clearing and planted a patch of cotton on the north shore. These crops came up promptly, thrived and gave promise of a fine yield. But in the month of July heavy rains fell throughout the Cumberland Valley, causing the river to overflow the bottoms on either side. Being now under water, it was supposed that the crops in the Clover Bottom were destroyed. This, together with the daily increasing danger of Indian attacks, caused the station to be abandoned, the settlers going by boat up the Cumberland to Edgefield Junction, and thence across the country to Mansker's Station, where they were received and where they took up a second residence.

In the fall Col. Donelson learned that the crops at Clover Bottom had not been destroyed, as he had supposed, but upon the receding of the water they had matured and now awaited the harvest. Generously wishing to divide with the settlers at the Bluff, the latter having suffered loss by reason of the summer floods, he proposed to them that a boat party from that place should meet a like company from Mansker's at the Clover Bottom on a given date for the purpose of gathering the corn and cotton. This offer was readily accepted and accordingly about November 1 the two parties met at the place mentioned. The company which came from the Bluff was under command of Capt. Abel Gower, and beside the latter consisted of Abel Gower, Jr., John Randolph Robertson, a relative of Col. James Robertson; William Cartwright and several others, to the number of ten or twelve. Col. Donelson himself was not present, but sent his company under the direction of his son, Capt. John Donelson, Jr., then a young man twenty-six years of age. With him were Hugh Rogan, Robert Cartwright and several other white men, together with a number of the Donelson slaves. Among the latter was Somerset, Col. Donelson's faithful body servant.

This party had brought with them a horse to use in sledding the corn to the boats and also for the purpose of towing the latter down Stones River to the Cumberland after they were loaded.

On their arrival the boats were tied to the bank near where the turnpike bridge now spans the stream and all hands began the harvest, packing the corn in baskets and sacks, which were in turn hauled on a sled to the boats.

They were thus engaged for three or four days, during which time they saw nothing of the enemy. However, they felt some uneasiness because of the constant barking of the dogs at night, a circumstance which to the settlers indicated that Indians were skulking about. During the last night of their stay the dogs were much disturbed, rushing as if mad from place to place about the camp. By daylight next morning the hands were in the field gathering and loading the rest of the corn and making ready in all haste for a speedy departure.

CHAPTER XX.

EVENTS OF 1780 (CONTINUED)—CLOVER BOTTOM DEFEAT (CONTINUED)—BEAR HUNTERS.

Captain Donelson and his companions got their boat loaded first, and, pushing it across to the northern shore, began gathering the cotton, of which there was only a small amount, heaping the bolls on the corn in the boat. It was expected that they would be joined directly by the party from the Bluff, and that thus working together, the task would soon be complete.

A little later, however, Captain Donelson was much surprised to see the latter rowing on down the river toward home. He hailed them and asked if they were not coming over. Captain Gower replied in the negative, saying that it was growing late

and they must reach the Bluff before night, at the same time expressing the belief that there was no danger. Donelson began a vigorous protest against their going, but while he yet spoke a horde of Indians, several hundred strong, opened a terrific fire upon the men in Gower's boat. The savages had been gradually gathering and were now ambushed in the cane along the south bank and near to the corn-ladened craft, which by this time had drifted into a narrow channel on that side. At the first fire several of the men jumped from the boat and waded through the shallow water to the shore, where they were hotly pursued by the foe. Captain Gower, his son, and Robertson were killed and their bodies lost in the river. Others were slain and fell on the corn in the boat. Of the party that reached the shore only three, a white man and two negroes, escaped death.

The white man and one of the negroes wandered through the woods without food for nearly two days, finally reaching the Bluff. The other survivor, a free negro by the name of Jack Cavil, was wounded, captured and carried a prisoner to one of the Chickamauga towns near Chattanooga. He afterwards became notorious as a member of a thieving band of Indian marauders who, making headquarters in that region, wrought great havoc on the settlements west of the mountains. The village of Nickajack, or "Nigger-jack's Town," which was afterwards founded, took its name from this captive.

Gower's boat, containing the bodies of three of the slain, the corn and two or three dogs, floated unmolested down to the Bluff, where it was sighted during the forenoon of the day following the slaughter. It was brought to shore near the foot of what is now Broad street.

After assaulting Captain Gower and his men, the Indians started on a run up the river to a point on the shore opposite Donelson's boat, but here they found the water too deep to ford.

Donelson and several of his companions seeing the attack upon the other party, had rushed down to their own boat for their rifles and shot-bags. Returning they found that the other members of their party, alarmed by the roar of guns and yells of the enemy, had fled for safety into the cane. Pausing long enough to fire a volley across the river at the savages, they now attempted to join their comrades. With much difficulty all were collected and a council held. It was decided that they should abandon the boat and make their way through the woods east of the river to a point opposite Edgefield Junction, when an effort would be made to cross over and escape to Mansker's. Mr. Cartwright, being old and infirm, was placed on the horse which had been brought from the station. All that day they journeyed, each man traveling alone lest any two or more together should make a trail which might be found and followed by the enemy. At dusk they were called in by a signal and huddled together for the night in the leaf-covered top of a large hickory tree which had fallen to the ground. The weather was damp and they suffered much from cold, but dared not build a fire lest they might be discovered. Next morning they tried to construct a raft on which to cross the river, but had neither tools nor suitable material out of which to make such a craft. Gathering sticks and poles such as were found lying about, they fastened them together with grape vines and on this made several attempts to go over, but each time the current drove them back. Finally this rude conveyance was abandoned and allowed to float away.

At last Somerset volunteered to swim over on the horse and ride to Mansker's for help. This he did in safety, thus carrying to the Stationer's their first news of the disaster. Several men from the station, bringing with them a supply of tools, returned with Somerset. By these a strong raft was built on which the party was brought over and restored to their friends.

In these times of danger there was but little communication between the forts. Therefore for some days after the events above related it was supposed by the settlers at the Bluff that the Donelson party had been either killed or captured. The shocking details of this disaster, which is known in history as the "Clover Bottom Defeat," caused great sorrow among all the people of the Cumberland Settlement. The Indians who were responsible for this attack were not armed entirely with guns, but many of them carried the primitive bows and arrows, using the latter with deadly effect.

After the supposed destruction of his crop by the summer flood, Colonel Donelson had contemplated a removal to one of the forts in Kentucky, where he had relatives, and where food was more abundant. Later on the prospect of obtaining corn had caused him to delay, but now that this prospect was gone he made ready and began the journey at once, arriving with his family in due time at Davis' Station.

Mansker's fort was now broken up for the winter, Mansker and his wife going to Eaton's. Others who were able to secure horses, among them being James McCain, followed the Donelson party to Kentucky.

That brave Irishman, Hugh Rogan, than whom none played a more heroic part in the early settlement of Middle Tennessee, carried William Neely's widow and her family to a place of safety in Kentucky, after which he returned to share the dangers of his comrades on the Cumberland. Rogan had left his native land some years before, coming to seek his fortune in America. He tarried for awhile in Virginia, but was among the first of the settlers to cross the mountains and seek a home in the far-famed hunting ground. After coming to Middle Tennessee he was led to believe, through the false representation of a supposed friend, that his wife, whom he left in Ireland, had married the second

time, thinking her husband dead. He remained under this impression until after the close of the Indian wars. Learning then the falsity of the report, he went at once to Ireland and there, being happily reunited with his family, brought them to his home in Sumner County. He died many years ago. His remains were buried and now rest in the old Baskerville burying ground near Shiloh Church, in the Tenth District. During the summer of 1780, Robert Gilkie sickened and died at the Bluff, this being the first natural death to occur in the settlement.

Shortly thereafter Philip Conrad was killed by a falling tree near what is now the corner of Cherry and Demonbreun streets, in Nashville.

The first white child born in the Cumberland Settlement was Chesed Donelson, son of Capt. John Donelson, Jr., and wife, Mary Purnell. His birth took place in one of the "half-camps" at Clover Bottom on June 22, 1780. He died while yet young.

A little later in the same year John Saunders was born at Mansker's Station. He grew to manhood and afterwards became Sheriff of Montgomery County. Anna Wells, whose birth also occurred this year, was the first girl born in the settlement.

Because of the scanty supply of food, lack of ammunition and danger from the savages, many left the colony during the fall, going to the several settlements in Illinois and Kentucky. By the first of December only about a hundred and thirty remained. These were indeed dark days for the pioneers, but among the latter were many brave spirits, men and women, who resolved to stay at their posts regardless of the cost. They believed and so expressed the belief that their newly adopted land, so rich in resources and fertile of soil, would in the future become a center of civilization and a seat of learning. In this they were not mistaken. During these trying times the intrepid spirit and unselfish example of Col. James Robertson did much to prevent

the breaking up of the settlement. Despite his own privations and personal bereavements, he looked always with the eye of an optimist to the future, believing in and advising others of the better times yet to come. When the supply of fresh meat, their only food, became scarce, mighty hunters under the leadership of Spencer, Rains, Jacob Castleman and others, braved all dangers and made long excursions into the woods, always returning ladened with an abundance and to spare. In one winter John Rains is said to have killed thirty-two bears in the Harpeth Knobs, seven miles south of the Bluff, and not far from the present location of Glendale Park.

A party of these hunters went in canoes up the Caney Fork River, and in the course of a five days' hunt throughout the region thereabouts killed a hundred and five bears, seventy-five buffalo and eighty-seven deer. After all we little wonder that the right to possess such a land should make it for fourteen years the bloody battle-ground of pioneer and Indian.

The first wedding in the colony took place at the Bluff during the summer of 1780. It was the marriage of our brave Indian fighter, Capt. James Leiper, and the young lady who thus became his wife. No minister had yet come to the settlement and a question arose as to whether or not any one was authorized to perform the marriage ceremony. Colonel Robertson, who was Chief Justice of the court, sent out to the other Judges a hurry call for a consultation. It was decided by this court that either of its members, by virtue of his office, was empowered to exercise such a function. This decision was probably more "far-reaching" than any yet handed down by the Colonial Judiciary. It constitutes the first "reported case" in the annals of Tennessee jurisprudence. Because of his official position Colonel Robertson was accorded the honor of performing this the first ceremony, which he is reputed to have done with his usual grace of manner.

In the fall other weddings occurred as follows: Edward Swanson to Mrs. Corwin; James Freeland, one of the founders of Freeland's Station, to Mrs. Maxwell; John Tucker to Jennie Herod, and Cornelius Riddle to Jane Mulherrin. The ceremony in each of these instances was performed by James Shaw, one of the Judges. Tradition has brought down to us some details of the festivities attending the Riddle-Mulherrin nuptials.

It seems these young people were unusually popular in colonial society and their friends were anxious that their marriage should be made more than an ordinary event. As the colony was yet in its infancy there were no silks, broadcloths or other finery in which the bride and groom might array themselves, neither was there piano, organ or other instrument on which to play the wedding march. Of more consequence, however, than either of these was the lack of both flour and meal from which to make the wedding cake, and none was to be had at any of the neighboring stations. But in those days large difficulties were quickly overcome. Accordingly two of the settlers were mounted on horses and sent post-haste to Danville, Ky., then the metropolis of the western settlement, for a supply of corn. Three or four days later they returned with a bushel each of this highly prized cereal, which was speedily ground into meal. From this was made the first "bride's cake" in Middle Tennessee.

CHAPTER XXI.

EVENTS OF 1781.—IN SEARCH OF AMMUNITION.—ATTACK ON FREELAND'S STATION.—PIOMINGO.

At the close of 1780 the distressed colony was reduced to three or four stations, and lack of ammunition made impossible a long-continued defense of these. Therefore in the early part of

December Colonel Robertson, accompanied by his son, together with his friend, Isaac Bledsoe, and a negro servant, had set out on a journey to Harrod's Station, Kentucky, for the purpose of securing a supply of powder and lead. The undertaking was one of extreme hazard, but they passed through the Indian lines and arrived at Harrodsburg in safety. Here they received their first news of the splendid victory which had been gained by the American forces over the British at King's Mountain, in October preceding. In this memorable battle their friends from East Tennessee, under the leadership of Col. John Sevier and Isaac Shelby, had played a most heroic part. On receiving the news Isaac Bledsoe is said to have exclaimed, "If Sevier and Shelby can handle the combined force of British and Tories, can we not whip the Indians in the backwoods?"

The party was given a hearty welcome at Harrodsburg, but because of the depleted condition of the store they were unable to secure ammunition, and accordingly journeyed on to Boonesborough. Here they found Daniel Boone, who in former days had been a comrade of both Robertson and Bledsoe, and who cheerfully divided with them his supply. But this was too scanty and the amount they thus received was not enough to last through the winter. It was therefore decided that Colonel Robertson, his son and servant, should return at once to the Cumberland with what they had, and that Bledsoe should go across to Watauga and there lay before Colonel Sevier the urgent needs of the Western Settlement. This he did and came back later to the Cumberland, bringing with him an abundant supply of ammunition. He brought his family also, the latter having hitherto remained in East Tennessee.

In the meantime Colonel Robertson had returned to the settlement, having crossed over to his station at the Bluff on the afternoon of January 15, 1781. There he learned that on January

11, four days previous to his return, another son had been born to him, the late Dr. Felix Robertson, for many years an honored citizen and prominent physician of Nashville.

Upon his arrival Colonel Robertson hastily divided his ammunition with his men at the Bluff and went out to spend the night at Freeland's, where his wife and child were staying with friends. This fort was, in the matter of construction, very much as the one at the Bluff, the latter having been previously described. There were a number of one and two-story cabins built near together, the whole being surrounded by a stockade, thus forming an enclosure. To this there was but one entrance, a gate which was fastened each night by a heavy chain. Within the fort that night were eleven men and a number of women and children. One of the former was Major Lucas, who before coming to the Cumberland had served as an officer under Colonel Sevier in several expeditions from Watauga against the Indians. He had also been one of the founders of the local government of Watauga. The negro man who came with Colonel Robertson and his party over the mountains in 1779 for the purpose of raising a corn crop at French Lick, as it was then called, was also in the fort at this time.

The scouts, among them Jacob Castleman, had come into the fort about dark on the evening above mentioned and reported no signs of Indians, therefore no danger was feared. Having had a late supper the occupants of the fort did not retire at an early hour, but by eleven o'clock all were asleep except Colonel Robertson. The latter was known among the Indians as the "Chief who never sleeps," and was probably more alert than usual now by reason of his recent experience in sleeping out of doors on his return journey from Kentucky through a dangerous and lonely forest. Major Lucas and the negro man, together with several others, occupied a newly built cabin in which the

cracks had not yet been chinked. A full moon shone from a clear sky and the night was one of surpassing beauty.

About midnight Colonel Robertson heard a rattling of the chain and looked out just in time to see the gate open and a band of a hundred and fifty Indians, who proved to be Chickasaws, come rushing into the fort. He at once gave the alarm and seizing his rifle fired through the window at the approaching savages. The report of Robertson's rifle awoke Major Lucas, who sprang out of bed and rushed through the door of his cabin into the yard. He was immediately surrounded by the savages and fell mortally wounded, pierced by a dozen shots. The settlers were now thoroughly aroused and began firing at the Indians through windows and port-holes, the women lending all the aid possible. Surprised at this vigorous assault from within the savages ran out of the fort after the first volley and renewed the attack from the outside. Some of them went around to the back of the cabin from which Major Lucas had come and began firing through the cracks at the men within. During this fusillade they killed the negro man above mentioned. The onslaught was terrific and for a time the fortunes of the conflict wavered. Round after round was fired from within and from without. The attacking party, in their savage thirst for blood, rushed from place to place about the fort, jumping high into the air, all the time whooping and yelling like demons. They lighted brands and made repeated attempts to set fire to the roofs and walls of the cabins, but the brands and logs were too green to burn. For six hours this attack was kept up, but just as the gray light of the morning dawn came over the eastern hills the little cannon which had come around on the good boat Adventure, and which was now mounted on the fort at the Bluff, opened its brazen lips and a solitary "boom" echoed along the Cumberland. Capt. John Rains was thus saying to Colonel Robertson and his beleaguered

comrades that he had been apprised of their danger and would be along directly with reinforcements. The Indians, who stood in great fear of a cannon, heard the shot, too, and knowing that the settlement was now thoroughly aroused, began a hasty retreat. However, they were joined during the morning by a party of Cherokees, and together for several days thereafter they continued to infest the neighborhood roundabout, plundering and thieving.

In the attack on Freeland's only Lucas and the negro man, of the settlers, were killed, and none were wounded. Next morning no less than five hundred bullets were dug from the walls of the cabin in which these men had been sleeping. One Indian was shot in the head by Colonel Robertson. His body was found partially covered with dirt the next day some distance away in the woods where it had been left by his fleeing comrades. No one knew how many of the dead had been carried off, but the bloodstains about the fort and along the trails leading therefrom indicated that a number were either killed or wounded. Had it not been for the timely presence of Colonel Robertson on the night of the attack the fort must surely have fallen into the hands of the enemy. His vigilance on this, as well as on many subsequent occasions, saved the settlers from slaughter. This was the first and only attack ever made on the settlement by the Chickasaws. Soon thereafter Colonel Robertson had a "peace talk" with Piomingo, the Chickasaw chief, forming with him an alliance which gave to the pioneers the everlasting friendship of this famous warrior and his people. At heart the Chickasaws hated the Cherokees, who were the relentless foes of the whites. Though they had on previous occasions allied themselves with the Cherokees, they now joined the settlers in expeditions against them.

Piomingo was a striking figure among the noted Indian rulers of his day. He is described as having been of medium height,

well proportioned in body, and as possessing a face of unusual intelligence. Though at the time of his visit to Bledsoe's Lick more than a hundred years old, he strode the earth with the grace of a youth. His dress was of white buckskin, and his hair, which he wore hanging down his back in the form of a scalp-lock, was, by reason of his great age, as white as snow. This was clasped round about on top of his head by a set of silver combs. Despite the early offenses of his tribe the name of Piomingo deserves an honored place in the annals of Middle Tennessee because of the generous deeds of his later years.

CHAPTER XXII.

EVENTS OF 1781 (CONTINUED).—MRS. DUNHAM AND DAUGHTER WOUNDED.—ATTACK ON BLUFF STATION.

In the summer of 1780, John and Daniel Dunham had located on that splendid body of land near French Lick, now known as Belle Meade. Having in the meantime built thereon a log house and made some other improvements, they were now obliged to move their families back to the fort at the Bluff for protection. A few days later Mrs. Dunham sent her little daughter to the woodpile, about three hundred yards up the hill, and near where the Maxwell House now stands, for a basket of chips. Some Indians were concealed in a fallen treetop near by. When the child came up they sprang out, seized her by the hair and tore off her scalp. Attracted by her cries the terrified mother was wounded by a shot from the Indians as she ran up the hill toward them. In the meantime the men from the fort had armed themselves and came rushing to the rescue, but at sight of them the savages fled into the surrounding thickets and escaped. Both mother and daughter recovered and lived for many years there-

after. During the months of February and March the stations were free from attack and the hope was ventured that since their failure to capture Freeland's fort the savages were disheartened and had abandoned hostilities. However, in this they were doomed to bitter disappointment. Their success during the previous year in breaking up the various stations had been so marked that they were yet determined not to yield their favorite hunting ground without a deadly struggle.

On the night of April 1 a war party of about four hundred Cherokees advanced on the Bluff Station and lay in ambush about the fort. It was doubtless a part of their plan to destroy this at one blow and then, acting in concert with reinforcements from other tribes already on the march hither, to quickly exterminate the smaller colonies at Eaton's and Bledsoe's. The plan of attack was well laid. About two hundred of the party concealed themselves in the wild-brush and cedars which grew on the hillside along Cherry street, between Church and Broad. The remainder of the band went down and lay along the bank of a small stream which ran south of Broad street, near to and parallel with Demonbreun and into the river near the foot of Broad. Early next morning three of the Indians, sent out as decoys, came near the fort, fired at the sentinel in the watch-tower, and then ran back some distance, where they halted to reload their guns. All this time they were shouting and waving their hands as if to attract attention.

Unable to resist this challenge, and not suspecting the trap which had been laid, about twenty of the settlers saddled their horses and, led by Colonel Robertson, dashed out of the fort and down the hill toward the retreating savages. The latter kept themselves in sight, however, and by their mockeries still tempting the whites onward, finally made a stand on the bank of the branch near the intersection of College and Demonbreun. The settlers

had by this time crossed Broad and, now dismounting, gave battle. No sooner were they on the ground than a swarm of savages arose from their hiding places immediately in front and poured a deadly fire into the ranks of the whites. At this the horses of the latter took fright and breaking away from their masters, started on a run up the hill toward the fort. In the meantime the party concealed along College street had come out, and raising a warwhoop, were stringing along Church street toward the river in an effort to completely cut off the retreat of Robertson and his men to the fort. The position of the latter was now, indeed, one of extreme peril, and had the Indians carried out their plan the little company must certainly have perished, every man. But at this juncture the horses came dashing through the line. Many of the savages, unable to resist such a temptation, now broke ranks and pursued the frightened animals in an effort to capture them. The horses ran up to the fort, but finding the gate closed, went on over Capitol Hill and down into the Sulphur Spring Bottom, closely followed by the Indians. A few of them were captured, but the larger number returned later to the fort, where they were admitted to a place of safety.

The battle down on Broad continued. Capt. James Leiper, Peter Gill, Alex. Buchanan, John Kesenger, Zachariah White, George Kennedy and John Kennedy had been killed and Kasper Mansker, James Manifee and Joseph Moonshaw were wounded. The rest of the settlers were now fighting desperately and making their way as best they could toward the station, dragging with them their disabled comrades.

Shut up in the fort was a pack of fifty dogs. These, by instinct and training, hated the Indians, and during the progress of the battle were charging madly around the enclosure in an effort to get into the fray. Mrs. James Robertson, who with the other women of the fort, had been watching with breathless alarm

the varying fortunes of the battle, now directed the sentinel to open the gate and let the dogs out. History has not recorded a more vigorous onslaught than that made at this time by these noble brutes in defense of their masters. Rushing furiously down the hill and into the ranks of the enemy, they sprang at the throats of the latter and for a time completely arrested the efforts of the savages, who were utterly surprised by this attack from such an unexpected source. This incident and the flight of the horses turned the tide for the whites and saved to them the day. It is said that Mrs. Robertson stood at the gate after the battle and, patting each dog on the head as he came into the fort, said she "thanked God that he had given Indians a love for horses and a fear of dogs."

As soon as the attention of the Indians was diverted by the attack of the dogs, the settlers started on a run for the fort, still carrying with them the wounded. In this retreat Isaac Lucas, brother of Major Lucas, who had been killed at Freeland's, was shot down, his thigh being broken. He was in the rear and the other members of the party having already passed on, could not return to lend him aid. As he fell he turned his face toward the advancing foe, determined to fight to the death. Quickly priming his gun, he took aim at a big Indian in front of the pursuing party and shot him dead in his tracks. Some of the men had now reached cover of the fort and seeing the dangerous position of Lucas, began firing at the savages, whereupon they turned and fled. Dragging himself to a place of safety the wounded man escaped into the fort. After lying on his back for a few weeks this hardy pioneer arose and went about his work with only a little lameness as a result of his wound.

Edward Swanson, whose marriage is recorded as having taken place only a short time before, was also one of this retreating party. His rifle having been knocked from his hand by one of

the enemy when only a short distance from the gate, he turned upon the savage and, seizing his gun barrel, began a struggle for its possession. Finally the Indian wrested it from Swanson and struck the latter a blow which felled him to the ground. All this time the men within the fort had been watching the contest, but were afraid to shoot lest they might wound their comrade. However, seeing that Swanson would be killed unless relief was given, John Buchanan now rushed out of the gate and fired at the Indian, inflicting a mortal wound. The latter supported himself against a stump nearby for a short time and then hobbled off into the woods, where his dead body was afterwards found. Swanson was carried into the fort and afterwards recovered.

Thus ended the "Battle of the Bluff." The Indians scalped the settlers who had been left dead on the field, and taking with them such guns and ammunition as had been left, retired to the woods about 10 A. M. Just how many of the attacking party were killed is not known. The bodies of several were found at various places in the forest round about, and by reason of the Indian custom it is supposed that a number of their dead and wounded were carried away.

That night another feeble attack was made on the fort, presumably by a party that had failed to arrive in time to take part in the battle of the morning. They were plainly to be seen gathered in a group several hundred yards west of the station. They had fired only a few rounds when Colonel Robertson determined to give them a shot from the cannon. Some of the men protested that they could not spare the powder, and that there were no cannon balls in their stock of ammunition. However, over these objections the piece was well loaded with broken horseshoes, scraps of lead and bits of pottery. Behind this was a heavy charge of powder, each settler having contributed a small amount from his flask. Despite constant danger and privation

there was yet left to the Stationers a fine sense of humor. Everything being in readiness, the spark was applied. Many cannon, both great and small, in peace and in war, have since that time been fired on the Cumberland, but probably none has ever made quite so loud a report as did this little swivel as it broke the stillness of that April night. The party of redskins toward which the shot was directed quickly vanished and were seen no more. The scarred and broken tree trunks and saplings in the neighborhood of where they stood, afterwards paid silent but eloquent tribute to the wisdom of their unceremonious departure. Supposing this shot to be a signal of distress, a party from Eaton's Station soon arrived on the opposite bank of the river and called for boats to bring them over. Two men were quietly slipped down the bank behind the fort and made the crossing and return in safety, bringing their friends into the Bluff Station. There the visitors spent the night, keeping watch in the tower until daylight.

A few days later William Hood and Peter Renfroe were killed in North Nashville; Hood in the McGavock addition near Freeland's, and Renfroe between there and the sulphur spring. The enemy now lay in wait by every path and along every trail until it was perilous to attempt passage from one fort to another, while others in bands hovered around, shooting cattle, killing and driving the game from the woods, and committing every other conceivable depredation in order that the food supply might be exhausted and the unwelcome emigrants thus forced to abandon their newly-acquired land.

CHAPTER XXIII.

EVENTS OF 1782.—DAVID HOOD SCALPED.—KILGORE'S STATION BROKEN UP.—GENERAL COUNCIL CALLED. WM. M'MURRY KILLED.

About the close of the year 1781 the settlers enjoyed a brief season of quiet, but early in February following, signs of the enemy again appeared. Soon thereafter John Tucker and Joseph Hendrix were fired upon near the sulphur spring while returning by the buffalo trail from Freeland's to the Bluff. Each had an arm broken, but in the race which followed they reached the fort ahead of the savages. Having grown careless they had on this occasion gone out unarmed, a mistake seldom made by the settlers.

From this attack it was evident that the Indians were again on the warpath, and a signal gun was fired to warn the residents of Freeland's and Eaton's. A party of scouts set out at once from the Bluff in search of the band which had made the attack on Tucker and Hendrix, but they had made good their escape.

A few days later David Hood was traveling the same road from Freeland's to the Bluff. When in the sulphur spring bottom several Indians who were hiding in the cane gave chase, firing at him as he ran. Thinking there was no chance for escape Hood fell forward on his face, feigning death. The savages, coming up, gathered about him, and concluding that he was dead, one of them twisted his fingers in the hair of their victim and with a dull knife deliberately sawed off his scalp. This operation Hood endured without moving a muscle or uttering a groan. His tormentors then stamped him several times on the back with their feet and journeyed on toward the fort. When their footsteps were no longer heard he raised his head cautiously and seeing no sign of danger, got up and started toward the Bluff.

For some reason the Indians had halted just over the hill, and Hood, following them unawares, suddenly found himself again in their presence. They promptly fell upon him the second time, and after inflicting what they supposed to be mortal wounds, threw his body on a brush heap and left him for dead. Next morning he was found by some of the settlers, who, thinking him dead, carried him to the station and placed him in an outhouse adjoining. Some of the women went out to see him and insisted there were signs of life in the body. At their direction he was taken into the fort, his wounds dressed and restoratives administered. He soon recovered and by midsummer was able to be about his work.

Hood was a cooper by trade and a bachelor. He was long and lank of body, a great wag, and withal a noted character among the early settlers. He lived at Nashborough for many years after the events above described. The settlers at Kilgore's Station, in Robertson County, had so far been undisturbed. They had come to suppose that because of their distance from the other forts they were free from attack. In this, however, they were doomed to disappointment. The sharp eye of the avenging savage had spied them out. Late in the summer of 1782 Samuel Martin and Isaac Johnson, two occupants of the station, were captured near by and taken prisoners into the Creek Nation. Johnson soon escaped and returned to the fort, but Martin remained with his captors for about a year. He came home elegantly dressed, wearing silver spurs on his boots and bringing with him two valuable horses. It was currently reported and generally believed that during the period of his alleged captivity he had accompanied the Creeks on some of their marauding expeditions and shared with them the captured booty.

In the fall two young men by the name of Mason went from Kilgore's to Clay Lick to watch for deer. They hid in a canebrake

close by, and while thus in waiting seven Indians came to the Lick, probably for the same purpose as themselves. The Masons fired and killed two of them, the remainder of the band retreating. Elated at this easy victory the young men hastened back to the fort and there were joined by three or four of the settlers with whom they returned to the lick and scalped the dead Indians.

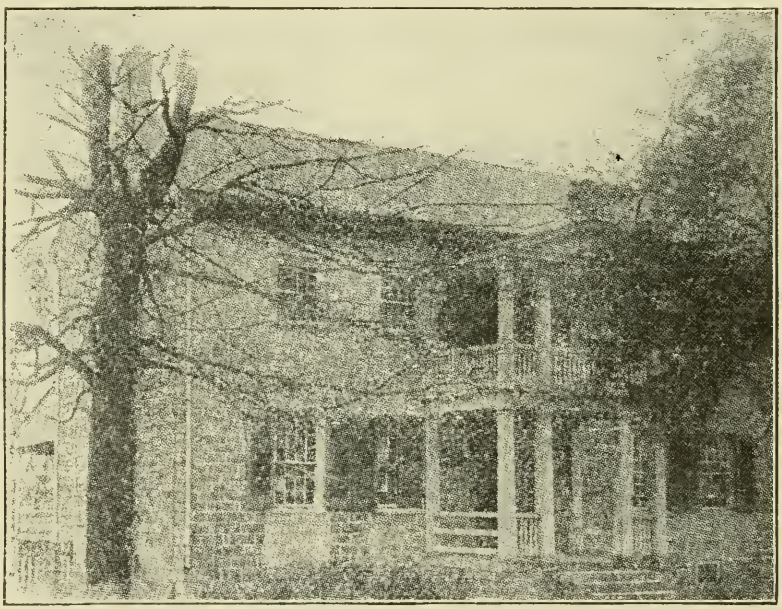
Late the same evening John and Ephraim Peyton, en route from Bledsoe's Station to Kentucky, stopped at Kilgore's to spend the night. When they arose to pursue their journey next morning they discovered that their horses, together with some of those belonging to the settlement, had been stolen. Suspicion at once pointed to a band of Indians who at that time were prowling around the neighborhood. Pursuit was made and the thieves overtaken on Peyton's Creek, a stream afterwards so called because of this incident. The whites opened fire, killing one of the band and retaking all of the horses. On their return, and while they were encamped for the night, the Indians made a circuit and lay in ambush at a point in the road between them and the fort. As the whites were going on toward home next morning the savages poured into their ranks a deadly fire, killing Josiah Hoskins and one of the Masons. The bodies of these were carried to the fort and buried nearby. The settlers at Kilgore's now became so much alarmed that they moved to the Bluff, thus breaking up their station. Among those residing at Kilgore's Station at the time it was broken up were the Kilgores, Moses and Ambrose Maulding, Jesse Simons and others.

The occupants of all the forts were at this time so much harassed that they could neither plant nor cultivate their fields. Sentinels must be stationed on every side, and even while one person knelt at a spring to drink another must stand ready, rifle in hand, to shoot a creeping savage who might suddenly appear. If three or four were assembled on the open ground on business

or for social visitation, they dared not face each other, but standing back to back, they looked north, south, east and west, watching in every direction for the stealthy approach of a skulking foe.

A general council was now called to consider the best interests of the settlement. Many favored a removal to a place of greater safety. This, however, was vigorously opposed by Colonel Robertson. He pointed out to the assembled colonists the impossibility of escape either to East Tennessee or to the forts in Kentucky, as all the roads thither were now known to be heavily guarded by the Indians, in evident anticipation of such an attempt. He argued that a journey could not be made by water to Natchez or Kaskaskia. There were no means of transportation. Nearly all the boats belonging to the Donelson flotilla had been dismantled and the material used in building cabins and outhouses adjacent thereto, and it would be imprudent at this time to venture into the woods for material with which to build another fleet. Thus in whatever way they might begin the journey they would be surely stalking into the jaws of death. Indeed, this meeting marked a crisis in the history of the settlement. Before its adjournment all came to recognize the fact that conditions and not theory must guide their deliberations, and the idea of removal was abandoned. Later in the fall of this year General Daniel Smith, Hugh Rogan and William McMurry were traveling the buffalo trail from Bledsoe's to Mansker's Lick. When near the present site of Cragfont, the ancient home of Gen. James Winchester, in the First Civil District of Sumner County, a party of Indians opened fire upon them, killing McMurry and wounding General Smith. The gun of the latter fell from his hands, but he caught it up again, and, with Rogan, began a fusillade with the enemy, who soon got the worst of it and ran, making their escape into the tall cane. General Smith recovered and afterwards became Secretary of the territorial government and later

succeeded Andrew Jackson as Senator from Tennessee in the Congress of the United States. He was born in Fanguier County, Virginia, October 29, 1748; was a skilled civil engineer, and by actual survey made the first map of the State of Tennessee. Coming to Middle Tennessee at an early period in its history, he married a daughter of Col. John Donelson, and selected a fine body of land on Drake's Creek, near Hendersonville, in Sumner County. Here in 1784 he built "Rock Castle," his historic residence,



ROCK CASTLE

which still stands. Under General Smith's own supervision it was built from stone taken from a quarry a few hundred yards away. The land on which it stands is now the property of his great-granddaughter, Mrs. Horatio Berry, of Hendersonville. General Smith died at Rock Castle, June 16, 1818, and was buried in the family cemetery nearby.

CHAPTER XXIV.

EVENTS OF 1783.—FORTS ESTABLISHED IN SUMNER COUNTY. COURT OF TRIERS ASSEMBLES.—SAVAGE FURY AGAIN UPON THE SETTLEMENT.—TREATY FORMULATED.

With the beginning of 1783 prospects of peace began to brighten. News of the surrender of Cornwallis and the acknowledged independence of the American colonies came over the mountains and caused great rejoicing on the western frontier. In its wake came a number of emigrants to take the place of those who had removed to other localities. The colonies at Boonesborough, Harrodsburg and Davis' Station, in Kentucky, were also augmented by emigrants from the East. During this year the first dry goods store west of the Allegheny Mountains was established at Louisville, the goods with which it was stocked being brought on pack horses from Philadelphia. Soon thereafter Col. James Wilkinson established a second store at Lexington.

Because of a feeling of greater security which now prevailed, some of the Cumberland stations formerly abandoned were reoccupied and others established. Kasper Mansker and his associates who for two years had been living at Eaton's and the Bluff, selected a site on the east side of Mansker's Creek a mile above the old station, and there built a new fort. The Ashers also returned to their station southeast of Gallatin.

In the early spring Maj. John Buchanan and the Mulherrins selected land and built a fort four miles east of Nashborough, near where the Lebanon branch of the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railroad crosses Mill Creek. This was known as Buchanan's Station and some years later was the scene of a vigorous assault by the Indians.

During this year Anthony Bledsoe, Absalom Tatom and Isaac

Shelby, who afterwards became the first Governor of Kentucky, were sent over as a commission from North Carolina charged with the duty of laying off to certain soldiers lands in the Cumberland Valley. This was in payment for services rendered in the recent war of the Revolution. Bledsoe, who was accompanied thither by his family, decided to remain in the settlement. In the fall he established a station at Greenfield, about two and a half miles north of his brother Isaac's fort at Bledsoe's Lick, and on a beautiful eminence in one of the richest bodies of land in Sumner County. The site is on the farm now owned by William Chenault. About the same time James McCain, James Franklin, Elmore Douglass, Charles Carter and others built a fort on the west side of Big Station Camp Creek in Sumner County. It was located at a point south of where the Long Hollow turnpike crosses that stream. This site is near Douglass Chapel and on the land owned by Mrs. Ellen Brown, wife of the late Dr. Alfred Brown.

Because of an almost incessant warfare with the Indians the Court of Triers had held but few sessions since its creation two years before and of these no official record had been kept. It now began to sit regularly, the first recorded session being held on January 7, 1783. At this time the following Judges were present, to wit: James Robertson, George Freeland, Thomas Molloy, Isaac Lindsey, David Roundsevall, Heydon Wells, James Maulding, Ebenezer Titus, Samuel Benton and Andrew Ewing. At a second meeting held on January 18, Isaac Bledsoe and Capt. John Blackmore appeared and took the oath of office, completing the twelve, and thus constituting a full bench.

Numerous sessions were held this year at which a number of orders were made and decisions rendered. On February 5, John Montgomery was sworn in as sheriff of the district, and Andrew Ewing, one of their number, was made clerk of the court. Mont-

gomery was later deposed from office because he was suspected of being in league with the "Colbert Gang," a notorious band of river pirates who infested the Cumberland, Tennessee and Mississippi Rivers. Thomas Fletcher was selected by the court to fill out Montgomery's unexpired term.

The minutes of this court as preserved by the Tennessee Historical Society are at once unique and interesting. By an order made at the February term the sheriff was commanded to take the body of John Sasseed, keep it safely and bring it before the court on the first day of March following, then and there to satisfy a judgment for twenty pounds and cost of suit, recently rendered against said Sasseed and in favor of John Tucker.

At the August meeting of the court one of the cases heard was that of Frederick Stump against Isaac Renfroe. This suit was over certain property hidden away at the breaking up of Renfroe's Station, on Red River. Renfroe had left there at that time a quantity of iron which he had later sold "sight unseen" to Stump, who was a miller and blacksmith. Renfroe's brother James afterwards brought away a part of this iron, placing it in the custody of David Roundsevall. Stump, hearing of this action, forthwith attached the estate of Isaac Renfroe, seeking to hold same for the loss thus sustained. He also caused to be issued a garnishment against Roundsevall. The latter answered, but declined to make defense. The facts appearing to the court as alleged, judgment was given against Renfroe for a hundred and sixty dollars and costs. However, the court considered that the iron in Roundsevall's possession was of equal value and it was ordered delivered to the plaintiff in satisfaction of all claims.

This year six spies were employed by the settlement. It was their duty to continually scout through the woods and thus discover, if possible, the movements of the savages. They were under the direction of Colonel Robertson and Isaac Bledsoe, and

were paid seventy-five bushels of corn per month in compensation for services rendered. As fifty dollars per bushel was considered a reasonable price for corn on the Cumberland at that time it would seem that their wages were ample. However, their duties were full of peril. The record shows that most of the spies employed from time to time in defense of the settlement met death at the hands of the Indians. The latter exhibited an especial delight in taking them captive, torturing them, and mutilating their bodies after death. In the month of March Colonel Robertson was elected to represent the settlement in the North Carolina Legislature, which was then in session. He set out at once for Hillsborough, the State capital, traveling the entire distance of seven hundred miles alone and at his own expense. While there he secured the passage of an act establishing an "Inferior Court of Pleas and Quarter Session" at Nashborough. This tribunal, which took the place of the Court of Judges and Triers, consisted of eight members, appointed by the Governor from the citizenship of the settlement. It was clothed with military, legislative and judicial powers. As members of the court the Governor issued a commission each to Isaac Bledsoe, Samuel Barton, Isaac Lindsey, Francis Prince, James Robertson, Thomas Molloy, Anthony Bledsoe and Daniel Smith.

The peace which for several months had been maintained was now broken, and the fury of the savages was again upon the settlement. Roger Top was killed and Roger Glass wounded at Rains' Station, in Waverly Place. William, Joseph and Daniel Dunham, were all killed, while prospecting on Richland Creek, and Joshua Norrington and Joel Mills soon thereafter met a like fate. Patsy, daughter of John Raines, with Betsy Williams behind her, was riding on horseback in West Nashville when they were fired upon and the latter killed. Miss Raines escaped uninjured and fled in safety to the bluff. Joseph Nolan lost his life while alone in

the woods, and a while thereafter his father, Thomas Nolan, was also killed. The Indians crept up to Buchanan's Station, only recentlly established, and killed Samuel Buchanan and William Mulherrin, who were guarding the fort. William Overall and Joshua Thomas were ambushed and shot while en route from the Cumberland Settlement to Kentucky. Finally the enemy came at night to the Bluff, stole all the horses around the countryside and began a hasty flight toward the South. A company of twenty soldiers under command of Captain Pruett pursued them to a point beyond Duck River. There they overtook the Indians, whom they fired upon and dispersed. Recovering the stolen horses the whites recrossed the river and camped for the night on the northern shore. The Indians followed them over in the darkness, and at daybreak made an attack on the camp, during which they killed Moses Brown. Thus surprised, the whites fled from the canebrake in which the camp was located to a higher point on the open ground in the rear. There they reformed and awaited the approach of the enemy. The latter, who were far superior to them in numbers, came up in good order and a fierce battle ensued. Captain Pruett's men were put to rout and fled in all haste to the Bluff, leaving Daniel Pruett and Daniel Johnson dead on the field. Morris Shine and several others were wounded, but escaped by the aid of their comrades. The Indians recaptured all the stolen horses, together with those belonging to the men who had been killed. This defeat was a great misfortune, coming as it did at a time when the strength of the enemy was somewhat on the wane. Captain Pruett had only recently come to the settlement, and though a trained soldier, was unskilled in Indian warfare. At the beginning of the attack he reproved his men for sheltering behind rocks and trees, insisting that they should line up in the open and fight as in regular warfare. They obeyed his command and thus met disastrous defeat.

During April or May, 1783, the State of Virginia appointed a commission to visit the Cumberland Settlement and there make a treaty with the Southern tribes. This action aroused some indignation on the part of the settlers. They desired to know by what authority representatives of another State could come upon soil of North Carolina for such a purpose. They also doubted the wisdom of assembling around the stations a large party of the enemy whom they had so long fought, and of whom the people stood in such continuous dread. Added to the danger with which such action was fraught was also the expense of furnishing food to so large a company for an indefinite period. On the other hand it was argued that such a gathering might bring about peace, a condition above all others to be desired.

To determine the will of the people on this subject an election was held at the various stations on June 5. Colonel Robertson and the leading men of the settlement generally voted against the proposition, but a summing up of the returns showed that it was favored by a majority of the settlement, and in pursuance thereof the Indians and commissioners were invited to assemble.

The council took place the latter part of June at the big spring four miles northwest of Nashville on the east side of the Charlotte turnpike. The body of land surrounding this spring had already been selected by Colonel Robertson as his homestead, and thereon he later built a brick residence, which stood for many years after his death. This was also the site of the old Nashville camp-ground. Thither came the chiefs and head warriors of the Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws and Chickasaws, bedecked in all their savage regalia and accompanied by a vast horde of squaws and papooses, and as is the latter-day custom of these tribes in the West on such occasion, they brought with them all the dogs, cats, chickens, geese and other domestic animals and fowls, such as they happen to possess. On the whole the assembly was in-

deed a motley crew. However, they were received in a cordial manner by the settlers, by whom they were well fed and otherwise provided for during a stay of a week or ten days. There were provided for the occasion various kinds of amusement, such as foot races, ball games and jumping contests, in which the visitors engaged with great zest. They were delighted with the reception accorded and some friendships were formed which proved of value to the settlers in after years.

Col. John Donelson, at that time living in Kentucky, and Colonel Martin represented Virginia at this council, and by the end of June a treaty was concluded ceding to the whites a scope of country extending forty miles south of the Cumberland to the watershed of Elk and Duck Rivers. But this agreement was likewise between an individual State and the Indians instead of being between the latter and the Federal Government. It was therefore open to legal objctions and was later declared void. However, the occasion of its making was of benefit to the settlers by reason of the personal association above mentioned, and also because it served to further cement the friendship already existing between them and the Chickasaws. The Creeks and Cherokees, as was their custom, violated all the terms of the treaty and soon thereafter were preying upon the settlement with characteristic cruelty.

Though this treaty was rendered void, its principal features were included in that made by the Government with the same tribes at Hopewell, South Carolina, in November, 1785.

On April 14, 1783, the Legislature of North Carolina established Davidson County. It was so named in honor of Gen. William Davidson, of North Carolina, who was killed on the Catawba while trying to check the British troops in pursuit of General Morgan on his march from the battle of the Cowpens. The boundary of Davidson at that time included the entire populated portion of Middle Tennessee.

The first act of the Davidson County Court was to order the building of a courthouse and jail, the contract for these structures being let soon thereafter. The former was eighteen feet square and of hewed logs. There was also on one side of the building a lean-to, or shed, twelve feet long. The site of the present courthouse on the Public Square in Nashville was selected for its location. The jail building was also built of hewed logs, each a foot square.

CHAPTER XXV.

EVENTS OF 1784.—MILITIA REORGANIZED.—HUNTING PARTIES ATTACKED BY INDIANS.

On January 6, 1784, the Court of Pleas and Common Sessions, all the Judges present, convened at Nashborough and proceeded to exercise the military arm of its power by reorganizing the militia. Officers were elected as follows: Anthony Bledsoe, First Colonel; Isaac Bledsoe, First Major; Samuel Barton, Second Major; Kasper Mansker, First Captain; George Freeland, Second Captain; John Buchanan, Third Captain; James Ford, Fourth Captain; William Ramsey, Jonathan Drake, Ambrose Maulding and Peter Sides, Lieutenants; William Collins and Elmore Douglass, Ensigns, and Daniel Smith, Surveyor. The court met for the April term some distance out of Nashborough in a vacant house owned by Jonathan Drake. Probably because of some question as to its right to sit so far from the designated place, an immediate adjournment was taken to the residence of Israel Herman, who lived near the Bluff fort. By an act of the Legislature of North Carolina in May of this year the name of the village which had grown up around the Bluff was changed from Nashborough to Nashville, and such it has since remained. Frequent excursions for purposes of murder and plunder continued

to be made by the Indians. Cornelius Riddle was hunting between Buchanan's Station and Stones River. He killed two wild turkeys and hung them up in a tree while he went in pursuit of another. The Indians who were skulking in the neighborhood heard the report of his gun, and coming near lay in ambush awaiting his return. He was shot and mortally wounded. The enemy took his scalp, and then seizing the turkeys, fled hastily from a vengeance which they knew would otherwise be swift.

In the early spring Nicholas Trammel and Philip Mason were stalking game along the headwaters of White's Creek, a few miles northwest of Goodlettsville. While they were down on the ground skinning a deer which had been killed a large company of Indians crept up from behind and opened fire, slightly wounding Mason. They then stole the carcass of the deer and pursued their journey up the creek. After running some distance through the woods Mason stopped to dress his wound and also to await the return of Trammel, who went on to Eaton's for reinforcements. Later Trammel came back with four of the settlers, and being joined by Mason, the entire party started post-haste after the enemy. They soon found the trail and followed rapidly, but in their haste failed to notice that the large number of tracks they were following had grown less. The Indians, suspecting pursuit, has gradually slipped aside, one and two at a time, in order that the whites might be thus entrapped.

Finally a few who yet led on were overtaken and the settlers dismounting rushed upon them, killing two of their number. In the meantime the Indians in the rear came up, captured the horses and opened a deadly fire on the whites, during which Mason received a mortal wound. His companions ran into the woods and thus escaped. Trammel objected to this hasty retreat and desertion of Mason, but his comrades insisted that it was useless to continue the fight, as the contest was unequal. After traveling

some distance they met Josiah Hoskins, who was known in the settlement as a soldier braver than Julius Caesar, and also a better rifleman. Led now by Trammel and Hoskins, the party started again in pursuit of the Indians, and coming up with them the fight was renewed, this time from behind trees. After three of the Indians had been killed, Trammel and Hoskins boldly came out into the open determined to put the enemy to flight. No sooner had they done so than each received a shot and died instantly. The rest of the whites held their ground and kept up the fire until both parties were exhausted, and by common consent gave up the contest. Each company then went its way, leaving its dead on the field.

During the summer George Espie, Andrew Lucas, Thomas Sharp Spencer and a scout by the name of Johnson left the Bluff on horseback for a hunting-expedition on Drake's Creek, in Sumner County. As they crossed the creek their horses stopped to drink. A band of Indians who were in ambush along the bank opened fire upon the party while they were yet in midstream. Lucas was shot through the neck and also wounded in the mouth. He rode to the bank, dismounted, and attempted to return the fire, but the blood gushed from his mouth and wet the priming in his gun. Seeing that the weapon was thus useless he crawled away and hid himself in a bunch of briers. Espie alighted from his horse and at the same moment received a shot which broke his thigh, but he continued to load and return the fire. Spencer and Johnson made a gallant stand in defense of their comrades and for a time held the enemy at bay. Finally, however, a bullet broke Spencer's right arm and they were obliged to leave the wounded men to their fate. Espie was killed and scalped, but the savages failed to find Lucas, who escaped and returned to the fort.

CHAPTER XXVI.

EVENTS OF 1785.—WM. HALL ARRIVES AT BLEDSOE'S LICK.—REV. THOS. B. CRAIGHEAD.

The gloom of despair hung like a cloud over the settlement at the beginning of 1785. Indian foes, incited to action by an unseen influence, were again making frequent excursions into the region round about, murdering and maiming as zealously as at any time during the previous four years.

The Spanish Government, with headquarters at New Orleans and Natchez, had so far failed in its attempts, first to win the allegiance of the colony, and second, to destroy it by intrigues with the savages. It now threatened to prohibit all navigation of the Mississippi River and thereby close the only avenue by which the settlers in Tennessee and Kentucky might market their corn and tobacco. Such action on the part of Spain must surely lead to ultimate disaster. Colonel Robertson was again at the capital of North Carolina. Here he was exerting himself in an effort to convince the Legislature of the needs of its western settlement in order that aid might be extended. About all he could at any time secure from that august body was its permission to do certain things, provided always that any expense thus incurred should be borne by the settlement, and that under no condition should any part thereof be paid from the State treasury.

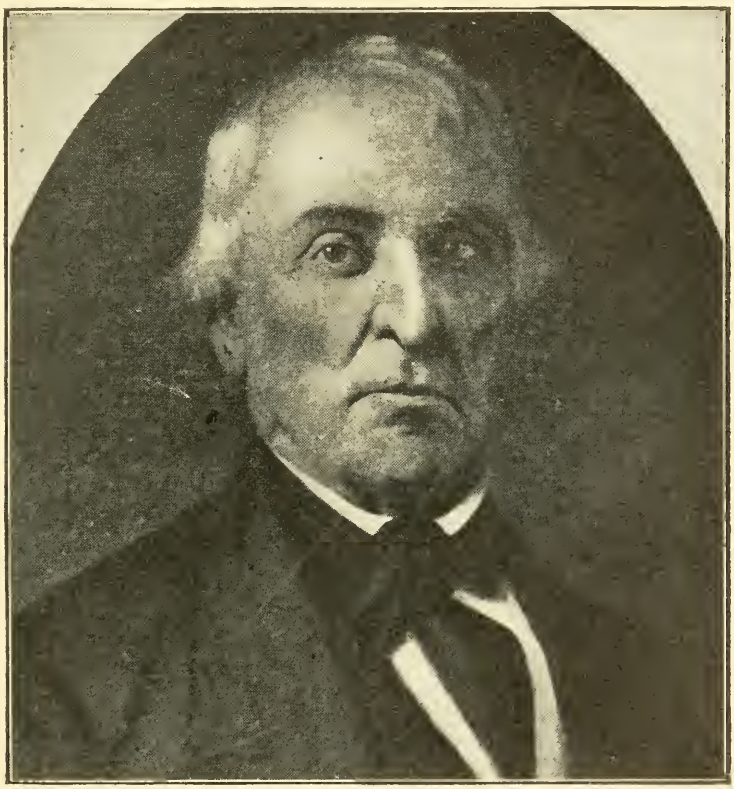
An appeal to the Federal Government for protection against Spanish oppression and savage onslaught was at this time and for many years thereafter equally futile. Some excuse for this action on the part of the latter may be found in the fact that during most of the period mentioned its foreign representatives were attempting to negotiate a treaty with Spain. It therefore feared to offend that power by demanding protection for its western frontier. Both Congress, and the Legislature of the parent State

by their acts were continually saying to the struggling colonists beyond the mountains: "You have assumed your present position of danger without our leave, therefore shift for yourselves. We have enough to do to take care of our colonies east of the Alleghanies."

Moses Brown this year built a fort two and a half miles west of Nashville, near Richardson Creek and south of Richland turnpike. Scarcely was it finished when Brown was killed and scalped and his family driven back to the Bluff. A hired man who lived with William Stuart was murdered at the forks of Mill Creek on the farm which was afterwards owned by Judge John Haywood, the Tennessee historian.

During the summer of this year Colonel Robertson, Colonel Weakly and Edmund Hickman, the latter a popular man and a good surveyor, went down on Piney Creek, in Hickman County, for the purpose of entering some tracts of land. They were surprised by a party of Indians and in the fight, which followed, Hickman was killed. Robertson and Weakly made a safe retreat to the Bluff. Late in the fall William Hall arrived at Bledsoe's Lick. He was accompanied by his wife and children, among the latter being William Hall, Jr., a future Governor of the State. Having sold his possessions in Surrey County, North Carolina, in 1779, the elder Hall started to Kentucky, but because of his inability to get through the wilderness with his family at that time, halted at New River, Virginia. There he bought a tract of land on which he lived until the present year. Concluding now to remove to the Cumberland country he again disposed of his property and pursued his journey, reaching Bledsoe's fort on November 20. Selecting land a mile north of the Lick he built a residence and removed his family thereto about January 1. This property has since remained in the family and is now owned by his great-grandson, Judge William Hall, of Gallatin.

The year 1785 was marked by the advent of Rev. Thomas B. Craighead, a Presbyterian minister, and the first of any denomination to make his home on the Cumberland. Craighead was a graduate of old Nassau Hall, now Princeton University, a man of sound learning, strong intellect and earnest piety. By the



GOV. WILLIAM HALL

presbytery of Orange, in his native State, North Carolina, he was ordained to the ministry in 1780. A few years later he removed to Kentucky and for a time preached to the Stationers there, but again changed his residence, coming to Middle Tennessee. It is said that this was done at the solicitation of Colonel Robertson,

with whom he had become acquainted in North Carolina. On arriving at the Cumberland settlement he at once began his work, preaching his first sermon with a stump for a pulpit, and with fallen trees as seats for his congregation. Fixing his residence at Haysborough, six miles northeast of Nashville, he taught school during the week and preached on Sunday. A stone building twenty-four by thirty feet in size was erected at Nashville, and in this for thirty years thereafter he taught and held religious service. The declining years of this pioneer preacher were saddened by a trial for heresy, the result of which was his suspension from the ministry. This order of suspension, however, was revoked before his death. He was a man of strong character, and while active in extending the knowledge of the gospel, he was opposed to the revival measures which led to the formation of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. He died at Nashville in 1824. Throughout all his trials Gen. Andrew Jackson was his staunch admirer and loyal friend.

During the year 1785 also the first physician to the settlement arrived at Nashville in the person of Dr. John Sappington. The latter acquired much reputation as a practitioner throughout the colony.

The first lawyers in the settlement came this year in the persons of Edward Douglass and Thomas Molloy, who announced that they would practice in all the courts of Davidson County. A historian of that period says that neither of these gentlemen had studied law as a science, but being of sound practical sense, and possessed of good business talents, and of the gift of speech, they soon had a large clientage. The only law books they possessed were the Acts of the North Carolina Legislature in pamphlet form.

CHAPTER XXVII.

EVENTS OF 1786.—POPULATION OF SETTLEMENT INCREASES.—INDIANS RENEW HOSTILITIES.—DEFEATED CREEK ATTACK. DEATH OF COLONEL DONELSON.—SUMNER COUNTY ORGANIZED.

This year, despite frequent attacks from the enemy, the population of the settlement was largely increased by immigration from beyond the mountains. A new station was established by John Morgan, who built a fort in Sumner County at the mouth of Dry Fork Creek, two and a half miles northwest of Col. Anthony Bledsoe's Station at Greenfield, and near the present site of Rogana. This fort was also in the midst of a beautiful body of land, formerly the property of William Baskerville, but now owned by Dr. Jesse Johnson. The Indians were again on the warpath, however, and the first act in the annual tragedy was the murder of Peter Barnett and David Steel by a party of Cherokees on the waters of Blooming Grove Creek, below Clarksville, in Montgomery County. Near the same place a few days later the Indians captured William Crutcher, and sticking a rusty hunting knife into his body, went on their way, leaving him by the roadside to die of pain and neglect. When they were gone Crutcher crawled to the cabin of a neighboring settler, where he was nursed back to life. He continued for many years thereafter a valued citizen of the settlement.

In January a band of horse thieves, probably Creeks, who having ended a war in Georgia now turned their attention to the Cumberland, appeared in the region around Bledsoe's Lick. During the night they stole all William Hall's horses, twelve in number, from an enclosure near his house. Fearing for the safety of his family, Hall now moved back to Bledsoe's fort, where he remained until fall, when he again returned to his plantation.

About the first of February a party, consisting of John Peyton, Ephraim and Thomas Peyton, his brothers; John Frazier, Thomas Pugh and Esquire Grant, went hunting and surveying in Smith County. They camped on what is now known as Defeated Creek, north of Carthage. The weather was cold, the ground being covered with snow, and they had built a log fire around which they were lounging late at night. About ten o'clock the dogs belonging to the party began to bark and run about the camp, but the hunters supposed that wild animals were prowling around, having been attracted thither by the fresh meat of which they had killed a large quantity. John Peyton raised himself on his elbow and was in the act of hissing the dogs on when a band of about sixty Indians, led by "Hanging Maw," the Cherokee chief, fired a volley in upon the unsuspecting whites as they lay stretched around the camp fire. Four of the six were wounded. John Peyton's arm was broken in two places. Thomas Peyton was shot in the shoulder, Esquire Grant in the thigh, and John Frazier through the calf of the leg. Ephraim Peyton escaped a shot, but put his ankle out of place in jumping down a bluff on the bank of the creek. As he sprang to his feet in the beginning of the attack John Peyton threw over the fire a blanket which was around him, and in the darkness the party separated and fled through the lines of the enemy. In so doing they left behind them their horses, saddles and bridles, surveyor's compass and camp outfit, all of which the Indians captured. The entire party finally reached Bledsoe's fort in safety, coming in one at a time and each reporting that his comrades were killed or captured.

By the aid of a crooked stick Ephraim Peyton hobbled along for a distance of twenty miles, when in what is now Trousdale County, near where Hartsville stands, he fortunately slipped and fell, knocking his ankle back in place. After this he walked on to the fort without further delay.

The stream on which this ill-fated camp was located took its name from the attack.

A year later Peyton sent Hanging Maw a message requesting him to return the horses and compass he had stolen. In his reply declining to do so, the chief is reported to have said: "You, John Peyton, ran away like a coward and left them. As for your land stealer, I have broken that against a tree." Of course the charge of cowardice was unfair, as all the party were trained soldiers and men of unsullied bravery. Besides such an accusation from such a source was not well taken, for when brought face to face with a superior force none was more fleet of foot than Hanging Maw.

John Peyton was the son of Robert and Ann Guffey Peyton and was born in Amherst County, Virginia, in 1755. He was descended from a prominent family of Virginians whose family tree may be traced to the reign of William the Conqueror. At the age of nineteen, together with his twin brother, Ephraim, he joined the army of the Revolution under Gen. Andrew Lewis. Both were in the battle of Point Pleasant, at the mouth of the Big Kanawah, in 1774. He came to Middle Tennessee in 1779, where he fought with distinction in the various Indian battles. John Peyton was in command of Rock Island Ford, on the Caney Fork River, in which battle he displayed great courage and presence of mind. His father, Robert Peyton, came to visit his son John some years later, at what is now known as "Peytonia Farm," in Sumner County, and was the last white man killed by the Indians. This occurred at Bledsoe's Lick, where he had gone to look after some cattle. John Peyton, who was by occupation a surveyor, married Margaret Hamilton, daughter of Capt. John W. Hamilton, of the British army. The latter was of distinguished Scotch lineage and participated in the battle of Fort Duquesne under General Braddock. He resigned years after-

ward and became a citizen of Tennessee, where he, too, engaged in the Indian wars. His son, John W. Hamilton, Jr., was an able lawyer and jurist and was a contemporary of Jackson, Grundy, Houston and other legal lights.

John and Margaret Hamilton Peyton reared a large family,

BAILIE PEYTON

among them being Bailie and Joseph Peyton, both of whom became members of Congress from the district of which Sumner County was a part. As previously related, Ephraim Peyton was one of the party that accompanied James Robertson across the mountains from Watauga to the Cumberland.

The tragic death of Col. John Donelson during the fall of 1786 ended a useful and honorable career. A short time before the occurrence of this unfortunate event his family, together with that of his son, John Donelson, Jr., had returned from Kentucky, again taking up their residence at Mansker's Station. At the time of this removal the Colonel was away on business in Virginia. His affairs being finally arranged there he journeyed back toward Davis' Station, in Kentucky, traveling the well-known route through Cumberland Gap. At Davis' he learned that his family had already returned to the Cumberland, and after a few days rest he started South to join them.

On the morning of his departure two young men at the station asked permission to accompany him on the journey, saying that they, too, were bound for the Southern settlement. Two days later these young men appeared alone at the gate of the fort at Mansker's and made a statement in substance as follows: On the morning of their departure from the Kentucky station they had traveled with Colonel Donelson until the heat of the day. Coming at that time to a spring by the roadside they stopped for a drink. Colonel Donelson did not tarry with them, but rode on, saying that he was anxious to reach home. He had not gone far when they heard several shots. Their impression at the time was that his sons had met him on the way and were firing a salute. After some delay at the spring they had resumed their journey and at length overtook him, severely wounded and in great agony, but still riding along the road. Their supposition now was that he had been shot by Indians. They had camped together at sundown on the north bank of Barren River, and during the night Colonel Donelson died. On the following morning they had buried his body beside the stream, and taking his horse, saddle and saddle-bags, started toward Nashville, but in crossing the river the saddle-bags had washed off and floated away.

On receipt of this intelligence the sons of Colonel Donelson took one of the young men with them and returned at once to the designated ford on Barren River in search of their father's remains and for evidence in confirmation of the above story of his death. They found the body and surroundings very much as their informants had described. The saddle-bags above mentioned had contained many valuable papers, and it was believed a large amount of money also. Some distance down stream from where the crossing was alleged to have taken place the saddle-bags and some of the papers were found, but the money was missing.

The young men were placed under arrested charged with the murder of Colonel Donelson, but no further evidence of their guilt being discovered, they were subsequently released. Thus to this day the death of Colonel John Donelson remains shrouded in mystery.

By an act of the North Carolina Legislature the county of Sumner was established in November, 1786. It was so named in honor of General Jethro Sumner, a brave officer of the North Carolina line throughout the war of the Revolution, and comprised a scope of country north of the Cumberland River. The first county court thereof was held on the second Monday in April, 1787, in the house of John Hamilton. At this time the following citizens qualified as Magistrates: Gen. Daniel Smith, Maj. David Wilson, Maj. George Winchester, Isaac Lindsey, William Hall, John Hardin and Joseph Keykendall. David Shelby was elected clerk of the court, an office which he held during the remainder of his life. John Hardin, Jr., became the first sheriff of the county and Isaac Lindsey the first ranger.

Soon thereafter Col. Edward Douglass and Col. Isaac Bledsoe were added to the court. This first legislative body of the county was composed of men possessed of splendid character and

ability, who, by the old writers, are accredited with having ruled both wisely and well.

Col. Edward Douglass was a prominent figure in the affairs of the early settlement. He was a native of North Carolina and held a Major's commission in the Colonial army during the war of the Revolution. He is described as having been a prudent military officer, and in the early years of his residence in Sumner County gained great renown as an Indian fighter. In the latter years of his life he was a successful practitioner and business man. From himself and his brother are descended a long line of honored citizens of Sumner County.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Events of 1787.

INCREASE OF IMMIGRATION—INDIAN OUTRAGES RENEWED—DEATH OF JAMES HALL AND MAJ. WILLIAM HALL. RAID ON MORGAN'S FORT.

By reason of the westward flowing tide of immigration the settlement this year continued to increase in population. However, there was but little extension of its boundaries except in the region around Red River. As a whole the year was indeed one of bloodshed and disaster.

The population of Davidson County had previously increased to the extent that it was entitled to an additional representative in the State Legislature. Thereupon Col. Isaac Bledsoe was elected to that position, and together he and Colonel Robertson had traveled to and fro across the mountains between the settlement and the State Capital. But this year Bledsoe, being now a citizen of the new county of Sumner, David Hays was elected in his stead. The latter was related by marriage to the family of

Colonel Donelson, and as previously stated, had founded Fort Union, afterwards known as Haysborough. He was a man of superior talents and withal a conspicuous figure among the pioneers. The first official act of Robertson and Hays this year was the presentation of a memorial to the Legislature. In this they set forth the sufferings of their constituents by reason of the barbarous attacks of the Creeks and Cherokees. They also detailed the part played by the Spanish Government in inciting such hostility. This recital closed with a petition that North Carolina follow the example of other States by ceding its western territory to the Federal Government. These far-sighted frontiersmen foresaw the ultimate organization of a new State west of the mountains, and the above action was the beginning of a movement looking toward such an end.

Sumner County now became the storm center of savage fury. A man by the name of Price and his wife were killed on the town creek just south of Gallatin. Judge Haywood, in recording this incident, says that the Indians also "chopped the children."

John Beard was murdered with a tomahawk and scalped near the headwaters of Big Station Camp. At Bledsoe's Lick, James Hall, son of Maj. William Hall, was killed on June 3, near his father's residence. He and his brother, William Hall, Jr., afterwards Governor Hall, were going from the barn through the woods to a neighboring field after some horses. A party of fifteen Indians were in ambush beside the path; ten of them behind a log heap, and the others further on in the top of a fallen tree. The first party allowed the boys to pass their hiding place, when with rifle in one hand and battle axe in the other, they rushed upon James, who was some distance behind his brother, and laying hold of him struck a tomahawk deep into each side of his forehead. William, terrified at the sight, fled down the path, but soon encountered the party in the treetop, who now came run-

ning toward him. When one of them raised an axe to strike, the little fellow, as if by sudden forethought, turned aside and ran into the cane. The Indians followed, but he outwitted them, and by dodging from place to place reached his father's home unharmed. The latter would probably have been burned and the occupants murdered had it not been that just as the boy ran up there arrived a company of young people who were coming to spend the day with the family. The young men of the party, all of whom were armed, went at once in search of the Indians, but the latter had already made good their escape, taking with them the scalp of their victim. News of the attack was sent to Bledsoe's Fort, and five men therefrom, led by Maj. James Lynn, started at once in pursuit. It was found that the Indians had taken the buffalo trace leading from Bledsoe's to what was known as Dickson's Lick, in the upper country. The settlers did not take this trail lest they might be led into ambush. They traveled another which ran parallel and formed a juncture with the first at a crossing on Goose Creek, in Trousdale County. Just at this ford they came upon the fleeing savages, upon whom they opened fire, wounding two of their number. The culprits escaped, but in doing so threw aside their guns, tomahawks and baggage, all of which were captured and brought back to the fort. Tied to one of the packs was found the scalp which had just been taken.

Maj. William Hall was at this time absent from home, having been summoned to Nashville by Colonel Robertson to attend a council the latter was holding with Little Owl and other Cherokee chiefs. A few weeks before this a raid had been made upon Morgan's Station, at the mouth of Dry Fork, and a number of horses stolen. The Indians who committed the theft made a circuit through the knobs, expecting to recross the Cumberland at Dixon Springs and thus escape to the Cherokee nation. However, their movements were betrayed by the sound of a bell worn

by one of the horses. Suddenly pouncing upon them in the hills above Hartsville the Stationers killed one of their number and recovered the stolen property. It was believed that the murder of young Hall was in revenge for this pursuit and subsequent attack by the Morgan party. When Major Hall returned from the council at Nashville and learned what had happened he consulted

OLD WM. HALL HOME

with his neighbors, Messrs. Gibson and Harrison, as to whether they should stay out until crops were laid by or remove at once to the fort. It was decided to brave the danger for the time being, but that each household should employ two spies or scouts who should stand guard during the remainder of the summer.

No alarm was occasioned until August 2. On that day the scouts reported that a party of thirty Indians were skulking about the neighborhood. Early next morning the Hall family began moving to Bledsoe's fort. The household goods were conveyed thither on a sled. Mrs. Hall and the smaller children remained at the farmhouse to assist in packing and loading. The eldest daughter went to the fort to set up the furniture and arrange for the reception of the family. Three loads had been brought during the day. With the fourth and last load late in the afternoon came Major Hall, his wife, three sons and a daughter. With them also were Major Hall's son-in-law, Charles Morgan, and a man by the name of Hickerson. When about halfway between the house and the fort they were attacked by a party of Indians, who were in ambush for a hundred yards or more on either side of the road. Uttering a warwhoop the savages spang up and poured into the settlers a deadly fire. Richard, the eldest son, who was in advance of the rest, received a fatal shot and fell in the woods a short distance away. Hickerson, who was next in line, bravely stood his ground, but his gun missed fire. Receiving six rifle shots almost at one time, he sank to the earth, mortally wounded. The horse on which Mrs. Hall was riding now became frightened, and dashing through the lines of the enemy, carried her in safety to the fort. William Hall, Jr., who was driving the sled, dropped the lines and ran back to his little brother, and sister, Prudence, that, if possible, he might save them from capture. Major Hall ordered them to scatter in the woods while he and Morgan covered their retreat. All three of the children reached the Station unharmed. Major Hall and Morgan, now left alone face to face with the enemy, made a gallant defense, returning the fire with telling effect. Finally, however, Morgan, finding himself severely wounded, ran into the woods and thus escaped. Major Hall fell in the road, his body pierced

by thirteen bullets. The Indians scalped him, and taking his rifle and shot pouch, disappeared in the forest. Maj. Hall's untimely death was a loss greatly deplored by his fellow settlers. Other outrages were committed during the summer and fall. John Pervine was killed two miles northeast of Gallatin on the farm formerly owned by Dr. Donnel. Early in the fall John Allen was surprised and shot through the body a short distance north of Bledsoe's, but escaped and recovered. Mark Robertson, brother of Col. James Robertson, was captured in a cane thicket on Richland Creek and brutally cut to pieces with tomahawks and knives. From the broken cane and blood on the surrounding shrubbery it was evident that he had contended long and fiercely with the savages before being finally overcome.

Soon after the events above mentioned, the father of Esquire John Morgan was killed just outside the stockade at Morgan's fort. Two companies gathered from the stations in Sumner County, started in pursuit of the murderers. One of these was under command of Maj. George Winchester and the other was led by Capt. Wm. Martin. There seems to have been no definite understanding as to the route to be followed, and while searching through the cane in the Bledsoe Creek bottom the parties suddenly approached each other. One of Winchester's men, thinking he had come upon the Indians, fired into Martin's party, killing William Ridley, son of George Ridley, late of Davidson County. Saddened by this unfortunate accident the troops abandoned the search and returned to their respective stations.

During the winter of this year Charles Morgan, who a few months before was wounded while defending the family of his father-in-law, Major Hall, together with Jordan Gibson, was mortally wounded and scalped a few hundred yards from the Hall residence while they were on their way to Greenfield Station. Morgan lived for several days, and before he died stated to the

attendants that the Indian who scalped him had a harelip. It is believed this was a celebrated chief called "Moon," who was killed on Caney Fork two years later by Capt. James McCann. The latter was at the time a member of an expedition led into the upper country by Gen. James Winchester. The Indian killed by McCann was harelipped and was said to have been at that time the only member of his race among the Southern tribes who bore such a mark.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Events of 1787—Continued.

THE COLD WATER EXPEDITION.

At some time previous to the year 1786 a band of outlaw Indians, composed of Creeks, Cherokees and Chickamaugas, moved down the Tennessee River to the Muscle Shoals, and going thence south a few miles, established a town near the present site of Tuscumbia, Ala. This village was called Cold Water because of its close proximity to a large spring which to this day flows out from under a bluff of limestone rock, and from which they secured a water supply. Soon after their arrival there came hither ten French traders and a woman, the reputed wife of one of the latter, down from Kaskaskia, Illinois, and joining the Indians, founded a post for the sale and exchange of goods and furs. The location of this village was for a time kept secret. However, the settlers soon noticed that in chasing certain bands of marauders, who now made frequent inroads upon the settlement, the latter always fled to the southwest. This caused the whites to suspect the fidelity of the Chickasaws, with whom they had long been at peace. At length two Chickasaw warriors, one of whom was named Toka, were hunting in the region now comprising

northern Alabama. Late one afternoon they came upon this hidden town, which was called Cold Water, and there being received in a friendly manner by the inhabitants, decided to spend the night. During this visit the villagers confided to Toka and his companion the fact that their object in selecting this location was that they might more easily plunder and harass the Cumberland settlers. Early next morning the Chickasaws took their leave and returning in great haste to their villages near the present site of Memphis, related to Piomingo, the chief, the things they had seen and heard. Piomingo sent them at once to Nashville in order that they might impart this information to Colonel Robertson. The latter lost no time in raising a company for an expedition against this band of thieves and murderers, who had so long preyed upon the settlement. A force of one hundred and twenty picked men, well armed and equipped, were soon ready to march. It was also deemed expedient to send a few boats down the Cumberland and up the Tennessee for the purpose of co-operating with the land force. It was agreed that the latter should carry an extra supply of provisions, and that in an emergency it might be used to convey the troops across the river. Accordingly a large boat bearing the name "Piragua," and two canoes were rigged up, and under command of David Hay and Moses Shelby, brother of Col. Isaac Shelby, began their voyage. Beside the officers mentioned there were aboard a crew of eighteen men, among whom were Hugh Rogan, Josiah Renfroe, Edward Hogan and John Top. They were instructed to proceed as far as Colbert's Landing. If the horsemen should have trouble in crossing elsewhere they were to march down to this place and ferry over. After seeing the boats off, the land force, guided by two friendly Chickasaws, who had volunteered their services, and under command of Colonel Robertson and Lieut. Cols. Robert Hays and James Ford, began the journey toward the South. The

route traversed was as follows: By the mouth of Little Harpeth River, west to the mouth of Turnbull's Creek in Cheatham County, thence up same to its source in the southern portion of Dickson County. From there they journeyed on, henceforth in a southerly direction, through Hickman County to Lick Creek of Duck River, thence by the head of Swan Creek, in Lewis County, to the source of Blue Water Creek, in Lawrence County. They followed this stream to where it empties into the Tennessee, a mile and a half above the lower end of Muscle Shoals.

This journey consumed several days, but finally when within hearing of the Shoals they went into camp for a day while the scouts went forward to reconnoiter. At dawn on the following morning the company cautiously approached the river and crossed over, some in a boat which was tied to the shore and others swimming across on their horses. After making a brief stop on the south bank for breakfast, and to dry their clothes, they mounted again and, striking a swift gallop, rushed down upon the village, some six or eight miles below. After a ride of forty minutes a halt was called for consultation.

The village was located on a rise a few hundred yards to the west of Cold Water Creek. A sharp decline ran therefrom down to the edge of the stream. The attacking party now crossed at a ford some distance above, and from there proceeded in two detachments. Colonel Robertson, with the larger part of the force, went around to the rear of the village, while Capt. John Rains, with a few chosen men, crept along the bank of the creek to the ford, there to intercept the fugitives who might rush down to escape in canoes. The larger force now having reached its vantage ground, a charge was ordered. However, the Indians had discovered their presence and were already in flight toward the ford. There they were met by Rains and his men, who shot and killed twenty-six of them as they tried to embark in the boats.

The rest of the savages fled hastily in every direction without firing a shot, leaving all their guns, ammunition and other possessions behind. Three of the Frenchmen and the woman who came with them were killed. The remainder of their party, together with several Indians, were captured.

After sacking the village, the settlers applied the torch, burning every cabin to the ground, and by the smoldering ruins camped for the night. On the following morning they began the return journey. The captives and the booty were placed in canoes and started down the river in charge of Jonathan Denton, Benjamin Drake and John and Moses Eskridge. At an appointed place they met the land force which had moved down the west bank of the river. Here they released the prisoners with instructions to hurry back up the river. This, of course, the latter lost no time in doing. After the troops had been ferried over, the party in canoes proceeded by river with the captured goods to Nashville. The Indian guides were also dismissed at this point. In reward for faithful service they were presented with a horse each and a part of the booty, with all of which they returned much pleased to Piomingo's village. The land force began its homeward march, reaching the settlement in due time without the loss of a single man.

But the fleet under command of Hay and Shelby was less fortunate. After leaving Nashville it had proceeded without event to the mouth of Duck River, in Humphreys County. Here Shelby discovered an empty canoe tied to the shore within the mouth of the stream. His curiosity thus excited, he concluded to investigate. Heading his boat that way he rowed over alongside the strange craft. No sooner was this done than the Indian occupants of the canoe, who, when they discovered the approach of the boat, had hid themselves in the cane, opened upon the whites a deadly fire. Josiah Renfroe was killed outright and Hugh Rogan, Edward Hogan and John Top were severely wounded.

It was with difficulty that Shelby now removed his boat out to midstream, where a council was held with the other members of his party, the latter not having followed him into the trap. There it was decided to abandon the voyage and return at once to Nashville in order that medical aid might be secured for the wounded.

The fearless and successful raid above detailed, which is known in history as the Cold Water Expedition, cowed the savages for a few weeks, but soon they began anew their bloody carnage, slaying and torturing without regard for age or sex.

One band of Indian warriors, led by a chief called Big Foot, was pursued from the settlement by a company under command of Captain Shannon. With him were Luke Anderson, Jacob Castleman, the noted scout, and William Pillow, uncle of Gen. Gideon J. Pillow, the latter of more recent fame. On the bank of the Tennessee River the Indians were overtaken while in the act of crossing and thus making their escape into West Tennessee. Captain Shannon and his party rushed down upon them, and being about equal in numbers, a hand to hand conflict ensued. Castleman and Pillow each killed an Indian and then turned to the aid of their less fortunate comrades. Down near the water Anderson was engaged in a desperate struggle with Big Foot, who was much the larger of the two. Just as Anderson's gun was wrested from his hand and he was being hurled to the ground, Pillow sprang upon Big Foot and split open his head with a tomahawk. His braves, seeing the death of their chief, now fled in dismay, leaving all their stolen goods behind.

Soon thereafter Randal Gentry was surprised and killed near the Bluff fort. Curtis Williams, Thomas Fletcher and the latter's son met a like fate while exploring near the Harpeth River in Cheatham County.

This year a branch road was cut out from Bledsoe's Lick

across to the main highway which had previously been opened from Nashville to the foot of Clinch Mountain, in East Tennessee. At the point where the branch road crossed the Cumberland River there was established a new station called Fort Blount. Because of this highway many of the new emigrants now turned aside and sought the rich lands of Sumner County, thus in a short time making it more populous than its sister county on the south. During this year also a census of Middle Tennessee was ordered and carefuly taken. By this it was found that there were within its bounds four hundred and seventy-seven males, or fighting men, over twenty-one years of age. The negroes, male and female, over twelve and under sixty years, numbered one hundred and five.

The tax list for the year 1787 shows a hundred and sixty-five thousand acres of land at that time under legal ownership in Middle Tennessee, nearly one-fifth of which was assessed to Col. James Robertson. The latter, however, at this time was acting in the capacity of agent for many non-resident owners, and it is probable that much of the above belonged to his clients.

The record of this assessment also shows that at this time in Nashville there were only twenty-six town lots on which taxes were paid.

While the colony was being so greatly harrassed by the Indians in 1787, the parent State legislated in behalf of her dependants on the Cumberland, thereby ordering to their aid a battalion of men. It was commanded by Major Evans, a brave soldier, and was called "Evans' Battalion." These troops were to receive for their services four hundred acres of land each, the officers thereof being granted a greater amount in proportion. One company was led by Capt. William Martin, afterwards Colonel Martin, who died in Smith County. Another was under command of Capt. Joshua Hadley, who died many years ago in Sumner

County. This battalion remained in the settlement about two years and rendered good service in guarding the various forts and in pursuing the enemy when the latter had committed murders or stolen horses. The Legislature, however, as was its custom in pursuance of such acts of generosity, provided that these soldiers should be sheltered, clothed and fed by the people whom they were sent to guard. At the October term of the Davidson County Court, 1787, a tax was levied for their support. The resolution authorizing same was as follows: "Resolved, That for the better furnishing of the troops now coming into the county under command of Major Evans, with provisions, etc., that one-fourth of the tax of this county be paid in corn, two-fourths in beef, pork, bear meat and venison; one-eighth in salt, and an eighth in money, to defray expenses of removing provisions." In fixing the rate at which the above provisions should be valued, it was provided that beef should be reckoned at five dollars per hundred; pork, eight dollars per hundred; "good bear meat without bones," eight dollars per hundred; venison, ten shillings per hundred, and salt at sixteen dollars per bushel. The "Superintendent" was directed to call for such a part of the aforesaid tax as the commanding officer of the troops might direct. If any person or persons failed to deliver his or their quota or quotas, at the time and place directed, the said Superintendent should give notice thereof to the sheriff of the county who was directed to "distrain immediately."

CHAPTER XXX.

Events of 1788.

PEYTON ROBERTSON KILLED.—ATTACK ON BLEDSOE'S FORT.—COL. ANTHONY BLEDSOE MORTALLY WOUNDED.—HAMILTON'S STATION ESTABLISHED.—TENNESSEE COUNTY ORGANIZED.—MASSACRE OF COL. BROWN'S PARTY.

This year was made memorable by the death of many brave men, a loss which in its present crisis the settlement could ill afford.

One day in the month of March the enemy crept up to the sugar camp near the Robertson residence, west of Nashville, where Peyton, son of Colonel Robertson, John Johnson and their playmates were making maple sugar. Seeing that the Indians were between them and the house the boys scattered in the woods, but young Robertson was killed. Johnson was captured and carried away to the nation, where for several years he remained a prisoner. The rest of the sugar-makers escaped.

During the month of April the three sons of William Montgomery, John, Robert and Thomas, were killed near their father's house, on Drake's Creek, three miles below Shackle Island. John, the eldest boy, had suffered a broken thigh at the hands of the Indians a year before and was still on crutches. On this occasion he had hobbled out into the orchard where his brothers were trimming apple trees. The Indians rushed out from a neighboring thicket and ruthlessly murdered and scalped the three, leaving their bodies in a heap on a brush pile. Shortly after the events above detailed an attack was made on a colony in Neely's Bend. Mrs. Neely, widow of William Neely, who had been murdered at the salt kilns near the same place a few years before, was mortally wounded. At the same time Robert Edmonson received a shot which broke his arm, but he ran and lost

his pursuers in the cane. Robert James was killed near where Major Wilson settled, two miles east of Gallatin. Jesse Maxey was wounded while traveling along the road near Asher's Station. Seeing that escape by flight was impossible, he fell face downward on the ground. His pursuers came up, scalped him, thrust a hunting knife into his body and left him to die. He was found by his friends, carried into the fort and nursed back to life.

The 20th day of July, 1788, witnessed an attack on Bledsoe's Station, followed by the consequent tragic death of Col. Anthony Bledsoe next day.

This fort was built in the form of an oblong square. Except at an opening on the front side, in which was built a large double cabin, it was completely enclosed by a stockade. Between the two rooms of the double cabin was an entrance into the enclosure. Because of impending danger during the spring Col. Anthony Bledsoe had abandoned his own station at Greenfield, and with his family and associates had sought safety in the fort of his brother Isaac, which was regarded as more secure. The two brothers, together with their respective families, occupied each a room of the double cabin.

The Indians, as was their custom, chose a beautiful night for the attack. From out the depths of a cloudless sky a full moon flooded the landscape with its glorious light. No signs of danger having recently appeared, there were but few men within the fort. These had gathered into the quarters of Col. Anthony Bledsoe and until a late hour were making merry with story and song. The Indians from afar had spied out the situation during the day. Now, while all within were happy in their supposed security, the savages were creeping up to the fort, secreting themselves around the stockade and awaiting an opportune moment for the onslaught. George Hamilton, who at that

time was conducting at the Lick the first school taught in Sumner County, was singing for the entertainment of the company. The Indians, opening the attack, poked a gun through a hole in the back of the fireplace and shot Hamilton in the mouth. Just at this juncture, doubtless by pre-arrangement, several of the attacking party galloped down the road in front of the cabin. Alarmed by the shot and noise, Col. Anthony Bledsoe and his Irish servant, Campbell, rushed out into the moonlit passway and received each a mortal wound. These shots came from Indians who were concealed in the fence corners on the opposite side of the road.

With a whoop the savages now sprang as if by magic from their hiding places and began a vigorous assault in an effort to reach the inside. With their tomahawks they chopped through the window shutters of one of the cabins. Hugh Rogan was waiting for them on the inside and fired into their ranks the contents of a heavily loaded musket. Frightened by this shot they ran from that part of the stockade, and going around to the other side, made an assault on the cabin of Wm. Donahoe. Through the cracks they fired a number of shots at the occupants, but killed only a large dog which lay stretched out on the floor. Donahoe blew out the light, leaving the room in darkness. At length, finding their efforts to enter the stockade futile, the Indians withdrew.

Colonel Bledsoe, though dangerously wounded, was yet alive. In the absence of a will providing otherwise, the law of North Carolina, which governed the settlement, allowed the sons to inherit all the real property of the deceased parent. In view of this fact, Mrs. Isaac Bledsoe suggested that before her brother-in-law died he should make provision from his estate for his seven daughters. James Clendening wrote the will, to which the dying man affixed his signature while supported by his

brother Isaac. Thus all his children were allowed to share equally his large landed estate. This will was afterwards contested in the courts, but was finally declared valid by the Supreme Court of the United States. It is known to the legal fraternity as the "Polly Weatherhead Case," and is reported in 11th Howard, page 329, U. S. Supreme Court Reports.

At sunrise next morning Colonel Bledsoe died, and on the following day was buried south of the fort on the hill where Bledsoe's Academy now stands. Col. Isaac Bledsoe was subsequently buried by his side.

Colonel Bledsoe's death was the occasion of profound sorrow throughout the settlement, and came as a crushing blow to his life-long friend and comrade, Colonel Robertson, who had so recently, in like manner, been bereft of his own son, Peyton Robertson, whose death is recorded in this chapter.

Campbell, Colonel Bledsoe's servant, died as a result of his wounds on the second morning after the attack. In August a man named Waters was fishing on Bledsoe's Creek below Cragfont. The enemy stole up from behind, shot and scalped him, and with their hatchets mutilated his body.

During the month of October the two Messrs. Durham and a companion named Astill were killed at Belle Meade. Dunham's Station was then abandoned, the occupants returning a second time to the Bluff. Brown and Mayfield established each a station on Mill Creek, in Davidson County, about a mile apart. While at work on the buildings Mayfield, his two sons and a man by the name of Jocelyn, laid aside their guns and ammunition, leaving a soldier on guard. While the latter was off duty a band of Creeks, who had been in hiding, crept in between the guns and the station. Mayfield, one of his sons and the guard were killed. The other son, George, was captured and carried away, remaining for ten years thereafter a prisoner in the heart

of the Creek nation. Jocelyn ran for his life and evaded his pursuers. In after years he became a Colonel in the local militia. This station also was now abandoned, the survivors taking refuge with Capt. John Rains, the latter in the meantime having re-occupied his station at Waverly Place.

A week later a like assault was made on Brown's fort. In the course of this attack James Haggard, a settler by the name of Adams, two sons of Mr. Stovall and a young son each of Messrs. Brown and Denton were killed. This fort was likewise broken up, the occupants going to Rains' Station.

During the year Capt. John Carr and others built a fort on top of the ridge in the western portion of Sumner County. It was called the Ridge, or Hamilton's Station. This was located six miles north of Shackle Island and near what is now known as Cummings' Gap.

In November, 1788, Davidson County was again sub-divided, the northwestern portion having been organized by act of the Legislature into Tennessee County. This embraced the territory now included in Montgomery and Robertson Counties. Later, as we shall see, this name was surrendered to become that of the great State of which these counties are now a part.

On the roster of the many Revolutionary heroes of North Carolina appears the name of Col. James Brown. Active in behalf of his country during the early years of the struggle for American independence, he later served as guide to the troops of Generals Washington and Lee at the battle of Guilford's Courthouse, on March 15, 1781. For this service he received certificates entitling him to large tracts of land in Middle Tennessee, some of which were in the valley of the Cumberland and others on Duck River, in Maury County. In the spring of 1788 Colonel Brown decided to journey toward the land of his new possessions. There lay before him three routes thither. The first

of these was the well-beaten highway through Cumberland Gap, the second that new road but recently opened from Clinch Mountain to Nashville by way of Knoxville and Crab Orchard, the third the water route followed by Colonel Donelson's flotilla in the winter of 1779-1780.

He chose the latter, and with his family, consisting of his wife, four sons and three daughters, set sail from Long Island, East Tennesee, on May 4. With them also were a party of young men consisting of John Flood, John Gentry, William Gentry, J. Bays and John Griffin, together with a number of slaves. Fearing trouble with the Indians, Colonel Brown had fortified the boat in which the party was to embark by placing oak planks two inches thick all around above its gunwales. Through these at suitable distances apart were port-holes and in the stern was mounted a small swivel. About daybreak on the morning of May 9 they passed the first of the Chickamauga towns near Chattanooga. The occupants of the latter sent scouts down the river to notify the inhabitants of Running Water and Nickajack of their approach. When the whites reached the latter towns an hour later they were met in midstream by about forty savages in canoes. These bore in front of them white flags, indicating that their mission was one of peace. Guns and tomahawks in abundance, however, were carefuly concealed in the bottoms of their craft. His suspicions having been aroused, Colonel Brown warned them not to come near, and turning his boat about leveled at them the swivel. Just at this juncture John Vann, a half-breed who spoke English, begged Brown not to shoot, insisting that his companions intended no harm, but desired only to trade for such wares and trinkets as the voyagers might have aboard. During this parley, however, the savages were gradually advancing, and when at length their canoes had surrounded Brown's boat, they clambered up over its sides and rapidly pushed it

ashore. Guns and tomahawks now came from their hiding places and flashed on every side. The occupants of the boat were seized and a most treacherous massacre began. One big Indian, drawing a fine sword which had doubtless been captured in some murderous expedition, with one stroke beheaded Colonel Brown and threw his body into the river. Two of the older sons, James, Jr., and John, and three of the young men of the party were killed and their bodies mutilated. Mrs. Brown and one daughter were taken captive and driven on foot two hundred miles south into the Creek nation, where for seventeen months they were kept in a most degraded bondage. During the long journey thither they were not allowed to remove the gravel which from time to time fell into their shoes, thus causing them most excruciating pain. Two of the younger daughters, Jane, aged ten, and Polly, aged five, were spirited away into the Cherokee nation and there held captive for a year. The youngest of the children, a boy, was detained for five years among the Creeks. When released he had forgotten the language of his parents and spoke only in the Indian tongue.

Another son, who afterwards became Capt. Joseph Brown, of Maury county, was held captive for a year at Running Water. While there he was the slave of an Indian by the name of Tom Tunbridge, who was afterwards killed during an attack on Buchanan's Station, in 1792. The negro slaves with the Brown party were carried to the upper towns and there, by way of reward, became the property of those Indians who had first given notice of the approach of the whites.

Through the efforts of Col. John Sevier—"Old Chuckey Jack," as he was called by the Indians—the surviving members of the Brown family were in the course of time exchanged for Indian prisoners, and returned to their former home in North Carolina. They afterwards removed to the Cumberland and settled on the

east side of the river three miles below Nashville. Justice followed the perpetrators of this dastardly outrage with a leaden heel, but as we shall see later they were finally overtaken and Capt. Joseph Brown was largely instrumental in bringing it about.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Events of 1789.

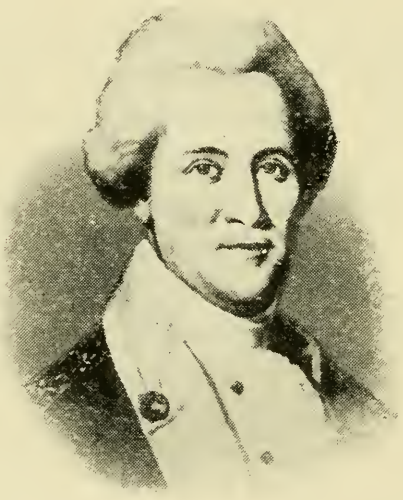
COL. JOHN SEVIER ELECTED TO CONGRESS.—INDIAN OUTRAGES RENEWED.—COLONEL ROBERTSON WOUNDED.—ANDREW JACKSON.—THE "FOOL WARRIOR."—GEN. JAMES WINCHESTER.

By the settlers the year 1789 was regarded as one of comparative peace. Colonel Putnam, in his historical account of this period, boasts of the fact that during the year only thirty persons were killed, a few scalped and wounded and one-half of the horses stolen. It is estimated that from the establishment of the settlement up to this time about one thousand horses had been captured and carried away. General Robertson and his brother Elijah had lost ninety-three, and their immediate neighbors seventy-five. North Carolina was now divided into four Congressional districts. Three of these were within the original boundaries of that State, while the fourth was known as the Washington District, and comprised the whole of the territory now included in Tennessee. In March an election was held in the Washington District for the purpose of choosing a representative to Congress. Col. John Sevier, of Watauga, was the only candidate, and by unanimous vote became the first in Tennessee to hold that office.

On January 20 the Indians killed Captain Hunter and wounded Hugh F. Bell in front of Johnson's Station, near Nashville. A party of whites overtook them after an hour's ride, whereupon

the savages turned upon their pursuers, shot Major Kirkpatrick and wounded John Foster and William Brown.

Hugh Webb and Henry Ramsey, the latter one of Colonel Robertson's trusted scouts, were returning from Kentucky, where they had gone for a supply of ammunition and salt. While following the trail between Morgan's Station and Greenfield, in Sumner County, they were waylaid and shot through and through. In February John Helin was at work a short distance from Johnathan Robertson's station, six miles below Nashville. A band of



GOV. JOHN SEVIER

horse thieves came by, shot Helin, stole a drove of horses from a neighboring field and hurried off south toward the Creek nation. A party known as Captain Murry's company gave chase. In this company among others were Thomas Cox, Robert Evans, Jacob Castleman, Luke Anderson and William Pillow. It will be remembered that Castleman, Anderson and Pillow were with Captain Shannon on the expedition to the Tennessee River during which the chief Big Foot was killed. They crossed Duck River, in Maury County, five miles below Columbia. Continuing their

pursuit day and night they overtook the Indians on the bank of the Tennessee in North Alabama. The savages, thinking themselves beyond danger, were taken unawares, having been betrayed by the smoke from their camp fires.

While yet undiscovered, Captain Murry and his men were able to completely surround them, leaving the river as their only avenue of escape. The scouts stationed on the hillside above opened fire, killing one of their number, whereupon, finding their flight hedged about on every side, some of them jumped into the river. The latter were shot by some of the troops, who, suspecting this movement, had taken position within range. Several of the savages made an effort to conceal themselves along the bank, but were found out and killed. The entire band, consisting of eleven warriors, was destroyed. There were with them several squaws, who were taken prisoners but later released.

During the month of June Colonel Robertson, with a squad of hands, was at work in a field half a mile from his house. A watchman had been stationed in the edge of the woods to keep a lookout for the enemy. About 11 o'clock in the forenoon he heard suspicious noises in a thicket nearby and gave the alarm. Colonel Robertson started toward the fence, but before reaching it was shot through the foot. Other shots were fired, but none took effect.

An order was issued for immediate pursuit of the foe. Realizing that because of his wound he was unable to lead the chase, Colonel Robertson is said to have exclaimed, "Oh, if I only had Old Captain Rains and Billie here!" meaning Capt. John Rains and Colonel Robertson's brother, William Robertson, both of whom were temporarily absent from the settlement.

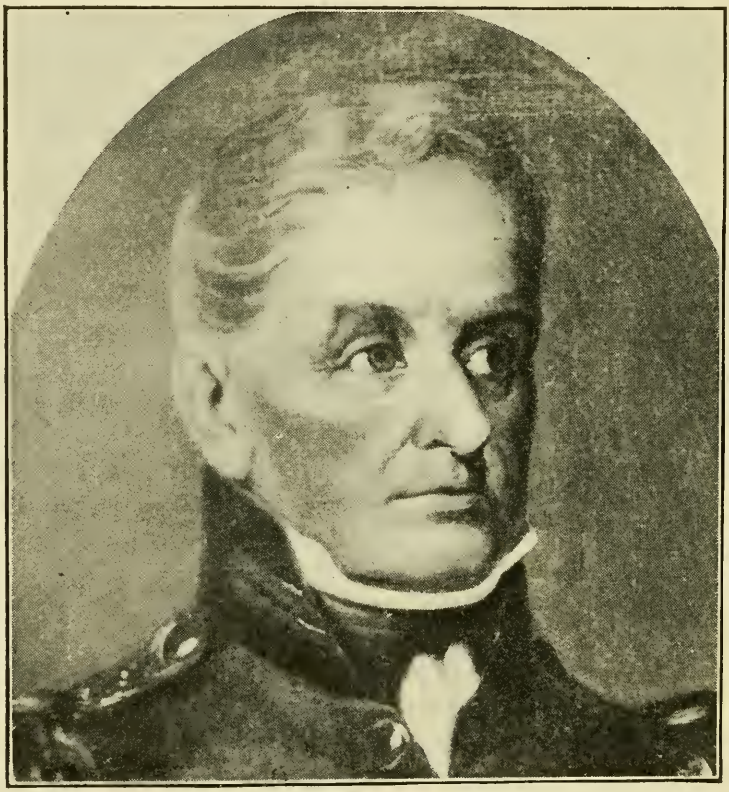
The sixty men who volunteered to go were placed under command of Lieut.-Col. Elijah Robertson. Andrew Jackson, then a young lawyer recently emigrated from North Carolina to the

Cumberland settlement, was one of the party. At the last moment Lieutenant Robertson was detained and command of the expedition fell to the lot of Sampson Williams. Meeting at the residence of Colonel Robertson early next morning the march was begun. They followed the trail of the enemy through McCutcheon's trace up West Harpeth to the highlands along Duck River. Here they discovered that they were losing ground and concluded that so large a force could not overtake the retreating foe. Accordingly Captain Williams selected twenty of the bravest men—among them Andrew Jackson—and with these pushed forward as rapidly as possible. At length, because of the rugged condition of the country across which the trace led, the horses were left in charge of two of the men and the rest proceeded on foot. They followed up the river all the afternoon and at sundown crossed with the trail and came down on the other side until the darkness and thick cane forced them into camp for the night. On the march again by the coming dawn they were soon surpised to find that they had halted the night before just over a narrow ridge from where the Indians were camped. The Indians were about thirty in number. When the pursuing party came in sight some of them were astir perparing the morning meal, while others lay stretched upon the ground asleep. Captain Williams ordered a charge, and though yet at least fifty or sixty yards away the troops opened fire upon the camp, killing one and wounding six. The Indians were taken completely by surprise, and carrying with them the wounded, fled in all haste across the river without returning a shot. In their flight they left in camp sixteen guns, nineteen shot pouches and all their baggage, consisting of blankets, moccasins, bearskins and camp utensils. The whites did not pursue them further, but gathering up the booty, returned to their horses and thence back to Nashville.

The success of this raid was marred to some extent by reason of the haste of Captain Williams and his men in firing upon the enemy at long range. A few more moments of quiet approach would have made the shots doubly effective. But whatever may be said of the failure of this raid, it at least gave to Andrew Jackson an inspiration in Indian fighting which served his country to good purpose at a later period. Ever after this pursuit Jackson and Captain Williams were fast friends, and in the years of association which followed spent many leisure hours together recounting their experiences on the occasion of the events above mentioned.

Late in the fall Gen. James Winchester was out with a scouting party on Smith's Fork, in DeKalb County. A fresh trail of the enemy was discovered and pursuit was made along a buffalo path down the creek. The Indians discovered that they were being followed, and accordingly selected their battleground. The path along which pursuit was being made led through an open forest to a crossing of the stream. Immediately on the other side of this stream was a heavy canebrake. Joseph Muckelrath and John Hickerson, General Winchester's spies, were a little way in advance of the pursuing party. Just as they crossed the ford and entered the cane the Indians, who were lying in ambush, fired upon them, killing Hickerson. Meckelrath escaped injury. General Winchester and his men, hearing the shots, hurried on to the rescue of their comrades. In the battle which ensued Frank Heany was wounded. The Indians, having much the advantage in position, Winchester thought best to retreat, hoping thereby to draw them out of the cane. However, his strategy did not succeed, as the enemy refused to follow. There were in the pursuing party two Dutchmen by the name of Harpool—both brave soldiers. John, the elder brother, was a man of unusual intelligence and prudence, but Martin, the younger of the

two, was possessed of a temperament which may very properly be described as foolhardy. Just at this stage of the contest the Indians were hidden in the cane under a second bank of the stream. From this position they kept up an incessant fire at the Harpools on the banks above, though the latter were unable to



GEN. JAS. WINCHESTER

locate them. Finally John told his brother to go down and drive the "rascals" up while he killed them. Acting on this suggestion Martin raised a loud whoop and went bounding down through the cane toward the savages, making as much noise as a regiment. Terrified by this demonstration the Indians sought safety

in flight, leaving to the whites a clear field. They afterwards reproached the settlers for having what they termed a "fool warrior" on this expedition. Ever thereafter Martin Harpool was known in the settlement as the "fool warrior." It was in this skirmish that Capt. James McCann killed "Moon," the hare-lipped Indian chief who is believed to have wounded and scalped Charles Morgan near Bledsoe's Lick two years before.

In the settlement of Middle Tennessee Gen. James Winchester, who was a native of Maryland, rendered most excellent service. A Captain in the Revolutionary army, he shared for more than five years its struggles and privations. At the close of the war he came to the Cumberland country and settled on Bledsoe's Creek, in what is now the First Civil District of Sumner County. Here in 1801-2 he built on a cliff overlooking Bledsoe's Creek his fine old residence, Cragfont, which still stands. It is now the property of Mr. W. H. B. Satterwhite, a prominent farmer and stock-raiser of Sumner County. Cragfont was built of native sandstone by skillful workmen brought for that purpose from Baltimore. It is yet in good state of preservation.

The military services of General Winchester were invaluable to the early settlers, directing the scouts and spies and frequently pursuing the Indians in person, showing himself at all times a true and prudent officer. He was a member of the advisory council during the session of the Territorial Legislature in 1794 and later a member of the State Senate. In the war of 1812 between the United States and England he received a General's commission and was ordered to take command of one wing of the army of the northwest. At the unfortunate battle of the River Raisin he was taken prisoner by the British and carried to Quebec, where he remained in captivity during the following winter.

At the close of the war of 1812, General Winchester returned

to the quiet walks of private life, and in all his later dealings, as merchant and farmer, enjoyed the utmost respect and confidence of his fellow men. He reared a large and worthy family, one of whom, George W. Winchester, afterwards represented Sumner County in the State Legislature. He was father-in-law to the late Col. Alfred R. Wynne, whose daughters, the Misses Wynne, still reside in the house built by their father at Castalian Springs in the early part of the last century.

General Winchester died and was buried at Cragfont in 1826. There his remains now rest in the family burying-ground.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Events of 1790.

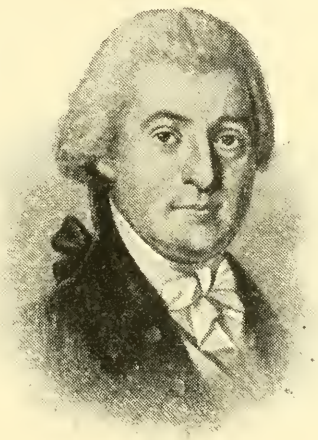
MIDDLE TENNESSEE BECOMES A PART OF THE WESTERN TERRITORY. OFFICERS COMMISSIONED.—CITIZENS OF SUMNER COUNTY KILLED.

Following the example of other States, North Carolina this year ceded its western territory, comprising the State of Tennessee, to the United States Government. The act of the Legislature making such a cession was passed February 25, 1790, and was formally accepted by Congress April 2 following. Thus the region embracing the Watauga and Cumberland settlements became a territory, separate and apart from the parent State.

Soon thereafter President Washington appointed William Blount, of Watauga, Governor of the new territory; Gen. Daniel Smith, of Sumner County, Secretary, and David Campbell and John McNairy Judges of the "Superior Court of Equity." Judge Joseph Anderson was added to this court in 1791.

There were already organized within the bounds of Ten-

nessee at that time seven counties, to wit: Washington, Sullivan, Green and Hawkins, grouped around Watauga; and Davidson, Sumner and Tennessee, along the Cumberland. These counties were now divided into two judicial districts, the first named group being known as Washington District and the latter constituting Mero District. The designation, Mero, was thus adopted from a name previously applied to this section in 1788, and was in honor of Don Estevan Miro, a newly appointed Governor of



WILLIAM BLOUNT, GOVERNOR OF SOUTHWESTERN TERRITORY AND UNITED STATES SENATOR

Spanish possessions on the south. By courting the good graces of the latter Colonel Robertson and others in authority hoped to establish friendly relations with Spain and thereby bring about a cessation of Indian hostilities, which they believed to have been secretly incited by Spanish influence.

However, this desire on the part of the settlers was not immediately realized.

Col. John Sevier was appointed Brigadier-General for Washington District, and Col. James Robertson was commissioned to

a like position in the district of Mero, which comprised the whole of Middle Tennessee.

Soon thereafter the reorganization of the militia was completed by the following appointments: Robert Hays, Lieutenant-Colonel; Edwin Hickman, First Major, and George Winchester, Second Major.

The instructions from the War Department of the Federal Government to these, and all other officers of the South, was that they should treat the Spanish with politeness and "act only on the defensive toward the Indians for fear of offending the Spaniards who had unjustifiably taken them under their protection."

Among those citizens appointed by the Governor to official positions in the three counties of Mero District were Col. James Robertson, Charles Robertson, Stockley Donelson, John Rains, Andrew Ewing, Isaac Bledsoe, Kasper Mansker, Luke Lea and others equally as well known in early history.

During his administration as Governor of this territory William Blount held also another office, the title of which was "United States Superintendent of Indian Affairs." His Secretaries were Hugh Lawson White, Willie Blount and Richard Mitchell.

White afterwards became a Judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, President *pro tem* of the United States Senate, and later candidate for President of the United States. Willie Blount served as Governor of Tennessee from 1809 to 1815. Both White and the last named Blount lie buried in the old graveyard adjoining the First Presbyterian Church at Knoxville.

In the spring of 1791, Andrew Jackson, having previously been admitted to the bar, was appointed Attorney General of Mero District.

As compared with previous periods of its existence the year 1790 was one of peace for the settlement, though a number of

murders were committed. Henry Howdyshall and Samuel Farr lost their lives while fishing on the Cumberland River near Cairo, in Sumner County.

Benjamin Williams had settled on a tract of land about two and a half miles north of Gallatin, near the present site of Love's Chapel. The tract was formerly owned by James House, Sr. Beside it ran a trail which has since become the Dobbins turnpike.

A party of Indians came in the night and, making a deadly assault upon the sleeping household, killed Williams, his wife and children and two of his slaves. One negro boy, Philip, ran up the chimney and, thus hiding himself, escaped.

At this time Samuel Wilson was living a mile and a half northwest of Gallatin on what is still known as the Wilson place. Not having heard of the above attack he was out on the trail next morning looking for his horse over in the neighborhood of the Williams residence. Hearing someone riding toward him he hid behind a tree. Soon an Indian appeared on horseback.

Wilson, who was a fine marksman, had with him his trusted rifle, and taking aim, fired. At the crack of the gun the unwary savage tumbled from his horse and journey on to the happy hunting ground. Wilson then shouted at the top of his voice, "Surround them, boys; surround them!" and ran toward home. The Indians who were following supposed a company of whites were upon them, and turning fled, going westward toward Station Camp Creek. A few days later John Edwards was killed near Salem Church, on the Douglass turnpike, probably by the same murderous band.

In midsummer Alexander Neely and his two sons, James and Charles, were killed a mile north of Bledsoe's Lick. They were going to haul tanbark from Neely's farm, near the fort.

During the same season Benjamin and Robert Desha, sons

of Robert Desha, Sr., were killed four miles northwest of Bledsoe's, on the creek which bears their name. Their graves may yet be seen under some tall trees near the site of Saunders' fort, on the farm of Robert Green.

Henry Ramsey was shot from ambush near where Rural Academy afterwards stood. He was passing from Greenfield to Bledsoe's. His companion, a man named Hicks, was wounded.

Soon thereafter William Ramsey came from his home on White's Creek, in Davidson County, to look after the settling of his brother Henry's estate. On the homeward journey both he and his horse were killed by the enemy lying in wait on the north side of the lane which led down from Bledsoe's fort to Bledsoe's Creek.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ALEXANDER M'GILLIVRAY. — TREATIES FORMULATED. — TROUBLE WITH THE CHEROKEES.—CHOTA THE CITY OF REFUGE. NEW FORTS IN SUMNER COUNTY.

During the year 1791 there was but little hostility on the part of the Indians—a calm before the coming storm.

Toward the whites they showed even some degree of friendliness, bringing occasionally to the settlement venison and furs, which they gave in exchange for powder and lead, blankets, calico, tomahawks and beads.

In explanation of this it may be said that for some time past an especial effort had been put forth by President Washington, Governor Blount, General Robertson and others in authority to bring all Indian wars to a close.

Alexander McGillivray, Chief of the Creeks, and a queer

combination of Indian craftiness and Spanish treachery, had been invited to New York, then the seat of government, for the purpose of negotiating a treaty of peace.

On this mission he was accompanied by twenty-eight of his head chiefs and principal warriors. All "arrived, painted and plumed, with silver bands on their arms and rings in their noses, with blankets and breech-clouts, moccasins and leggins, and tinkling ornaments." It is said by the writers of that time that they were indeed the cynosure of every eye.

During a stay of several weeks they were wined, dined and otherwise feted by the Knickerbockers, all of which they received with a characteristic grunt, which might have meant much or little of appreciation.

The result of this festivity was a treaty with the Creek nation which restored to them a large tract of wilderness land previously held by them, but subsequently claimed by the whites. By a private article of the treaty, the terms of which were kept secret from the other warriors, McGillivray received from the Government the sum of a hundred thousand dollars. This amount had been demanded by the chief in return for an alleged destruction of personal property by the colonial militia.

Following the return of McGillivray and his band from New York, Governor Blount had made a visit to all parts of the territory, including the Cumberland settlement, holding talks with the members of the various tribes, assuring them of friendship and urging upon them a proposal of peace.

The Chickasaws on the west, with Piomingo the mountain leader at their head, had long been the friends of the whites. By reason of the recently ratified treaty of New York it was hoped that the Creeks would henceforth bear them the same relation. But there remained yet something to be done in order that they might bring to terms the Cherokees, the warlike mountaineers on the south and east.

Early in the year, through the medium of friendly members of the tribe, Governor Blount made known to the Cherokee chiefs, Hanging Maw and Little Turkey, his desire for a peace talk. These chiefs were the leaders respectively of the northern and southern factions of their tribe. The place of meeting proposed by Governor Blount was White's Fort, the location of which was the present site of Knoxville. Straightway certain Indian traders and other opponents of peace—those who profited by the arts of war—set going a movement to defeat this conference. They secretly hinted to the credulous savages that it was a scheme on the part of the whites to assemble the warriors of the nation on the banks of the Tennessee, that the latter might be treacherously fallen upon and slain.

Governor Blount, believing the traders to be responsible for this wilfully false report, revoked their license and ordered them from the nation. This action only aided the cause of the opposition party, who now asserted that the traders were being driven out because of their friendship for the Indians. To overcome the evil influence of these mischief-makers it was deemed necessary to send an official representative of the Territory to the Cherokee nation.

General James Robertson, because of his well known tact and long experience in dealing with the Indians, was the only person considered for this important but delicate mission.

On receipt of his commission from Governor Blount he began at once a journey on horseback from Nashville to Chota, the capital and beloved city of the Cherokees. This village was beautifully nestled among the foothills of the Chilhowee Mountains in Monroe County, east of Madisonville. Near this spot, according to popular belief, DeSoto and his army had camped many years before. Among the Cherokees Chota was a city of refuge, probably the only one of its kind upon the continent. When once

within its sacred precincts the offender, regardless of the magnitude of the crime, was free from all punishment or personal vengeance, so long as he remained therein. It is related that here an English trader, in more modern times, took refuge and found safety after having slain in cold blood a Cherokee warrior. Remaining in the village for some time he desired to return to his post nearby, but was warned that he would certainly perish if he attempted to escape.

General Robertson was heartily received by Hanging Maw, Little Turkey and their respective warriors, many of whom he had met on former occasions. After spending some days with them he succeeded in allaying their suspicions and in arranging for the council at White's Fort, as previously planned. This meeting resulted in the "Treaty of Holston," otherwise known as Blount's Treaty. It was signed July 2 and ratified by the Senate of the United States November 9 following. By its terms the Cherokees, in consideration of the delivery of certain valuable goods and an annual payment of $1,000, released to the whites a large section of the central portion of East Tennessee, to which tract the Indians had previously laid claim. There was also a tacit understanding that there should be no further attacks by the Cherokees on the Cumberland settlement. However, as we shall later see, this part of the agreement was soon broken. Because of peaceful conditions existent at the beginning of this year there was a general expansion of the bounds of the settlement. A number of new stations were established in Sumner County.

In the early spring Maj. James White built a fort three miles northeast of Gallatin on a trace which is now the Scottsville turnpike. The traditional site of this fort is near a big spring in the front lot of the property formerly owned by the late John T. Carter, but now owned by Erskine Turner.

Colonel Saunders built a fort on the west side of Desha's Creek two and a half miles east of White's Station. It was located in the northeast corner of the farm now owned by Robert Green, and near the residence of Alex. Simmons. Capt. Joseph Wilson located three miles southeast of Gallatin on a tract of land formerly owned by the heirs of Darnell, but now by Thomas Reed. This was called the Walnutfield Station.

During this year also Jacob Zigler built a fort a mile and a half north of Cairo on the western branch of Bledsoe Creek, in what is now the Second Civil District of Sumner County. The site of this station was formerly the property of James Charlton. It is now owned by the heirs of William McKamie.

Scarcely had Colonel Saunders completed his fort on Desha's Creek and moved his family thereto when the Indians appeared and lying in wait, shot and killed his two young sons, who had ventured upon the outside.

Soon thereafter James Dickinson was killed while passing from Saunders to Whites' Station. In the month of June John Thompson was surprised and shot while hoeing in his cornfield a few miles south of Nashville. Later in the summer a band of Creeks killed a Mr. Miller, his wife and four or five children over on Rolling Fork of the Cumberland.

A census of Mero District taken this year shows a population of seven thousand and forty-two. One thousand of these were males capable of bearing arms. The population of the Indian tribes surrounding the Territory at that time is variously estimated at from twenty-five to fifty thousand.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Events of 1792.

INDIAN RAVAGES.—GENERAL KNOX REFUSES TO CO-OPERATE WITH THE COLONISTS.—COL. VALENTINE SEVIER.—DEATH OF HIS SONS.—FORTS IN ROBERTSON COUNTY ATTACKED. MASSACRE AT ZIGLER'S STATION.—MURDERERS PURSUED.

Early in this year, despite all previous efforts to bring about peace, the ravages of the Indians broke forth anew. Historians very properly attribute this turn in the tide of affairs to the credulity of Governor Blount and General Knox, the latter then Secretary of War in President Washington's Cabinet. These officials allowed themselves to be imposed upon by protests of friendship from such treacherous deceivers as Hanging Maw, Little Turkey, Bloody Fellow, Breath of Nickajack, John Watts and a host of lesser lights from among the Cherokees, Creeks and Chickamaugas. In return for honeyed words and strings of beads the chiefs above mentioned demanded and received from the officials powder and lead. With the latter supplies they were secretly equipping expeditions against the various settlements. At the same time Generals Sevier and Robertson were forbidden to pursue these marauding bands beyond the boundaries of their own land.

Indeed, the public records of this period clearly indicate that General Knox was not in sympathy with the Western settlers. He publicly expressed the belief that "the whites were almost invariably the aggressors, and the Indians the injured parties."

Governor Blount knew where to place the responsibility. He was also well aware of the trials through which the colonies were passing. He believed, however, that the shortest route to peace

was by the path of kindness and a meek compliance with the numerous demands of the enemy.

Such a policy was doubtless well founded in theory, but, as the later annals of American history show, was very poor from the standpoint of the practical. Too, the Governor's better judgment and natural inclinations were probably hedged about by reason of his official positions, both of which demanded a minute compliance with the orders of the Secretary of War.

On January 2 of this year the Governor wrote a letter to General Robertson during the course of which he said: "I have heard that the Little Turkey Chief has sent you a very friendly letter and begs a supply of powder and lead. These things are trifles and had better be spared, if they can, than refused." A few days later he wrote, "Watts has sent me a peace talk and a string of beads. I believe he is in earnest."

Had General Sevier been Secretary of War and General Robertson, or even young Andrew Jackson, Governor of the territory during this eventful period the white wings of peace would doubtless have hovered over Watauga and the Cumberland before the expiration of twelve months from the organization of the Territorial Government. Instead, the war was lengthened out over a period of five eventful years, during the course of which many lives were sacrificed and much valuable property destroyed.

In the forbearance and long suffering of Sevier and Robertson and the brave pioneers who composed their respective colonies, there is for all succeeding generations a great lesson of patience.

The star of Alexander McGillivray, the once powerful Creek chief, was now on the wane. The fact of his having received a hundred thousand dollars by a private clause in the Treaty of New York had become known, and the head men of his nation were bent on revenge. There arose in his stead an individual who was much traveled. He had recently visited England and

other countries beyond the seas and now boldly proclaimed himself "General Bowles, Director of the affairs of the Creek Nation." He denounced McGillivray, asserting that the latter had been both bribed and cheated at the making of the Treaty of New York.

He also coolly announced that while abroad he had been empowered by the British Government to declare void all treaties of his nation with the whites and to himself conclude a treaty with the Creeks. By the terms of the latter all lands previously claimed by them should be restored. Though his statements were never taken seriously by the whites, he was the source of much of the cruelty which fell to their lot later on.

In the early spring Bowles sent one of his head men, Cot-ea-toy, on a visit to General Robertson at Nashville. He bore with him from Bowles professions of lasting friendship for the settlers. He was kindly received and entertained, but General Robertson was careful to send his son, Jonathan Robertson, around with the visitor wherever he went, believing him to be—as in reality he was—a spy.

Soon after this visit John Watts and several other Cherokee chiefs arrived on a like pilgrimage at the home of General Robertson. When about to depart the polite request was made that on the return journey they might be allowed to kill some game as they "passed over the white man's land."

All these visits were made with sinister motives, and afforded the savages the privilege of spying out the strength and position of the settlements.

Expecting a series of attacks, General Robertson now ordered an organization of the militia in the three counties of Davidson, Sumner and Tennessee. The companies thereof were to be stationed at the various forts. A force of five hundred volunteers was called for, these to be held in reserve, but subject to the call

of duty at a moment's notice. Capt. John Rains had under him a band of rangers with headquarters at his station in Waverly Place. He kept two of these always on guard, and by a blast of his horn could call into action his entire force.

Major Sharp, of Sumner County, was in command of a troop of cavalry. This though a Government force, could at all times be depended upon to act in concert with the local militia for purposes of a common defense. All of the above were held in readiness for an outbreak, which was confidently expected.

One of the most picturesque characters of the Cumberland settlement was Col. Valentine Sevier. Some years previous to this period he had removed from East Tennesse and established a station at the mouth of Red River, in Montgomery County, on the present site of New Providence. He brought with him his family, consisting of his wife and five sons. There were also in the party his sons-in-law and the families of Messrs. Price and Snyder, two relatives by marriage. All of these took up residence at the New Providence station. Col. Valentine Sevier was a brother of Gen. John Sevier. From early youth he had been a hunter and warrior. Despite his now advancing years he was as erect as an Indian, spare of flesh, had a clear skin and a bright eye, which was ever on the alert for danger.

He had served with distinction throughout the war of the Revolution as well as in all the Indian wars of his time, having obtained his rank at the battle of Pleasant Point in 1774. He is reputed to have been remarkably fond of his horse, his wife and children, his gun and hounds, glorying yet in the thrill of the chase.

Hearing of the call for volunteers issued by General Robertson, his friend of former days, Colonel Sevier gave permission to his sons, Robert, William and Valentine, Jr., to go at once to Nashville and there enlist under the banner of the common weal.

It was decided that they should make the trip thither by canoes. Accordingly, on January 18, 1792, they began the ascent of the Cumberland in company with John Price and two others whose names tradition has not preserved. Reaching a sharp bend in the river they were discovered by a skulking band of Indians, who crept across the narrow strip of land intervening and hid themselves in the bushes at the water's edge on the other side. As the boats drew near the savages fired upon the occupants, killing the three Seviers and the two unknown men. While the enemy reloaded their guns Price hastily turned his canoe about and started down stream. Seeing, however, that he would be intercepted, he rowed to the opposite shore, and leaving his canoe, made his escape into the woods. After several days of wandering he reached the river bank opposite Clarksville. He was brought over by the settlers and from thence conveyed to Colonel and Mrs. Sevier news of the terrible disaster which had befallen his companions.

After the escape of Price the Indians boarded the canoe, scalped the dead and threw their bodies into the river. They then went their way, carrying with them all the guns, provisions and supplies found in the captured boats.

The smaller forts in the neighborhood of Clarksville were now for a time abandoned, the occupants going for refuge to Sevier's Station.

Several forts had at this time been established near the present location of Springfield, Robertson County. In February or March an attack was made upon these by a party of Creeks. John Titsworth, Thomas Reason and wife and Mrs. Roberts were slain. Also the entire family of Col. Isaac Titsworth except himself and an older daughter. Colonel Titsworth was absent from home and his daughter was carried away captive. The house in which the family resided was burned. Miss Titsworth and other captives

were kept in the Creek camp near the mouth of the Tennessee until the first of June. They were then carried south into the Creek nation, where Miss Titsworth remained for three years. For a long time she was supposed to be dead, but in the summer of 1795 Colonel Titsworth, hearing that she was probably yet alive, journeyed through the Creek nation in search of her. Finally locating the rendezvous of her captors, he opened negotiations with them and arranged for her release by an exchange of prisoners. In retiring from the attack on the Springfield station the Indians discovering that they were being pursued, tomahawked and scalped three children they were carrying also into captivity.

Among those prominent in affairs among the early settlers of Tennessee County were Thomas Johnson, father of Hon. Cave Johnson; Francis and William Price, the Forts, and others, all having in later times a long line of descendants in Montgomery and Robertson Counties. Small parties of the enemy were now prowling about all parts of the settlement.

During the morning of May 24 General Robertson and his son Jonathan were sitting on their horses at the spring near his house. They were fired upon from behind a clump of bushes and thick cane, the General receiving a shot in the arm which caused him to drop his gun. In attempting to recover it he fell from his horse, which became frightened and ran off toward the house. Two of the savages were rushing toward him with raised tomahawks when Jonathan, though himself severely wounded in the hip, fired a well-directed shot, which pierced them both and thus covered the retreat of himself and his father. The ball which struck General Robertson passed the length of his arm from the wrist to the elbow, shattering one of the bones. He was, on this account, disabled for several months.

Failing in the above attack the Indians continued about the

neighborhood for several days, during which they killed a boy within sight of the Robertson residence and a little girl near the Bluff fort.

On the night of June 26, a force of several hundred Creeks, Cherokees and Chickamaugas made an assault on Ziglers' fort, in Sumner County.

During the morning preceding some of their advance guard had killed Michael Shaffer while he was hoeing in a field adjoining the station. When the neighbors who had collected went out to bring the body into the fort, the Indians fired upon them from ambush, wounding Joel Eccles and Gabriel Black. The latter was a brother-in-law of Gen. James Winchester.

The men were thus forced to leave the body of Shaffer and flee for safety into the fort. The enemy kept up the fire for some time, but finally dispersed. About sundown the occupants of the fort again ventured out and brought the dead body into the enclosure.

The alarm having been given, people for several miles around, including the occupants of the Walnutfield station, came into the fort to spend the night. These numbered in all probably thirty persons.

For some unknown reason they all retired at an early hour, leaving no sentinels on guard.

About 10 o'clock the attacking party stole out from the neighboring thickets, surrounded the fort, broke down the doors of the cabins, and fell in merciless assault upon the sleeping settlers. The latter thus awakened, fought as best they could, but were able to make but poor defense against such overwhelming numbers. At length the savages fired the fort, thus forcing the inmates to face the tomahawk in an effort to escape the flames.

Jacob Zigler, founder of the fort, ran up into the loft of his cabin and was burned to death.

Archie Wilson, a fine young fellow, who had volunteered his services to defend the fort that night, fought bravely, but finally, when wounded and retreating, was brought to bay and clubbed to death. His body was found next morning about a hundred yards from the station. Beside these, three other persons were killed, one of them a negro girl. Four were wounded, among them being Capt. Joseph Wilson. The wife and six children of Capt. Wilson, two children of Jacob Zigler, and nine other persons were taken prisoners and spirited away into captivity.

Mrs. Zigler escaped with one child by thrusting her handkerchief into its mouth, thus preventing the noise of its crying as she fled through the darkness. The destruction of the station was complete.

General White, of East Tennessee, hearing that his sister, Mrs. Wilson, and five of her children, had been carried into the Cherokee nation, sent a messenger to the chief and had them released by purchase. One of the Wilson children, a daughter, was captured by the Creeks and for many years remained among them a slave. After returning from captivity she long retained the manners and customs of her captors. On the morning after the destruction of the fort a party under command of General Winchester and Col. Edward Douglass went in pursuit of the Indians. Capt. John Carr, John Harpool and Peter Loony were sent forward as spies. They took the trail of the retreating party and followed them across Cumberland River. From thence they proceeded up Barton's Creek to within about three miles of where Lebanon now stands. Here they came upon twenty-one packs of the plunder from the station, all of which had been nicely tied up and hung on trees. The packs were carefully protected from the weather by strips of peeled bark which had been placed over each. Having but few horses, the Indians had thus disposed of a part of their luggage until a part of them could

go back and steal horses enough to bring it forward. In the meantime the main body was hurrying on with the prisoners.

The pursuing party having now come up with their advance guard, some of them were sent back home with the captured plunder, and also that they might warn the settlers to be on the lookout for the horse thieves. The rest hastened on after the retreating enemy. At the big spring now on the public square at Lebanon they stopped to rest and drink. There Captain Carr and others cut their names on a cedar tree which stood by the spring for many years thereafter. Again on the chase the party came to a small stream of water which ran across the trail. On the banks of this they saw barefoot tracks of the children who had been captured. A little further on they found the smoldering embers of a fire from which the Indians had lighted their pipes and around this were scattered scraps of dressed skins, from which it was supposed they had made moccasins for the children, the feet of the latter having become sore from hard traveling. This was confirmed when later on they saw in the mud the little moccasined footprints. This is at least one instance of savage kindness to those who were so unfortunate as to fall into their hands.

The whites camped that night at Martin's spring near the subsequent home of Esquire Doak. Next morning they came to the place where the Indians had camped the first night out. As the latter were already a day and a half ahead, General Winchester advised that the pursuit be abandoned, thinking it probable that the captives would be killed if the savages should be overtaken.

On the journey homeward it was found that the horse-stealing party had returned in the meantime to the camp on Barton's Creek and there discovering the loss of their plunder had followed on to the big spring. Here they had cut on the surround-

ing trees signs of various characters in mock imitation of the names previously carved by Carr and his companions.

On her return from captivity Mrs. Wilson related that when the advance party of Indians having in charge the captives, came to Duck River on the journey south, they halted in waiting for the rest of their number, upon whom they relied to bring up the captured plunder. When the latter arrived empty-handed, there was almost a pitched battle. In the fray knives and tomahawks were drawn by members of each party against those of the other. Mrs. Wilson said she was much alarmed lest in their rage they should kill herself and the rest of the captives.

CHAPTER XXXV.

EVENTS OF 1792 (CONTINUED).—LIEUTENANT SNODDY AND PARTY ENCOUNTER INDIANS ON CANEY FORK.—ATTACK ON BUCHANAN'S STATION.—JIMMIE O'CONNOR.

Late in the summer Lieutenant Snoddy went out with a scouting party, about thirty in number, on Caney Fork. During the afternoon he came upon the rendezvous of a large company of Indians. The latter were absent, and the camp was immediately plundered. While thus engaged Snoddy observed an Indian with a gun on his shoulder slowly sauntering down the hill. Discovering them the latter took flight, and soon disappeared in a canebrake nearby.

Snoddy well knew that he would have to fight before he left the neighborhood. Accordingly, he crossed the river with his men and selected as a place for defense a high eminence on the south shore. In the center of this he placed the horses and around them posted his troops, thus forming a hollow square. Throughout the night they lay in this position, listening to the

savages, who made the surrounding forest resound with their horrible imitations—hooting like owls, barking like dogs and foxes, and screaming like wild cats.

The frequent neighing of a restless horse betrayed the position of the settlers, and at daylight the attack was begun, and continued for an hour. Though the attacking force was double that of Lieutenant Snoddy he had with him a Spartan band, and the enemy were put to route. David Scoby and Nathan Latimer were killed. Among the wounded were Andrew Steel and Captain William Reid, late of Sumner County. Two or three of Snoddy's party in a cowardly manner deserted their comrades on the eve of battle.

The loss to the Indians in killed and wounded was great.

The capture of Zigler's Station had awakened the settlers anew to a sense of danger, and guards were now picketed around every fort.

Governor Blount still gave little encouragement in matters of defense. His letters from his home in Knoxville advised patience and leniency with the Indians, who from messages received from Watts, Bloody Fellow and others, he believed to be on the eve of accepting terms of peace. On September 14, he sent General Robertson an order to disband the minute men. In a letter attached he said: "I heartily congratulate you and the District of Mero upon the happy change of affairs."

A few days later, however, having received information of an alarming nature from the Chickamauga towns, he sent a courier post-haste to Nashville with the following message: "The danger is imminent, delay not an hour." About this time a half-breed by the name of Findleston arrived at the Bluff and told General Robertson that John Watts was assembling a large force in the region of Nickajack for the purpose of breaking up the settlement. He said, furthermore, that if his statements were not true, the whites might put him in jail and hang him.

The minute men were thereupon again called out, and sent into camp at Rain's Spring in Waverly Place, while the Castlemans and other scouts of good repute were sent out as spies. The latter went down as far as Murfreesboro where at that time an Indian called Black Fox and several associate hunters had located a camp. They returned with the information that there was not an Indian on the course, even the Black Fox camp being deserted.

Reassured by this report, the force at Rain's Spring was marched back to the Bluff and there disbanded. However, another party of scouts consisting of John Rains, Abraham Kennedy, and two men by the names of Clayton and Gee were sent over the region covered by the Castlemans. It was believed that Watts and his band would pass by the Black Fox camp in order that they might confer with Black Fox, with whom Watts was thought to be secretly in league.

Rains and Kennedy took one route, while Clayton and Gee went by another. When near the present site of Lavergne Clayton and his companion encountered an approaching force of about seven hundred Cherokees, Creeks, Chickamaugas and Shawnees, all under command of Watts.

The scouts were killed. It is said that on the march thither Watts kept ahead of his army Indian spies dressed as white men. In this way the unfortunate scouts were decoyed within his lines where they were surrounded and slain.

Rains and Kennedy not having discovered the fate of Clayton and Gee returned on the third day and reported no signs of danger. This information created great satisfaction among most of the settlers. Some of these now complained loudly because of the alarm which had, as they now declared, been uselessly occasioned.

Doubtless Findleston, the half-breed, who furnished the information, now trembled for his head.

However, despite the failure of the scouts to discover signs of danger, the more experienced of the settlers viewed the situation with alarm. That veteran woodsman and Indian fighter, Abraham Castleman, moulded a new supply of bullets, filled afresh his powder horn, cleaned and repolished his faithful rifle, "Betsey," picked his flint and ambled off down the trail. When questioned as to his destination he replied that he was "going over to Buchanan's to see the enemy." It was supposed that Buchanan's Station would be the first point of attack.

After killing the scouts, Clayton and Gee, the main body of the Indian force lay concealed in the woods for several days, while spies were sent forward to reconnoiter.

On the morning of September 30, the march was resumed to a point about a mile below Buchanan's fort. Here the horses were left in charge of some of the men. At dusk the main body moved noiselessly up to within site of the station. George Fields, a half-breed Cherokee, and a member of the party, afterwards related that they saw the lights in the hands of the settlers as they moved about the stockade, and could hear the neighing of the horses and the lowing of the cows.

While the invaders were thus halted, a dispute arose between Watts and Tom Tunbridge, who was in command of one wing of the army. The latter wanted to attack the fort at once. Watts insisted on going first to the Bluff and there make an assault on that station. He argued that if Buchanan's be attacked now the occupants of the Bluff would thus be put on their guard, whereas, with the latter out of the way, the smaller fort could be easily taken on the return journey.

It is evident that their success in capturing Zigler's Station had made the Indians bold to the belief that on this expedition they would be able to destroy the entire settlement.

The controversy between the chiefs lasted for several hours.

Finally it was ended by Watts, who told Tunbridge to go ahead and take the fort himself, and that he, Watts, would stand aside and look on. However, it is a matter of history that the whole force was in action before the engagement which followed was well under way.

Within the last few days, in anticipation of trouble, Major Buchanan had repaired the stockade and otherwise greatly strengthened his fortifications. On the night of the attack he had within the enclosure twenty of as brave men as any of whom record is made in the annals of early history. Their names are as follows: James Bryant, Thomas Wilcox, Jacob and Abraham Castleman, James O'Connor, James Mulherrin, Thomas McCrory, Morris Shane, William and Robin Kennedy, George Findleston, Samuel Blair, Charles Herd, Sampson Williams, Samuel McMurry, Robin Turnbull, Robin Hood, Thomas Latimer, Robin Thompson and Joe DuRat. The last named was a half-breed but a friend of the whites.

As on previous occasions of Indian attack a full moon shone that night from a clear sky. At the lonely hour of midnight two faithful sentinels in the watch tower over the gate discovered the approach of the enemy. When they came within easy range two rifle shots rang out and two Indian warriors bit the dust. The occupants of the fort were now aroused and both sides opened fire. For an hour the battle raged more furiously than in any engagement yet known to the settlement. With whoops and yells and a fusillade of shots the savages stormed the stockade on every side, making repeated efforts to break down the gate and thus enter the enclosure. Through one porthole alone they directed thirty shots to the inside, all of which lodged under the roof in a place the size of a hatbrim.

A few yards from the fort a cellar had been dug over which an outhouse was soon to be built. In this some of the Indians took

refuge, hoping to pick off the men in the fort as occasion should be presented. Some sought safety by crouching in the outside corners of the stockade, while others hurled burning brands onto the roofs of the cabins and into the enclosure, hoping thereby to fire the fort. During all this time they were being met by volley after volley from twenty trusty rifles within. Whenever an Indian came within reach or raised his head he thus constituted himself a backstop for a bullet from a neighboring porthole. However, there were more portholes than gunners to man them, and the Major's wife, Mrs. Sallie Buchanan, together with other women of the fort, displayed in this emergency great bravery. Seizing each a man's hat they dodged about holding them from time to time in front of the vacant openings. This was called a "showing of hats." It was intended to fool the Indians as to the size of the garrison. At length, impatient at the seeming failure of the attack, Tom Tunbridge seized a firebrand and mounted the roof of a cabin. No sooner on top than he received a fatal shot that sent him tumbling to the ground. In his dying moments he crawled up to the wall and tried to set fire to the logs, blowing the flames with his last breath in a desperate effort to burn the stockade. His dead body, scorched by the fire he had kindled, was found next morning beside the fort.

The Indians were finally repulsed and withdrew in great confusion.

The body of Tunbridge, who is believed to have led the capture of Zigler's, and many of those of his followers were left on the field.

Watts, desperately wounded, was carried away on a litter. Trails of blood leading down the rocky declivity from the fort and along the paths through the woods made evident the fact that many of the dead and wounded were carried away.

Around the stockade by the light of the morning were found

swords, tomahawks, rifles, pipes, kettles and numerous other articles of Indian usage. One of the swords was a handsome Spanish blade, richly ornamented after the Spanish custom. This had doubtless been presented by the Dons to some Indian brave in return for a specified number of hapless paleface scalps.

None of the occupants of the fort were killed or wounded.

Jimmie O'Connor, one of the defending party in the Buchanan fort, and a gallant son of the Emerald Isle, was somewhat addicted to the use of strong drink. It is related that he had returned from Nashville about an hour before the attack above mentioned in a state of rather hilarious jubilation. In the midst of the battle Jimmie came up to Major Buchanan and asked permission to use an old pistol, the property of the Major's mother. This particular implement of warfare, which was usually kept loaded and laid away under the old lady's pillow, was a funnel-shaped species of the blunderbuss family and was known about the fort as "My Grandmammy's Pocket Piece."

The request was granted and Jimmie, mounting a ladder to an upper porthole, pulled the trigger. Supposing that it had fired, he descended from his station and asked that the weapon be reloaded. This request was four times repeated and granted. All of this was quite a drain on the supply of ammunition, as it required several times as much powder as an ordinary rifle.

On the fifth ascent to the porthole the blunderbuss, which had only snapped before, went off in dead earnest, with a report which rivaled that of a six-pounder, and with a kick which hurled poor Jimmie to the ground. No sooner landed, however, than he was on his feet, and running over to Major Buchanan, exclaimed: "Be jabbers, but they got one alright, didn't they?"

Next day a company of a hundred and fifty men, under command of General Robertson and Captain Rains, began a pursuit of the Indians, who, it was discovered, had retreated in two

parties. When the whites reached Stewart's Creek they found that the fleeing savages were gaining ground, and therefore abandoned the chase. After this attack there was comparative peace in the settlement for a period of several months.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Events of 1793.

MAJOR EVANS AND PARTY ATTACKED.—TRAGIC DEATH OF COL. ISAAC BLEDSOE.—MONUMENT TO THE BLEDSOES.—SPENCER'S ADVENTURE.—ASSAULT ON GREENFIELD STATION.—OLD ABRAHAM KILLS "MADDOG," THE CHEROKEE CHIEF. DEATH OF MISS STEEL.—RAID BEYOND THE RIVER.—WHITE PRISONERS.

Throughout its course the year 1793 was to the settlement one of stirring events.

The number of killed or wounded is variously estimated at from fifty to seventy-five.

Almost daily during the summer months marauding parties of the enemy recrossed the Tennessee River with scalps and horses which had been taken from the Tennessee and Kentucky settlements. One stands aghast at the awful carnage which was wrought. Early in January, on White's Creek, a man by the name of Gower was mortally wounded. Before death overtook him he succeeded in making his escape to Hickman's Station.

On the same day a party of Indians were pursued from Bledsoe's Station, where they had stolen the horses on which they escaped. In their flight they lost several guns and a quantity of plunder, all of which was captured by the whites.

Hugh Tenin had built a cabin on Red River, west of Clarks-

ville. On January 16, while he was building a fence around his clearing, the savages shot him from ambush, captured his horse and fled.

Indians now thronged the banks of the Cumberland on the lookout for boat parties, which they usually attacked while ascending the river. The reason for this was twofold: First, because the crews were preöccupied with rowing and therefore less vigilant, and second, because the returning boats were always ladened with goods and provisions.

About the first of January, Major Evan Shelby, in company with others, had gone to Louisville, then known as the Falls of the Ohio, for a boat load of supplies. On January 18, while returning with a cargo of salt and other necessities, the boat was fired upon from the river bank by a party of Creeks. This was in Stewart County at a point opposite the present site of Dover. Major Shelby, James Harney and a negro man belonging to Moses Shelby were killed. The savages plundered the boat and scattered and destroyed what they could not carry away. Then, dressed in the clothes of the dead and armed with the captured swords and rifles, they marched off in great state.

Some of this paraphernalia was found among them by Colonel Titsworth while searching for his daughter in 1795. Major Shelby was a brother of Gov. Isaac Shelby, of Kentucky, and a son of Gen. Evan Shelby, of North Carolina.

Having settled in the Cumberland some years previous, he had already filled many positions of honor and trust. His death was mourned as a public calamity.

Two days after the capture of the Shelby party, three boats belonging to French traders were fired upon while ascending the river. David Crow and a man named Gaskins were killed outright. Wells, Milliken and Priest were wounded. The latter died from the effects of a shot in the knee. Milliken recovered,

but, as a result of the encounter, carried through life five bullets in various parts of his body.

Overall and Burnett were returning from Kentucky, having in charge nine packhorses loaded with "goods, salt and whisky." On January 22, at a lonely place in the road, they were pounced upon by the enemy and slain. Overall had been a scout. Presumingly on this account the savages chopped him with their tomahawks, cutting the flesh from his bones. The horses with their burdens were captured.

An event of unusual importance this year was the death of Col. Isaac Bledsoe on the morning of April 1. Together with several negro men he was going from his station to a neighboring clearing for the purpose of mending some burning log-heaps. The Indians, who were in waiting by the path, directed a deadly fire at Colonel Bledsoe, inflicting wounds from which he died almost instantly. They then deliberately scalped him and went on their way. The settlement was long in mourning on account of Colonel Bledsoe's tragic death. As previously recorded, his body was buried beside that of his brother, Anthony, on the hill south of his station at Bledsoe's Lick.

In 1908 a fitting monument to the memory of the Bledsoes was erected over their graves at Castalian Springs, Sumner County. It was provided by contributions from descendents of the two brothers. Those chief in promoting this enterprise were Col. Oscar F. Bledsoe, of Grenada, Miss., and Col. J. G. Cisco, of Nashville.

Capt. Sam Hays was killed near the home of John Donelson, Jr., west of the Hermitage.

Thomas Sharp Spencer and Robert Jones, in company with Mrs. Nathaniel Parker, formerly Mrs. Anthony Bledsoe, were passing on horseback from the Walnutfield Station to Greenfield. When about two miles from Gallatin, and near the corner of the

MONUMENT TO COLS. ANTHONY AND ISAAC BLEDSOE,
CASTALIAN SPRINGS, SUMNER COUNTY

farm now owned by Harris Brown, they came face to face with a party of Indians. The latter opened fire, and Jones fell dead from his horse. With raised tomahawks they rushed toward his companions, but recognizing Spencer, of whom they stood in mortal dread, called a halt. Ordering Mrs. Parker to turn her horse and run toward Gallatin, Spencer covered her retreat by dashing back and forth in front of the savages, pointing his gun as though he intended to shoot. This was kept up until she was beyond their reach. Then wheeling his own horse about Spencer followed his companion to a place of safety.

Because of disasters to them usually attended on such occasions, the Indians had now grown wary of attacking the stations. They explained this fear by saying, "White man keep heap big guns and much dogs." However, an attempt to capture Greenfield is yet to be recorded.

This fort recently equipped with lookout station and heavy stockade was regarded as one of the strongest in the settlement, but just at this time was poorly manned. It was situated on a lofty eminence, from which site one may look to-day over a landscape of surpassing beauty. There was about the fort a spacious clearing and surrounding this on every side was a cane brake from twelve to fifteen feet high.

During the afternoon of April 26, three negro men were plowing in a field near the fort. One of these was Abraham, formerly body-servant to Col. Anthony Bledsoe. They were guarded the while by an Irish sentry whose name was Jarvis.

About two hours before sundown, General William Hall, then a young man, went down from the fort to see how the work was progressing. While he stood talking to Abraham, the dogs which had been lying near where Jarvis was stationed, suddenly became excited and rushed toward the canebrake. Feeling sure that the Indians were close by, General Hall ordered the men to unhitch their horses, and they all returned to the house.

Shortly after daylight next morning while Mrs. Clendening and several of the women were out milking the cows, a drove of half-wild cattle came rushing from the woods down the lane toward the fort. About the same time Jarvis came by with the negro men on their way to the field. Mrs. Clendening begged them not to go, saying that she believed the Indians would be upon them in a short time, but Jarvis insisted that there was no danger. He said they had lost two hours of the previous afternoon, and must now go and finish their plowing. While Mrs. Clendening went in to arouse the men who were yet asleep in the fort, the firing of guns was heard. Jarvis and the negroes, their horses abandoned, came running with all speed toward the station pursued by several bands of the enemy. General Hall sprang out of bed and partially dressing himself, seized his rifle and shot pouch and rushed bareheaded from his cabin. Outside he was joined by Mr. Wilson, a trusted soldier, who happened to be passing, and together they started to the aid of Jarvis and his men. Just then another party of about twenty Indians who were ambushed along the lane arose and fired a volley at Hall and Wilson. The latter jumped the fence and ran toward the savages, who, their guns empty, now turned and fled.

In the meantime Neely and James Hays had come out of the fort and were going to the aid of their comrades. Another squad of Indians came running through a wheat field and tried to intercept them. In doing so they came close to Hall and Wilson, but when they discovered the latter they fell flat in the wheat. Directly one of them wishing to see the lay of the land, poked his head above the tall grain. He received a bullet from General Hall's rifle, which caused his moccasined heels to describe a semi-circle in the air, after which he landed face downward, dead.

The four white men now ran forward and gave battle to the force in pursuit of the field hands, and a fierce conflict ensued.

Jarvis and one of the negroes called Prince were killed. A shot passed through General Hall's hair clipping out a lock, which Neely said was thrown a foot into the air. The fire from the Indians finally ceased, and the settlers started to the fort. Looking back they saw Old Abraham, who had killed one antagonist, coming on a run for his life with a strapping big Indian after him. Seeing that he was loosing ground the Indian stopped and began in a deliberate manner to reload his rifle. Hays fired and shot him in the arm pit through and through, killing him instantly. The Indian force numbered about two hundred and sixty. In retreating they left four dead on the field, but carried away the wounded. The horses belonging to the field hands were captured.

Soon after they had departed a company of fifty men under Major George Winchester, having heard the firing, arrived at the fort. A council was held, but it was decided that pursuit should not be made, as it was thought probable that the savages would lie in wait and entrap them.

A few days later Old Abraham, who was a good soldier and marksman, was passing at nightfall from Bledsoe's Lick to Greenfield. When in the midst of a dense thicket about half way between, he came face to face with two well known Cherokee chiefs, "Maddog" and "John Taylor," the latter a half-breed and a noted plunderer.

Old Abe leveled his gun and fired, killing "Maddog." He then turned about and ran toward the Lick. Taylor carried away and buried the body of his comrade. This done he returned to his nation, and was never seen again in the settlement.

About the middle of June, James Steel and his daughter, Betsy, a beautiful girl seventeen years old, were killed and scalped near Greenfield. In company with Mr. Steel's son, and his brother, Robert, they were on their way to Morgan's fort at the mouth of Dry Fork.

When they left Greenfield, General Hall and several other members of the Light Horse Scouts, a local organization, offered to guard them over, but the elder Steel declined, saying that he feared no danger. When scarcely out of sight of the fort the firing of guns told of their peril. General Hall and his men mounted their horses and galloped down the road to the rescue, but the red hand of the Indian had done its bloody work. Steel had fallen under the first fire. The daughter, who was riding behind her father, was knocked off the horse, stabbed and scalped. She was yet alive when the scouts came up, but died while being carried back to the station. Robert Steel and his nephew made their escape.

The noted scout and hunter, Jacob Castleman, together with his relatives, Joseph and Hans Castleman, were killed at their station near Nashville on July 1. Abraham Castleman, who had long chafed under the restrictions thrown by the War Department around the local militia, could now no longer be restrained. General Robertson, who in this instance, was not hard to persuade, granted him the desired permission to raise a company of volunteers for the purpose of retaliation.

Castleman promptly enlisted a band of fifteen, and started in swift pursuit toward the southeast. When they reached the Tennessee, beyond which, by order of Secretary Knox, all parties of like character were forbidden to go, they had killed no Indians, according to Castleman, "worth naming." Here ten of the company turned back. The remainder, consisting of Castleman, Frederick Stull, Zackariah Maclin, Jack Camp, Eli Hammond, and Zeke Caruthers, determined to visit Cæsar in his own house. Painting and otherwise disguising themselves as Indians, they crossed the river near Nickajack. They had not gone far when they came in sight of a band of fifty Creeks at dinner. The latter were seated on the ground, two and two, all painted black and evidently on their way to war.

So well disguised were the settlers that they were allowed to come quite near, the Indians continuing their meal without the least alarm. Suddenly the invaders stopped, planted their feet, took deliberate aim, and fired. Each killed a man. "Betsy" was loaded with buckshot, and Castleman killed two. The Indians surprised and thrown into a panic by so sudden an attack fled in all directions, leaving the dead behind. Castleman and his dare-devil band crossed the river and returned to Nashville, well pleased with the results of their expedition.

In December, James Robertson, Jr., son of General Robertson, and John Grimes were trapping for beaver on Caney Fork. A party of Cherokees came by, shot and scalped them, and threw their bodies into the river.

The following Middle Tennessee settlers were now prisoners in the various Indian nations: Mrs. Caffrey and child, Mrs. Williams and child, Mrs. Crockett and son, Mrs. Brown and Misses Thompson, Wilson, Titsworth and Scarlet, two boys and a little girl at Pocantala, a boy twelve years old at Big Tallassee, two boys and a girl at Oakfuskee. A lad fifteen years old, a man whom the Indians called John, a boy ten years old, and a young woman, age unknown; the latter at various villages among the southern tribes.

Some of these had been in captivity for years. Their only tidings of relatives and friends was their occasional recognition of bloody scalps and garments exhibited by the warriors on their return from murderous expeditions.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Events of 1794.

THE TERRITORIAL ASSEMBLY MEETS.—CONGRESS PETITIONED.—INDIAN OUTRAGES.—ATTACK ON JONATHAN ROBERTSON'S PARTY.

On the first day of this year Governor Blount issued a proc-

lamation calling the Territorial Assembly and Legislature to meet at Knoxville the fourth Monday in February following.

This body consisted of thirteen members. The three Middle Tennessee counties were represented as follows: General James White from Davidson, David Wilson from Sumner, and James Ford from Tennessee. Wilson of Sumner was elected Speaker of the Assembly, it being insisted by the western delegation that as the Governor had been selected from the eastern portion of the Territory, therefore their division was entitled to the presiding officer of the legislative body.

Thus was begun a sectional rotation in office, which has since become law, both written and unwritten, in the selection of Tennessee officials.

By provision of the Congressional Act creating the Territory, it became the Assembly's duty to nominate ten persons from whom the President of the United States should select five, the latter constituting a Legislative Council. From the names presented the following were chosen: Col. John Sevier, Gen. James Winchester, Stockley Donelson, Griffith Rutherford and Parmenas Taylor.

This first meeting of the Assembly was lengthy in session, the same being devoted largely to details of the territorial organization.

At its adjournment on September 24, a resolution was adopted instructing James White, Esq., at that time territorial representative in Congress, to exhibit to the "President of Congress" a list of those who had this year fallen by the hands of the Creeks and Cherokees. He was also requested to assure his excellency that "if the people of this territory have borne with outrages which stretch human patience to its utmost, it has been through our veneration for the head of the Federal Government (Washington), and through the hopes we entertain that his influence

will finally extend to procure for this injured part of the Union that justice which nothing but retaliation on an unrelenting enemy can afford."

Already, as we shall see presently, but possibly without the knowledge of those who framed this resolution, the worm had turned, and a swift vengeance wreaked on a part of this "unrelenting enemy."

So great now was the peril from the savages that the Governor was importuned by certain members of the assembly for protection on their journey homeward. White, Ford and Speaker Wilson were escorted back to Nashville by an armed guard.

Throughout the early part of this year Governor Blount continued seemingly to have great faith in the councils and negotiations he was still conducting with the belligerent tribes, and lent a listening, if not a trusting ear to all made-to-order "peace talks" from the chiefs. On April 15 he wrote General Robertson as follows: "An attack on Cumberland by a large party of Indians, either Creeks or Cherokees, or both, is not to be apprehended this summer. Small parties, however, I fear will yet infest your frontier. I entreat and command you to let neither opportunity nor distant appearances of danger induce you to order out any party (of the militia) unnecessarily large. Economy is a republican virtue which from the injunction laid on me (by the Secretary of War) I feel myself bound to enjoin on you the observance of."

Nevertheless, in the midst of these promises of peace and lectures on economy, the destruction of human life and loss of property went on apace.

But the Governor, or some other agency, had at last brought the Secretary of War to the belief that the people along the Cumberland were exposed to at least some danger which had not been brought upon themselves by any misconduct of their own.

About this time the officials were authorized to raise from the militia of Mero District one hundred men, allowing twenty-six privates for Davidson County, a like number for Tennessee, and seventeen for Sumner, besides subaltern officers, sergeants and corporals, and a mounted force of thirty men to range throughout the district.

On New Year's day John Drake with three companions went from his home near Shackle Island in Sumner County to hide near one of the licks in wait for game. They had killed two deer which they were busily engaged in skinning when they were espied by a band of Indians. After firing a volley the latter rushed upon them with uplifted battle axes. In the conflict which followed, so many shots were fired that each of the whites suspected all his comrades slain. Not a man was wounded, and all escaped to Shackle Island. But their rifles and the venison, both of which were deeply mourned, fell into the hands of the enemy.

Miss Deliverance Gray, while passing between the stations west of Nashville, was pursued by the enemy who tried to effect her capture. She was fired upon and slightly wounded, but escaped by flight. John Helen was killed and scalped at a point half a mile from General Robertson's residence. He ran a long way and when finally overtaken, made a heroic fight for his life. He was overpowered by numbers.

Jonathan Robertson, eldest son of the General, had many a conflict with the Redskins.

One day this spring he had as companions three lads by the name of Cowan, aged from ten to fourteen years. They were hunting a few miles west of the Robertson plantation. About ten o'clock they killed some game and swinging it across their shoulders went marching in single file through the woods. Suddenly the rustle of a brush and the gleam of a rifle told them that danger was near. One of the boys raised his gun to fire,

but young Robertson stopped him and ordered the party to seek protection behind neighboring trees. Two of the lads sprang behind a tree each, while Robertson and the other boy sought a third. The Indians while yet carefully concealed, fired a shot which slightly wounded Robertson's companion. In trying to get sight of the enemy that he might take a shot, Robertson exposed his head and received a bullet through his hat just above the left ear. The Indian who made this shot thus exposed his own body, and Robertson in turn sent a bullet after him which reached its mark, causing the savage to drop his gun. From behind their sheltering oaks several Indian heads now protruded, at which the youthful hunters each took a shot. In this fusillade another Indian was wounded. Before long the savages were running like troopers, carrying with them their wounded and leaving Robertson and his band in complete possession of the field. In their flight they lost a rifle, which was captured.

A few days later the bodies of two dead Indians, supposed to be the wounded in this skirmish, were found a short distance from the scene of the conflict.

Two of the young Bledsoes, one a son of Col. Anthony Bledsoe, the other a son of his brother Isaac, both named Anthony, had boarded during the winter at Rock Castle, the home of Gen. Daniel Smith. While there they attended a school which had been established on Drake's Creek near Hendersonville. On the afternoon of March 21, while returning to Rock Castle, they were killed at a rock quarry in which the Indians were secreted. Out of this quarry had been taken the stone from which Rock Castle had been built.

A month later, Thomas, another son of Col. Anthony Bledsoe, was surprised and mortally wounded near his deceased father's station at Greenfield. The survivors of this brave family of pioneers now felt that surely their cup of bitterness was full.

On the morning of August 9, Maj. George Winchester was killed and scalped at what is now the forks of the Scottsville and Hartsville turnpike in the edge of Gallatin. He was on his way to attend a meeting of the County Court, of which he was a member.

When the news of Major Winchester's death reached town the court was just assembling, and a large crowd had gathered about the court house. Immediately a company of fifty men were enrolled under Maj. George D. Blackmore, for the purpose of pursuing the murderers. The march was begun next morning at daybreak, but the Indians were not overtaken, as they were mounted on strong horses recently stolen, and they were a day and night in advance of the whites. Goaded to desperation by the continued recurrence of such outrages, the settlers now determined to break up these marauding expeditions at any sacrifice, and regardless of opposition from all sources, even the Federal Government itself. This resolution General Robertson no longer hesitated to approve.

The task to be undertaken was not light, and concert of action must be had.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Events of 1794 (Continued).

THE NICKAJACK EXPEDITION.—MAJ. GEO. D. BLACKMORE.—ASSAULT ON SEVIER'S STATION NEAR CLARKSVILLE.

Sampson Williams, representing the Cumberland settlement, visited Kentucky and laid the proposed plan of action before Colonel Whitley. The latter readily agreed to raise a force and cooperate in the invasion. Returning to the settlement Captain Williams assisted in organizing the local army of volunteers.

Col. John Montgomery raised a company near Clarksville; Colonel Ford levied troops in that region now comprised in Robertson County; while General Robertson and Maj. George D. Blackmore called for recruits in Davidson and Sumner Counties, respectively.

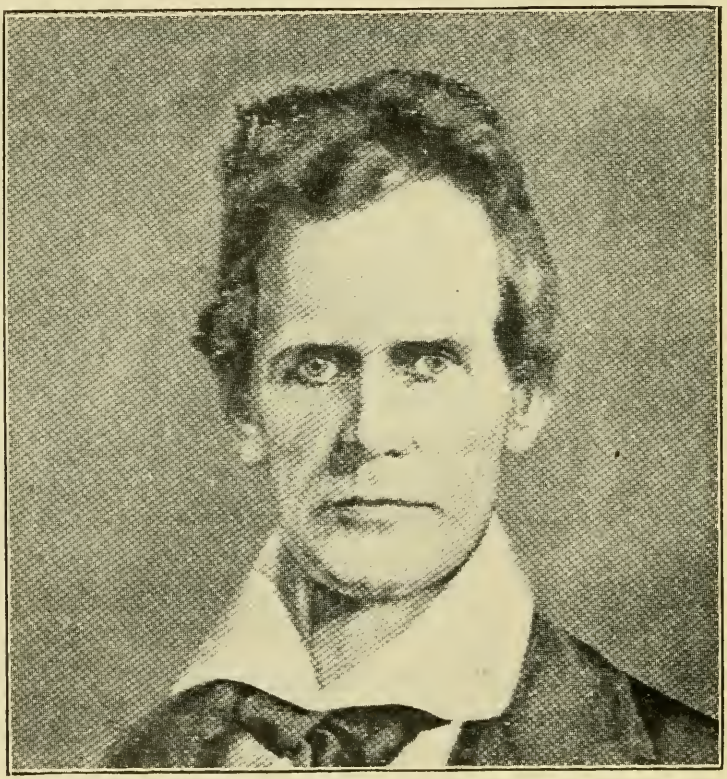
In the meantime Governor Blount had detached Major Ore, of East Tennessee, with a command of sixty men to range along the Cumberland Mountains, and thus aid in preventing the Indians from crossing into Mero District. However, for some reason, a satisfactory explanation of which has not yet found its way to the War Department, this gallant band of patriots did not halt on the crest of the mountains. Instead they straightway pursued their journey westward, and the appointed day found them bivouaced with the volunteers from Kentucky and the Cumberland at the designated place of rendezvous. The latter was at Brown's Block House, two miles east of Buchanan's Station.

As the troops of Major Ore were the only members of the combined force levied under government authority, it was agreed that Major Ore should command the expedition. Col. Whitley, of course, led the Kentucky troops, while Colonel Montgomery and Major Blackmore were selected to command the volunteers from the Cumberland counties. Prominent among the latter were William Trousdale, afterwards Governor of Tennessee, Hugh Rogan, Stephen Cantrell, William Pillow, Captain Joseph Brown, Charles and Beale Bosley and John Davis.

From the first it had been agreed that the point of attack should be Nickajack and Running Water towns. These, as before stated, were located along the southeast shore of the Tennessee River and under the shadow of Lookout Mountain. It was an open secret that from these hives issued those pestilential swarms of marauders which had so long preyed upon the Cumberland settlement. Here also the Creek and Cherokee war par-

ties gathered and crossed the river on their journeys toward the north.

Late in August a small party under command of Colonel Roberts went out with written instructions to "scour the head waters of the Elk," but with the secret purpose of spying out a route



GOV. WILLIAM TROUSDALE

for the army to Nickajack and Running Water. This party of scouts was accompanied by Joseph Brown, yet a youth, but who had been long a captive in these towns after the murderous assault upon his father's expedition some years previous to this date. By the time the troops were ready to move Colonel Rob-

erts and his company had returned and reported a feasible route thither.

With young Brown as a guide, the entire army, consisting of five hundred and fifty mounted men, began its march on the morning of September 7.

The following order had previously been issued by General Robertson to Major Ore:

"NASHVILLE, Sept. 6, 1794.

MAJOR ORÈ: The object of your command is to defend the District of Mero against the Creeks and Cherokees of the lower towns, who I have received information are about to invade it, as also to punish such Indians as have committed recent depredations. For these objects, you will march, with the men under your command, from Brown's Block House on the 8th instant, and proceed along Taylor's Trace towards the Tennessee; and if you do not meet this party before you arrive at the Tennessee, you will pass it and destroy the lower Cherokee towns, which must serve as a check to the expected invades; taking care to spare women and children, and to treat all prisoners who may fall into your hands with humanity, and thereby teach those savages to spare the citizens of the United States, under similar circumstances. Should you in your march discover the trails of Indians returning from commission of recent depredations on the frontiers, which can generally be distinguished by the horses stolen being shod, you are to give pursuit to such parties, even to the towns from whence they came, and punish them for their aggressions in an exemplary manner to the terror of others from the commission of similar offenses, provided this can be consistent with the main object of your command, as above expressed, the defense of the District of Mero against the expected party of Creeks and Cherokees.

"I have the utmost confidence in your patriotism and bravery, and with my warmest wishes for your success,

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"JAMES ROBERTSON, B. G."

For some reason unexplained, the army began its march a day earlier than the date indicated in the above order.

They camped the first night on the present site of Murfreesboro. From thence they passed in a southeasterly direction through Coffee County, crossing Barren Fork of Duck River not far from the Old Stone Fort which still stands near Manchester. At a ford south of this they crossed Elk River into Franklin County. From there they proceeded over the mountains and camped on the Tennessee near where South Pittsburg now stands.

This journey had consumed several days, and it was now the night of the 12th. The larger part of the force remained on the east side of the river; a few crossed over at night to stand guard against a possible discovery and an unexpected attack.

On the morning the 13th, rafts and floats were constructed, and by means of these, together with a few canoes made of dry hide, the arms, ammunition and clothing of the troops were conveyed to the other shore. The men swam over on their horses, and led by Brown, who was entirely familiar with the country, rode rapidly to within sight of Nickajack. The latter was a small town at the foot of the mountain, inhabited by two or three hundred warriors and their families. A halt was called and the force divided.

Colonel Whitley with his Kentucky troops swung to the right and moved along the base of the mountain. Colonel Montgomery with the remainder of the force turned to the left and moved down the river. The army thus proceeded in two wings in order that they might strike the river above and below the town, and thereby cut off all avenues of escape save by the water.

The march was scarcely begun when some of the party came upon two stray cabins in the midst of a cornfield. Into these some of the troops fired, which shots were returned by the occupants.

These shots alarmed the inhabitants of the village beyond, so that when the troops came up many of them had run down to the river bank and were embarking in canoes. The rest of their number had taken flight toward Running Water town some distance above.

Montgomery and his troops rushed down upon the party on the bank. There they found five or six large canoes already loaded with goods and Indians. About thirty warriors were standing near the water's edge ready to embark. At these William Pillow fired the first shot, after which the entire force opened a deadly fusillade, from the effects of which scarce an Indian escaped. A few dived into the river, and by swimming under water got beyond gun range. Two or three hid under goods in detached canoes, and escaped by floating down stream. In the meantime Colonel Whitley had fallen, with great havoc, upon a small portion of the town cut off by a drain about two hundred and fifty yards up the river.

When the warriors of the Running Water town heard the firing below they started on a run to the assistance of their neighbors. Before going far they met a number of the latter coming with equal haste toward them. After some argument the whole party went again toward Nickajack. At a place between the two towns called the Narrows they encountered the white troops who had now followed on. A desperate conflict ensued, each party taking refuge behind rocks and trees along the mountain side. The Indians were finally routed with great loss by death and capture.

All cabins in the towns were sacked and burned, every vestige

of both towns being destroyed. Many articles of property recognized by the militiamen to have formerly belonged to relatives and friends were taken. A large quantity of powder and lead just received from the Spanish Governor at New Orleans was captured. Two fresh scalps, recently taken from the Cumberland settlement, and others already dry and hung up as trophies of war were found and carried away.

Of the Indians seventy were killed. Among the dead was the noted chief, Breath of Nickajack. About twenty were captured. Many of the latter remembered Joseph Brown, whom they called "Co-tan-co-ney." They begged him to have their lives spared, which, thus obeying the biblical doctrine of returning good for evil, he graciously did.

On the evening of the day on which the battle was fought the troops recrossed the Tennessee and began their homeward journey, none killed and only three of their number wounded.

Thus ended the "Nickajack Expedition."

Of the inhabitants of Nickajack and Running Water, Dr. Ramsey says: "These land pirates had supposed their towns to be inaccessible, and were reposing at their ease in conscious security, up to the moment when, under the guidance of Brown, the riflemen burst in upon them and dispelled the illusion."

The backbone of the long Indian war was now broken, and peace was in sight. The savages could never rally from the disastrous effects of the above assault. Other depredations were committed, the most notable being the attack on Sevier's station, soon to be recorded, but these were probably by roving bands of irresponsible marauders.

Soon after the raid on the lower towns Governor Blount wrote to General Robertson an official letter severely criticising his act in authorizing the expedition.

In all probability the Governor was previously advised of

the entire scheme, and having at last lost faith in the treacherous promises of the savages, secretly approved the same. His motive in thus censuring General Robertson was probably close akin to that which actuated Gen. Frank Cheatham on a certain occasion during the Late Unpleasantness. While out on a foraging expedition one day the writer's father, together with his cousin, Frank Hunter, and several other hungry soldiers in Cheatham's army, located a hog, penned up in a chimney corner. A carefully planned raid was effected, and the next morning found his hogship dressed, quartered, and distributed among several mess parties about the camp.

Just before breakfast time the hog's owner appeared and complained to General Cheatham of his loss. The latter hastily called up the entire troop and demanded the names of the guilty parties. Of course, no one could furnish the desired information. Thereupon "Old Frank" stormed and raged in high dudgeon about the quarters. He swore by all that was in the heavens above and on the earth beneath, to say nothing of what was under the seas, that he would have them all court-martialed and shot, or find the culprits.

After this performance had proceeded to some length, the owner of the hog departed in great peace of mind, feeling fully compensated for both loss of property and mental suffering occasioned thereby. When he was gone the General quickly relented, and suggested to the boys that while he guessed they needed it all, a fresh ham delivered over at his tent would be very acceptable, as he was rather "hog hungry" himself.

Maj. George D. Blackmore, who was in command of a part of the troops on the Nickajack expedition, was a native of Hagerstown, Md., and served for three years in the war of the Revolution. At the close of this conflict he came to the Cumberland country, residing for a while at Bledsoe's Station. He was one of the

gallant defenders of the latter in its assault by the Indians, as previously recorded. Later on he commanded what was called a horse company, and was also employed as Quartermaster in supplying provisions for the troops stationed at the various forts. He was a brave soldier and an honored citizen. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Alexander Neely, and reared a large and highly respected family. Among them were Dr. James Blackmore, and Gen. William Blackmore, a hero of the Mexican war. The latter was the father of Hon. James W. Blackmore, now a prominent citizen of Gallatin. At an early date Major Blackmore settled on the tract of land now owned by David Barry, Sr., in the Second Civil District of Sumner County. On the present site of Mr. Barry's residence he built a settler's log cabin in which he lived for many years. He died in 1830, and was buried in the family burying ground in sight of his former residence.

This narrative of bloody atrocities will be closed with an account, now to be given, of an attack on Col. Valentine Sevier's Station at noon on November 11, 1794. Though greatly bereaved by the loss of his sons, this brave old warrior had determined to remain at his post. Accordingly with his little band he began clearing new fields and building larger improvements. In the meantime a small colony formed on the Cumberland below the mouth of the Red River, and thus established the town of Clarksville.

On the day above indicated all the grown men of the station were away except Colonel Sevier and a Mr. Snyder. About twelve o'clock without warning a band of forty Indians rushed out upon them from the neighboring thickets. So sudden was the attack that the enemy were in almost every cabin before their presence was discovered. Mr. Snyder, his wife, his son John, and Colonel Sevier's son, Joseph, were tomahawked in Snyder's

house. Mrs. Ann King and her son, James, were killed, and Colonel Sevier's daughter, Rebecca, was scalped. Snyder, though saved from the scalping knife through the efforts of Colonel Sevier, was butchered in a most barbarous manner.

The people in the village below, hearing the firing, hastened to the relief of the station. On their arrival they found Colonel and Mrs. Sevier alone and side by side in the midst of the dead, bravely loading and reloading their rifles as they returned the fire of the enemy.

At the approach of reinforcements, the Indians beat a hasty retreat, carrying with them the bleeding scalps of a part of their victims. The survivors now abandoned the station and removed to Clarksville.

This was the last attack of consequence made on any station within the bounds of the territory now included in Middle Tennessee.

The destruction wrought in the Nickajack expedition, together with the effect of a great victory won on the 20th of August by General Wayne over the northern Indians and Canadian militia on the banks of the Miami, broke the spirit of the hostile tribes and paved the way for a subsequent formation of satisfactory treaties of peace.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Events of 1795-1796.

A CENSUS TAKEN.—STATE OF TENNESSEE ORGANIZED.—FIRST LEGISLATURE MEETS AT KNOXVILLE.—NEW COUNTIES.—DEATH OF GENERAL ROBERTSON.—THE END.

In the fall of 1795, Governor Blount, pursuant to a previous act of the Territorial Assembly, ordered a census of the region

over which he exercised jurisdiction. The returns from the Cumberland counties were as follows: Davidson County: Free white males, sixteen years and upward, including heads of families, 728; free white males under sixteen, 695; free white females, including heads of families, 1,192; all other free persons, 6; slaves, 992; total, 3,613.

Sumner County: Free white males sixteen years and upward, including heads of families, 1,382; free white males under sixteen, 1,595; free white females, including heads of families, 2,316; all other free persons, 1; slaves, 1,076; total, 6 370.

Tennessee County: Free white males, sixteen years and upward, including heads of families, 380; free white males under sixteen, 444; free white females, including heads of families, 700; all other persons, 19; slaves, 398; total, 1,941.

For the work of taking the above census in their respective counties, N. P. Hardeman, Sheriff of Davidson County, received in compensation the sum of $18.06 1-2; Ruben Cage, Sheriff of Sumner County, $31.85; and J. B. Neville, Sheriff of Tennessee County, $9.70 1-2.

The population having been determined, proclamation was made and election held for five members from each county within the present bounds of the State. Said delegation should represent their constituents in a convention for the formation of a constitution preparatory to the admission of the territory as a State into the Federal Union.

On January 11, 1796, the convention assembled at Knoxville.

The members of the Cumberland settlement were as follows: From Davidson County—John McNairy, Andrew Jackson, James Robertson, Thomas Hardeman, and Joel Lewis. From Sumner County—David Shelby, Isaac Walton, William Douglass, Edward Douglass, and Daniel Smith. From Tennessee County—Thomas Johnson, James Fort, William Fort, Robert Prince, and William

Prince. William Blount was unanimously chosen president of the convention. At the suggestion of Andrew Jackson the State thus formed was given the name of TENNESSEE. It thus became necessary for one of the Middle Tennessee Counties to surrender its name, which act of generosity was graciously vouched for by its delegates in the convention.

Having completed its labors after a session of twenty-seven days, the convention adjourned on February 6.

It was the opinion of leading men of the time that by reason of the original compact between the United States and North Carolina, the territory having attained the required population, was entitled thus to become a State without the intervention of congressional enactment. Accordingly an election for State and legislative officers was ordered and held. Col. John Sevier was unanimously chosen chief executive, and thus became the first Governor of Tennessee.

The first Legislature of Tennessee convened at Knoxville, then the State capital, on March 30, 1796.

In this body, Gen. James Robertson was Senator from the County of Davidson, Gen. James Winchester from Sumner, and James Ford from Tennessee County.

The Representatives from Davidson were Robert Weakley and Seth Lewis; from Sumner, Stephen Cantrell and William Montgomery; and from Tennessee, Thomas Johnson and William Ford.

Indian hostilities having ceased, there was now an immense volume of immigration to the western settlement. New counties sprang up as if by magic. By an act of the Legislature of 1796, the territory comprised in Tennessee County was divided. Out of it were formed the counties of Montgomery and Robertson, named respectively in honor of Col. John Montgomery and Gen. James Robertson.

On May 20, 1796, a commission composed of William Johnson, Sr., John Young, James Norfleet, John Donelson, Jr., and Samuel Crockett, selected the present site of Springfield as the location of the county seat of Robertson County.

By the Legislature of 1799 the County of Sumner was reduced to its constitutional limits. From a portion thereof Smith County was established and named in honor of General Daniel Smith. Its first County Court was held in the house of Maj. Tilman Dixon. During the same legislative session, Wilson County was formed. It took its name from Maj. David Wilson, an early settler of Sumner County, and previously mentioned as having been the first speaker of the Territorial Assembly. The first court for Wilson County was held at the house of Capt. John Harpool. The magistrates there assembled were Charles Kavanaugh, John Allcorn, John Lancaster, Elmore Douglass, John Doak, Matthew Figures, Henry Ross, William Grey, Andrew Donelson and William McClain.

At this session Robert Foster was elected clerk of the Court, Charles Rosborough, Sheriff; John Allcorn, Register; and William Grey, Ranger.

In 1803 a region of country south of Davidson and Wilson Counties was organized as Rutherford County. This was so named in honor of Gen. Griffith Rutherford, a man of great worth. He was a native of North Carolina, where during the last year of his residence he was an officer in the Revolutionary War. His death occurred in Sumner County, of which he was at that time a citizen.

The Congressional Act admitting Tennessee to the privileges of Statehood was approved by the President June 1, 1796.

On October 23, 1794, General Robertson resigned his commission as Brigadier-General in the territorial army. He was succeeded by Gen. James Winchester, who was elected in his stead the following year.

Feeling that long public service entitled him to a well earned repose, General Robertson now desired only the quietude of private life. He was often called upon to adjust matters of dispute between the various Indian tribes and the Federal Government.

He died at the Chickasaw Indian Agency near Memphis, September 1, 1814, and there he was buried. In 1825 his remains were removed to Nashville and re-interred in the Old Cemetery beside those of his wife. An imposing monument to his memory has recently been erected in Centennial Park, Nashville. Let us hope for a speedy coming of the day when the gratitude of succeeding generations shall find expression in the form of other suitable monuments to the memory of General Robrtson, and of all brave pioneers of the Cumberland settlement.

THE END.

Illustrations

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