

A STORY OF EARLY PIONEER LIFE

Relating Incidents Not Recorded in Our
Histories, But Which Will Interest
Our Readers

(Continued from last week)

Colonel Whitley accompanied Bowman and Clark in their expeditions against the Indians. After his long and hazardous services in fighting the Indians in Kentucky and Ohio, he was written to by Colonel Orr, of Tennessee, that the settlements there were suffering greatly from the Cherokees, and pleading for help. Whitley, in his nobility and kindness of heart, without pay, as in these days, turned out immediately to recruit as many Kentuckians as he could, and was soon on his way through a wilderness of two hundred miles. Meeting with Orr and the Tennessee troops at or near where Nashville now stands, their whole force amounting to about six hundred men, Whitley in full command, they made a rapid march to the Indians' principal town, called Nickajack, and took it by assault. Here Whitley recovered a large amount of property that had been stolen from Kentucky, several slaves and a great many scalps.

To relate all the particulars of the hardships encountered in this expedition would be to write a volume; but suffice it to say that this expedition of Whitley's secured a permanent peace with all the Southern tribes and stopped all further depredation in Tennessee and Kentucky.

I have recently obtained the following from a daughter of Colonel Whitley, now living in Woodford county, whose recollection is perfectly fresh in regard to what she both witnessed and heard from her father and mother. She relates that when her father returned to Virginia, he brought his family and mother back to the fort with him. Her mother traveled out on horseback with one child tied to her back and the other in her lap. The daughter spoken of here is Mrs. Harper, a sister-in-law of John Harper, owner of Longfellow, and mother of the present owner of the celebrated race-horse Ten Broeck.

Whitley doubtless built the first brick house ever built in Kentucky. It was built before the Indian troubles ceased. It stands two miles west of Crab Orchard on a rise alongside of the railroad, and is pointed out and seen by all passengers on the railway. The windows were built up some six feet above the floor to protect the family from the shots of the Indians, the glass being packed out through Cumberland Gap. When his brick were soft, lying in the yard, a pack of wolves passed over, and I have one of the bricks in the museum upon which a track was deeply imprinted. In this building, Mrs. Harper relates, she remembers to have seen a number of Indian Chiefs collected, who came to make a treaty of peace with the whites. They were probably Cherokees. She now has several baskets in good preservation, that were presented to her mother by some of the squaws who were in the company.

When, in 1812, the war with Great Britain was declared, Whitley, like an old war horse when the bugle sounds a charge, could not stand still. He volunteered under Governor Shelby's command to fight the crowned and haughty invader upon his own hook and in his own way, without money and without price, and, mounting his favorite riding-horse, gun on shoulder, was soon under way, and acted mostly as a spy. When on the river Raisin, in Canada, but a few minutes before the celebrated battle of the Thames commenced, two Indians were espied upon the opposite side of the river, when Whitley instantly plunged his horse in, and swam over and pursued them, and soon after returned with a scalp upon the muzzle of his rifle—which act was witnessed by the whole army, and of which I have heard General Adair, Col. Davidson, since our Kentucky State Treasurer, and others speak. In this battle Colonel Whitley, in his sixty-fifth year, fell, after first killing the renowned Chief Tecumseh, (as all those I have heard speak of it thought), Tecumseh being shot through the breast with two balls, and Whitley being the only one who invariably loaded with two balls, except a young man by the name of King, whom he kept by his side and trained to do the same. General Adair, walking over the ground at the close of the battle, saw Whitley on his face and turned him over, and found

the youth, King, standing by him, who said that an Indian Chief and Whitley fired at each other at the same time, and he at the same moment also fired at the Chief, who fell dead, and he could not tell which had killed him, but there lay Whitley and there lay the Chief. Some years after this, when in Canada, endeavoring to recover a band of colored musicians which I owned, who had run off to Canada, I was mobbed by some fifty enraged negroes, and at the moment my life was in danger. I saw a short, dark-skinned man, in full uniform, approaching the crowd, the mob giving way before him. Coming up he very kindly asked me what was the trouble—ordered the crowd to disperse, and, taking me by the arm, led me into the fort at Malden, and ordered the brass band of thirty-odd instruments to play a few of their national airs. He said it was the finest and fullest band that belonged to the English service. From this he took me to the boarding-house of a favorite old sergeant, who had been for years in the East India service, and who, by a club-purse, the officers had set up in a boarding-house. He remarked to me—"Here you will be safe." We took our seats in a little room, when he asked the sergeant (then landlord) to bring us in a couple of mugs of ale, at which moment stepped in the well-known Judge Elliott, when a third mug was called for, and when all were seated around a little table a pompous nobleman entered, richly dressed in furs, (for it was cold weather) and asking of me whether I was the gentleman who had been mobbed, he went on to let me know that I might be transported to Van Dieman's Land for kidnapping. At which moment, my newly-formed friend rose up indignantly and said to the authoritative gentleman, "Sir, this is an American citizen, and, being under our laws, he shall not be insulted in my presence."

Then all grew silent and we socially quaffed our ale. When Elliott, whose two sons were well known, one in the Perry battle upon the lake and the other at Dudley's Defeat, had left the room, and my sallow friend for his camp, the stately Englishman asked who was that man who spoke to me in the manner he did, when I answered, with swelling pride, that it was General Ironsides, of the British army. "Is it possible?" said he; "I am pleased to have seen him, for I have long heard of his fame and valuable services," and I will here say that he was as well known in England as General Jackson was in the United States.

General Ironsides was a half-brother of Tecumseh, and at that time had 5000 Indians in camp near Malden. This was just at the close of the Patriot war (so called) and the credit of its check was mainly due to Ironsides. General Prince (elected to Parliament while I was there) was the white commander-in-chief and, Old Hickory-like, had 18 Americans shot (the day before I crossed over,) who were found in the ranks of the rebels; and such was the excitement at the time and prejudice against Americans, both by black and white, that but for the timely aid of General Ironsides I would, probably, have lost my life. Ironsides, who himself was in the battle of the Thames, gave me a full and satisfactory account of his brother's death, which, without a tedious detail, convinced me that the very gun I now have in the Library Museum slew the great Tecumseh. I will here justly say, to the credit of Col. Johnson, our Kentucky hero, that it was by his wise conception and desperate charge upon the battery and English forces, that he captured the whole, and that it is not reasonable to suppose he could hold his prisoners and go back to fight Innians; besides which, his horse was shot under him and he was supposed to be mortally wounded. This feat of Colonel Johnson's, in charging artillery with cavalry, was so new and bold, that it was published all over the world as a remarkable event, and something new in the art of war. Colonel Whitley, after having fought seventeen battles with the Indians, as all historians record, and rendered the services above mentioned, fell in the last named battle, greatly to the sorrow of every feeling heart in Kentucky; for he was adored by all who knew him, as a hero, a patriot and philanthropist, his fort being the refuge of all who sought it, and the standing order of his house being to receive all who knocked. Colonel Whitley was one of the few old pioneers who secured a large body of rich land, and left all his children and grandchildren rich. His granddaughter, Mrs. Judge Higgins, of Crab Orchard, a lady of wealth and noted for her moral firmness and practical energy, gave me, subject to her order, her grandfather's gun, wampum and horn, which was brought to her from the field of battle

on the Thames, and has been preserved by her. The horn is one of the most remarkable I ever saw, beautifully polished and engraved over the whole front with appropriate poetry, and holds some two pounds of powder. I have Kit Carson's horn, and one presented to me by the grandson of the leader of the three heroic McAfee brothers. They were among the first whites that ever landed in Louisville. They went up the country to where Frankfort now is, and encamped for a time; patented the land around there, and went up in the neighborhood of where Harrodsburg now is and built a fort on Salt river. This McAfee horn was deeply engraved with the date of 1773, but is almost worn out by the friction of the arm upon it. The two latter horns, though rare, are not equal in capacity and remarkable form to that of the old pioneer Whitley's.

Let all who doubt realities come and see for themselves. In fine, though a pensioner of the war of 1812 myself, I was not in the battle of the Thames, but with Brown, Commander-in-Chief in Lower Canada.

Report of the Condition of THE SCIO STATE BANK

At Scio, in the State of Oregon, at the close of business March 7, 1911

RESOURCES	
Loans and discounts	\$37,339.10
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	1,025.09
Bonds, securities, etc.	16,322.15
Banking house, furniture and fixtures	5,000.00
Cash and due from approved reserve banks	46,602.38
Checks and other cash items	558.58
Total	106,847.30
LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in	\$10,000.00
Surplus fund	2,045.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	490.77
Individual deposits subject to check	83,421.82
Demand certificates of deposit	10,888.21
Liabilities other than those above stated	1.50
Total	106,847.30
State of Oregon,	
County of Linn	

I, W. A. Ewing, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

W. A. EWING, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 15th day of March, 1911.

JAS. A. BILYEU, Notary Public

Business Locals

Books, magazines and Postcards at C. G. GORCH.

Wesely & Cains clothing is now all in for spring.

For Sale—40,000 shakes, 2 and 2½ feet long. Inquire of W E Burton, R F D 1.

Easter sale on mens and boys suits at Wesely & Cains commencing Saturday April 8 closing April 22.

A full line of Lilly's guaranteed garden seeds, chick feed, bone, shell and grit at Wesely's Grocery.

The Packard low shoes at Wesely & Cains in Tan Pat. Colt, Velour calf, Willow calf, Gun metal and Vici, made in button, lace and college ties.

Better than gold. Those little red books "When you were born" series, only 10 cents. They tell you all about yourself. Just what you want, at C. G. GORCH'S.

Tyco, Router, Wizard, Chub, Nob, Fad and Toft are the latest style lasts in men's and young men's low shoes. See the Packard line at Wesely & Cains.

In cases of rheumatism relief from pain makes sleep and rest possible. This may be obtained by applying Chamberlain's Liniment. For sale by all dealers.

Big Clothing Sale commences Saturday April 8 at Wesely & Cains, all the latest styles for spring and summer wear, to be on display at this sale at a big reduction in price.

Now is the time to spray your fruit trees with lime and sulphur solution. We handle the 100 per cent. pure quality. For sale in quart, gallon or barrel quantities at Wesely's Grocery.

\$20 suit for \$17.50—\$18 suit for \$15.75 \$16 suit for \$13.85—\$15 suit for \$12.90. \$12 suit for \$10.25—\$10 suit for \$8.55 at Wesely & Cains big clothing sale commencing Saturday, April 8.



The Honorable Senator Sagebrush

By
FRANCIS LYNDE

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grace him. Clearly it was the part of filial duty to hesitate before he should set his hand to this particular plow of reform. Would it not be better for him to drop out quietly, leaving the political housecleaning for some one who would not have to pay such a costly price for the leadership?

Thus the two promptings clamored each for its hearing. But, after all, it was chance and the swift current of the occasion that decided for him and swept him along into the vortex of action.

Before he had gone ten steps toward Gantry's office some one in the throng of debarking overland passengers called his name. When he turned he was facing a white haired old gentleman with a scholarly face and an irascible twist to his thin lips, a man and a straight figured maiden with level eyes and a face in which the inherited traits were softened into lines of thoughtful firmness and serenity.

"Why, bless my soul, of all the lucky things!" ejaculated the young man, who had an instant before had been halting between two opinions. "You don't mean to tell me that this is the

"WHY, GENTRY, MY WEST TO WHICH YOU SOUL OF ALL THE said you were LUCKY THINGS!" coming, Patricia?"

"It is, and you're to blame, young man," snapped the father of the peerless maid. "If you've been telling me fibs about those megasauridae which you said could be bred out of your sagebrush hills you'll pay our fare back home again—understand? Now show us to the best hotel in this mushroom city of yours, and do it quickly."

Though it was only three squares to the Inter-Mountain, he chartered the best looking auto he could find in the back rank, put his charges into it and went with them to do the honors at the hotel, thereby missing two things which might have had an important bearing on the temporarily forgotten problem.

If he had gone directly to the office of the traffic manager on the second floor of the station building he could hardly have missed meeting a tall, full faced man coming out of Gantry's private room, and he might have overheard the visitor's parting word to Gantry: "Oh, yes; he felt for it all right. If you'd seen his face when Lackner and I came away you'd have said there were battle, murder and sudden death in it for somebody."

"But, see here, Bradbury," Gantry held his visitor to say, "it wasn't in the game that you were to fill him up with a lot of lies. I won't stand for that, you know. He is too good a fellow and too good a friend of mine."

It was at this juncture that Blount, if he had been present and invisible, would have seen a sour smile wrinkle upon the full face of the club gossip.

"It wasn't necessary. If he or the senator wanted to sue us for libel we could prove every word that was said. And it got him—got him right in the solar plexus. If you don't see some fireworks within the next few days I miss my guess and lose my ante."

On the other hand, if Evan had lingered a few minutes longer on the station platform he would have marked Vice President McKiever crossing to the carriage stand, followed by the private car porter bearing impediments. At the carriage rank the vice president climbed heavily into the senator's roadster, which seemed to have been arranged for in advance, and was whirled spornally up to the Inter-Mountain, where he traced his illegible name in the great guest book two minutes after Blount, still anxious for the comfort of Professor Anners and the serene eyed maid, had gone up in the elevator with them to see that the rooms to which they had been assigned were all that they should be.

(Continued next week)