

Captain Samuel Brady and Cornplanter. **A LEGEND OF THE ALLEGHANY RIVER.**

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Many of the wild legends of border strife and Indian barbarity that have been enacted along the shores of the Alleghany and Ohio have never been rescued from the dim and fading remembrance of a past age. But occasionally a story of thrilling interest is snatched from the lingering records of the red man.

The story I am about to relate, I received from an old Indian pilot of the Alleghany. It was many years ago, when that stern old chief, Cornplanter, (whose remains now repose in silence and loneliness on the banks of that beautiful river he loved so well,) was in his glory. His tribe roamed over the dense and unbroken forests along its banks, fearless, untroubled and free.

His people were hostile to the whites, and never lost any opportunity to lie in ambush and seize the lonely voyager as he descended the river, and consign him to the stake and the torture. But the warlike, shrewd and deadly foe of Cornplanter and the whole "tawny race," was the indomitable and fearless Captain Samuel Brady. A brave veteran pioneer and Indian hunter was one of those noble specimens of the hardy frontiersmen who plunged fearlessly into the interminable forests that then overspread so large a portion of the western States.

Like Daniel Boone, Lewis and Clark, Simon Kenton and others, who made Indian hunting a pastime, his deadly hate of the Indian, and his burning passion for hunting them down, amounted to a monomania. This hatred was in consequence of the wrongs they had inflicted upon his family—his father, Captain John Brady, and his brother having fallen victims to the tomahawk and scalping knife.

The scene of the present story is at a place known to boatmen and raftmen as "Brady's Bend," and where now the noise and bustle of a new manufacturing town called the "Great Western" resounds along the shores, that then echoed only by the whoop of the savage of the panther's scream.

It is a bend in the river of nine miles in length, and is sometimes called the "Nine-mile Bend," and is scarcely half a mile across the neck. Here is this bend, Cornplanter, returned from some successful incursion upon the whites, had secured several prisoners, by tying them to as many trees, while his strictly and hideously-painted followers were busy in making preparations for the fogot and the torture.

The smoke was erected and the faggots prepared with all the coolness and refinement of Indian barbarity. It was a beautiful evening; the sun was just sinking behind the lofty hill upon the opposite shore. Calmness had thrown its oily wand upon the Alleghany's crystal tide and it sloped. The full, round moon, just hursting through the trees, shined them, called calmly through the distance blue, and cast its mellow beams upon the sleeping river, and dandd upon its placid bosom.

The melancholy note of the whip-poor-will from the adjoining thicket fell sweetly upon the ear. The victims were unbound and led forth to the place of torture. At this moment, a voice, high up among the frowning rocks that loomed out from the thick hemlocks that crowned the hill opposite, hailed Cornplanter in the Indian tongue, informing him that "he was an Indian warrior, just returned from the war-path with a goodly number of prisoners."

He desired that the ceremonies of the torture might be suspended until he could ford the river and join them; when they would celebrate the occasion with unusual demonstrations of savage rejoicings. To this Cornplanter consented. The flames that had been kindled were extinguished, and the prisoners again bound to the trees.

In the meantime Brady, for it was he who had deceived the wily Indian, with a body of men moved silently up the river to a place known as "Truly's Ripple," and there fording the river, drew his men up across the neck of the bend, and moved noiselessly down upon the savages. So cautious was his approach, that the Indians became completely out of from retreat before they became alarmed.

Brady's men hemmed them in from behind, while the Alleghany rolled in front. The first intimation to the savages of his approach was communicated by a deadly discharge of his unerring rifles. The Indians fought with desperation, but were overpowered; all were killed or taken prisoners, save the chief, Cornplanter, who, finding himself alone, plunged into the river and swam for the other shore.

Being a good swimmer, he reformed several minutes under water, but as he rose for breath, he was greeted with a shower of bullets. In this way, alternately swimming under water as long as he could hold his breath, and then rising to the surface, he escaped unhurt, and reaching the other shore in safety, secreted himself behind a standing rock.

The savages were of course unbound, and all joined in the jollification and joy at the timely and unlooked-for release. The rock that shielded Cornplanter from Brady's bullets was pointed out to me by the old Indian, in a recent trip down this river. It is known as "Cornplanter's Rock." The old Indian gave me the story with a sad and dejected countenance, in broken English.

"Alas! what a change! Where then the sneaky tide of the beautiful Alleghany parted only to the swift-skimming brychen canoe, and echoed to the wild voices that came out of the dense, dark forest, now is heard the shrill whistle of the steam-pipe and the rushing of the mighty steamer. Where the tawny savage then reclined upon the shady banks from his pursuit of the deer, the panther and the bear, or rested from the war-path, is now the scene of life and activity. The tall old forest has receded from before the advance of civilization, and given place to farms, beautiful villas and bustling towns. The Indian, too, has passed away; but a few, and they but miserable, decaying relics of what they once were, are now occasionally seen, the descendants of the proud race that once could call these hills, and groves, and rivers all their own. Alas! in the language of the poet:—

"Chieftains and their tribes have perished,
 Like the thickets where they grew."

HOME MATTERS.

THE GREAT FOOT RACE.—All the city was agog yesterday afternoon, in consequence of the coming off of the great foot Race over the Buffalo Course, which has been so long on the tapis. There was a swelling of dinners in hot haste, and a regular stampede towards Cold Spring. Carriages, horses, omnibuses, all were put in requisition for the occasion, and many were compelled to go upon the vehicles with which nature had provided them, in consequence of the general interest which had been excited, a very large concourse were assembled at an early hour in the afternoon—not only from the city, but from the surrounding country. Jackson's, an Englishman, who had been ailed the "American Deer," and some twelve or fifteen Indians entered for the purse of \$1,200. The "side bet," not only here, but in other parts of the country were heavy, and a large amount was staked upon the issue—probably larger than on any previous similar occasion. The track was quite heavy in consequence of the rain of the day previous, and those who had most confidence in "English bottom," backed their favorite against the field to almost any extent. The "Native," however, had a most arduous task, who were confident of their ability to overmatch any thing foreign or even white. The following is the "time" as given in the *Courier*: At the word all went off, well together, keeping so to the quarter pole, when several of the Indians and one white man, commenced their running. This was soon over and it was evident that the race was somewhere among three or four, who, by the time they reached the third quarter pole were well up. They came down the quarter stretch, all pretty well together, Canada winning by a short distance. Armstrong second and Jackson a good third. *Time*—5.07.

5.07.—*Coffey* and *Canada* ran well together, Jackson sixth in the race. Somewhere about the third quarter Jackson came to heel, brushed upon Canada, who made good running, and came in, finally, fourth; Armstrong being first, Canada second and Coffey third. The other white man retired quietly and when last heard from was eating peas. *Time*—5.32.

3d Mile.—Canada running ahead on the back side. A Mr. Rynders, from New York, who seemed to feel an interest in the matter, was running alongside Jackson, but whether they stopped to play jack-stones we could not distinctly see. At all events the thing resulted in Canada counting to score first, Armstrong second and Jackson a good third. *Time*—5.36. By this time the rest of the field had tailed out like the comet of '36 and no attention was paid to any others than the three just mentioned.

4th Mile.—Canada and Jackson had a brush as usual, on the back stretch. On coming down the quarter stretch, Canada ahead, Jackson second, Armstrong made a brush and came over the score. *Time*—5.32.

5th Mile.—Canada led off handsomely with Armstrong and Jackson trailing along—the rest of the field being scattered all over the track. Again Jackson brushed on the back stretch, and, perceiving it, widened the gap, and the race was now slightly changed, the odds being offered on the Indian. At the head of the quarter stretch Canada was well ahead, but Jackson gained on him somewhat coming down. They came in running well, Jackson showing fatigue. *Time*—5.46.

6th Mile.—The others having tailed off the race was now between the two—Canada and Jackson. Jackson made his customary play on the back side but it was no use—down the quarter stretch Canada's play was beautiful and the friends of the "Deer" began to hedge. As they came in it was said that Canada was blowing—Button here made a slight show and came to score a good third, but with his tunic considerably disarranged. It stood, Canada first, Jackson second, Button third. *Time*—5.39.

7th Mile.—The old story—all Lombard street to a China orange. Down the last quarter Jackson tried a little without much success, and Canada won the mile easily, Jackson blowing and showing evident symptoms of distress, and Armstrong making a good third. *Time*—5.42.

8th Mile.—Shary running all the way. Canada came in "slaking his ears like a colt" with Jackson just behind, and Armstrong close to. *Time*—5.46.

9th Mile.—No difference in the running. *Time*—5.45.

10th and last Mile.—The brush on the back stretch was fearful. Canada discovering the chase freshened it. Jackson did his best and at the head of the last quarter gained slightly, but at the finish was nowhere, and came out dead blown, while Canada crossed the score laughing and "fresh as paint." *Time*—5.24.

Whole time—55.49.

The race was a beautiful and exciting one, and conducted with the utmost fairness. It is evident that the Indians are superior to the Englishman, notwithstanding all that has been said about the superiority of English stock, and bottom, and wind. Canada, Coffey and Snooks, are beautiful runners, and it is said that the two latter—both of whom have formerly beaten Canada—made no extra exertions but ran under directions, and either could undoubtedly have beaten Jackson, had it become necessary to put their metal to the test. This is the first "native American" triumph we have had to record in some time, and it is shown that it is useless for the whites to attempt to compete with the sons of the forest in the race of "muscle and limb."

This race was, of course, attended with the usual concomitants of gambling, drinking, fighting, and rowdiness generally, which make exhibitions of this description so demoralizing in their tendencies. But it was one which excited much interest among all sorts of people and drew together one of the largest crowds ever witnessed upon any similar occasion in this section of the country.

THE CHEROKEE NATION.—Message of the Principal Chief.—The Fayetteville Independent publishes the annual Message of John Ross, the principal chief of the Cherokee Nation, to the National Council. He says that the year which has elapsed has been one of manifold blessings; the seasons have been propitious to the tillers of the soil, and the footsteps of pestilence and famine have been far removed from their borders. He alludes to the murder of Andrew Adair, and his son, George W. Adair, and gives a history of the circumstances connected with it; and then urges further legislation for the suppression of mobs and unlawful assemblages. He says that the late delegation to Washington failed in their mission to sell to the Government the "neutral land," so called; and he protests against a claim set up by Thomas L. CULINERMAN, on behalf of the Cherokees who remain in North Carolina, to a certain tract in the proceeds of said land, in case it should be relinquished by the United States. This failure leaves the finances of the nation in an embarrassed condition. One paragraph we quote entire:

You will have learned through the public prints that there was a bill before Congress to establish a new territory, to be called the Territory of Nebraska; and although that bill failed to pass the law, yet the recollection of the events which led to our removal from the east of the Mississippi is ever to this country, and of the fact, that the Cherokees find aid for the proposed territory of Nebraska. If established, encroach on the lands of the Cherokees, may well awaken in our minds serious apprehensions as to our future quiet and security. But holding, as we do, the repeated assurance of the Government, and the stipulations of our own treaties, that the lands of the Cherokees shall never be embraced within the limits of any State or Territory, without their consent; it cannot be supposed that any such encroachment on our rights would be deliberately and intentionally made by the Government. I would suggest, however, the propriety of entering a solemn protest against such an extension of the limits of any State or Territory as would in any degree contravene the rights guaranteed to the Cherokee as by the Government of the United States. I propose the establishment of a permanent Agent at Washington; to speak of the temperance reformation as having progressed to a gratifying extent, and that the Education is meeting with increased favor among the people.