

advance extremely hazardous, the work was temporarily abandoned at that point, and a return to the settlements safely effected. In March, 1795, Massie organized an expedition, proceeded to the Rock and Rattlesnake forks of Point Creek, there crossed to Old Chillicothe, and continued the suspended work from that point. It was during this second expedition that the party suffered the terrible hardships so graphically described by McDonald, one of their number, and the biographer of Massie and McArthur. His words are as follows: "The snow continued to fall and drift for two days and nights; and when it ceased the ground was covered between two and three feet deep. The camp was on the ground, at this time the farm of Colonel Adam Mallow, four miles above Oldtown (or Frankfort, as it is now called). When it ceased snowing the weather became warm, and a soft rain fell for a time. Suddenly it became intensely cold, accompanied by a frost which soon formed a crust on the snow, which had previously been softened by the rain. The snow, although somewhat settled by the rain, was at least two feet deep, with a crust that would bear about half the weight of a man. This was the deepest snow I ever saw in the western country. The turkeys and other small game could run on the crust of snow, which disabled the hunters from pursuing and killing them, and, as the party had no provisions with them, the doleful prospects of death by starvation stared them in the face.

"This tour was subsequently called the 'starving tour,' and the remnant of those who are on this side of the grave, yet remember with horror their situation at that time. The prudence previously exercised of sleeping away from the fires was not attended to. The party lay around the fires by day and night, anxiously praying for a change in the weather. Some of the strongest and most spirited of the party made ineffectual attempts to kill game. Among these hunters Gen. Duncan McArthur, of Fruit Hill, near Chillicothe, and William Leedom, of Adams county, were conspicuous. On the third day of the storm they killed two turkeys. These were divided into twenty-eight shares or parts and given to each man. This little food seemed only to sharpen their appetites. Not a particle of the turkeys was left. The heads, feet and entrails were devoured, as if most savory food.

"The fourth morning of the continuance of the snow, Massie, with his party, turned their faces homeward. The strongest and most hardy of the men were placed in front to break through the snow. This was a fatiguing and laborious business, and was performed, alternately, by the most spirited and strongest of the party. They thus proceeded on their heavy and disconsolate march the whole day, and at night reached the Rattlesnake fork. In the course of the day the sun shone through the clouds for the first time

since the storm commenced, and, by its warmth, softened the crust on the snow. As the party descended the sloping ground toward the banks of Paint creek, they came to a flock of turkeys and killed several. These were cooked and equally divided among the men. That night the party lay by their fires without guards; and, as the night was warm, the snow gradually melted. Early next morning the entire party turned out to hunt, and killed a number of turkeys, some deer, and a bear. When these were brought to camp a feast ensued, which was enjoyed with a zest and relish that can be properly appreciated only by those who have been placed in a similar situation.

“The writer of this narrative accompanied General Massie on this tour, and had previously passed through many trying and distressing scenes, but the hardships and privations of that tour were the most trying to the firmness, resolution and fortitude of men he ever saw or experienced.”

The camp was situated on the north bank of the north fork of Paint Creek, and about 200 yards west of the railroad bridge. The survey having been completed to that point, the camp was abandoned, and the intrepid surveyors returned to their homes. With the incidents of this expedition, the aboriginal history of Concord may be said to end. Settlers followed at once in the footsteps of the surveyors, and the location of land warrants began in earnest. Chillicothe was laid out and settled in the year 1796 and Old Chillicothe was soon afterward deserted by the Indians. Their camps remained in the neighborhood; but, in pursuit of game and immunity from white intrusion, they gradually moved westward.

ONLY BREAK WITH THE SHAWNEES

The only break in the kindly relations between the red men and the white in Concord Township occurred in 1803 and the incidents which occasioned it centered around the assassination of Capt. Thomas Herrod, the early settler and politician. Herrod's cabin was on the creek which bears his name. One day, in the spring of 1803, while working in a field near what was afterward the Pike Bridge, he was shot by some one lurking in the woods and died soon after assistance reached him. Before he expired he was only able to speak the one word “Indians.”

Naturally, the event threw the community into wild excitement and considerable consternation. An alarm was at once raised, the murder being naturally charged upon the Indians, and the settlers deserted their farms and fled to the vicinity of Oldtown for protection from the expected attack. Many took refuge at the house of James Shepherd, near Roxabel, and every strong building in the

neighborhood was made a temporary block-house. While the settlers were thus collected, occurred the second tragedy referred to. One morning Nimrod Wolf and his son, Jonathan, engaged the services of one Williams and another man to go with them to their farm, and look after their stock. While the four were riding through what is now called Wolf's Prairie, they saw walking toward them Waw-wil-a-way, a Shawnee chief of great bravery, who from the first had been a firm friend of the whites. Approaching him, a friendly conversation ensued. The chief asked after the health of their various families, and finally, when Wolf made a proposition to exchange guns, without any hesitation delivered his rifle into the white man's hands. Wolf emptied the priming from the pan and, saying that he had concluded not to trade, returned the gun. Upon hearing of the death of Captain Herrod the Indian expressed surprise and sorrow, and when Wolf said that it was supposed that some of his people did the deed, and that they were on the war path, he indignantly denied it and reasserted their friendship for the whites. After this they separated and, when the chief had gone a few paces, the men dismounted, sheltered themselves behind their horses, and Wolf, with deliberate aim, shot the retreating Indian in the back. Williams' horse was restive and, by a plunge, exposed the body of his master, when Waw-wil-a-way, although mortally wounded, turned and, firing his rifle, shot Williams fatally, then, approaching, knocked the fourth man senseless with his clubbed gun, grappled with Wolf, and stabbed him seriously with his knife. Wolf returned the thrust, and, walking a few steps away, the chief fell dead, the victim of as cowardly and treacherous a murder as any in the bloody annals of those bloody times.

Time has radically changed the popular opinion on the object. Herrod was engaged in a bitter political canvass, in which the contestants regarded their political opponents as personal enemies. The Indians had been uniformly friendly. Herrod had no quarrel with any of them; with every opportunity for a general massacre of the whites, both before Herrod's death and after the murder of the chief, they never made a hostile demonstration. These facts, together with the perfect confidence of Waw-wil-a-way in surrendering his gun, and the fact that the indignation of the Indians at his murder was limited to Wolf, all repel the idea that the Shawnees were responsible for Herrod's death. The sober second thought of the people had led them to charge Herrod's murder upon some personal enemy, and to condemn Wolf's act as a base and cowardly assassination. Wolf, after an enforced stay in Kentucky, returned and purchased his life from the sons of his victim, by paying an indemnity.