

A STORY OF 1793.

Brutal Butchery of Beinhart's Family Avenged by the Father, After Protracted Pursuit Without Rest.

By COL. G. M. VANBUREN.

Perhaps no tale of early frontier life in Ohio is more thrilling than was related to me by a man of more than four score years, nearly all of which had been spent within the area of what is now Tuscarawas County. The old man's grandfather was one of the first white settlers of that section. Together with two friends I enjoyed a little quiet shooting there last fall, and it was in quest of food, after a lively morning's sport, that we entered a long, wooded lane, leading to his home, and rattled the old-fashioned knocker on the front door. The old man, who opened the door, was one whose appearance immediately impressed me. His voice was of little volume, but possessed a softness and sympathetic quality that went straight to the heart. His posture, as he stood there inspecting us sharply, nevertheless in a kindly manner, his limbs trembling with age, his shoulders bent, his white hair falling almost to them, a smile upon his smooth-shaven, wrinkled face, his hands, extended the other toward the door of his sitting-room, was one that none of us will soon forget.

He had asked him if he could supply us with a meal, and had been answered in the affirmative, he excused himself that he might give directions necessary for the preparation of our dinner. When he returned the conversation turned upon hunting, the old gentleman taking great delight in our almost open-mouthed astonishment at the recital of one or two of his adventures. A casual comment of one of my friends upon the fertility of the land in that section of the State, and the fact that it did not look as if the cruel savage had ever overrun it, brought from our host the following narrative:

"For several years preceding the year 1793 there had been but few Indian outbreaks; indeed, so friendly had they become, that they were treated with conditions, that even those hardy pioneers, who were acquainted with their treacherous natures, relaxed their vigilance, feeling that they were in peaceful security.

"Some of the settlers had built log cabins upon the north bank of the Ohio, about 17 miles above the point opposite their families to the new homes, with no misgivings, as far as the savages were concerned.

"There was a barred door and heavy oaken shutter; each house, moreover, was built at the center of a large clearing, but precedent was responsible for these conditions, rather than any fear of trouble with Indians.

"It was, then, with no feeling of fear or apprehension that Wilhelm Beinhart set out early in the Fall of 1793, upon a trip to the fort at Mead, in quest of powder and shot. He was accompanied by his wife, Hilda, a daughter of 17, two boys, Karl and Hans, of 14 and 12 respectively, and a baby of eight months.

"The morning of the 21st of October was a bear, and the elder Beinhart delayed his start somewhat in order to assist them in dressing it; thus his walk of 17 miles and return brought him home about two hours after midnight.

"At the point where the cabin first came into view it had been his habit, ever since they had lived there, when he returned after nightfall, to stop and look for the fire in the clearing, and to look through which a few stray light rays always shone; for either his wife or elder boy should be waiting for him when he was detained at night by the savages.

"There was an immediate forbidding of evil, therefore, when Beinhart reached this point and saw no welcoming beam. Cautiously he left the path which led from the clearing to the cabin, and made his way around the edge of the cleared space, until he was in a position to see the front of the clearing, and the house.

"Approaching cautiously, with cocked rifle and throbbing heart, he peered within.

"The first sight that met his eyes was the lifeless body of his daughter, shorn of scalp and with her tresses which had been a father's pride.

"Staggering to a large chest on which there was a candle, he lighted this which there was no sign of his wife, baby or boys. Then it was, in those moments of agony, revenge was born in Wilhelm Beinhart's soul; and although the long walk to the fort and back, and the long walk to the provisions, had necessarily wearied him, he forgot his fatigue, and, oblivious of all discomforts, a few moments later he entered the cabin of his wife and her nearest neighbor, with the bloody sword in his hand.

"With determination written upon every lineament these two sturdy woodsmen started to track the savages, having propped themselves with dried meats and salt.

"A small band of Indians had evidently been watching the house and had seen the departure of the father. A little while after the father had departed, and the scent of the mate of the bear killed by the boys, and loudly baying had started into the forest, looking gleefully by the stars, who hoped to be able to show another evidence of their prowess on their father's return.

"Then, silently and suddenly the moccasin Indians had appeared in the doorway, and ere the wife and daughter had recovered from their surprise, had secured the remaining rifles upon the wall.

"The girl, Hilda, however, a stout and powerful-built daughter of the forest, seized a hatchet and with determined but well-directed blow split the head of the Indian who was nearest her, only to fall herself, her death gong mingling with the wailing of the savages as they fled in her breast.

"A mother's instinct had led Mrs. Beinhart to clasp her infant to her breast, as if she were the wife of a soldier, and she, beheld the reeking scalp of the Indian, which a warrior struck in her face. She was immediately seized, bound and gagged, and with infinite cunning the Indians awaited the boys' return. At about an hour had passed they came running into the cabin—and the arms of the savages, who lost time in binding them together and dragging them to the mother, whose arms were now unbound to enable her to carry her babe into the forest.

"Almost dumbfounded and stupefied by what had occurred, the boys blaming themselves for all, because they had left their mother and sister without protection of themselves and the dogs, all were pushed and hauled through woods, underbrush and streams the entire night, the Indians covering the trail, with little loss of time.

"Mrs. Beinhart, who became calmer as the seriousness of the situation increased, kept encouraging the boys by word and deed as much as she could, although their captors threatened them once or twice with raised tomahawks when they attempted to converse.

was driven into his heart, and withdrawn to meet the next savage, who received an ugly wound before the brave woman fell—as she did, her head split to the chin by his tomahawk.

"The child was well avenged, for the lamentations that followed showed the boys that a chief had been slain.

"Several of the Indians wished to kill the boys at once, but after a parley they seemed to yield, and still to be satisfied, and the boys knew that their escape from immediate death meant but a respite and that the stakes awaited them.

"During this time Beinhart and Meyer had been making what headway they could. It was a very difficult matter indeed to follow the trail of the Indians, which they had no difficulty in doing, but only those most experienced in woodcraft could follow it at all.

"After daybreak they made more rapid progress, and a little noon reached the place where the intrepid woman and her child met their death.

"There they lay, naked and scalped, upon the ground. The frame of Beinhart's companion stood with emotion almost as deep as his own. It was some moments before the men could control themselves and then, with bared head, and eyes raised to heaven, he and Meyer raised their hands to witness his oath never to cease his efforts to justly avenge that crime.

"The father now drew nearer and Hans, the younger boy, carefully raised his free

hand and reaching over the body of the Indian touched the face of the elder boy, Karl. The latter awakened immediately; but one look from Hans prevented any ejaculation or unusual movement.

"There was not a moment to lose. At any instant the enemy might turn to ward them.

"Creeping up to them, Beinhart gave his hunting-knife to the elder boy and handed a pistol the younger, who was the better shot of the two.

"By quick signs the father made Hans understand that he was to shoot the Indian on guard, while to Karl was allotted the task of plunging the knife into the breast of that brave to whom both he and Hans were bound. The task of the father was the killing with his second pistol, one of the other sleeping Indians. This would leave two to be reckoned with—the second savage supposed to be on guard, and the third sleeper.

"Beinhart determined that he would shoot the first of these and then close, hand-to-hand, with the other, taking advantage of his confusion and surprise.

"Within a minute's time after the guard had turned his back Beinhart had placed his pistol within a foot of one of the sleeping Indians, and giving the sign to the boys, fired. Simultaneously the pistol of Hans rang out, and with a wild yell the guard fell, desperately wounded.

"Seeing that Karl's knife had gone true, Beinhart now fired upon the other guard as that warrior rose to his feet and raised his rifle to shoot. No sooner had the bullet left the gun than Beinhart grasped the barrel and, with terrific force, brought the butt of the weapon down upon the head of the remaining Indian, who was in the double act of rising to his feet and preparing to fire.

"Meanwhile, Karl had withdrawn his knife from the bosom of his victim and, with two quick motions had severed his

own bonds and those of his brother. Quickly turning he plunged the blade into the bosom of the savage who had been stunned by the father's blow.

"Forgetting the wounded guard, in fact believing that he, too, had been killed, the father was about to clasp Karl in his arms, when a shot rang out and Beinhart fell, his hand on his forehead.

"Even then they were far from being out of danger, and were 70 miles from home. Their shots might have aroused a score of savages, who, at that very moment might be swooping upon them.

"Taking moccasins from the dead Indians, Beinhart strapped a pair to the feet of each of the boys, and taking all the guns and ammunition of their foes, they started to the point where the raft had been left.

"Beinhart was now in a state of almost complete physical exhaustion, and crossing the river, he was unable to swim. Even then he did not allow himself to cease an effort, but lay with face turned toward the stream. He had been in this position for something over an hour, manfully resisting the temptation to give up, when there came a faint glimmer of light through the trees on the other side of the river.

"Believing that the objects of his search were at last within reach, he retraced his steps for a few hundred yards, and then directed his course parallel to the Tuscarawas, with the purpose of crossing it in a couple of miles above the point from which he had seen the gleam from the fire. When he had covered about that distance, he returned to the river, and making a raft of driftwood, placed upon it his rifle and powder-horn. He found that he had to encounter a strong current, but there was not more than 20 yards of actual swimming to do as he succeeded in keeping a firm grip on the side of the channel for the remaining distance.

"Carefully examining his gun and pistols, and seeing that his hunting-knife was immediately available, he moved on slowly, until he had covered the distance of light from a small camp-fire which had been allowed to burn very low.

"He could see his two boys each with a hand bound to an Indian who lay between them, while two others lay, one by the side of each boy. Two more had been stretched out by the fire, his head slightly raised, and the father realized that he could do nothing until the attention of this warrior was attracted elsewhere.

"Beinhart felt that it would be of great aid if he could in any way attract the attention of one of the boys without any outcry being made. How to do so was a matter, as indeed, his Providence favored him, he was able to do so. He reached that of his parent he finally sent post-haste from a slight start, but his woodsman's training prevented him from in any way showing audible vent in the emotions which the sight aroused. The older Beinhart shook his head and placed a finger on his lips.

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"Believing that the objects of his search were at last within reach, he retraced his steps for a few hundred yards, and then directed his course parallel to the Tuscarawas, with the purpose of crossing it in a couple of miles above the point from which he had seen the gleam from the fire. When he had covered about that distance, he returned to the river, and making a raft of driftwood, placed upon it his rifle and powder-horn. He found that he had to encounter a strong current, but there was not more than 20 yards of actual swimming to do as he succeeded in keeping a firm grip on the side of the channel for the remaining distance.

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CAMPFIRE IN CANADA.

At Annual Campfire of U.S. Knowlton Post.

Toronto, Ontario, Nov. 27. The annual campfire of the U.S. Knowlton Post, 532, located at Toronto, Ontario, was held Jan. 27, at the New Carleton Hotel in that city. Around the campfire were gathered about 25 battle-scarred veterans of the civil war, and a most enjoyable evening was spent among members of the post. Commander James Shannon, Vice Commander, was in the chair in the absence of Commander Robert Oliver, who was on sick report. Capt. John H. Stone, a veteran of Phil Ketchum's 1st Division, presented a valuable address on the unwritten history of the Peninsula Campaign under Gen. Geo. B. McClellan in 1862. Replying to the toast of "The President of the United States," Col. A. F. Patton, of the 1st N. Y. M'd Rifles, made a rousing speech. A Past Commander's badge was presented to Past Commander John Knowlton. Among the guests were Theron J. W. N. Austin, a rebel veteran, who made very feeling and appropriate remarks to the toast, "The Blue and the Gray." Several veterans of the British and Canadian Veterans' Associations were present and responded to toasts in their honor. The toast of the evening was "The Grand Army of the Republic," which was received by singing "The Star Spangled Banner" by the entire company, and with much enthusiasm. To this toast Col. A. G. Patton made a stirring address, and in honor of John A. Macdonald read an original poem, descriptive of the arduous campaigns of the Army of the Potomac at Yorktown to Appomattox. Many volunteer toasts were offered and highly honored. JOHN A. MACDONALD, 198 Seaton St., Toronto, Can.

FOUND DEAD IN A HUT.

Civil War Veteran Dies From Cold and Exposure.

Lacrosse, Wis., Feb. 6.—In a lonely hut in the bottom lands two miles south of the city the dead body of Moses Wheeler, a veteran of the civil war, was found Thursday, lying propped up against the wall, the unconscious form of his gray haired wife.

Wheeler had been dead some time. His death the result of long exposure made necessary, through strange circumstances. Some time ago Wheeler was granted a permit to enter a soldier's home, but when informed that his aged wife had never been seen since he left to leave her, preferring the hardships of dire poverty to separation from his aged sweetheart. Both lived on a pension of \$12 per month.

A RELIABLE HEART CURE.

Alice A. Wetmore, Box 67, Norwich, Conn., says if any sufferer from Heart Disease will write her she will send him a card which she claims to be the perfect home cure she used.

A Letter to the President.

W. L. Earing, First Sergeant, Co. A, 185th N. Y., Morristown, N. J., has written an earnest appeal to the President, which was adopted by his Post, a part of which we here publish.

Our prayer is not for unearned help, but for quick fulfillment of our Nation's pledge, given through her noble Lincoln, to the millions of her suffering and afflicted. Almighty God, who, by our hands wrought for her, victory and deliverance—a pledge; given in recognition and grateful acknowledgment of an obligation as sacred as that which we have imposed upon us by faithful and heroic self-sacrifice on the part of her citizen defenders.

Our prayer to you is, that you espouse our cause. We believe that the National heart beats true to all its obligations when, known, hence, we plead that all our representatives, near or remote, in the National Council, report to the Nation our need, and present for you our claim to the end that her obligations now due, may be speedily fulfilled to us.

We therefore, most earnestly pray for that, to the extent of your opportunity and ability, you further the passage of the proposed law now before you; a law which proposes to give every honorably discharged soldier, marine and sailor, who has had a wound or disability, a monthly \$12 payment, and thus break the chain and emancipate us from this "Fear which hath torment." This will come to us as our bond, at the hand of her from whom it is ours, and only in honor we may receive it, that sweet freedom for which, for all, we fought.

The 45th U. S. Volunteers in the Philippines.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I want to tell you how the 45th U. S. Volunteers, Co. A, 45th U. S. Vols., for his stand for the boys who helped suppress rebellion in the Philippines.

It was in Co. F, 45th, myself. The regiment was sent to Manila, Feb. 18, 1899, and two days later we went to Calocan, about seven miles north of the city and Jan. 4, 1900, we left Calocan for the South coast, where the insurgent forces of Del Pilar received us. On the morning of Jan. 7 we started to wade into them. We heard the firing at Imurs that morning while at Bacoor, and that night we slept in the open air. On the morning of Jan. 8 we started for the battle of the Divo River, near Magalanes.

Feb. 15 we left Niag, on the transport Tartar, for the Camarines, a voyage that occupied six days. On the morning of Feb. 21 we landed at Calabanga, and two days later took the insurgents' capital of Nueva Caceres. From here the 45th gave the little brown man a hot fight on Mt. Isang and the lower Camarines. Part of the battery and one company of the 37th (a battery of light artillery) were with the 45th, and their work was as well done as ours, of course.

Col. Dorst, with six or seven companies, went eastward and left his trade-mark on the Panio River, at Bauo, at Iriga, at Nabua, at Buli and on through to Legaspi, where they met the 47th U. S. V. I was not on the Legaspi like. The expedition was made by Cos. A, C, D, K, M and E. It was a trip full of fight, and would be very interesting in The National Tribune.

I was in the fight at Calabanga, Feb. 20, 1900; Rogay, Aug. 15, on Lebunanan River, Aug. 19; at Lupi, Dec. 19; at Rogay, Dec. 21; two hand-to-hand fights on the trail between Lupi and Rogay, Dec. 23, another lively one at Rogay, Dec. 23, after nightfall, another of the same kind Christmas night, in Rogay, and, lastly, Sgt. Nino on the Bicol River, Jan. 27, 1901.

I think a \$12 service pension is none too much for the veterans of the civil war, and I hope you will give us our inspiration, and they have not been too well praised. May the day hasten when they will be better helped, financially, that they may end their last days in peace and comfort. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, ROBERT BOXG, Co. F, 45th U. S. V., Eaton, Ind.

Canfield, 64, a Good Corp. Elizabeth Kornbaum, Press Correspondent of Canfield Corps, 64, W. R. C., Gibsonport, O., writes very pleasingly of that organization. She says: "The Corps has now 64 in good standing. We've lost by removal a number of excellent workers. Our President is energetic, patriotic, a soldier's widow, so valued by the old boys that he is respected. We are in the treasury over \$100. We give frequent entertainments, literary and other, for our friends; with suppers, etc. Referred to our home by the Insurgent Corps. Our floor work is pretty; the Color Banners carry silk flags and wear robes of red, white and blue. The Corps supplies flowers for the graves of our members of a comrade's family and for all the sick among comrades and their families. We meet twice a month—first on the 1st of the month, and then on the same hall on the second and fourth month.

WHEICE DOES THIS MAN'S MISTRESS POWER OVER DEATH?

MIRACULOUS RESCUE FROM THE GRAVE

Woman Threatened With Burial Is Revived and Restored to Health by the New York Wonderworker

HEALS HERETOFORE INCURABLE DISEASES

Doctors Send Him Their Worst Cases Trying to Find One He Cannot Cure, but He Dismantles and Mystifies Them All, by Miracles of Healing Which Rival Those of Ancient Writ.

(From Toledo Blade.) and could not sleep. I almost went insane with the agony of the pain and soreness throughout my body. Rheumatism tortured me to such a degree that I could scarcely get up. You see that large, dark, hairy man, who came to my rescue. You treated me with a godsend. I wish I could see all the poor, suffering people in this world, and beg them for their own sakes to write to you and be made well, as I have been. It is a fact I had nearly every ill flesh is heir to. Then you came to my rescue. Your treatment was a godsend. I wish I could see all the poor, suffering people in this world, and beg them for their own sakes to write to you and be made well, as I have been. It is a fact I had nearly every ill flesh is heir to. Then you came to my rescue. Your treatment was a godsend. I wish I could see all the poor, suffering people in this world, and beg them for their own sakes to write to you and be made well, as I have been. It is a fact I had nearly every ill flesh is heir to. Then you came to my rescue. Your treatment was a godsend. I wish I could see all the poor, suffering people in this world, and beg them for their own sakes to write to you and be made well, as I have been. It is a fact I had nearly every ill flesh is heir to. Then you came to my rescue. Your treatment was a godsend. I wish I could see all the poor, suffering people in this world, and beg them for their own sakes to write to you and be made well, as I have been. It is a fact I had nearly every ill flesh is heir to. Then you came to my rescue. Your treatment was a godsend. I wish I could see all the poor, suffering people in this world, and beg them for their own sakes to write to you and be made well, as I have been. It is a fact I had nearly every ill flesh is heir to. Then you came to my rescue. Your treatment was a godsend. I wish I could see all the poor, suffering people in this world, and beg them for their own sakes to write to you and be made well, as I have been. It is a fact I had nearly every ill flesh is heir to. Then you came to my rescue. Your treatment was a godsend. I wish I could see all the poor, suffering people in this world, and beg them for their own sakes to write to you and be made well, as I have been. It is a fact I had nearly every ill flesh is heir to. Then you