

SAVED IN FORT SHIRLEY. An Important Event in Local Indian History. ARMSTRONG'S BOLD ATTACK The Last Murder by the Redskins in Western Pennsylvania. A CABIN THAT RECALLS THE STORY

infested the place and lay down there to rest. The last utterance of "Ugh! Ugh!" was heard as they fled away and all slept heavily. But there was another weary wait for the white men till the moon set and the fire burned low.

ARMSTRONG'S ATTACK. History says, that as the first streak of dawn revealed the outlines of the lodges, Armstrong divided his men into two parties and they made a simultaneous attack upon the corn field and the village. Chief Jacobs being roused by the first shot, mounted the war whoop, and the natives in the field, although surprised, bearing the cry of their chief, fought desperately till several of them were killed. But Armstrong's report says:

As soon as day appeared and the town could be seen, the attack on the corn field began, through which the Indians fled in confusion, and entered the town. The lodges, some 50 in number, were set on fire, and Chief Jacobs and his people, within, refused to surrender, although surrounded. But as the fire made headway many of them rushed from their burning homes. A few escaped, but many were killed and scalped after their own fashion. Among the latter were Chief Jacobs and his giant son, said to have been seven feet high. The women and children fled to the woods, says Irving, Bancroft and Lansing, but older accounts state that many of them perished in the town.

ARMSTRONG'S ACCOUNT OF THE AFFAIR, which he sent by an express to Governor Denney in Philadelphia, and which is found published in the Portsmouth, New Hampshire, Gazette for October 7, 1750, a copy of which is in the possession of Mr. Joseph Forney of this city, relates that Jacob's square was killed and scalped as he attempted to escape through a window, and says further:

The Indians had a number of spare arms in their houses, loaded, which went off as the fire came to them, and quantities of gun powder, which had been stored in every house, blew up from time to time, burning some of their bodies a great height into the air.

ARMSTRONG ALSO SAYS "that a woman was heard crying in one of the burning houses. It is thought she was the wife of a man who had been her sex perished in the flames, as the leg of a child was blown by one of the explosions into the midst of the white troops. The discharge of spare guns and the heavy explosions referred to, attest how well French emissaries kept the savages supplied with the munitions of war.

ARMSTRONG'S DISPATCH TO PHILADELPHIA ALSO SAYS: Eleven English prisoners were released and brought away, who informed the Colonel that besides the powder, which the Indians boasted they had enough for ten years' war with the English, there was a great quantity of goods burnt, which the French had made them a present of ten days before.

ARMSTRONG'S DISPATCH TO PHILADELPHIA ALSO SAYS: The prisoners also informed us that that very day two bands of Frenchmen, with a party of Delaware and French Indians, were to join Captain Jacobs, to march and take Fort Shirley, and that 25 warriors had set out before the preceding evening, which proved to be the party that had fired the fire that night before; for our people returning found Lieutenant Hogg wounded in three places, and learned he had in the morning attacked the supposed party of three or four at the fire according to order, but found them too numerous for him. He killed three of them, and the first fire and fought them for an hour, when he lost three of his men, the rest, as he was wounded, abandoned him and fled, the enemy pursuing them. Lieutenant Hogg died soon after of his wounds.

ARMSTRONG'S DISPATCH TO PHILADELPHIA ALSO SAYS: At the foot of Armstrong's dispatch the Gazette adds: Soon receiving the above return from Fort Shirley, the Governor immediately ordered 20 prisoners to be returned safe, which makes up the missing and the returned prisoners.

ARMSTRONG'S DISPATCH TO PHILADELPHIA ALSO SAYS: The account has been freely quoted because it differs in some particulars from that in the histories, and contains information not found elsewhere. Also, because it is from the mouth of the expedition who presumably gave an accurate report. It is surprising that historians are content to comment upon the signal blow suffered by the enemy in the loss of their most famous leader and their depot of supplies, but make no mention of the very important result of that blow, viz., the scattering of the assembling forces destined for the attack on Fort Shirley, and that, too, at the last critical moment, for had Armstrong's troops arrived in the vicinity of Kittanning 12 hours later they would, in all probability, have been cut to pieces, and Fort Shirley, with its meager garrison would have fallen into the hands of Jacobs, as did Fort Granville, or Fort Granby, at Armstrong's call, in the preceding year, and the Juniata Valley would have been laid waste and desolate as was Wyoming 22 years later.

struction was finished, and the sun rose upon the smoking ruins. There was not a moment to lose, for says Armstrong's report: A body of the enemy on the other side of the river fired on our people, and being seen to cross the river at a distance, as if to surround our men, they collected some Indian horses found near the town to carry off the wounded and retreat, while going back to the corn field to pick up the scalps of those killed there in the beginning of the action.

Taking with them the released prisoners, the troops hurried back to the woods where their horses were corralled, mounted in haste, and made their way homeward as stealthily and cautiously as they had come. The fact that a body of the enemy fired upon Armstrong's party from the opposite side of the river seems further to confirm the testimony of the rescued prisoners concerning the proposed attack upon Fort Shirley. It is reasonable to suppose that they were a body destined for the expedition, arriving thus early at the rendezvous. The astonishment and alarm of the Ohio tribes at this direful visitation of the soldiers put an end to their outrages for some time to come. On the frontier a feeling of security was, in a measure, restored, and the settlers in large numbers returned to their homes that had been abandoned. It is pleasing to note in connection with this daring exploit of Armstrong's militia that the population of the border towns, with their families and rolling mills, and the beautiful homes and churches that now cover the site of the old Indian rallying place, has not been rechristened, but retains the name of Kittanning, and which is found published in the Delaware name of Kittanning. He is a welder, the best authority on Lenni Lenape significations, says it is a corruption of Kitchank, which means the main stream, or on the main stream, and with the Delaware denoted the stream as well as the town.

HONORS FOR THE HEROES. It is also in accordance with the eternal fitness of things that the county of which Kittanning is the capital, bears the name of Armstrong, in honor of the man who by a signal act of retaliation opened the way for their settlement. The corporation of Philadelphia presented Colonel Armstrong with a piece of plate, and also gave to him and to each of his officers a silver medal and to every private in the troop a medal and a small present of money in recognition of their intrepid conduct on the expedition. The treaty of Fontenac did not bring to the borders the tranquility so earnestly hoped for, and not until after the close of Pontiac's war was there actual safety for settlers beyond the shadow of the forts. After a few years, however, the remnants of such tribes as remained north of the Ohio, being now at peace with the English emigrants, tempted by the cheap and fertile land, began to settle near West and North on the major tracts of Pennsylvania. With these came James Kirkpatrick, of Franklin county, Pa., bringing with him his wife and three children, the youngest being a boy of ten years of age, and a half-brother, who had been taken from his father's side at the point where a quarter of a century before, had stood the Indian town of Kittanning. Here they picked their house-sites, built their log houses and their cabins, and rushed into the wilderness some miles beyond and to a little stream called Cherry run.

KIRKPATRICK'S FOREST HOME. With the help of a distant neighbor Kirkpatrick built his house and began to clear his land. Encouraged by the quality of their purchase he and his wife toiled cheerfully, for both were young, buoyant with health and hope, and charmed with the novelty of the woodland life. The elder children, too, were happy as linnets in the midst of their new surroundings, and as the ax was lustily piled, watched with eager interest the growth of the forest, and with boisterous shouts the crash when the great trunk shook the earth with its fall; while the baby brother joined in their glee, he knew not why.

THE HARVEST LILY. In a little of the clearing extended further and further as time went by, and the crops grew apace in the rich, new soil. A few Indians remained in a camp near by, and they were friendly, and sometimes came to the potatoes, turnips and other products of the farm. The late spring of the young pioneers was always open to the few travelers who passed their way, and beyond an occasional party of surveyors, a hunter or a militia man or two going or coming from the backwoods of his district, they had few visitors.

THE LAST INDIAN ATTACK. As they arose from their knees, one of the militia men hearing some stir outside, opened the door to ascertain the cause. As he did so, an Indian standing near the house, fired at him, inflicting a terrible wound in his side. He was falling out of the open door, when his companions, Miller and Kirkpatrick, springing forward, dragged him in and barred the door. Miller then barricaded the window with the bedding, and such other articles of household furniture as would help to make a bullet proof wall. Kirkpatrick, seizing his rifle, ran up the ladder to the loft and began shooting through a loophole in the chinking of the door. The Indian, who had fired the shot, was seen to crawl away, and the blood stains on the cruel wound or to pillow the drooping head upon her throbbing breast; no time to give way to a mother's grief, she rushed to the door, and lay, with trembling hands, the tiny, limp form in the sugar trough cradle, that might never again rock him to slumber; only time to utter a few words to her husband, who held the ladle for melting from the red shell, rake the embers under the back log and essay her difficult task that her husband, for their lives or sell them as dearly as he could.

MOLDING THE BULLETS. It was easy enough to melt the lead on the glowing coals, but the shaking fires could not guide the molten stream into the throat of the mold. Seeing this, the wounded militia man, holding together with one hand the gaping edges of his wound, crawled to the fireplace, and with the other hand steadied the ladle for pouring. In this way they found and emptied the mold many times over, while Miller, having secured the house as well as he could, stood at the foot of the ladder, trimmed the bullets, loaded the spare gun, passed it up to Kirkpatrick, took an empty one, loaded it and exchanged, loaded and exchanged again and again.

A GOOD INDIAN FOUND. When the besieged white man opened the door and looked warily out, an Indian lay

dead in the yard with a bullet hole through his head. Assured that they were at last alone, every effort was made to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded man, but the case was beyond all aid; he lingered in great agony until near noon, when death came to his relief. The baby lay breathing feebly and white as marble, but the nurse could not soothe the grief of his wife or the terror of his children, but hastily prepared to carry them to a place of safety, the savages might return in greater numbers and massacre them all.

A white boy at that time a prisoner with the Indians, related the following incident: He was living after his escape from Kirkpatrick that they had expected to find him alone with his family, and that but one of the three returned to the camp. He was packed on the horse behind his wife and children, and taking Miller, the surviving militia man, as a guard, hurried his family to a place of safety, to the blockhouse at Hannahstown; the mother carrying her wounded child on a pillow upon her lap. It was a dangerous and painful ride of 40 miles, and several hours they entered the sheltering walls of the fort when the baby boy breathed his last.

THE STRIKING CONTRASTS. In one dark corner lay some broken and obsolete farm implements. Heaps of sticks and clay filled the wide open fireplace, which a hundred years ago the steaming copper and the ever useful Dutch oven sent out savory odors to the nostrils of the hungry pioneers. On the sunken hearth lay the remains of a turkey's nest, and a few straggle from the top of the outside chimney. And, as if to complete the air of utter abandonment as a human abode, a family of bats, flying about the open fireplace, and the blackened rafters overhead, where once the thrifty housewife had hung bundles of fragrant herbs and hanks of bright-colored yarn of her own dyeing.

THE HARVEST LILY. In a little of the clearing extended further and further as time went by, and the crops grew apace in the rich, new soil. A few Indians remained in a camp near by, and they were friendly, and sometimes came to the potatoes, turnips and other products of the farm. The late spring of the young pioneers was always open to the few travelers who passed their way, and beyond an occasional party of surveyors, a hunter or a militia man or two going or coming from the backwoods of his district, they had few visitors.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. GRAND OPERA HOUSE. Mr. E. D. Wilt, Lessee and Manager. One Week, Commencing FEBRUARY 10. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday. EVENT OF THE SEASON. Appearance of the Comedian, MR. STUART ROBSON

MR. STUART ROBSON. And company of players, under the direction of Mr. W. H. Hayden, presenting Bronson Howard's greatest success, THE HEIRETTE. MR. ROBSON... AS... BERTIE THE LAMB

SCALE OF PRICES: Parquet and first three rows in Circle... \$1.00. Balance of Parquet Circle... .75. Dress Circle, first three rows... .50. Balance of Dress Circle... .25. Next Week - DIXEY, IN THE SEVEN AGES. BIJOU THEATER. The Celebrated Actress, Margaret Mather

Will Present the Following Repertoires: Romeo and Juliet, As You Like It, The Honeymoon, Gretchen, Leah, and The Lady of Lyons. Sale of Seats will commence next Thursday at 9 A. M. GRAND OPERA HOUSE. MR. E. D. WILT, Lessee and Manager.

HARRIS' THEATER. Week Commencing Monday, Feb. 10. Every Afternoon and Evening. WILBUR OPERA CO. SUSIE KIRWIN. 50-IN THE COMPANY-50. MONDAY, FEBRUARY 11. HAMLIN'S FARCE COMEDY COMPANY. THE FAKIR. Wheeling, Monday, February 10. East Liverpool, Tuesday, February 11. McKeesport, Wednesday, February 12. Conneville, Thursday, February 13. Rochester, Friday, February 14. Altoona, Saturday, February 15.

WORLD'S MUSEUM, ALLEGHENY CITY. ST. VALENTINE'S WEEK, FEB. 10. Grand Prize Crazy Quilt Competition. 12-Handsome Prizes Offered-12. Photographs to ladies free day and evening all week. MONS. LEONARD, MAJOR METTS AND WIFE, MAMIE CLAYTON, THE LUCASSIES, CHRISTINE YOCHEE. And other wonders. All new stage show in Theater. Saturday, February 15, every girl a bag of marbles, every girl a jumping rope. February 17-Etta Lake, elastic skin woman. February 18-Captain Paul Boyton's show. March 3-B. F. M.

BIJOU THEATRE. Under the direction of R. M. GULICK & CO. ONE WEEK, BEGINNING MONDAY, FEBRUARY 10. MATINEES WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY. The Most Thrilling and Realistic of All American Plays, The Military Romance. BY THE GREAT ACTRESS BY THE GREAT ACTRESS BY THE GREAT ACTRESS BY THE GREAT ACTRESS

MISS ADELE AUS DER OHE, HARRY WILLIAMS' ACADEMY. MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 10. Matinees, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. HYDE'S BIG SPECIALTY COMPANY. "WAY DOWN SOUTH." FEBRUARY 17-GUS HILL'S WORLD OF NOVELTIES.

THE NAME AND FAME OF KEECH'S MAMMOTH HOUSE FURNISHING EMPORIUM TOWER OF STRENGTH Commanding the Attention and Admiration of Every Thinking Person in Western Pennsylvania. It is no longer a matter of conjecture as to which house is the best one to patronize for FURNITURE, CARPETS, etc., as the palm for reliability has long since been conceded to Keech's. And reliability embraces everything: Good goods, desirable styles, low prices, satisfactory treatment, faithfulness to the interests of every patron. There are plenty of so-called installment houses in this city who never expect to sell goods to a customer but once. OH, BUT THAT ONCE! The consequent troubles, trials and tribulations of that one transaction preclude the slightest possibility of your ever returning to that house. How far different are things at Keech's. Here business is done with a view to your future as well as your present custom. KEECH'S WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN, AND THEY GENERALLY DO. Why? Because you have been satisfied with the goods you bought and the treatment you received. You have not been dumbed to death by ungentlemanly collectors, but have made your payments on the easiest terms one could possibly expect. And now you come back again, feeling assured that you will get the right goods, the right prices and the right terms. Verily, Keech's is a house WITH, FOR and OF THE PEOPLE. OUR NEW AND GIGANTIC SPRING STOCK CARPETS and FURNITURE. Is now gradually arriving. Many novelties are already on sale. It will pay you to look at them. Closing out sale of last season's goods still continues. Pears obtained the only gold medal awarded solely for toilet SOAP in competition with all the world. Highest possible distinction. "Paris Exposition, 1889." Cash and Credit House, 923 and 925 Penn avenue, Near Ninth Street. Open Saturday Nights till 10 o'clock.