BIOGRAPHICAL ANNALS

OF

FRANKLIN COUNTY

PENNSYLVANIA

CONTAINING

GENEALOGICAL RECORDS OF REPRESENTATIVE FAMILIES, INCLUDING MANY OF THE EARLY SETTLERS, AND BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF PROMINENT CITIZENS

ILLUSTRATED

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Richard Bard was brought up on "Carroll's Delight," near Fairfield, Adams county, and after his marriage lived at Bard's Mill, built by his father. On April 13, 1758, his house was attacked by a party of nineteen Indians. There were in the house at the time of the attack Mr. Bard, his wife and child; Thomas Potter, a cousin, who had come on a visit the evening before; Hannah McBride, a little girl; and Frederick Ferrick, a bound boy. The savages were discovered by Hannah McBride, who was at the door. The girl's warning came too late to prevent a rush into the house. One Indian directed a blow at Potter with a cutlass, but Potter wrested the weapon from his hand. Potter attempted to strike down the Indian with the cutlass, but the point struck the ceiling, which turned the sword so as only to cut the Indian's hand. In the meantime Bard seized a horse-man's pistol, that hung on a nail, and snapped it at the breast of one of the Indians, but there was tow in the pan and it did not go off. Seeing the pistol the Indians ran out of the house, and the door was closed, but there was no hope for the little garrison. The roof of the house was thatched and could easily be fired. There was plenty of mill wood near at hand that could be piled against the house to put it in blaze. The supply of powder and lead at hand was exceedingly meagre. The number of Indians was so great so as to make the contest a very unequal one. These conditions disposed the beleaguered inmates to surrender on a promise that their lives should be spared. After the surrender the house was pillaged and the mill burned. Two men, Samuel Hunter and Daniel McManimy, who were working in a field nearby, and a lad, William White, who was on his way to the mill, were added to the party of captives.

The Indians that captured the Bard family were Delawares—savages of the most degraded type. For many years they had been held in subjection by the Iroquois, by whom they were spurned as women.

It was only two years before that they had dared to remove the petticoat and declare themselves men. They were as treacherous as they were cruel, and all the more bloodthirsty because they had been so long debarred from killing. In the murder of their prisoners they were, perhaps, not different from other Indians, but the killing of infants before the eyes of their mothers seems to have been a special attribute of Delaware ferocity. The war parties that desolated the Conococheague Valley were especially addicted to the practice, and the band of savages that pushed across the Blue Ridge and captured the Bard family comprised some of the most debased warriors of a debased nation. In spite of their promises to their captives they had only gone a short distance towards the mountain from the dismantled home and burning mill when they killed Thomas Potter. On the South Mountain, three or four miles from the mill, one of the Indians sunk the spear of a tomahawk in the child's breast, and after repeated blows scalped it. In a quaint ballad, written by Richard Bard and preserved by his descendants, there is this description of the inhuman murder of the infant:

"Out of my arms my child they took,
As we along did go,
And to the helpless babe they did
Their cruel malice show.

"Both head and heart the tomahawk
pierced,
In order him to slay,
And then they robbed him of his clothes
And brought his scalp away."

The Indians who made the foray upon Bard's mill moved with their prisoners over the South Mountain, and a careful investigation of all the contemporary evidence indicates that they emerged into the Cumberland Valley at Mt. Alto gap. Their subsequent course brought them not far from the head of Falling Spring. They kept well to the right of Fort Chambers and passed the house of Albert Torrence, which was in Greene township, near the present village of Scotland. Torrence appeared in his doorway and was fired upon by one of the Indians, but fortunately was not hit. Passing Rocky Spring, evening found them near the site of McCord's Fort, on the Bossart farm, in Letterkenny township, and they encamped in the gap, a short distance from the fort. The next day they entered Path Valley, but finding a party of settlers in pursuit of them they hurried to the top of Tuscarora Mountain, threatening to tomahawk their prisoners if attacked. On the top of the mountain they stopped to rest, and Bard and Hunter sat down side by side. Without any previous warning an Indian sunk a tomahawk into Hunter's head, and after repeated blows killed and scalped him. This was the third murder after the capture. The party did not tarry long on the Tuscarora Mountain after the murder of Hunter, and that night encamped a few miles north of Sideling Hill. On the third day they passed through Blair's Gap. On this day half of Bard's face was painted red, showing that a council had been held, and that his captors were equally divided on the question of putting him to death. The march westward was continued, and on the fifth day Stoney Creek, in the Alleghenies, was reached. While crossing the creek Bard's hat, which had been appropriated by the savage that had him in charge, was blown from the Indian's head, and the Indian went some distance down the stream to recover it. When he returned Bard was across the stream. This incensed the Indian, who at once began

to beat the prisoner with his gun, nearly disabling Bard from traveling any farther. Because of his disabled condition, and of almost certain death in the future, Bard then determined to try to make his escape at the first opportunity.

Mrs. Bard had been kept separated from her husband during the whole five days' journey. That evening, however, they were permitted to assist each other in plucking a turkey. This afforded him a chance to communicate his design to his wife, and, as it turned out, she was able to assist him in getting away unobserved. A favorite divertisement of the Indians in camp was to dress some of their number in the clothes of their female captives. On this evening one of the captors was amusing the others by dressing himself in Mrs. Bard's gown. While this amusement was in progress, Mr. Bard was sent to the spring near the encampment for water. Just as he reached the spring Mrs. Bard began to take part in the fun, and succeeded in concentrating the attention of the Indians upon the gown so completely that they forgot all about their prisoner. These precious moments were utilized by Richard Bard in getting into the brush. Presently a cry was raised from another fire, "Your man is gone!" A dash was made toward the spring, and one of the Indians, picking up the can in which Bard was to have brought the water, cried out, "Here is the quart, but no man!" A search for the escaped prisoner was at once begun, but although it was continued for two days it was unsuccessful. The spring from which Richard Bard escaped is still pointed out on the farm of John McGee, about a mile west of Homer City, in Indiana county.

When the fruitless search for Bard was abandoned, the Indians resumed the march with their prisoners. They went down Stoney Creek to the Allegheny river, and thence to Fort Duquesne. They remained at the fort only one night, and then went to an Indian village about twenty miles down the Ohio, where Mrs. Bard was severely beaten by the squaws. From this place they took their prisoners to "Cususkey,"—Kaskaskunk—on the Beaver. This was Glickhickan's town. Here McManimy was put to death after being horribly tortured. The two boys and the girl, Hannah McBride, were detained here, but Mrs. Bard was sent to another town to become an adopted relation in an Indian family, and never saw her fellow captives again until they were liberated. In every town she entered Mrs. Bard was unmercifully beaten by the squaws, and even after she was taken into the council house for adoption, two Indian women entered and struck her. It was contrary to usage to strike a prisoner in the council-house, and the warriors were angered at these acts of the squaws. After the women had been rebuked for their disorderly conduct, a chief took Mrs. Bard by the hand and delivered her to two men to take the place of a deceased sister. She had not been with her new relations a month, when they determined to go to the headwaters of the Susquehanna. This was a painful journey for a woman in her condition. She had not yet recovered from the fatigue from the long march over the mountains that followed her capture, and was still suffering from the extraordinary strain to which she had been subjected. Her feet were sore and her limbs swollen. Fortunately for her, one of her adopted brothers gave her a horse, which enabled her to start with comparative comfort, but one of the pack horses dying, she was compelled to give hers to fill his place. Upon arriving at their destination, having traveled in all nearly five hundred miles, she was overcome with a severe fit of sickness, the result of fatigue and cold and hunger.

For two months she lay ill without much prospect of recovery. She had no companion in whom she could confide, or who could sympathize with her in her distress. The cold earth in a miserable cabin was her bed, a blanket her only covering, and boiled corn her only food. She thought herself on the verge of dissolution; but in spite of discouragement and suffering she recovered, and began to look forward with hope and longing to her rescue from captivity.

Richard Bard, after his escape, managed to elude his pursuers by concealing himself in a hollow log. The tradition is that his place of concealment was McKonkey's Cliff, at the bridge below Homer. When the Indians, who were in search of him, had gone by, and were out of hearing he resumed his flight in a different direction. His situation was perilous, and because of his condition he made his way with difficulty. Soon after beginning his return journey he came to a mountain four miles across, overgrown with laurel and covered with snow. He was almost exhausted and was without food, except a few buds picked from the trees as he went along. His shoes were worn out. The country was very rough, and in many places the ground was covered with poisonous briars, which lacerated his feet and poisoned his wounds. His feet and legs became swollen, and in his weak condition, impeded as he was by the snow on the leaves of the laurel, he was rendered unable to walk, and was compelled to creep on his hands and knees under the branches. Besides, he feared that the Indians might still be in pursuit of him, and would be able to find his tracks in the snow. In spite of the danger of discovery, it became imperative that he should lie by until his feet healed sufficiently to enable him to walk. On the fifth day after his escape, as he was creeping along on his hands and knees in search of buds and herbs to appease his hunger, he found a rattlesnake, which he killed and ate raw. In the ballad quoted below he gave a description of these five days of starvation and suffering in the wilderness:

"Though I'm not able now to walk,
I creep upon my knees;
To gather herbs that I may eat,
My stomach to appease.

"A rattlesnake, both flesh and bone,
All but the head I eat;
And though 'twas raw, it seemed to me
Exceeding pleasant meat."

By using a thorn as a needle Bard was able to puncture the festering wounds in his feet, and thus allay the swelling. Then, tearing up his breeches, he bound up his feet as well as he could, and in this forlorn condition he resumed his journey, limping along with great pain. He had no alternative except to die where he was. His condition at this time is illustrated by a delusion that was the result of the excitable state of his nerves. Soon after resuming his journey he was startled by the sound of a drum. He called as loud as he could, but there was no answer. His imagination had played him a trick. Just before dark on the eighth day after his escape, Mr. Bard came to the Juniata. His only way of crossing the stream was by wading it, which, because of his lameness, was accomplished with great difficulty. The night was very cold and dark, his clothes were wet, and in his benumbed condition he was afraid to lie down lest he perish. Wearied and lame as he was he determined to pursue his journey, but during the night he was attracted by a fire, apparently abandoned the day before, probably by a party of settlers who were in pursuit of the savages. Here he remained until morn-

ing, when he discovered a path leading in the direction of the settlements. Besides a few buds and berries his food up to this time had consisted only of rattlesnakes, of which, altogether, he had killed and eaten four. Although the first one was "exceeding pleasant meat," one is tempted to believe that this unusual diet was beginning to pall upon him. Fortunately, he was nearing the end of his journey, but he was destined, however, to undergo one more alarm before he reached a place of safety. At a turn in the path, in the afternoon, he suddenly found himself face to face with three Indians. They proved to be friendly, and conducted him to Fort Lyttleton, which he reached on the ninth day after his escape. These Indians were Cherokees, who had come from Virginia to assist in the defense of the frontier of Pennsylvania and Maryland. At Fort Lyttleton Bard was among friends, and there he remained until he had sufficiently recovered from the fatigue and exposure of his captivity and escape to be able to resume his journey. After his return the contemporary newspapers reported him as ill at his father's, near Marsh Creek. "Richard Beard," George Stevenson, Esq., of York, wrote to Secretary Peters, May 7, 1758, "who was captivated last month from Marsh Creek is returned, having made his escape somewhere among the Allegheny Hills. He was not got so far as his father's, near Marsh Creek, last Thursday evening; he has been so much beat and abused by Tedyiscung's friend Indians that his life is despaired of." He had so far recovered, May 12, 1758, that he was able to make an affidavit before Mr. Stevenson reciting the story of the abduction and murders.

With his wife in captivity Mr. Bard could not remain quietly at home, but devoted most of his time to long and dangerous journeys in quest of information concerning her. In the autumn of 1758, after the capture of Fort Duquesne by the expedition under Gen.. Forbes, he went to Fort Pitt, as the fortress was called after its capture, and he was there at the time of Forbes' treaty with the Indians. In the Indian encampment, on the opposite side of the river, were a number of the Delawares who had been concerned in his capture. To these he made himself known, but they first pretended not to remember him, finally admitting, however, that they were among his captors. They said they knew nothing of his wife, but they promised to give him some information upon his return the next day. Bard was followed to the fort by a young man, who had been taken by the Indians when a child, by whom he was advised not to return to the camp, as his captors had determined to kill him for making his escape if he returned. He took the hint and did not go back.

At a later period Mr. Bard made a second journey to Fort Pitt, going with a convoy of wagons as far as Fort Bedford. There he induced the commanding officer to secure the consent of the famous Captain White Eyes to accompany him to Pittsburgh. White Eyes subsequently was the steadfast friend of the Moravian missionaries, but his treatment of Bard shows that at this time he was a wily and treacherous savage. He consented readily enough to conduct Mr. Bard to Fort Pitt, but the party had gone only a few miles when one of the Indians turned off the road and brought in a scalp that had been taken that morning from the head of one of the wagoners. Further on some of the Indians again turned off the road and brought in a number of horses and a keg of whisky. The Indians then began to drink, and some of them became very drunk. The "first war captain of the Delawares," as Los-

kiel calls White Eyes, was soon under the influence of the liquor, and the natural ferocity of the savage became predominant. He told Bard that as he had before escaped from his Delaware captors he would shoot him then, and raised his gun to take aim. Bard stepped behind a tree and kept stepping round it while White Eyes followed. This afforded much amusement to the Indians until a young man twisted the gun out of the chief's hand and hid it under a log. White Eyes then attacked Bard with a large stick, giving him a blow on the arm that blackened it for weeks. During the attack an Indian belonging to another nation, who had been sent on an express to Bedford, came by. White Eyes asked him for his gun to shoot Bard, but the Indian refused, as the killing would bring on another war. These experiences determined Bard to make his escape from his escort, and mounting his horse he took to the road, expecting every minute to receive a ball in the back. Fearing pursuit, he rode as fast as his horse could go, and after traveling all night got to Pittsburgh in the morning.

At Pittsburgh Mr. Bard found an opportunity to write to his wife that if her adopted friends would bring her in he would pay them forty pounds. To this letter he received no answer, and after an unsuccessful attempt to induce an Indian to steal her away for a reward, he determined to undertake the dangerous mission himself and to bring her at all hazards. He accordingly went to Shamokin (Sunbury) on the Susquehanna, and thence to the Big Cherry Trees, where he started along an Indian path that he knew led to the place of his wife's abode. He had not gone far when he met a party of Indians who were bringing her in. Bard told the Indians that he would pay the forty pounds he had promised by letter when they reached Sunbury, but they were suspicious and said that if he got them among the whites he would refuse to pay them. To allay their suspicions he told them to keep him as a hostage, while they sent Mrs. Bard into the town with an order for the money. This put the savages in a good humor, and they consented to enter the town with Bard and his wife, where the ransom was paid, and she was released after a captivity of two years and five months.

After the return of his wife from captivity Richard Bard purchased a plantation near what is now the village of Williamson, on the East Conococheague, where he was visited by one of Mrs. Bard's brothers by Indian adoption, to whom he had given an invitation when he was at Sunbury to secure her release. One day the Indian went to a tavern, known as McCormack's, where he became slightly intoxicated. While in this condition one of the notorious Nugent brothers, of the family of Conococheague outlaws, attempted to cut his throat. Nugent stuck a knife into the Indian's neck, but partly missed his aim and only succeeded in cutting the forepart of the windpipe. The Indian was cared for at Mr. Bard's house until he recovered, but he was afterward put to death by his tribe on the pretense that he had joined the white people.

Mr. Bard served in Capt. Joseph Culbertson's marching company under the call of July 28, 1777, in the campaign around Philadelphia, and afterward in the ranging company of Capt. Walter McKinnie on the western border. He never held any political office except that of Justice of the Peace for Peters township, at the time when the justices were the judges of the county courts. His commission was dated March 15, 1786. He was, however, a member of the Pennsylvania Convention of 1787, to which the Constitution framed by the Federal Convention was submitted. He was an Anti-Federalist,

and refused to sign the ratification. Subsequently he was a delegate to the Harrisburg Convention of 1788 in opposition to the Federal Constitution. Mr. Bard's colleague in the Convention of 1787 was Col. John Allison, who was an ardent Federalist, and seconded the motion to ratify, made by Thomas McKean. His opposition to the Federal Constitution, before and after its ratification, had a disastrous effect upon his political fortunes, and during the next ten years he was sometimes virulently assailed in the Franklin *Repository,* the Federalist organ in the county. In 1798 he made a spirited reply to some strictures of Robert Harper, the publisher of the *Repository,* in a letter printed in the Farmers' *Register,* the first Republican newspaper published in Chambersburg. "I do hereby," he said, "in this public manner, call upon you to employ every resource, to put in practice every artifice, and to summons and to arouse up all your deliberative and inventive powers, in order to prove, if you can, the charge to be true."

Mr. Bard was the owner of considerable real estate in Franklin county, besides his plantation in Peters township. There is a tradition among the Bards of Bardstown that he went to Kentucky at a very early period with his brother William, and built a cabin that entitled him to a thousand acres of land near Danville. Early land entries in Kentucky prove this, and entries copied by Colonel Durrett, of Louisville, and deeds and other instruments of writing on record in Nelson county, Kentucky, show his ownership of land adjacent to Bardstown, 1780-88. An important part of his personal estate at his death was his four slaves, valued at £180.