

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## CAPTAIN BRADY AND HIS EXPLOITS.

Capt. Samuel Brady, the Hero of Western Pennsylvania, is stationed at Pittsburgh in Col. Brodhead's Regiment—When his Family is murdered he swears to wage a War against the Indians long as he lives—He is sent to Sandusky to get Information for the Commander-in-Chief—He gets within sight of the Town and watches the Indians all Day—On his way back he kills a Warrior, and saves Jenny Stupes and her Child—His Companion, the Dutchman Phouts, and his pet Delaware—He and the Dutchman go up the Allegheny to get some News—They follow an Indian Trail—They capture an old Indian who tries to kill Phouts, but who is killed by him—Brady as Captain of the Rangers—Battle of Brady's Bend—Brady kills the Bald Eagle, who had killed his Relatives—Brady watches in the French Creek Country—He and his Men pursue a Returning Party of Indians—Brady's Leap—He follows up a Party which had entered the Sewickley Settlement—His Men attack a Party of Warriors and rout them—His Adventures with Wetzel and the Spies after the General War, as well as all others which have been substantiated or corroborated by Concurrent Accounts.

WE come now to take notice of the services of a man who attained great reputation for his acts of bravery and heroism, and who during many years was regarded as the guardian of the border of Westmoreland on the northwest. When, as the savages seemed to increase the more that were killed, when defeat followed defeat, when they had been emboldened, with the nature of the wolf, by success, then, when the men were out on some expedition or serving a term in the army, many a woman quieted the fears of the little ones by telling them that Capt. Brady and his rangers watched the Allegheny River between them and the country of the Indians, over which the red men could not cross while he was there. Brady was to our frontier what Boone was to the frontier of Kentucky, and what Kit Carson was to the California emigrants in the days of the Argonauts. He was the hero of Western Pennsylvania.

Samuel Brady was born at Shippensburg in 1758. In 1775, during the Revolution, he went from the West Fork of the Susquehanna with a company to Boston, where he at his young age displayed on several occasions that coolness and decision which carried him safely through many adventures, and which

helped him to win a fame as enduring as the annals of our Commonwealth, or as the history of the Indian race. In 1776 he was appointed lieutenant in a company raised in Lancaster County; and after the battle of Monmouth he was promoted to a captaincy, and ordered with Gen. Brodhead to the headquarters of the West, then Pittsburgh. Brady in the mean time was stopping with his father, who himself was a captain in the Continental army, and who having been wounded at Brandywine was at home. While here he heard of the death of one of his brothers at the hands of the Indians. He stayed with his father till the beginning of 1779, when he joined his regiment at Pittsburgh. While here, not long after he came, he heard of the death of his father, who had been murdered in a horrible massacre by the Indians in April, 1779. When the sufferings of his relatives, especially the delirium and intense agony of his younger brother in dying, came to his knowledge, he was so filled with anguish and a longing for revenge that, it is said, he raised his hand towards heaven, and swore "he would revenge the death of these, and never while he lived be at peace with the Indians of any tribe." And he never altered his mind.

In 1780, while Col. Brodhead was in command at Fort Pitt, the country north and west of the Ohio and Allegheny was in the possession of the Indians, and when information came to Gen. Washington concerning the plans of the British agents and the intentions of the Indians, he wrote to Brodhead to select a suitable officer and dispatch him to Sandusky to examine the place and ascertain the force of the British and Indians assembled there, in order that preparations could be made against attacks expected from that point. Brodhead sent for Brady, whom he knew, and showed him the letter and a draught of the country. The appointment was accepted, and in May, 1780, Brady, with four Chickasaw Indians as guides and a few soldiers, began his march. He was dressed as an Indian warrior, and with the utmost secrecy he led his band in safety to near the Sandusky towns without seeing a hostile savage.

The night before they came to the towns he saw a fire, and approaching found two squaws reposing beside it. He passed them by without harming. Getting now into intimate connection with the enemy, his Chickasaws deserted him, but he proceeded with the rest, and went on till he came to the river upon which the principal town stood. Here he concealed his men, and when this was done he selected one man as his companion, and this one remained with him in nearly all his future adventures. The two waded the river to an island partially concealed, where they remained till the night. The next morning a heavy fog lay over the land till the sun, towards the middle of the day, dissipated it, when the first sight observed was a vast body of Indians—they say several thousand—intensely interested in running or racing horses which they had captured from the Kentuckians, upon

whom they had just made a reprisal. Brady noticed particularly a fine gray horse which beat everything against him. They kept the diversion up till towards evening, the gray still the victor of the turf, till when two mounted him at once he was first vanquished in the race.

Brady made all the observations he could during the day; at night he crossed from the island, collected his men, went to the Indian camp he had passed on his way out, and taking the squaws prisoners began his march back. The distance being longer than he had expected, the provisions and ammunition were exhausted. Brady shot an otter, but they could not eat it. They stopped at an old Indian encampment, where they found plenty of strawberries, which they ate and satisfied their hunger. They here saw a deer-track, and Brady, telling his men that he might get a shot at it, followed it. He had gone but a few yards when he saw the deer standing with its side towards him. The last load was in his rifle. When he pulled the trigger the powder flashed in the pan, and he had no more powder. He sat down, picked at the touch-hole, and started on. He was on a path which, at a short distance, made a bend; here he saw an Indian approaching on horseback, with a child before him and its mother behind, and some warriors marching in the rear. He thought of shooting the Indian, but as he raised the gun he observed that the child's head lolled with the motion of the horse. He saw also that it was sleeping and tied to the Indian. He stepped behind the roots of a tree, awaiting a chance to shoot the Indian without danger to the child or its mother. When he had a chance he fired. The Indian fell to the ground, and the child and woman with him. Brady at the instant yelled to his men to surround the Indians; he himself jumped for the dead Indian's powder-horn, but he could not pull it off. The woman, from his dress and from his Indian yell, taking him for an Indian, said, "Why did you shoot your brother?" He disentangled the child and caught it up as he said, "I am Capt. Brady, Jenny Stupes; follow me." He caught her by the hand, and, with the child under his other arm, pulled her along into the woods. They were fired at but not harmed, and the Indians, fearing the approach of the whites, scattered and took to cover. They were, however, in no danger from these, for the men, having no ammunition, on the cry of the captain, themselves fearing massacre, ran away, and the squaws whom he had brought thus far from their camp near the towns, availing themselves of the hubbub, escaped. The men came into Fort McIntosh (Beaver) before the captain, who got in with the woman and child the next day.

Brady being desirous to see the savage he had shot, the officer in command sent out some men with him, and they went to search for the body. They were about quitting the place without finding it, when he heard the yell of his pet Indian, and following it up

they came to the grave of the warrior, which the pet had discovered by the withered bushes. For when Brady had left, the companions of the shot Indian picking the body up, carried it to some distance, and laying it in a shallow grave, had neatly replaced sods and grasses upon it, and in the fresh earth stuck green boughs. They did this to hide the grave, but it led to its discovery; for the branches and leaves had withered, and it was this which, showing in the little glade, caught the sight of the tame Indian. Removing the shallow earth, they found the dead brave lying with his arms and trinkets ready, to as limited an extent as their commissary department would admit, to lift the hair-lock and slap the bloody scalp of the darling babe over the face of the weeping pale-faced mother in the eternal dreams of the ghostly spirit land. But his arms and ammunition and the foolish trinkets were taken from him, the twenty-four hours' buried skull was scalped for the trophy, as the boy nails the tails of muskrats to a post to keep count, and the body was again covered with its kindred earth.

Another incident connected with this expedition appears to be worthy of remembrance, being recorded as it was by one who had it, as well as the account of most of the other sallies of this Indian knight errant, from those who had the best opportunities of knowing. This came from the mouth of Capt. Brady himself.

After taking the squaws and commencing their homeward march, he took advantage of every precaution to elude pursuit, keeping, for instance, upon the driest ridges, and walking over logs and rocks wherever he could. However, he discovered that he was followed, for at several times he saw in the distance an Indian hopping from one tree to another, and then disappearing. He concluded that he could not be followed thus by the sagacity of the Indians alone, but that they were led by a dog which tracked him and his party. He told his men then to go on while he secreted himself among the roots of a chestnut-tree which had fallen down, after walking on the bole of the tree towards the east. He was not long there when a little slut came up to the log at the farther end; she mounted the log, and came toward him, snuffing the track. Not far behind came an Indian. There was a choice now to shoot either the dog or the warrior. Brady chose to shoot the first. He shot the slut and she rolled over dead, and the warrior with a loud whoop sprang into the woods. The party was molested no further by these.

Col. Brodhead had given up the expectation of seeing Capt. Brady again; for, in the first place, the distance was much farther to the towns than it was marked on the chart and currently reported, and of course more time was required in accomplishing the result; and, in the next place, the Chickasaws, who had on going out deserted him, coming back to Pittsburgh, reported that the party had been cut off by Indians before they got to Sandusky. Brady,

however, in time came in, and going up the river he was received with military honors. Minute-guns were fired from the time he came in sight till he landed.

Not long after Brady had returned from his Sandusky expedition and made his report, he was observed one evening sitting alone near the barracks in a kind of reverie. He was given to such spells, and would sit brooding for hours together. His temperament either partook of a melancholy turn, or else the great sufferings of unknown and unexpressed passions or griefs slumbered within him. There was at this time about the garrison a Dutchman by the name of Phouts, who was a great Indian-fighter, very brave, something of a backwoodsman, and who looked upon a redskin much as an inhabitant of the Chestnut Ridge would look upon a copperhead. His disposition otherwise partook of kindness, and being credulous he was also sympathetic. Phouts had a great regard for the captain, and noticing him in his dejection, his good heart was grieved at the signs of thought and care plainly visible in his countenance. Approaching him, in the best English of which he was master, he soothingly asked the "gabtán" what ailed him. Brady looked at Phouts for a short time without speaking; he then appeared to be at himself, and said he had been thinking about the redskins, and in his opinion there were some of them above on the river; that he had a mind to visit them, and in the end asked Phouts whether, if he should get the permission of the commandant, he would go along. This was what Phouts above everything else desired, and when Brady was done speaking, he raised himself upon his tip-toes, and bringing his heels down to the ground together, said, "by dunder and lightnin'," he would rather go with the captain than to the finest wedding in the country. Brady told him to keep quiet about it, not to tell anybody, that none must know of it but the colonel, and that he should call at his tent in an hour. The captain then went to the colonel's headquarters, and disclosed to him his project. It met with the approbation of the commandant, and as any information from the troublesome part of the country about the Allegheny was always acceptable, the captain had his permission to control the actions of the man or men whom he should take along. When Brady came back to his tent he found his friend there talking with a pet Indian. He told him of his success, and said that as it was early in the moon, and they must take advantage of the nights before they should grow brighter, they would start betimes early the next morning.

They immediately went to work to clean their guns, and having prepared ammunition and secured a little salt in a bag, they lay down to sleep. Brady awoke first, and stirring Phouts they started from the town. This was about two hours before daybreak. They were soon in a wood never traveled by either of them before. They kept along the river till near night, when they came to a creek which flowed in on the Pittsburgh side.

They had no provisions along, and concluded first to get something and to remain for the night. Phouts built a fire; and after covering it with leaves, they started up the creek for game. Not far up they came to a lick. Two deer came in soon after, and Phouts shooting one of them, they skinned part of it, and took it back to camp, and during the night jerked some of the rest of it for future use. What remained with the skin on they hung in the branches of a tree, intending to take it on their way home should they get safely back.

The next morning they started early and traveled all day. In the evening they espied a flock of crows hovering above the tree-tops along the river-bank at a distance. Brady said there were either Indians about, or else there was a camp near of some companies which were expected at Pittsburgh from about the Susquehanna. Phouts wanted to go and see for themselves, but Brady said that they would wait till night set in, when fires would be made by the party, whoever they were. They then hid among fallen timber and remained till about ten o'clock at night. Seeing no fire, Brady concluded that a hill or thick wood intervened between them. They decided to go and ascertain the facts. They went cautiously toward the river-bank, and had gone not more than two hundred yards when they observed, on their right, a twinkling fire. At first they thought that the river there made a short bend, but on proceeding they found another stream, which flowed into the river, no doubt the Kiskiminetas. Brady now wanted to go himself, but Phouts wished to go along. With great care they approached the fire together. They judged from appearance that it was an Indian camp, and much too large for them to attack; but, determined to find out all, they approached very near to the fire, and in the low glimmer of the light saw an old Indian sitting beside a tree, either mending or making a pair of moccasins. Phouts, who never thought of danger or of consequences, was for shooting the Indian, but Brady prevented him. After a careful examination the captain concluded that although the camp had been made by a large body, yet that most of them were away. In the morning they would know more, and taking the Dutchman he retired into the woods to await the day. When daylight appeared they returned to the camp, but saw nothing but the old Indian, a dog, and a horse.

Brady was not satisfied yet, and so he kept at a distance from the camp, circled round, and got on the bank of the river above it. Here he found the trail of a large body of Indians, who had gone up the Allegheny, to his judgment, about two days before. He then concluded on going back and capturing the Indian there. He determined to seize the old man alive, fearing that either he might shoot if disturbed, or that if he should himself fire, the report of the gun would alarm any Indians in the neighborhood and bring them down upon them. This he told to

his companion, and they again cautiously approached the place. When they came near enough to perceive, the Indian was lying on his back with his head towards them. Phouts was ordered to remain where he was, and not to fire unless the dog made an effort to assist his master; the rest was left to Brady. The plan arranged, Brady dropped his rifle, and taking his tomahawk in his hand crept along the ground towards the Indian. He wormed himself along snake-like till he was within a step or two, when he raised himself up; with a yell he made a spring, and had the old man fast by the throat. The struggling of the Indian did not avail; Brady had his tomahawk over his head; the dog behaved civilly towards the strangers; Phouts came up and they tied the prisoner. They found nothing of value in the camp but some powder and lead, which they threw into the river. When the Indian was told that they intended to take him with them to Pittsburgh he showed them where there was a canoe. They got it, and taking the dog and captive along, floated down the river.

They stopped at their camping-place coming up, for Brady had left his wiping-rod there. They made a fire and went to sleep. At daylight the captain started for where they had left their jerk to have some to eat, leaving Phouts in charge of the prisoner and canoe. These were not long together till the Indian complained to the Dutchman that the cords on his wrist hurt him. The Dutchman with kindness took off the cords, and the Indian appeared to be grateful. Phouts had left his gun standing against a tree, and soon after was busy doing something about the camp. The Indian, seeing his chance when Phouts was not looking, sprang for the gun and had it cocked in an instant. When the Dutchman looked around he saw the muzzle of the gun at his breast. He, in turn, sprang for the Indian with a Dutch whoop. The Indian fired, and the bullet took along with it part of the belt of his loving comrade's shot-pouch. The Dutchman, with one stroke of his tomahawk, almost severed the head from the body.

Brady, hearing the report of the rifle and the yell of Phouts, ran back to the camp, and found the Dutchman sitting upon the body of the dead Indian examining the mutilated shot-pouch. Brady, with surprise, asked him what he had been doing, when the Dutchman held up his belt with the hole in it and said, "Yust look, gabtan, vat dat dam black dog vas apout." He related to Brady what had occurred, and they then taking the scalp of the Indian and his dog, and getting into the canoe, pointed the beak of it down the stream, and arrived at Pittsburgh the fourth day after they had left.

Brodhead had been no long time in command till he saw that the only effective way of fighting the Indians was in organizing large bodies, which either penetrated the wilderness for them, pursued them into their haunts, or directed the force of their attacks at places off from the settlements. In the expedition

under the immediate command of Brodhead himself which about this time went up the river, Capt. Brady had command of the advance-guard, which was left entirely to his management. This force proceeded up the Allegheny, and first arrived at the flat land near the mouth of Redbank Creek without seeing an enemy. This place is now known as Brady's Bend. Brady kept his men at all times some distance in front of the main body of soldiers, acting, as they professed, as pioneers or scouts; and he had under his immediate control the men identified with him, all Indian hunters and scouts, called rangers, and from being their leader, Brady has been called the captain of the rangers. These being in front, at some distance discovered a war party of Indians approaching. Brady here displayed some knowledge of tactics. Having reliance in the power of the main body of the army to beat the Indians back when they should come together, and also anticipating that the Indians would return on the same route upon which they came up, he therefore hastened to secure a narrow pass higher up the river, where the perpendicular rocks nearly approached the water, and where a few determined men, such as his, might hold their place against a large force.

The Indians in a short time encountered the main body under Brodhead, and were driven back. They in swift retreat ran pell-mell to gain the pass between the rocks and the river, through which they had come. The pass was occupied by Brady, and when the flying warriors came up they were received with a destructive fire. They were again broken, and were now forced to take to the river. Many were killed on the bank, and many more in the stream. Some got out of the reach of the bullets by swimming, among whom was Cornplanter,<sup>1</sup> then but a young man.

A ludicrous incident occurred. After the Indians were across the river, Brady was standing on the bank wiping out his rifle. An Indian on the opposite side began a conversation with him, in the course of which he called him and his men, in bad English, cowards, squaws, and papposes, and put his body in such postures and attitudes and made such grimaces as to his notion conveyed the most contempt. When the main body of soldiers came up a canoe was manned, and Brady with a few others crossed to where the Indian had been seen. Finding blood on the ground, they followed it up but a short distance, when the Indian, lying in their way, jumped up. As he did so he struck his breast, saying, "I am a man." He was a wounded warrior, and, to be supposed, wanted to die game. Brady wanted to take him prisoner without harming him. But the Indian continuing to repeat, "I am a man," an Irishman who was along in the party, saying, "Yes, by the howley poker, you're a purthy boy," sunk his tomahawk into the Indian's head before Brady could interpose.

<sup>1</sup> We believe the correct name of this chief was Cornplant, but we follow the usage.

In this campaign Brady partially avenged the death of his relatives, for along the West Branch of the Susquehanna, the home of the Bradys, James, the younger brother of Samuel, had gone with others to the help of a neighbor. They were here attacked by Indians, and the young captain, his brother, having been scalped was left for dead. As he was thus lying, a young boy-warrior in training, at the command of the older ones, struck him four times in the head with a hatchet, each stroke leaving a deep gash. With all this the young scout was taken by a party to the fort. Four days he lay delirious; on the fifth his reason returned, and before he died he described minutely the whole affair. From his description of the chiefs it was concluded that the leaders of the party were the Bald Eagle surely, and likely Cornplanter. The Bald Eagle's Nest, as his camp was called, was for a part of the year at the mouth of Bald Eagle Creek,<sup>2</sup> which empties into the Susquehanna near Great Island. Vengeance was sworn by the sorrowing settlement against this chief. But the gratification of destroying this curse of the whites was left to Brady himself. On that day, at Brady's Bend, the party of Indians which Brady allowed to go into the trap was a body, perhaps a hundred, of Senecas on their way to join others at the Bald Eagle's Nest. Cornplanter was in command, and the Eagle himself was along. Brady thought he recognized him that day in the pass, and so he fired at him, but with what effect he did not know. He had a singular curiosity to see the face of every Indian he killed, and what he looked for no one could tell. When the battle was over he searched for the body and found it. The ball had done its work surely; the Bald Eagle was dead, killed by the man whose province it appeared to be to do so. The place of the battle bids fair to be known for many coming years by the name of the avenger.

Brodhead was one of the best Indian-fighters stationed at the post at Pittsburgh, and his vigilance kept the Indians for a time in a state of forced submission or quietness. The effectiveness of the measures was owing to the employment of the good frontiersmen whom he had constantly about him. Good spies and scouts were kept watching and making report, and between regular campaigns this kind of fighting and harassing was of as great benefit to the frontiers as regularly won battles. Capt. Brady with some of his men had at one time the French Creek country as his field of operations. It was while on duty here that in a foray he came into the region about the Slippery Rock Creek, a branch of the Beaver. To here he had come without seeing an Indian or any sign of one. On the evening, however, he came upon a trail, and this he followed till it was too dark to go farther without coming upon the Indians. But early the next morning he pursued and overtook them while they were

<sup>2</sup> The ridge in Centre and Huntingdon Counties is called by this name also.

about their morning meal. While he was following up with so much energy the party before him, there was a party of hostile Indians following him with a desire as eager. He had, in the first dawn, made his arrangements, fixed his men, and just as they fired upon the party of Indians eating around their fires, he at the same moment was fired upon by the party in the rear. The alarm brought them all to their feet. He and his men were now between two fires, and were far outnumbered. Two of his party fell, his tomahawk was shot from his side, and the battle yell given by the party in the rear was loudly responded to by those in front. There was, therefore, no time to contemplate, there could be no hesitation, and in their present predicament there was no chance for a successful defense. The rangers had to run for their lives; each ran for himself, and the Indians came in close pursuit.

The captain in person was perhaps well known to some of the Indians. He made for the creek. Seeing him going in that direction they felt sure of taking him captive, for they knew the country and he did not. They thought and believed he was going into a trap from which there was no escape. The creek for a considerable distance above and below the point to which he was approaching was washed in its channel to a great depth. In the expectation of catching him there no attention was paid to the other scouts, who escaped safely. Throwing away their guns that they might keep near the swift runner, and drawing their hatchets and knives as they ran, the pack pressed forward with eagerness, ready to overpower and seize him. Brady comprehended their object, and saw at a glance his only chance of escape. The Indians were not to take him alive, that was his mind; and for coolness and determination he was well-nigh stoical. He kept his rifle in his hand. He saw the deep waters and the wide gap between the banks. He measured it with his eye, and concentrating his energy and strength in one effort he sprang into the air, cleared the creek, and stood on the opposite bank. Then he quickly primed and loaded his rifle, and was not done when a large Indian, the foremost in pursuit, came to the bluff opposite, who, when he saw Brady, was astonished beyond expression, else he would not have said admiringly, as Brady averred he did in tolerably good English, "Brady made good jump." He did not, however, stay to offer congratulation, or to contemplate the feat of agility, and recovering from the sensation of admiration by seeing the rifle almost loaded, he took to his heels, and ran as crooked as a worm fence, sometimes leaping high, at others suddenly squatting down. He expected every instant a rifle-ball in his back. Brady and his men had a place designated at which they were to meet in case they got separated. When Brady got there he found the other three. They marched back to Pittsburgh, as they said, half defeated. Of the Indians, they had seen three fall at

their first fire. Brady was at the place afterward, and ascertained that his leap was about twenty-three feet, and that the water was about twenty feet deep. This is the place which in geographies and in adventures is still called Brady's Leap.<sup>1</sup>

It would appear that there were some jealous bickerings among the emulous officers about Pittsburgh on account of the notoriety which Capt. Brady, from numerous acts, was getting. These complained that they were excluded from such honorable service, and an effort was made with Brodhead to allow them to follow up the Indians after one of their next incursions after a plan more consonant with the regular line of service. The commandant made this known to Brady, with whom he was ever on intimate terms. Brady, knowing his own efficiency and the efficiency of his mode of warfare, acquiesced in the proposed change, we may imagine with something of complacency. The opportunity for testing both plans was soon offered.

The Indians soon after made one of their accustomed incursions into the Sewickley settlement, committing the most barbarous murders of men, women, and children, and destroying such property wherever they went as they could not carry away. The alarm was brought to Pittsburgh, and a party of soldiers under the officers emulous for a chance was sent out to follow the invaders. Brady was left out. But he must fight somehow, and the day after the detachment had marched he got permission of the colonel to take a small party "on their own hook." At first the solicitation was refused, and it was only after much persevering that the final consent was obtained. He was allowed the command of five men, and to this party he added his pet Indian.

He did not move towards Sewickley, as the detachment had done, but crossing the Allegheny at Pittsburgh, he proceeded up the river. He conjectured that the Indians making the incursion had descended the stream in canoes till they were within a convenient distance to strike the settlement, and with this view he carefully examined the mouths of the creeks coming into the river, and particularly from the southeast. At the mouth of Big Mahoning, about six miles above Kittanning, the canoes were seen drawn up on the western bank. This was enough, and he returned down the river and awaited for the night. When it was dark he made a raft, and crossed to the Kittanning side. He proceeded up the creek, and found that the Indians in the mean time had crossed the creek, as their canoes were seen drawn up on the opposite or upper bank. The country about the mouth of the Mahoning on all sides is rough and mountainous. The stream was then high and rapid. Several attempts were made to wade it, and this was at length done three or four miles above the canoes. They made a fire to dry their clothing, and inspected their

<sup>1</sup> Slippery Rock is in Butler County.

arms. They then moved for the camp of the Indians, which was made on the second bank of the stream. Brady placed his men on the lower bank. The Indians having brought a fine horse from Sewickley, he was fettered and turned to pasture on this lower bank; and an Indian coming frequently down to him occasioned the party there much annoying trouble. It seemed that the horse, too, wanted to keep their company, and they had to be circumspect in avoiding each. Brady was so provoked that he had a mind to tomahawk the Indian, but reflecting on the possible consequence, his judgment prevailed over his temper.

At length the Indians seemed to be quiet, and Brady determined to pay them a closer visit. He and his pet Indian by his side wormed themselves along the ground till they got quite close to their fires. They were lying asleep. The pet here gave his hair a pluck, which was a sign to retire, for they did not dare to speak to each other. The captain was regardless of danger in his curiosity, but the Indian retired. Having closely inspected the situation, Brady returned, and after posting his men, awaited in silence the approach of day. When the day broke the Indians arose and stood round their fires. At a signal given seven rifles cracked and five Indians fell dead. Brady's war-cry next broke on the air, and his party were among the wounded and dying. The guns of the Indians being empty, some were secured without resistance. The rest of the Indians fled and disappeared in the wood. One was followed by the track of blood, the flow of which, at some distance, he seemed to have stanchd. The pet Indian imitating the cry of a young wolf was answered by the wounded man, and the pursuit was renewed. The wolf cry was given a second time and answered, and the pursuit continued into a windfall. Here he must have espied his pursuers, for he was answered no more. Brady found his remains three weeks after, being led to the place by ravens preying on the carcass.

The horse was unfettered, the plunder gathered, and the party commenced their return to Pittsburgh, some of them descending in the canoes of the Indians. Three days after their return the first detachment came in. They reported that they had followed the Indians closely, but that the latter had got into their canoes and made their escape.

Other adventures he had, but as they were of a later date than the Revolution they need not be inserted here. He devoted himself, in accordance with his desire and in fulfillment of his oath, to war with the Indians, and the fame of his successful encounters no doubt highly exaggerated his reputation as a scout, and the fascination in the wild life of the hunter had drawn to his command some of the most noted characters of the frontier, among them the Wetzels and, it is said, Kenton. When the general war was over, and when there was no longer a commandant at the Pittsburgh post, Brady still kept up his warfare, and as he lived on the frontier, always in advance of the

settlers, some of his later deeds happened in the new territory west of the Ohio, where these resolute spies guarded the Southwestern Virginia settlements, a general name for the settlements which extended to the Tennessee River.

Thus have we recounted what has come under our observation touching the life and services of this man, accounts which appear to be worthy of remembrance, and which have the stamp of truth and authenticity. People never, it appears, get tired reading or hearing of the acts of this brave man, and although many of his deeds have been preserved in other books, yet we feel justified in recording them among the annals of our early history.

Brady continued to battle for the white settlers long after the treaties with them at the close of the great war, up to 1793. The Indians, used to war all their lives, still continued to harass the settlers in disregard of treaties of any kind, and only for Brady and such men the West would have borne merely the semblance of peace. But after all, Brady, for an attack upon a camp of Delawares, in return for numerous murders committed by them among the settlers along the Ohio, was tried in a court in Allegheny County before the chief justice for murder, and, strange to say, was assisted by the testimony of Kyashuta. For an account of this trial we refer to the note marked with this chapter.<sup>1</sup>

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 APPENDIX "P."

[See Chap. XXIV.]

(1.) To show the estimation in which Brady was held by Gen. (then colonel) Brodhead we give a few extracts from his correspondence, found among the Pennsylvania Archives:

COL. D. BRODHEAD TO PRESIDENT REED, 1780.

Capt. Brady with five men and two Delaware Indians set out for Sandusky with a view to bring off a British prisoner or some Indian scalps. One of his Indians left him and returned to this place sick or cowardly. He has been out ten days, and in as many more I expect him back again, if he is fortunate. I beg leave to recommend Capt. Brady to the notice of the Hon. Ex. Council as an excellent officer, and I sincerely wish he may not leave the service for want of the promotion he has merited.

SAME TO SAME.

FORT PITT, June 30, 1780.

Capt.-Lieut. Brady has just returned from Sandusky. He took prisoners two young squaws within a mile of their principal village. One of them effected her escape after six days march, the other he brought to Cuscusky, where he met seven warriors, who had taken a woman and child off Chartiers Creek. He fired at the captain and killed him, and has brought in the woman and the Indian's scalp, but the squaw made her escape at the same time. When Capt. Brady fired at the Indian he had only three men with him, and but two rounds of powder. He was out 32 days, 6 of which he was quite destitute of provisions of any kind, but he has brought his party safe to his place.

THE TRIAL OF CAPT. BRADY.

(2.) On Monday last, the 20th of this month (May, 1793), a Court of Oyer and Terminer and Gaol Delivery, and of Nisi Prius, for the county of Allegheny was held at this place (Pittsburgh) by the chief justice and Judge Yeates.

The only criminal business that came before the judges was the trial of Capt. Samuel Brady, who, when the judges were last here, had been indicted for murder, in killing certain Indians, near the mouth of Beaver Creek, in the spring of the year 1791.

It was proved to the satisfaction of the court that, notwithstanding the treaties of Fort Stanwix, McIntosh, Muskingum, and Miami, which established peace between the Indians and the people of the United States, and obliged the Indians to surrender all who should commit any murder on our frontiers, certain banditti of them had from time to time infested the western frontier, stolen horses, taken boats, and murdered our citizens; that recently, before the killing of the Indians, for which Brady was now tried, several people from Ohio County, particularly Boggs, Paul Riley's family, and Mrs. Vanbuskirk, had been put to death; that to pursue the Indians who had committed these murders, and to recover some property stolen, a party of volunteers from Ohio County, of which Brady was one, crossed the Ohio, and led by the trail of the Indians towards the place where the killing happened, fired and killed those for whose death Brady was tried. It was proved by the oath of Keyashuta, an Indian chief, that the Delawares had long before let go the chain, that they, the Shawanese, Chippewas, Ottawas, Wyandots, and some renegade Mingoes, were in the battle against Gen. Harmer, 1790. It was also proved that the attack and firing of Capt. Kirkwood's house was by Delawares, that some of the instances of murder and rapine above mentioned were by Delawares, that the persons killed were Delawares and had in their possession some of the property just before taken from Ohio County, manifested an intention of proceeding to commit other murders on our citizens, and when fired on by those who at-

tacked them, and whom they had just discovered, were in the act of siezing their guns; and, moreover, the relation of John Hamilton, a trader on the spot, satisfied the court of the malignant and hostile temper of those very Indians.

The chief justice, in a charge distinguished not less by learning than humanity, explained the laws of war and the right of putting enemies to death, urged the impropriety of killing those who might with safety be taken prisoners, and the baseness of killing women, lamented that any acts of outrage by our citizens should occasion retaliation on themselves; but stating that, in his opinion, the Indians killed were hostile, directed, if the jury concurred in his opinion, of which he had no doubt, they should acquit the prisoner without leaving the bar. The jury did so, and the court ordered Capt. Brady to be discharged on payment of fees.—*Letter dated Pittsburgh, 25th May, 1793.*

In relation to the testimony of Guyasutha, or Kyashuta, in this case the late James Ross, Esq., who was Brady's counsel, told a characteristic story. The testimony of that Indian was so very strong in favor of the defendant that even his counsel was abashed. After the trial was over he spoke to Guyasutha, and rather expressed his surprise at the decided tone of his testimony, upon which the chief clapped his hand upon his breast and exclaimed, "*Am I not the friend of Brady?*" It seems obvious that he considered himself as much bound to swear for his friend as he would be to fight in his defense.