

NORTH CAROLINA SENTINEL.

UNION OUR WATCHWORD—TRUTH OUR GUIDE.

VOL. XII. PART 1.

NEWBERN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1830.

NO. 612.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY THOMAS WATSON.

THE RED MAN.
By a Modern Pedagogue.

It was a bright day in an August evening, that a solitary horseman arrived at the Black Swan, a country inn about nine miles from the town of Leicester. He was mounted on a large bay charger, a black as jet, and had behind him a portmanteau attached to the crown of his saddle. A black travelling cloak, which not only covered his own person but the greater part of his steed, was thrown around him. On his head he wore a broad brimmed hat, with an uncommonly low crown. His legs were tucked in top boots, to which were attached girths of an extraordinary length, and in his hand he carried a whip, with a thong three yards long, and a handle which might have been called Goliath himself. On arriving at the inn, he calmly dismounted, and called upon the ostler by name. "Frank!" he said, "take my horse to the stable; rub him down thoroughly; and when he is well cooled step in and let me know." And taking hold of his portmanteau, he entered the kitchen, followed by the obsequious landlord, who had come out a minute before on hearing of his arrival. There were several persons present, engaged in nearly the same occupation. On one side of the fire sat the village schoolmaster—a thin pale, peak nosed little man, with a powdered periwig, terminating behind in a long queue, and an expression of self-conceit, strongly depicted upon his countenance.

He was amusing himself with a pipe, from which he threw forth volumes of smoke with an air of great satisfaction. Opposite to him sat the parson of the parish—a fat, bald headed personage, dressed in a rusty suit of black, and having his shoes adorned with immense silver buckles. Between these two characters sat the excise man, with a pipe in one hand, and a tankard in the other. To complete the group, nothing is wanted but to mention the landlady, a plump, rosy dame of thirty-five, who was seated by the schoolmaster's side, apparently listening to some sage remarks which that little gentleman was throwing out for her edification. But to return to the stranger. No sooner had he entered the kitchen, followed by the landlord, than the eyes of the company were directed upon him. His hat was so broad in the brim, his spurs were so long, his stature so great and his face so totally hid by the collar of his immense black cloak, that he instantly attracted the attention of every person present. His voice, when he desired the master of his house to help him off with his mantle, was likewise so harsh, that they all heard it with sudden curiosity. Nor did this abate when the cloak was removed, and his hat laid aside. A tall, athletic, red haired man, of the middle age, was then made manifest. He had on a red frock coat, a red vest, and a red neckcloth; nay, his gloves were red! What was more extraordinary, when the overalls which covered his thighs were unbuttoned, it was discovered that his small clothes were red likewise. "All red!" ejaculated the parson almost involuntarily. "As you say the gentleman is all red!" added the schoolmaster, with his characteristic flippancy. He was checked by a look from the landlady. His remark, however, caught the stranger's ear, and he turned round upon him with a penetrating glance. The schoolmaster tried to smoke it off bravely. It would not do; he felt the power of that look, and was reduced to almost immediate silence. "Now, bring me your boot-jack," said the horseman. The boot-jack was brought and the boots pulled off. To the astonishment of the company, a pair of red stockings were brought into view. The landlord shrugged his shoulders, the excise man did the same, the landlady shook her head, the parson exclaimed, "All red!" as before, and the schoolmaster would have repeated it, but he had not yet recovered from his rebuke. "Fanny, this is odd!" observed the host. "Rather odd," said the stranger, seating himself between the parson and the excise man. The landlord was confounded, and did not know what to think of the matter. After sitting for a few moments, the new comer requested the host to hand him a night cap, which he would find in his hat. He did so; it was a red worsted one, and he put it upon his head. Here the excise man broke silence, by ejaculating, "Red again!" The landlady gave him an admortory knock on the elbow; it was too late. The stranger heard his remark, and regarded him with one of those piercing glances for which his very eye seemed so remarkable. "All red!" murmured the parson once more. "Yes, Doctor Pountext, the gentleman, as you say, is all red," retorted the schoolmaster, who by this time had recovered his self-possession. He would have gone on, but the landlady gave him a fresh admonition, by tramping upon his toes, and her husband winked in token of silence. As in the case of the excise man, the warnings were too late. "Now landlord," said the stranger, after he had been seated a minute, "may I trouble you to get me a pipe, and a can of your best Burton?" But, first of all, open my portmanteau, and give me out my slippers." The host did as he was desired, and produced a pair of red morocco slippers. Here an involuntary exclamation broke out from the company. It began

with the parson, and was taken up by the schoolmaster, the excise man, the landlady, and the landlord, in succession. "More red!" proceeded from every lip, with different degrees of loudness. The landlord was the least loud, the schoolmaster's loudness of all. "I suppose, gentlemen," said the stranger, "you were remarking upon my slippers?" "Eh—yes! we were just saying that they were red," replied the schoolmaster. "And pray?" demanded the other, as he raised the pipe to his mouth. "Did you never see a pair of red slippers?" This question staggered the respondent; he said nothing, but looked to the parson for assistance. "But you are all red," observed the latter, taking a full draught from a foaming tankard which he held in his hand. "And you are all black," said the other, as he withdrew the pipe from his mouth, and emitted a copious puff of tobacco smoke. "The hat that covers your sunshin is black, your beard is black, your coat is black, your vest is black, your small clothes, your stockings, your shoes, are all black. In a word, Dr. Pountext, you are —" "What am I, sir?" said the parson, bursting with rage. "Ay, what is he sir?" rejoined the schoolmaster. "He is a black coat," said the stranger, with a contemptuous sneer, "and you are a pedagogue." This sentence was followed by a profound calm.

[The stranger goes to the stable, and the scene of his absence and return is very characteristic.]

The appearance of the Red Man again acted like a spell on the voices of the company. The parson was silent, and by a natural consequence his echo, the schoolmaster, was silent also: none of the others felt disposed to say any thing. The meeting was an assemblage of quakers. "What can this man be?" "What does he want here?" "Where is he from, and whither is he bound?" Such were the inquiries which occupied every mind. Had the object of their curiosity been a brown man, a black man, or even a green man, there would have been nothing extraordinary; and he might have entered the inn and departed from it as unquestioned as before he came. But to be a Red Man? There was in this something so startling that the lookers-on were beside themselves with amazement. The first to break this strange silence was the parson. "Sir," said he, "we have been thinking that you are —" "That I am a conjuror, a French spy, a travelling pack-man, or something of the sort," observed the stranger. Doctor Pountext started back on his chair, and well he might; for these words, which the man in Red had spoken, were the very ones he himself was about to utter. "Who are you, sir?" resumed he, in manifest perturbation; "what is your name?" "My name," replied the other, "is Reid." "And where, in heaven's name, were you born?" demanded the astonished parson. "I was born on the borders of the Red Sea," Dr. Pountext had not another word to say. The schoolmaster was equally astounded, and withdrew the pipe from his mouth; that of the excise man dropped to the ground: the landlord groaned aloud, and his spouse held up her hands in mingled astonishment and awe. After giving them this last piece of information, the strange man arose from his seat, broke his pipe in pieces, and pitched the fragments into the fire; then, throwing his long cloak carelessly over his shoulders, putting his hat upon his head, and loading himself with his boots, his whip, and his portmanteau, he desired the landlord to show him to his bed, and left the kitchen, after smiling sarcastically to its inmates, and giving them a familiar and unceremonious nod.

His disappearance was the signal for fresh alarm in the minds of those left behind. Not a word was said till the return of the innkeeper, who in a short time descended from the bed room over head, to which he had conducted his guest. On re-entering the kitchen he was encountered by a volley of interrogations. The parson, the schoolmaster, the excise man, and his own wife, questioned him over and over again. "Who was the man in Red?" he must have seen him before—he must have heard of him—in a word he must know something about him. The host protested that he never beheld the stranger till that hour; it was the first time that he had made his appearance at the Black Swan, and so help him God, it should be the last! "Why don't you turn him out?" exclaimed the excise man. "If you think you are able to do it, you are heartily welcome," replied the landlord; "for my part, I have no notion of coming to close quarters with the shank of his whip, or his great, red, sledge hammer fist."—This was an irresistible argument, and the proposer of forcible ejection said no more upon the subject. At this time the party could hear the noise of heavy footsteps above them. They were those of the Red-man, and sounded with slow and measured tread. They listened for a quarter of an hour longer, in expectation that they would cease. There was no pause: the steps continued, and seemed to indicate that the person was amusing himself by walking up and down the room. It would be impossible to describe the multiplicity of feelings which agitated the minds of the company. Fear, surprise, anger and curiosity, raled them by turns, and kept them incessantly upon the rack. There was something mysterious in the visitor

who had just left them—something which they could not fathom—something unaccountable. "Who could he be?" This was the question that each put to the other, but no one could give a thing like a rational answer. Meanwhile, the evening wore on a pace, and though the bell of the parish church had by sounded the tenth hour, no one seemed inclined to take the hint to depart. Even the parson heard it without regard, to such a pitch was his curiosity excited. About this time also the sky, which had hitherto been tolerably clear, began to be overclouded. Distant peals of thunder were heard; and thick sultry drops of rain battered at intervals against the casement of the inn; every thing seemed to indicate a tempestuous evening. But the storm which threatened to rage without, was unnoticed. Though the drops fell heavily, though gleams of lightning flashed by, followed by the report of distant thunder, and the winds began to hiss and whistle among the trees of the neighboring cemetery, yet all these external signs of elementary tumult were as nothing to the deep, solemn footsteps of the Red Man. There seemed to be no end to his walking. An hour had he paced up and down the chamber without the least interval of repose, and he was still engaged in his occupation as at first. In this there was something incredibly mysterious; and the party below, notwithstanding their numbers felt a vague and indescribable dread beginning to creep over them. The more they reflected upon the character of the stranger, the morbidly morbid did it appear. The redness of his hair and complexion, and still more, the fiery hue of his garment, struck them with astonishment. But this was little to the freezing and numbing glance of his eye, the strange tones of his voice, and his miraculous birth on the borders of the Red Sea. There was now no longer any smoking in the kitchen.—The subjects which occupied their minds were of too engrossing a nature to be treated with levity; and they drew their chairs closer, with a sort of irresistible and insinuating attraction. While these things were going on, the bandy legged ostler entered, in manifest alarm. He came to inform his master that the stranger's horse had gone mad, and was kicking and tearing at every thing around, as if he would break his manger in pieces. Here a loud neighing and rushing were heard in the stable. "Ay, there he goes," continued he. "I believe the devil is in the beast, if he is not the old enemy himself. Ods, you saw his eyes; they are like —" "What are they like?" exclaimed the rest with equal impatience. "Ods, if they ain't like burning coals!" ejaculated the hostler, trembling from head to foot, and squeezing himself among the others, on a chair which stood hard by. His information threw fresh alarm over the company, and they were more agitated and confused than ever. During the whole of this time, the sound of walking over head never ceased for one moment. The heavy tread was unabated; there was not the least interval of repose, nor could a pendulum have been more in its motions.

Had there been any relaxation, any paucity increase or any diminution or rapidity in the footsteps, they would have been endurable; but there was no such thing. The same deadening, monotonous, stupefying sound continued, like clock work, to operate incessantly above their heads. Nor was there any abatement of the storm without; the wind blowing among the trees of the cemetery in a sepulchral moan; the rain beating against the panes of glass with the impetuous loudness of hail; and lightning and thunder flashing and pealing at brief intervals through the murky firmament. The noise of the elements was indeed frightful, and it was heightened by the voice of the sable steed, like that of a spirit of darkness; but the whole, as we have just hinted, was as nothing to the deep, solemn, mysterious treading of the Red man.

[The party argue themselves into the belief that he is indeed the enemy of mankind.]

"I more proof is wanting," resumed the parson, after a pause, "only look to his dress. What Christian would think of travelling about the country in red? It is a type of the hell-fire from which he is sprung." "Did you observe his hair hanging down his back like a bunch of carrots?" asked the excise man. "Such a diabolical glance in his eye!" said the schoolmaster. "Such a voice," added the landlord; "it is like the sound of a cracked clarinet." "His feet are not cloven," observed the landlady. "No matter," exclaimed the landlord; "the devil, when he chooses, can have as good legs as his neighbors." "Better than some of them," quoth the lady, looking peevishly at the lower limbs of her husband. Meanwhile the incessant treading continued unabated, although two long hours had passed since its commencement. There was not the slightest cessation to the sound, while out of doors the storm raged with violence, and in the midst of it the hideous neighing and stamping of the black horse were heard with pre-eminent loudness. At this time the fire of the kitchen began to burn low. The sparkling blaze was gone, and in its stead nothing but a dead red lustre emanated from the grate. One candle had just expired, having burned down to the socket. Of the one which remained, the unquenched wick was nearly three inches in length, black and crooked

at the point, and standing like a ruined tower amid an envelopment of sickly yellow flame, while around the fire's equally decaying lustre sat the frightened rosters, narrowing their circle as its brilliancy faded away, and eyeing each other like apparitions amidst the increasing gloom. At this time the clock of the steeple struck the hour of midnight, and the tread of the stranger suddenly ceased. There was a pause for some minutes—afterwards a rustling—then a noise of something drawn along the floor of his room. In a moment thereafter his door shut with violence, and heavy footsteps were heard trampling down the stairs. The inmates of the kitchen shook with alarm as the tread came nearer. They expected every moment to behold the Red Man enter, and stand before them in his native character. The landlady fainted outright, the excise man followed her example, the landlord gasped in an agony of terror, and the schoolmaster uttered a pious ejaculation for the behoof of his soul. Dr. Pountext was the only one who preserved any degree of composure.

He managed, in a trembling voice, to call out "Avant! Satan! I exercise thee from hence to the bottom of the Red Sea!" "I'm going as fast as I can," said the stranger as he passed the kitchen door on his way to the open air. His voice aroused the whole convulse from their stupor. They started up, and by a simultaneous effort rushed to the window. There they beheld the tall figure of a man enveloped in a black cloak, walking across the yard on his way to his stable. He had on a broad brimmed low crowned hat, top boots, with enormous spurs, and carried a gigantic whip in one hand, and a portmanteau in the other. He entered the stable, remained there about three minutes, and came out leading forth his fiery steed thoroughly accoutered. In the twinkling of an eye he got upon his back, waved his hand to the company, who were surveying him through the window, and clapping spurs to his charger, galloped off furiously, with a hideous and unnatural laugh, through the midst of the storm. On going up stairs to the room which the devil had honored with his presence, the landlord found that his infernal majesty had helped himself to every thing he could lay his hands upon, having broken into his desk and carried off twenty five guineas of King's money, a ten pound Bank of England note, and sundry articles, such as seals, snuff boxes, &c. Since that time he has not been seen in these quarters, and if he should, he will do well to beware of Dr. Pountext, who is a civil magistrate as well as a minister, and who instead of exercising him to the bottom of the Red Sea, may perhaps exercise him to the interior of Leicester gaol, to await his trial before the judges of the midland circuit.

INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

The following narrative possesses much interest. It has been handed to us for publication, by a gentleman of this city, in whose integrity, we have entire confidence. He states that he saw and conversed with Ash, and made many inquiries concerning him, which leave no doubt of the truth of his history. It adds also to the list of those strange and adventurous lives, that have been of no unfrequent occurrence in the early settlement of the Western States.

Cin. Chron.

In travelling through the Western States, I have heard and seen a few things which I deemed worth recording. In another journal of this city, I have published some of them; the following, if you think proper, I will thank you to insert in the Chronicle.

The individual, whose story is given below, I met in the state of Indiana;—and learned, by mere accident, that his life had been somewhat peculiar.—He at first refused to give me his history; and I had to use some address in order to overcome his reluctance. It was with manifest repugnance that he entered upon the relation, pleaded haste and finally left me unsatisfied as to some parts. Gentlemen present assured me that I had been particularly fortunate—that they had never known him so communicative on these subjects before, but that I might in their opinion place implicit reliance on his statements, as his character for veracity was fair. I will endeavor to give my narrative as nearly in his own words as my memory, assisted by a few hasty notes, will enable me.

STORY OF GEORGE ASH.

"My father, John Ash, was one of the earliest emigrants to Kentucky, and settled near Bardonia, Nelson county, many miles from any other white settlement. In the month of March, 1780, when I was about ten years of age, we were attacked by the Shawnee Indians; a part of the family were killed, the rest taken prisoners. We were separated from each other, and excepting a younger sister, who was taken by the same party that had me in possession, I saw none of my family for seventeen years. My sister was small; they carried her two or three days, but she cried and gave them trouble, and they tomahawked and scalped her, and left her lying on the ground. I was after this transferred from one family to another, several times and treated harshly, and called a white dog, till at length, I was domesticated in a family, and considered a member of it. After this, my treatment was like that of other children of the tribe. The Shawnees, at this time, lived on the Big Miami, about twenty miles above

Dayton.—Here we continued until General Clark came out and attacked us, and burnt our town. We then removed to St. Mary's and continued there about two years. After this we removed to Fort Wayne, on the Maumee. Here we were attacked by Gen. Harmar. We then removed to the Auglaize river, and continued there some years.—While here, Gen. St. Clair came out against us. Eight hundred and fifty warriors went out to meet him; and on their way, were joined by fifty Kickapoo. The two armies met about two hours before sunset. When the Indians were within about half a mile of St. Clair, the spies came running back to inform us, and we stopped. We concluded to encamp; it was too late, they said, to begin the play. They would defer the sport till the next morning. General Blue Jacket was our commander. After dark he called all the chiefs around him to listen to what he had to say. "Our fathers," said he, "used to do as we now do—our tribe used to fight other tribes, they could trust to their own strength and their numbers, but in this conflict we have no such reliance—our power and our numbers bear no comparison to those of our enemy, and we can do nothing, unless assisted by our Great Father above. I pray now," continued Blue Jacket, raising his eyes to heaven, "that he will be with us to night, and it was now snowing that to-morrow he will cause the sun to shine out clear upon us, and we will take it as a token of good; and we shall conquer."

Blue Jacket appears to have been a priest as well as a warrior. Upon this point I intended to make some inquiries, but had not an opportunity.

"About an hour before day, orders were given for every man to be ready to march. On examination, it was found, that three fires, or camps, consisting of fifty Potawatamies, had deserted us. We marched till we got within sight of the fires of St. Clair. Then Gen. Blue Jacket began to talk and to sing a hymn, as Indians sing hymns. [Here the narrator mentioned some ceremony that I did not well understand.] The fight commenced and continued for an hour or more, when the Indians retreated. As they were leaving the ground, a Chief, by the name of Black Fish, ran in among them, and in a voice of thunder, asked them what they were doing, where they were going, and who had given them orders to retreat? This caused a halt, and he proceeded in a strain of the most impassioned eloquence to exhort them to courage and to deeds of daring; and concluded with saying, that the determination of others might be, he knew not, but for himself, his determination was to conquer or die. "You who are like minded, follow me," and they raised the war whoop, which is, "We conquer or die." The attack was most impetuous, and the carnage for a few moments shocking. Many of the Indians threw away their guns, leaping in among the Americans, and did the butchery with tomahawks.—In a few moments the Americans gave way; the Indians took possession of the camp and artillery, skinned the guns, and parties of Indians followed the retreating army many miles. Eleven hundred Americans were left dead on the field. The number of Indians killed, together with those who afterwards died of their wounds, amounted to only thirty five. In this battle, a ball passed through the back of Ash's neck, and left a scar which he showed me. He told, and says his recollection returned while an Indian was carrying him away on his back.

Many years after, he ascertained that he had a brother in St. Clair's army, who was killed in this battle. Who can say that he did not direct the ball that did the fatal work; for all who have seen Ash, will allow that he was a man not to be idle in battle.

"After this battle, I started with eight others, on an embassy to the Creek nation. Our object was to renew the friendly relations between that nation and our own tribe; and two of our number were regularly accredited ambassadors for that purpose. We made a visit of a year, and were successful in the objects of our mission. The nations north of the Ohio were desirous of strengthening themselves against the whites, by foreign alliances.

While we were absent, our tribe had a battle with the whites near Fort Hamilton. The American army was commanded, I think, by Gen. Bradley. After our return, Wayne came out against us with 800 men. We sent runners to all nations to collect together warriors, and soon an army of 1500 men were on the field. We marched to meet Wayne, who then lay at Fort Recovery. We took one of Wayne's spies in our march; a Chickasaw. He was taken to the Indian army that he might give us some account of Wayne's movements, but the Indians were so estranged at him for his treachery, that they fell upon him in the midst of his narrative and killed him. Our army was then in great want of provisions, the Chippewa Indians cut him up, roasted and ate him. Near Fort Recovery we met a part of the American Army, and fought them without much success; and returned home.—Wayne marched on the 20th, and only three hundred warriors could be mustered to meet him. We went out, however, and fought him in two battles, within three days of each other. The Indians were in effect conquered, and the war ended. Gen. Blue Jacket, that winter, notified the Big of truce, and marched into Greenville, to treat with Wayne."