

**KONINGSMARKE, OR, OLD
TIMES IN THE NEW WORLD. NEW
EDITION REVISED AND
CORRECTED. IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. II**

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ANONYMOUS

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KONINGSMARKE,

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OLD TIMES IN THE NEW WORLD

"This affair being taken into consideration, it was adjudged that Koningsmarke, commonly called the Long Finne, deserved to die; yet, in regard that many concerned in the affair being simple and ignorant people, it was thought fit to order that the Long Finne should be severely * * * * *"

Fragment of Minutes of Council in New-York.

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KONINGSMARKE.

BOOK FIFTH.

CHAPTER IV.

"Then straight they seiz'd their tomahawks, and fast (not very
They on their cruel business all silently did go, (slow)
Until they came to where the gentle stream did flow;
And then with blood did quickly run the river Ohio."

Western Boatman's Ballad.

THE war party, accompanied by Koningsmarke, and the new chief, the Jumping Sturgeon, dressed in the manner before described, proceeded with great celerity on its march towards the Ohio. The savages never encumber themselves with baggage, and generally fight in a breech-cloth, leggins and moccasins. Although there is no punishment but that of disgrace among them, they act in concert on their war expeditions, and obey the orders of the chief warrior with cheerfulness and punctuality. The officers lay the plan of attack, and conduct the operations until the battle commences, when every man fights for himself, as if the victory depended on him alone. The order to advance or retreat is generally given with a yell or a shout, which is readily understood and obeyed. No

corporeal punishment was permitted or practised among these tribes, either in peace or war, except in retaliation for similar outrages; and such was their abhorrence of stripes, that they never even chastised their children. On one occasion, a chief beat his son, a boy of about ten years old, during the absence of its mother, who, on her return, was so indignant at the outrage, that she took the boy with her, and departed, like another Hagar, to the wilderness. Her husband traced her to a distant tribe, and, being unable to persuade her to return, remained with her, and never joined his friends afterward. The only punishment inflicted on children, is that of ducking, which accounts for a saying among them, that their papposes are always better in winter than in summer, as they do not mind a ducking in warm weather.

The party proceeded with that silence and celerity, so characteristic of the red men of the western hemisphere, until they arrived within about half a day's journey of the village inhabited by their enemies. Each man was then forbidden either to make a noise, or fire a gun, and they remained lying on the ground, in the thick woods, until dark, when they commenced their march, with even greater caution and swiftness than before. Their object was to effect a complete surprise, by approaching the village without even alarming the dogs, those watchful guardians of the night. About two hours before day they arrived at the little town.

There was not a fire burning, and every soul in it seemed fast asleep. Not a sound was heard, except the owl and the wolf, the former screaming, the latter howling his dismal notes at a distance. All at once, and just before the Muskrats and Mud Turtles had made their final dispositions for the onset, a deep-mouthed hound yelled forth the signal of alarm, which was answered by a hundred others in an instant.

At the sound of this well-known signal, the sleeping warriors of the village started up, and, seizing their arms, rushed out, while the assailants as suddenly came upon them. The village fronted close on the river's bank, which consisted of two steps, or terraces, rising one above the other, the uppermost receding fifteen or twenty paces in the rear of the other. These are generally denominated, at the present time, the first and second banks of the rivers of the west. Below ran the Ohio, with a deep and somewhat rapid current.

An Indian battle is like one of Homer's, and consists, for the most part, in a series of personal contests. Each one singles out his adversary, and personal strength and prowess carry the day. Dire was the yelling and shouting which succeeded the alarm in the village. The warriors of the Ohio, though taken by surprise, fought manfully, and the various feats of arms performed that morning, might throw into the shade the splendid acts of tilt and tourney. Among those who most dis-

tinguished themselves on this occasion, was the Jumping Sturgeon, who, making a virtue of necessity, and not daring to run away, fought right valiantly, from pure instinct, to save his life.

He was singled out by a tall Indian, just about daylight, who, watching the moment when he had discharged his gun, and before he could load again, quickly advanced upon him with his lifted tomahawk. The Sturgeon clubbed his musket, and both slowly approached, cautiously eyeing each other. At length the tall chief let fly his tomahawk, which his adversary watching, presented his buffalo cap with such surprising judgment, that the weapon was received upon one of the horns, and fell innocuous to the ground, doing the Sturgeon no other damage than that of setting his head to ringing bob-majors. Taking advantage, however, of the temporary confusion created by this said ringing, the tall chief suddenly rushed upon the *ci-devant* high constable of Elsingburgh, before he could make a blow with his musket, and a mortal contest of skill and strength took place. They fell, the tall Indian uppermost. In this situation the Indian began to yell horribly, and to feel for his knife; but, luckily for the Jumping Sturgeon, his adversary wore, by way of ornament, that day, a woman's apron, which he had bought from a French trader, and, in the hurry of surprise, tied on over his knife. This prevented his getting it out as quickly as he otherwise would have done, and

enabled Lob Dotterel, alias the Jumping Sturgeon, to get one of his thumbs into his mouth. This not only disabled one of the Indian's hands, but embarrassed the operation of the other, by the pain it occasioned. At length the Indian got hold of the blade of his knife, just below the haft, at the moment the other found an opportunity to seize the handle, chewing the Indian's thumb all the while with great vigour. As the Indian pulled the knife out of the scabbard, Lob gave his thumb a terrible screw between his teeth, and, at the same moment, jerked the knife through his hand, cutting the fingers to the bone. This disconcerted the Indian, so that he relaxed his hold, and, by a sudden effort, the other threw him off and jumped on his feet, just as the Indian did the same. The valiant Sturgeon, however, continued to hold fast the Indian's thumb between his grinders with singular tenacity, and thus maintained a decided advantage over his antagonist, to whose ribs he was at length enabled to apply the knife he had wrested from him. The moment he felt the application, although it was arrested by the said ribs, the Indian gave a yell, and, with a violent start, drew part of his thumb from betwixt the high constable's grinders, a portion of it remaining behind, and retreated with great precipitation, leaving his adversary master of the field.

In the meantime the battle raged with great fury in the village, and along the river's bank. The