

NARRATIVE
OF
OLIVER M. SPENCER;

COMPRISING
AN ACCOUNT
OF
HIS CAPTIVITY AMONG THE MOHAWK INDIANS,
IN NORTH AMERICA.

REVISED FROM THE ORIGINAL PAPERS,
BY THE
AUTHOR OF "MORAL AND SCIENTIFIC DIALOGUES."

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INTRODUCTION.

NOTHING is more common among worldly-minded and thoughtless men, than to act as if the events of human life were an entire chance medley, produced by no particular known cause, governed by no conceivable law, and leading to no necessary result. With such an impression, it is to be expected that the lives of these persons should pass away uninfluenced by uniform and efficient principle. With them, everything is unsettled, and nothing settled. The mistake under which they labour affects even their phraseology, and gives birth to terms which can have no place in the vocabulary of the Christian. From the sum-total of their discourses, a hearer might infer that life's pursuits, like the tickets in a lottery-wheel, are thrown together for the scramble of general speculation; to be parcelled out and drawn for by adventurous competitors, as fortune and the fates may ordain. From the tenor of their communications, it would appear they are perfectly independent; that each was the lord and master of everything around; the author and giver of his

own being; and had a kind of freehold interest in human existence, the validity and duration of which were of unquestionable certainty. Borne on the surge of this rash and heedless notion, he floats composedly down the stream of time, though it is evident that these bubbles of momentary birth will presently burst and be no more. In spite of this dread uncertainty, unrenewed man is ever prone to forget that which above all else should be remembered,—he forgets himself. He invents schemes for future occupation; he suggests plans to be acted on for a long time to come; he legislates for futurity, always including himself in proposed improvements, as if mortality was a catastrophe never heard of, or known only as one of those rare and singular occurrences to be placed among the remarkable events of an almanack. Are these the inductions of a sane and considerate mind? Are they supported by reason, experience, or revelation? “Go to now, ye that say, To-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy and sell, and get gain: whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.”

The records of past ages reveal, with clearness not to be mistaken, the presence of a Divine agency, working in and through all the operations of nature; and the evidence of this interposition

is so conclusive, that those who allow it to remain unnoticed are without excuse. This is true, whether we survey the rise and fall of states and empires, and the revolutions of large masses of mankind, or confine attention to the narrow occurrences of private and individual life. In each of these cases, the controlling and over-seeing power is one and the same; and implies the continued protection and guidance of Him who holds the balances of the universe; with whom the past and future are alike, "while with a smile or with a frown He manages the globe." It is worth notice, that when the laws of God are trampled on, the offenders generally augment their guilt, and add one sin to another, by calling in question His right or ability to govern the people whom He has made. One of the finest illustrations of this fact may be found in the conduct of the ancient Israelites. While they clave to the Lord, there was not a doubt, nor the shadow of it, respecting the supremacy of that power by which they were led through the great and terrible wilderness: but when they forgot the rock of their salvation, when they "took up the tabernacle of Moloch, and the star of their god Remphan, figures which they made to worship," their spiritual vision became dim, and having first offended the Almighty by breaking His law, they proceed to deny His right to rule.

Meantime, succeeding ages have combined to

prove, that the superintendence of the Creator is exercised unceasingly; that His omniscience beholds, and traces the movements of, every member of the entire family of man; and, what is more, that He beholds him in mercy. Were His sustaining influence to be suspended, in that moment we should die. The minuteness of the Almighty inspection is incomprehensible to finite understanding. Not that this is surprising; for how can finite measure infinite? Even the hairs of our head are numbered: we are of more value than many sparrows; and of them, though decidedly inferior, not one falls to the ground unnoticed. We may argue what God can do, from what He has done. The Divine superintendence is also visible from another cheering consideration. Although He causes the sun to rise upon the evil and upon the good, and sweetly orders all that is, for the welfare of His creatures; it is to Jacob His servant, and to Israel whom He hath chosen, that the goings forth of His goodness are specially seen. For these His noblest wonders have been shown. The sea was turned to solid land, that the ransomed of the Lord might pass over: when they thirsted, He poured water from the flinty rock; when they hungered, He rained bread from heaven, and gave them angels' food; the cloud of His presence was their guide by day, and at night its kindled brightness consoled them. Similar manifestations of paternal love were

repeated in later times. The laws of nature were sometimes suspended, and at others reversed. For faithful Joshua, the day was miraculously lengthened. The stars in their courses fought against Sisera. When Daniel required protection, the mouths of lions were shut. In the fiery furnace, the form of one like the Son of Man was seen, so that the Hebrew children suffered not even the semblance of injury. A host of invisible friends had encamped round the dwelling of the Prophet: and though, since those days, numerous generations of men have figured on the theatre of this shifting stage, "all things as they change proclaim the Lord eternally the same."

It is in the spirit of this belief, that the narrative contained in the ensuing pages is written. That the mind of the person who thus details his adventures was deeply affected with gratitude to God for the deliverance wrought in his favour, is evident from the earnestness of manner and honesty of expression which run through the entire production. With the single exception of a little obscurity of style, which we have endeavoured to remove, he has succeeded in furnishing a plain and unvarnished, but very interesting, relation, in which, though no material fact or circumstance is omitted, whether it contribute to his advantage or not, he has compressed into moderate compass a view of events which, with the aid of a little embellishment, might have been expanded to

thrice the extent adopted. The brevity thus observed is much more agreeable than if every thought had been elaborated and wiredrawn to its utmost tension. The reader has time and opportunity to make his own reflections; added to which, the feeling is produced, that the author was anxious rather to glorify God than to make a book.

Without anticipating the particulars of the narrative itself, it may not be amiss to observe, that the subject of it was of British extraction; and that his paternal ancestors, dissatisfied with things as they were in this country, emigrated to America upwards of a century and a half since. In the war which raged between the federalists and the governors of the father-land, about the year 1770, his parent, Colonel Spencer, then in the vigour of life, was engaged as a military leader, and ultimately grew to be, of course on a moderate scale, somewhat of a hero. When peace and national independence were secured, and the killed and wounded had been gazetted, entombed,—and forgotten, the old warrior sheathed his sword, and turned merchant. In the judgment of his advisers, the change was happy; but, somehow or other, matters were not mended. It may be, that the violence of open hostility does not always qualify the mind for the quiet and monotonous pursuits of trade and barter, or the practice of those civilities, and that desire to oblige even the smallest

customer, on which success is said in a great measure to depend. At all events, after some attempts to traffic, the ledger was closed, and on coming to a balance the profit was considerably less than nothing; or, in other words, the actual loss was extensive. Trials of this sort are severely felt, even by the most enduring man; and those who deem them trifling are trading theorists, and nothing more. The old veteran Spencer, whose crowning grace did not peradventure consist in superabounding patience, was sadly vexed; and, with the promptitude of his former calling, he seems to have taken his resolution without much tediousness of reasoning or delay. This was to "fly to the desert," and escape from the misery of present discomfiture, by one grand and final effort. The plan was accordingly carried into effect; and in an incredibly short period the family arrived at their destination in the far west, in tolerably comfortable circumstances.

Good people, and a few of questionable goodness, who leave one part of this pendulous round world to reside in another,—a practice exceedingly common in these voyaging days,—often labour under a slight mistake. They conclude, or appear to do so, that when they lose sight of the locality in which they have resided, trouble and privation, in their ever-varied and perplexing forms, are decreed to remain behind. So entirely does this persuasion fill the minds of many of these loco-

motives, that they think it only reasonable to reckon upon sunshine without a cloud, and prosperity above the reach of disaster or alloy. What is more singular, although the failings and consequent embarrassment of many of these persons may be traced to the indulgence of certain pernicious practices, against which repeated warning has in vain been given, it is taken for granted that the moment they cease to walk upon the soil of this enchanted island, they will at once shuffle out of the coil of evil habit, be it ever so inveterate; and take nothing across either the Atlantic or Pacific waters, but their valuable selves, valuable principles, and the welcome luggage of condensed and valuable property. One particular instance, out of many others, may be quoted. A tradesman, in one of the suburban districts of the British metropolis, had for several years conducted a small business, if not prosperously, with sufficient tact to keep his head above water. He at length resolved to leave the land of his nativity for a foreign clime. His friends wondered at the resolution; but his reasons for taking it were neither few nor small. In fact, according to his showing, the only cause for wonder was, that he had tarried so long: business was dull; neighbours were shy; there was something in the air; quarter-day was for ever returning; people were no better than they should be; taxation continued, in spite of the Reform Bill; poor-rates were not

abolished; the liberty of the subject was abridged; and he had been poorly for some time. Now, without calling in question the truth of these allegations, though the soundness of several may be suspected, there was one evil more, to which, long as is the catalogue of mischief annexed, no reference is made, and which, looking at the consequences it produced, was more injurious to the parties concerned, than any or all of the others put together. The term "parties" is used because, although the worthy man had not to grapple with the expensiveness of children, he had taken to himself a wife, to be, as in that case is made and provided, the partner of his weal or woe. This pair of persons, who in most respects seemed pretty well matched, jogged on in tolerable style, so far as others could judge: a few squabbles now and then, which, though they came pattering down, like an April shower, were soon over. But although there were but two in family, mischief crept in, as in the days of old, and spoiled all. Determined to avoid personalties, we shall not positively state who was the aggressor; but one of these persons, and divers whisperings declared it was not the man, had contracted and kept up a long and ruinous intimacy with the contents of a certain decanter, very much out of favour at the Board of the Temperance Society; and so completely did this subtle enemy subdue the nobler powers, that on the very day selected for embarka-

tion, the accustomed draught had been so deep, that reason lost her seat, and the unfortunate victim to an injurious vice, unconscious of the transit, was carried on board the vessel chosen for the intended voyage. How this shipment succeeded, has not been positively stated: how it is likely to succeed, may be easily foretold.

To prevent mistake, it should be premised, that the weakness just alluded to, or any other of that disgraceful cast, was by no means applicable to the gallant soldier at whose journeyings we have glanced. If he flew, it was not from a vice at home to a vice abroad; but from actual embarrassment, to what he considered certain relief. He had sound reasons for removing; nor were his expectations of that Quixotic kind, by which those of many mere changelings are characterized. But the decree is irreversible: "Man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward;" and he must be a rapid traveller who outstrips the common lot, and leaves behind the mishaps and contingencies by which human existence is chequered.

In addition to the usual and every-day inconveniences by which Colonel Spencer was assailed on arriving at his Utopia, such as scarcity of food, badly-built and insufficient house-room, and exposure to the red man's hatred,—circumstances which, even under better management, would be deemed no trifle,—he was overwhelmed by the distressing information, that his son, a youth not

yet in his teens, having incautiously strayed from the guardianship of his friends, had been captured by a party of Indians. The affliction caused by this melancholy event may be conceived by parents, and, perhaps, by few beside. The disaster was the more serious, on account of the character of the men into whose hands the boy had fallen. Had he been made a prisoner by a force made up of civilized enemies, influenced by those feelings of humanity which, with respect to a captive child, are protection enough, the case would have been ameliorated; but the Indians of North America, at that time enraged by political animosity, were rivals of the tiger in ferocity of disposition, especially when in the presence of the hated "pale faces," before whose refined prowess in battle they had so often quailed; on which account, revenge was the sweetest morsel that could be offered to their insatiate appetite.

"So then," say some persons, who never consider deeply, "we are to conclude that all is lost." O no: we are not come to that yet. If, indeed, what the foolish man hath said in his heart were true,—that "there is no God," we might begin to doubt of the continuance, not only of life's mercies, but of life itself. Better teaching discovers better things. The destiny of the youth, so unexpectedly torn from the embrace of friends, was marked by privations and difficulties enough to appal the stoutest heart; but the Lord was with him. The

language of Scripture in reference to an ancient worthy was in some measure applicable to our young American wanderer: "The archers sorely grieved him, and shot at him, and hated him; but his bow abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob." The moral courage shown by the lad Spencer is a fact well worthy of notice: indeed, at his tender age, it is astonishing that he did not sink beneath the weight of ill-treatment with which he was so mercilessly laden. Where his *owner* chose to lead, he was obliged to follow. He was inhumanly dragged over hill and dale; and if pursuit was apprehended, with speed far beyond his strength. If concealment were desirable, which often happened, he was compelled to plunge into deep morasses, or wind his way through the tangled and almost interminable forest. The allowance of his food was generally scanty, always coarse, and not unfrequently repulsive. Even this was grudgingly allowed; and, as if to render the meal increasingly bitter, he had to contend with men who knew no other law than that of their own caprice and self-will; storms of ungovernable fury, or sallies of brutal merriment, were consequently of frequent occurrence; so that we may conclude it was of the Lord's mercy that he was preserved, either from incurable injury, or violent death.

There is another consideration to be embraced.

Independently of the salutary lesson taught to the youth Spencer, the moral condition of the Indians was eventually improved by the intercourse with civilized society, to which the circumstance of his captivity naturally led. The history of these tribes, though short in itself, and deficient in many material respects, is sufficient to develop the grossest superstition and ignorance. Not that these races of men, upon a comparison with the European family, were cast, so to speak, in an inferior mould. So far from this, they were in general the owners of great intellectual vigour, and in corporeal strength remarkably athletic. Roughly sagacious in deliberation, their resolves, when once taken, were performed with surprising determination. Decision of purpose may be named as one of the most distinguished traits in their character. The coolness and self-possession shown in conducting the movements of their desultory but daring mode of warfare, could only be equalled by the heroic constancy with which, when taken by some sanguinary rival, they endured and even triumphed over tortures the most exquisite.

But with all this native energy, they dwelt in an atmosphere of palpable moral darkness. The most ecstatic delight they knew was to indulge in vain-glorious boasting over a fallen foe; and the highest heaven of their grovelling invention consisted of a dim and undefined expectation of sensual gratification, to be theirs at some

unknown time and place, without restraint or limitation. Ignorance and crime thus forged a chain, by which these Indians had for ages been tied and bound, and the lamentable defects, not to use a harsher epithet, arising from that bondage, were transmitted as a mischievous heirloom from parent to child, the effect of which was, for a long and dreary season, to ruin the prospects of one of the noblest sections of the human species. It is worth notice, as a singular proof of this latter position, that a clever American writer, who has lately spent some time among the higher ranks of British society, declares that "a North American Indian, in his more dignified phase, approached nearer to the manner of an English nobleman than any other person. The calm repose of person and feature, the self-possession under all circumstances, the incapability of surprise or embarrassment, the decision about the slightest circumstance, and the apparent certainty that he is acting absolutely right, is equally gentleman-like and Indian-like."* The small-talk of a fashionable visitor is not, however, to be taken as conclusive evidence of superiority in Indian character and conduct; nor is it safe to estimate the value of any man, whether red or white, merely by the perfection of his politeness, or the ease of his

* Willis's *Pencilings by the Way*.

address and manners. In an inquiry of this kind a few well-attested facts, founded on principle, do more in the exhibition of character than much speculation, though ever so happy, in its comparisons and glossaries.

Testimony of a different and far more weighty kind will now be subjoined. Just an hundred years ago, that is, in July, 1736, an eminent English Minister, then in the vigour of youth, and endued with apostolic zeal, crossed the Atlantic, for the express purpose of preaching the Gospel to those who are ignorant and out of the way. Among these were included the American Indians. The divine referred to was a man of uncommon acuteness and penetration. Unused to form his opinion of others by their manners, or any other exterior accomplishment, he endeavoured to look within, and was generally successful in detecting things, not as they seem, but as they are. As his object was to elicit truth, rather than produce an effect, the result of his inquiries, conveyed as it is in sober and plainly-written language, is valuable. On one occasion he procured an interview with Chicali, one of the Indian head-men, but in whom, though far advanced in years, age had added little to his knowledge. In answer to several suitable questions put by the Minister, all he could reply was, "He that is above knows what He made us for. We are in the dark. We know nothing." At another

time, the attendance of five Chicasaw Indian warriors was obtained. Two of these, Paustobee and Mingo Mattaw, were spokesmen for the rest. The former of these orators gave repeated proofs of an excellent though misdirected understanding. If he could form no correct conception of revealed truth, where is the wonder? What could he reason, but from what he knew? No surprise, therefore, need be felt, that at the close of the conference, which was managed with great dexterity, the Indians cut short the debate, by observing, "We have no time but to fight. If we should ever be at peace, we should be glad to know." The discernment of the warrior enabled him, notwithstanding, to appreciate the kindness of the Minister, who had conversed with and tried to enlighten and convert him to the Christian faith. "The French black Kings," said he, meaning the Priests, "never go out. We see you go about: we like that; that is good."

The taste of the Indians for war has arisen in a great measure from an indulgence in those predatory and lucrative irruptions, in which they are used to delight, and on the plunder of which they love to luxuriate and revel. This fondness of rapine, which forms the chief ingredient in their character, gives a strong bias to their so-called religion. Areskoui, or the god of battle, is viewed as the great god of the Indians. Him

they invoke before they go into the field, and success is expected in proportion to the favour found in his sight. Some numerous and powerful tribes worship the sun and moon: among others, divers traditions are received, relative to the creation of the world; to account for which an endless variety of schemes and dates are in store, including also a copious history of their gods. In these vagaries there is little difference in kind;—all are absurd;—only that in degree some outvie the others. It is also clear, that religion, properly understood, has little to do with the prevailing conduct of the Indians. Like ungodly men in other parts of the world, who seldom look to heaven, except when the enemy thunders at the gate, or mildew consumes the corn, these Indians seldom appeal to the gods, or offer them any sort of worship, except when overtaken with temporal calamity, and in need of a little assistance. Their devotion is made up chiefly of superstitious practices, formed on no solid basis, subject to no permanent rule, and leading to no uniform or common end, except that of creating blind presumption, which, in the day of battle, is to preserve them harmless and destroy their enemies. They believe in the existence of a number of good and bad genii, or spirits, who interfere in the affairs of mortals, and produce all their happiness or misery. These spirits, say they, wander through the desert, or float upon the waters. It is from

the evil genii that misfortunes proceed, especially diseases; and it is to the good genii they are indebted for deliverance and cure. The ministers of the genii are composed of a set of artful jugglers, male and female, who practise also as physicians, and are tolerable adepts in the healing art. Of this subtle race, a curious specimen is afforded in the ensuing narrative, in the person of Coo-h-coo-cheeh, an old Indian squaw, who seems, in the art of deception, to have been a first-rate professor. These jugglers are supposed to be inspired by the good genii, most commonly in their dreams, with the knowledge of future events. When called in to the sick, they are asked whether the patient will recover, and in what way he should be treated. But with all their folly, they are not so simple as to expect the desired result without means; and it is remarkable that, like certain empirics in a certain civilized land far distant from America, they prescribe one and the same remedy for all diseases. Whether the sufferer be blown up with tympanum, or wasted with atrophy; whether he shiver with ague, or consume away with fever; whether he rave under the paroxysms of gout, or have fallen headlong by an epileptic blow; whether his habit is plethoric, or spare; and whether the remedies employed should tend to quiet the already irritated system, or excite its sluggish powers; all these, in their ramified results, are questions to which the herbaceous

professor of modern days cannot stoop: one nostrum does for all, inasmuch as the panacea on sale, besides other virtues too numerous to mention in any single announcement, has the wonderful faculty of suiting itself to all disorders, though ever so opposite in their nature. Juggling is, in fact, the same everywhere; only that, added to its usual evil qualities, medical juggling is the most mischievous of any, as it generally ends in irreparable loss. The friends of the victim are robbed of their property, and the man himself of his life. The processes of our Indian doctors are exquisite and summary. They pretend that, agreeably with directions received from an invisible agency, the sick man must be subjected to the usual treatment; that is, he is enclosed in a narrow cabin, in the midst of which is a stove, red hot. On this they throw water, until, from the excessive heat and vapour produced, the man within is soon covered with profuse perspiration. He is then hurried from this bagnio, and plunged suddenly into the next river. This coarse method, as might be expected, has cost many lives; but as others have survived it, the fame thereof is still unsullied. These jugglers have also a knowledge of the use of sundry specifics of real efficacy: indeed all savages are dexterous in curing wounds by the application of suitable herbs. But, in justice to these rough-handed doctors, it should be observed, that the power of these remedies is

always attributed to the assistance of their gods, whose help is especially invoked on such occasions.

These men and their deeds, both of valour and folly, have passed away as a tale that is told. Others have followed them to the land of forgetfulness, as in a rolling sea wave urges wave. In the practices of these successive generations of men, no particular deviation could be detected. The example of the father was faithfully copied by the son: they fought well, were mighty hunters, drank hard, laughed heartily, and died. In later days, these races have become more civilized: but this, when properly translated, has often meant more corrupted; and, when the conduct of their European associate is considered, no other result could be expected. From one party or other, they underwent a regular course of tuition, illustrated by example, in almost every branch of learning, except virtue and religion. From these, the instructors have kept at an awful distance. In the conflicts waged on American soil, during the last century, the Indians were courted by each of the belligerent powers, led to battle where death was certain, and betrayed by all when treachery seemed profitable. For services faithfully performed, the only reward they received was to be ejected from the inheritance of their progenitors, and beaten back into the central wilds of a country, to every acre of which their title was as good as equity could

make it. Such were the men to whose custody, by the inscrutable providence of God, the youth Spencer was committed; and there is no risk in affirming that this apparent evil was so overruled by the Father of mercies, as to be productive of good, both to the captors and the captured: that the route to felicity with regard to the latter was uninviting and circuitous, is granted; but it nevertheless tended to the right point, and was therefore the best. Lessons of humility and dependence on the Almighty were spread before his eyes at every changing scene. The characters in which these were written could not be mistaken or overlooked; nor could he fail of being deeply impressed with the "hair-breadth 'scapes and moving accidents of flood and field," with which he was familiar at almost every step. Nor, in this scheme of evangelical truth, is the spiritual welfare of the Indians to be omitted. These, though perhaps unconscious of the circumstance, were surveyed by the broad glance of Omniscience with benevolence and love. To these untaught men, intercourse with cultivated society, almost under any modification, contributed to wear away the rust of savage brutality by which their noble port and bearing, as specimens of God's vicegerents on earth, were so disfigured. That, in the instance now under review, they were the aggressors; that instruments of cruelty were in their habitation; and that when the

capture of the lad took place, his life was cheaply rated, there can be no doubt: and yet these very men, bad and fiercely-disposed as they were, are not to be trampled beneath the feet of better-instructed persons, as though they were formed of inferior materials, or had no claim to relationship with the human race. We are not to think that those eighteen upon whom the tower in Siloam fell were greater sinners than those who dwelt at Jerusalem; and it is not amiss to call to mind, that God is offended not only by the breach of His law, but by the resistance of His grace, and neglect of His ordinances. It is worth notice, that no sooner were the Indians in possession of their prey, than a latent spark of mercy kindled, it may be, in their iron bosoms for the first time, and burst forth in behalf of the lad. They had their reward; the subsequent conduct and conversation of the youth, though not matured by experience, were eminently serviceable. It is indeed expressly stated, that, of these very Indians, though first known as inveterate enemies, one of the number became steadfastly attached to the youthful prisoner; and that the feeling ripened into friendship, which was shown by an annual visit paid by the hoary Indian to his white brother, till the intercourse was terminated by death.

But this is not all. The moral advantages arising to the Indians in general, from the capture of young Spencer, are not to be bounded by an

horizon so contracted. The intercourse thus opened, besides being beneficial to the parties directly concerned, should be viewed as the harbinger of better days, through their instrumentality, to the nations around. The stone cast on the quiet lake, at first agitates a point; but how rapidly the concussion widens, till every new circle, still expanding, produces one that at last extends to the utmost margin of the wide-spread waters! If, with respect to the case under consideration, it be objected, that the means are out of all proportion insignificant; the reply is, that when the Almighty works His sovereign will, the meanness of the agencies employed creates no difficulty. He often "chooses foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are." For this method, which is doubtless founded in eternal wisdom, among other reasons which probably exist, one is, that human pride may be subdued, and "that no flesh should glory in His presence."

Persons who doubt or deny the correctness of these remarks may be sincere in their scepticism; but they know not what they do. Whatever may be asserted to the contrary, God is no respecter of persons. The Apostle bowed his knees to the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, "of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named;"

and the fact is unquestionable, that this infinitely benevolent Parent cares for every member of this numerous though widely-scattered host. Sick, or in health, in ease or pain, they are His children still. Self-sufficient and haughty-minded men have striven to create distinctions, and consigned their fellow-creatures into no one knows how many classes of graduated value; but the pedantic conceit, to which such distinctions are to be imputed, finds no favour or acceptance in the register of heaven. In the assumption of this authoritative species of law-making, it is not a little singular that the principal criterion for testing human respectability is the colour of the skin; as if that had anything to do with intellectual worth, or moral excellence. And after all that may be urged by white boasters, that distinction, on a calculation of the entire population of the world, is in a minority. Among the millions whose dwellings extend from the equator to each pole, external colour differs, and may be noticed by changes almost imperceptible, from the European white to the Asiatic brown, the Australian tawny, the American red, and the African black. Each of these is the dwelling of an immaterial and immortal soul; and to maintain that the first of these varieties is gifted with some inherent right to despise every other as an inferior specimen of human nature is a monstrous instance of ignorance and injustice. Those who thus

act hate their brother for being what God made him.

The moral to be deduced from the entire narrative of Spencer is, that the Almighty is faithful to His word,—a very present help in time of trouble; and that, though hand join in hand for purposes of violence and injury, such attempts are not only counteracted, but not unfrequently converted by unerring wisdom into positive benefit. “Say ye to the righteous, it shall be well with him.” The parents of the lost youth, though bereaved for a season of their favourite son, and ready to conclude that he had perished in the wilderness by pining hunger, or been torn to pieces by wild animals, were eventually made glad by seeing him return safe and sound. The young man himself, as is proved by the testimony of future years, became wiser and better, upon a review of all he had encountered and escaped. He could sing of mercy and of judgment; and while his own demerits were acknowledged, he was able, from heartfelt gratitude, to ascribe righteousness to his Maker. Nor are the Indians to be excluded from the exhibition of providential mercy. That they violated the laws of justice in the first instance, is evident; but coming events probably taught them a different and better method of life and conduct. Numbers of these uncultivated men have, in later years, been converted to the faith of Christ; and among other reasons for the apparently

untoward capture of the lad Spencer, one was that it should ultimately lead to an introduction of spiritual-minded men and evangelical truth. These anticipations are now realized. The valley was full of bones, and they were very dry. Many of these have heard the word of the Lord, and, endued with life and power, arisen and come forth from their dark and desolate condition. The frontiers of the kingdom of God have been pushed far within the former limits of the empire of superstition, and not a few of its restless subjects, laying aside the reveries of ancient error, and discarding the ruthless barbarity of former days, have taken their place at the feet of Jesus, anxious to learn, and ready to obey, His will.

P. K.

Chelsea, 1836.

NARRATIVE
OF
OLIVER M. SPENCER.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN an ingenious writer was once upbraided on account of the alleged meanness of his extraction, he wrote the following epitaph, which he desired might be inserted, after his decease, upon his tomb:—

“ Nobles and heralds! by your leave,
Here lie the bones of Matthew Prior :
A son of Adam and of Eve,—
Let Bourbon or Nassau go higher.”

The bard was, in fact, a clever and approved statesman, and was therefore no stranger to the boast of heraldry, and pomp of courts. But he was a Christian: he had seen the vanity and evanescence of worldly pageantry; and discovered, as many other equally gifted men have done, before and since, that “worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;” that, as members of the same human family, and descended from the same common parent, ancestral dignity is altogether

immaterial. Hence the just and discriminative lines here quoted. And yet, in spite of the sober maxim now advanced, I believe that none of my countrymen have the least objection to discover and admit, that a long line of their honourable forefathers may be traced within the cliffs of England. Indeed, from such a root, who can be ashamed of having sprung? I mean, among others, to claim this ancient privilege. My father was descended from a family who left the shores of Britain for reasons that will bear inspection: they were weighty and wise; and when it is known that I refer to the time of the second Charles, whose religious vagaries were so oppressively injurious, no one will wonder that, in the estimation of many upright men, an American wild, with all its disadvantages, eclipsed the charms of a land where it was no longer possible to worship God as conscience directed.

It was in the year 1662 that the Bill of Uniformity passed; one of the most unjust and persecuting measures that ever received the sanction of any Government. As that Act and its results are now matter of history, I need not quote them; and it may be sufficient to observe, that, beside consigning to silence a great number of pious Ministers, who were unable to conform to its requisitions, it amounted to a scandalous invasion of those rights of private judgment to which every human being has a prescriptive and

unalienable claim. I have no desire to invoke and apply the judgments of almighty Providence on every passing instance of apparent crime; and yet it cannot be forgotten that the house of Stuart, under whose auspices these errors were committed, has long since been swept from the throne of Britain, and is now quite extinct, and blotted out from among the rulers of the earth.

My father inherited the spirit of his ancestors; and when political differences arose between this country and Great Britain, he was found in the foremost rank of those who armed, in order to oppose certain claims to which the Federalists were determined not to submit. I know not that any advantage can arise from again reciting the causes of the dispute which led to American independence. The reasons of the quarrel may be described in a single sentence. The British thought "taxation no tyranny:" we thought differently; determined to throw off our allegiance, and succeeded. The adverse parties at first strove for mastery by the interchange of expostulations and papers, and the examination of privileges and immunities, claimed by the complainants and denied by the senior power. The rights of nations, of independent states, and those laws, especially, supposed to apply to newly-raised colonies, were ransacked and analysed by first-rate writers and politicians in the far-famed isle; but it is difficult to convince a man against

his will. On our side of the Atlantic the conclusiveness of the reasonings on the other was neither perceived nor felt. Schemes of negotiation were then exchanged for an appeal to physical force; and hence arose a series of conflicts, maintained with unusual animosity. After several campaigns, fought with varied success, and chequered by that diversity of incident so likely to arise from warlike operations on so wide a field, our independence was secured. But, although distinct as a people, we are not estranged. After years have shown that those kindly feelings by which the family of man is and ought to be cemented, and which, apart from treaties and alliances, form the best and most indissoluble bond of union, not only subsist but flourish between ourselves and the parent state; and that in the prosecution of extensive and ramified commercial transactions, mutual profit and advantage are secured with each returning year.

My father, having resolved on a military life, signalized himself on several occasions; particularly at the head of a battalion of militia, in the battles of Springfield, New-Jersey. He was afterwards appointed by Congress to the command of a regiment, which he led in the battles of Brandywine, German-town, and Monmouth. He continued in the same command till the close of the war.

Somewhat late in life, my father discovered,

what indeed has before and since his days been abundantly manifest, that glory goes but a little way in purchases at market, and affords scanty supplies in support of a family. Before entering the continental army, he possessed a small fortune, the fruits of industry in a lucrative business. Of this, a large amount had been destroyed by the enemy; and upwards of ten thousand dollars advanced by him, in specie, to pay and clothe his regiment, were repaid to him by Congress in continental money, on which he sustained severe eventual loss. Like many of his companions in arms, after encountering the dangers and enduring the hardships of a protracted war, he found himself reduced from affluence to comparative poverty. There were, however, counterbalancing considerations. He enjoyed the proud satisfaction of having aided in achieving that independence which composed the basis of the national greatness; beside which, though property and substance had disappeared, he was Colonel Spencer, of Brandywine.

Anxious to repair the wreck of his ruined fortune, the Colonel returned his sword into the sheath, and, though labouring under the disadvantage of impaired health, again embarked in trade. He also prepared and submitted to the existing Government an extensive claim for money advanced on account of the public service during the late war; and as the patriots were fresh in

office, and new brooms are said to sweep clean, he, no doubt, fully expected the remuneration to which he was equitably entitled. He was doomed to disappointment. His trade did not succeed. Expectations from the newly-formed Government were not realized. Whether the treasurers wanted cash wherewith to pay, or virtue to part with it, this deponent sayeth not; but so it was: the public creditor was neglected; and the services and patrimony of Colonel Spencer, so lavishly tendered in assisting to create the commonwealth, were suffered to remain unnoticed, and without reward. In this deserted condition, and after several years of unsuccessful toil, my father happened to hear a very flattering description of the Miami country. In beauty and fertility it was said to be unequalled. Enamoured with the glowing account, and concluding, probably, that any change must be for the better, he resolved immediately to explore some portion of it. He started on this enterprise some time during the year 1789; and after an inspection of its merits and suitability, sufficiently extensive to please and satisfy himself, determined to emigrate thither with his family.

Preparations for departure were promptly commenced. My father having in his possession several certificates for military service, they were disposed of at one-third their nominal value; the proceeds were invested in Miami lands; and

in a period of time comparatively short, our imaginations pictured the snug and comfortable Columbian cabin, in which, excluding care, and the care-producing occupations of profitless commerce, our happy family was destined to reside. One important member of the little circle was rather sceptical as to the sunny side of the landscape, and the certainty of our future bliss: that was my mother. The Miami had been exhibited as a land flowing with milk and honey, and epithets of recommendation profusely poured forth over all its surface;—still, the ties of home were tenacious. The abandonment of “her own, her native land” was a trial of no common order. She had faithful and long-trying friends. Her daughters had married and were settled within visiting distance: and if it struck her, that between present enjoyment, and comfort in reversion, there was some difference, no one, I think, will blame her for excessive prudence. On the other hand, there was only one reason for removing, but that one was of vast dimensions. I mean, my father’s desire. So it was felt; nor did his wife waver for a moment, when she knew that his resolution was taken. With entire dependence on his affection and judgment, she prepared to follow wherever he chose to lead.

Our journeyings at length commenced. It was on a pleasant day in the month of October, 1790, when only nine years of age, that I mounted the

leading horse attached to the foremost of two waggons, destined for the far west. My mother and sisters had already taken the seats assigned them in the respective vehicles. Sundry indispensable articles of household furniture, not to be procured on the west of the Alleghany, were carefully packed for conveyance, and securely stowed. All being ready, we began to move. With spirits naturally buoyant, and pleased with the novelty of travelling, which I thought the finest amusement in the world, the few tears which, in defiance of myself, fell, on quitting the home of my childhood, were soon brushed away. I wondered not a little at the sober sadness of my father, the deep sighs of my mother, and the frequent sobs of my sisters; whose feelings and expectations I supposed would naturally resemble my own.

For the first few days we went heavily on. I was delighted by the passing scenery; but our conversation was brief, and with spaces far between. My thoughtless whistle, and the quaint and occasional expressions of the driver, an old soldier, who had been somewhat of a humorist in his time, made up the whole of the entertainment that for hours interrupted the stillness of the forest, or varied the monotony of the rumbling wheels. Providence has wisely decreed, that to human grief there shall be seasonable limits. Time, with its lenient hand, contributed to soothe

the smitten heart, till, at length, our party became tolerably cheerful. Dwelling less upon the past which appeared to grow dim in the intervening distance, our thoughts became busily occupied with our present condition and prospects; and we soon found much to interest attention, and render the journey agreeable.

Having left Mindham, in East-Jersey, our late residence, far in the rear, our route lay through Easton and Harrisburg. Passing these towns, we soon reached the formidable mountains which separate the waters of the Atlantic states from those of the Mississippi valley. Here we were compelled to summon all our fortitude, and exercise our utmost patience. Persons who now proceed from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, who can ascend with ease, and glide rapidly along the broad and well-paved road that crowns the huge Alleghany summit, and for whose refreshment commodious inns may be found, at convenient distances,—can form but a faint idea of the difficulties and dangers which, more than forty years since, were endured by emigrants bound to the west. The Alleghany Mountains consist of a series of ridges, extending north-easterly and south-westerly, nearly parallel to the sea-coast, about nine hundred miles in length, and from sixty to two hundred miles in breadth. These ridges have been variously named. There is the Blue Ridge, the North Ridge, the Devil's Back-bone,

Laurel Ridge, Jackson's Mountains, and Kittatinny Mountains. The entire range is descriptively termed the Back-bone of the United States; or, by some travellers, the Endless Mountains; while a few have chosen to designate them the Apalachian, after an adjacent river of that name.

Over this rugged and formidable eminence we took our solitary way, now rising, now descending violently, by steep and unequal disruptions of the solid rock. Without doubt, the passage was effected at the imminent risk of our lives. It was after a wearisome day's journey over the worst part of the then road, that we were detained a considerable time in repairing one of our waggons. It had overset by plunging into a deep rut: before we could render it safe for proceeding onward, night overtook us, in the middle of a dense forest, and more than two miles from any habitation. This exposure, to a family which had never known the want of comfortable shelter, was an appalling circumstance. The hideous howling of numerous wolves, hovering about, increased our terror, and soon created an imaginary host of panthers, bears, and robbers. Trusting to Almighty protection, we experienced only a momentary sinking of heart: our courage rallied: with the aid of a tinder-box, we kindled a large fire, and after a brief repast of biscuit and cheese, with some water from an adjacent brook, we retired to the waggons, and forgot our cares in

sweet and salutary slumber. And yet, our pause for the night was not entirely unbroken. Happening to awaken about eleven o'clock, I discovered that my bed-fellow, a youth one year older than myself, was missing; after reflecting several minutes, I felt great alarm at his absence, and, by repeatedly calling him by name, aroused the family, to whom I related the cause of my uneasiness. Search was immediately made for the wanderer in every direction, but in vain. Loud shouts, and the firing of muskets, though frequently repeated, received no other response save the howling of wolves, by whom, we confidently believed, the lad had been torn to pieces. At last, when all hope had been taken away, we received the cheering information of his safety. The youth, it seems, had retired to rest, with his mind busily occupied with the perils and necessities of our intended migration; and, under the influence of some visionary impulse, had arisen from his bed while asleep, and, with no other clothing than his night-dress, contrived to descend from the waggon, and had walked with his feet bare, on a cold October night, to a house nearly two miles in advance on the road: on arriving there, he knocked in due form at the door, which was politely opened; but his unearthly appearance, at the noon of night, and with an exterior so unusual, combined with the unexpectedness of the visit, was rather too much for

the dwellers within. They uttered a loud scream, and fled; the effect of which, though not perceived by themselves, was most happy, for the spell was dissolved. The noise awoke the unconscious traveller; and it is difficult to say whose surprise was the greatest, that of the worthy household, or his, whose singular visit, clad in thin white, was so singularly timed. In justice to the youth, he rallied uncommonly well, and finding himself "pretty considerably" hunger-bitten, soon convinced the by-standers, that he was not only a "spirit of health," but, like themselves, dwelt in a frame of good corporeal mould and substance. The fact is, however, remarkable, and serves to show how intimate, and yet how subtle and mysterious, is the connexion between mind and matter. The theory of dreams, if I mistake not, defies the calculation of human reason. Who can tell what parts of a human being are active, or what dormant, when he sleeps? Why does he not always dream when asleep? or why does he dream at all? Baxter endeavours, in his "Treatise on the Immateriality of the human Soul," to prove, that dreams are produced by the agency of some spiritual beings; but the inquiries into which this ingenious man desires to enter are evidently beyond the limits of our knowledge. Dr. Beattie, in a very pleasing Essay on the subject, states that he knew a gentleman who was almost a stranger to dreaming till his twenty-

sixth year, and then began to dream in consequence of having had a fever. Moderns have affected to show, that dreams arise from an interruption or suspension in the flow of the nervous fluid. But, after all, these opinions are mere suppositions. Let this be our consolation, that whether asleep or awake, at home or abroad, in the void waste or in the city full, the Watchman of Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps, and all our steps attends.

We proceeded on our journey with tolerable speed. Having taken a south-westerly direction, we arrived at a place called Jacob's Creek, a branch of the Youghghany. We adopted this course in preference to the route through Pittsburg, as boats were to be obtained at the former place with more facility, and on better terms. Steam-navigation being at that time unknown, the only method of conveyance on the western waters consisted of what are termed keel and flat-bottomed boats. Vessels of this description, being cheap, and easily built, were eagerly sought for by families wishing to descend the rivers. Our boat being ready, we embarked for Columbia, and, in company with another family, numbering together about sixteen persons, we were soon quietly wafted on the majestic Ohio.

Having proceeded thus far without material injury, our confidence in the supreme Disposer of events gained strength. Our souls were deli-

vered from death, our eyes from tears, and our feet from falling; and with sensations of mingled gratitude for the past, and confidence for the future, we felt no unwillingness to exchange the slow and toilsome mode of land-travelling, rendered increasingly irksome by clumsy carriages and ill-constructed roads, for the more rapid and less toilsome process of water-conveyance. I was at that time unacquainted with experimental religion, nor were my views of Almighty faithfulness much enlightened by scriptural knowledge; but I have since perceived, that although ignorant of the source whence all our blessings come, our lone and solitary family was divinely guided. Acting on principles of uprightness, so far as human sagacity could direct, my parents were in quest of a home best adapted to the wants of their progeny. In this exigency, the Lord, though unknown by ourselves, forsook us not. Before us went the pillar of fire by night, and the pillar of a cloud by day; and I can, in an humble degree at least, appropriate to ourselves the encouraging promise once made to the father of the faithful, when he went to sojourn in a strange and unknown land: "I am the almighty God: walk before Me, and be thou perfect; and I will establish My covenant between Me and thee and thy seed after thee in their generations for an everlasting covenant, to be a God unto thee, and to thy seed after thee."

The scenery of which we were the surprised and delighted spectators was sublime; but the circumstance by which the mind became most deeply affected, was the silence and solitude of an apparently unlimited range of wildernesses, through which a passage had been scooped by the plastic hand of Almighty Power. With the exception of our solitary boat, the little intercourse of the passengers, and the occasional episode of a wild animal's howl, we seemed to be suddenly removed from the world of animated being, and enclosed within a barrier of everlasting hills. The banks of the Ohio were of surprising loveliness. On one side might be seen the pebbled shore, forming a gentle slope, fringed with willows; then gradually ascending a few paces, covered with cotton-wood, linden, and soft maple. Advancing higher, the ascent became more steep; and rising to the summit, we observed the elm and sycamore; while all around, and finely strewed upon the undulating ground adjacent, were the stately beech and poplar, the noble ash and walnut, the tall hickory, and the majestic oak, a goodly fraternity of which had braved the blasts of ages. Nor were minuter glories absent. Here were the flowering buck-eye, the guarded honey-tree, the fragrant spice-wood; and the sassafras, affording tea, together with the maple, yielding sugar, to the early settlers. On the other side were seen the vast elevated lands, bounding these fertile

vales, and forming a prodigious amphitheatre; sometimes broken into huge masses of rock, interspersed with cedar, and occasionally terminating with sudden descent, covered with lofty trees quite to the water's edge.

But these reflections, and the cause that produced them, have passed away, with other usages and scenery of the olden time. By the industry and enterprise of increasing mercantile and manufacturing society, the face of the country is altered. Populous towns have arisen, as if by magic. In desolate and formerly unheard of places, where scarcely the voice of man or the sound of a hammer was heard, the busy hum of commerce, with the varied activities of ceaseless intercourse are now in full and vigorous exercise. The dull and sluggish flat, or labouring keel, whose progress through the water, though aided by oars, sails, and warps, was hardly perceptible, is now succeeded by the stately steamship, proudly stemming the impetuous current, or urged with it at a rate so rapid that a voyage which formerly consumed three months is now accomplished in eight days.

Our passage along the Ohio was not attended by any unusual occurrence: we strove to feel cheerful, and succeeded in appearing so; but no one, save the parties concerned, can tell the struggle it cost. We were, indeed, susceptible of the elegancies which nature had scattered so profusely

on every hand; but the vastness of surrounding objects sank us into nothing; added to which, we felt ourselves advancing upon territories hitherto untrod by the foot of civilized man, and known only to fierce and savage tribes of Indians, whose hatred of the white man was proverbial. Not that we were deficient in courage; but still an undeniable apprehension of danger, which, for aught we knew, might lurk behind some adjoining tree, or break on our view in the form of a numerically superior force, was enough to call up serious musings in the stoutest mind. Thank God, we escaped from every foe, visible or invisible. We met with several places in which Indians had halted, but the party had left; and after passing the towns of Wheeling, Marietta, Kanawka, Galliopoli, Limestone, and a few other intermediate places, we arrived, by the blessing of Providence, at Columbia, early in December, 1790.

Thus the good hand of our God was upon us; we arrived in safety at our destination; and although the dangers already escaped were but few in comparison of those apparently before us, the protection so far afforded served to arm our minds with fortitude, and inspire strengthened confidence in the arm of Omnipotence. In circumstances of peculiar, and, in many respects, appalling peril, like those in which we were placed, the mind could extract sound solace and rational support, only from genuine and heart-

felt dependence upon the Father of our spirits, before whose all-seeing eye everything is plain and open. But the Psalmist, happy at all times in beauteous composition, has almost exceeded himself in his graphic delineation of the mercies promised to the "traveller, in his journey far:"—"Surely He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence. Thou shalt not be afraid of the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day; nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noon-day. For He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways: they shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone."

CHAPTER II.

THE broad and extensive plain stretching along the Ohio, from the Craw-fish to the mouth, and for three miles up the Little Miami, was the ancient site of Columbia. It was originally designed by Major Benjamin Stiles, the proprietor; is at present divided into several highly-cultivated farms; and was once expected by the spirited projector and his friends to become a large city, and the capital of the west. From Craw-fish, the small creek which forms its north-western boundary extends

more than a mile up the Ohio, and is about three-quarters of a mile in breadth. A line was then drawn more than half the way up a high hill, forming part of the eastern and northern limit. A portion of the ground included within this superficies was divided into allotments, each of half an acre, bounded by streets, intersecting each other at right angles. The rest of the land was laid out in lots of four and five acres, for the accommodation of the town, and its expected inhabitants. Over this plain we found, scattered, on our arrival, about fifty cabins, flanked by a small stockade, nearly half a mile below the mouth of the Miami. A few block-houses, erected at convenient distances, completed the defences along the banks of the Ohio.

On this locality we determined to fix our dwelling; and as those who wished to inhabit a house must first contrive to build it, we immediately addressed ourselves to this important undertaking. Two points were to be secured,—safety and comfort. As to other advantages, we were not over anxious concerning them. When existence is at stake, fashion and ornament are apt to be disregarded. The erection for our residence was a log-cabin. The designation is homely; but were I to term it a palace, the matter would not be mended. The exact dimensions chalked out for the foundation I cannot well remember. An ambitious tenant would, doubtless,

have thought them contracted; but large and little are relative terms; and that which in the estimation of some towering souls would be intolerably small, might appear to a more moderate man exceedingly roomy; especially if that moderate man happened to be houseless, and in the heart of an unknown forest. It should also be considered, that our domicile was not only a dwelling but a fortress; and as the garrison consisted but of few, our force had the advantage, from the simplicity of the works, of being concentrated in a compass conveniently narrow. We had only one entrance: that we thought enough for the egress of a friend, or the ingress of a foe. The door, not a very wide one, was made of thick oak-plank, turning on stout wooden hinges, and was secured with strong bars, braced with timber from the floor. This formed a safe barrier on the ground or entrance apartment; while above, and on each side, port-holes or embrasures were prepared, through which, though unobserved from without, we could discover what was passing, and fire upon an approaching enemy. Our house had the advantage of two windows; but, for the sake of security, they were cautiously constructed. Four small panes of glass were sufficient for each; and the openings were so constructed, that any attempt to enter them by force must have proved fatal to an assailant.

These precautions may appear excessive, to

persons residing in the midst of civilized society, or within range of the protection it affords; but the strange and unsocial locality on which our choice had fallen, made no small difference. Our advanced and unprotected fort was one of the most dangerous imaginable. Extreme caution was not only excusable, but absolutely necessary; and though aware that, "except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh in vain," we felt it our duty to adopt every method of defence that prudence could suggest, in the cheerful expectation that in the hour of trial it would be rendered available. A very brief season discovered that this hour was much nigher than we had anticipated.

In the course of a few weeks, our habitation, including the needful fences and out-houses, was completed; and though obliged to submit to the privations and inconveniences so common among the pioneers of the west, we felt no disposition to repine, and were in some measure comfortably settled. Our repose was, however, of short duration. In less than a month after the completion of our premises, coming events discovered that our defensive precautions were well-timed, and were not prepared too soon. We received authentic information that a body of several hundred Indians had attacked Dunlop's station, now called Colerain, fifteen or twenty miles north-west of Cincinnati, then garrisoned by a few of the inhabitants, and forty or fifty soldiers under the command of Lieutenant

Kingsbury. The intelligence was brought by Mr. J. S. Wallace, who, at the risk of his life, left the garrison at night, passed unperceived through the enemy, and reached Cincinnati the same night. As the principle of mutual support prevailed, volunteers marched from several places to relieve the garrison; and of the entire body one company proceeded from Columbia. The whole detachment was well mounted; some of the men were armed with rifles, others with knives and tomahawks; they were, moreover, dressed in hunting-shirts, so called; and, in this array, marched off in single file. The expedition did not, after all, perform much; though there was no deficiency in the intrepidity so suddenly excited. On arriving at Colerain, it was found that the enemy had raised the siege, and precipitately retreated. The armed Columbians soon after returned; but the statements made relative to Indian powers and barbarity rather increased than allayed our fears, so that the most harassing apprehensions of murderous hostility generally prevailed.

These feelings, not unmixed with a desire to retaliate, were exasperated to an almost intolerable degree, by an account of the capture and miserable end of Mr. Abner Hunt, who had belonged to the garrison at Colerain. Having unfortunately wandered outside the line of defence, he was taken by the Indians. This untoward seizure was made within sight and hearing of the garrison, who were

besought by the unhappy man to save his life, and their own, by an immediate surrender. Convinced, as the men were, that no concession could make the least impression on the furies who thirsted for their blood, who longed for the luxury of general massacre, and who would receive the signal of surrender as an amusing reason for wholesale butchery, they were compelled to refuse this—almost no request, though made by a companion in arms, and had the misery of beholding him on the verge of destruction without the power of yielding help. They were obliged to witness the mute despair of the prisoner, when he heard the decided though reluctant refusal of the garrison to save his life at the certain loss of their own. The fearful preparations for torture were commenced within sight of the garrison. The Indians tied their prisoner to a sapling, and made a large fire, so near as to scorch him, inflicting the most acute pain; then, as his flesh, from the ardent action of the fire, and the frequent application of live coals, became less sensitive, these red-skinned harpies made deep incisions in his limbs, as if to renew his susceptibility of pain. The screams of the sufferer were distinctly heard by his unhappy friends, who dared not move to his rescue. His cries for water were especially piercing; and when exhausted and likely to faint, when the welcome messenger of death seemed nigh, flaming brands were applied to his bowels, by that time bared

and visible. So much for the kindness and dignity of untutored human nature, sometimes extolled by a vain and unsound philosophy! "Let me fall," says David, "into the hands of the Lord, and not into the hands of man." Verily, the Prophet knew what he said. George Whitefield was wont to observe, that, until renewed by Divine grace, man was a compound of beast and devil; and I begin to adopt the same opinion. It is consoling to add, that the villany of these wretches went no further. The siege lasted two days, without inflicting any serious personal injury on the garrison, who made good their position, and whose loss consisted merely of some cattle, which the enemy contrived to drive away.

This was but the beginning of sorrows; a mere prelude to the storm which soon burst upon our entire community. In the ensuing spring the Indians audaciously attacked several boats on the Ohio, and made many prisoners. White persons were occasionally snatched away on the verge of Cincinnati, and near the mouth of Deer-creek. To repress these daring irruptions, an expedition under General Scott, of Kentucky, was undertaken in May, 1791; but although he succeeded in repulsing the Indians on the Wabash, little or no effect was produced on the northern tribes, whose boldness and daring remained unshaken. Of this, our family had an alarming specimen. Two of our horses had been stolen from a shed adjoining

our cabin. The occurrence was a happy one, as it tended to arouse our vigilance. A few days after the perpetration of this petty theft, just as we had finished our evening meal, one of my sisters heard what she believed to be the almost noiseless tread of approaching footsteps. Justly alarmed, she instinctively directed her eyes to the house-door, when she perceived the latch gently raised by some one without. She instantly sprang from her seat, seized the latch, and, with great resolution, kept it down till the door was barred. Preparations for defence were immediately made: our lights were extinguished. The females sought for safety by covering themselves with beds; while the men, three in number, with a rifle and two muskets, manned the embrasures above, and by frequently removing to different sides of the house, endeavoured to impress the Indians with an idea of our superior strength. The tread of the renegades was distinctly heard, and the forms in profile, of two or three of them were frequently observed, gliding about, under cover of the night. Their intention, no doubt, had been to take us by surprise; and, opening the door suddenly, to have first fired on us, then to have rushed into the house, and completed the work of destruction with the tomahawk. Failing in the attempt, afraid of meeting us openly, and unwilling, probably, to alarm the town, when no booty was to be secured, they eventually stole off, and disappeared.

Our neighbours fared worse. But a few minutes had elapsed after the departure of our evil-disposed visitants, when we heard the crack of rifles within two hundred yards' distance, followed by the shrill war-whoop of the Indians. On the other side, three musket-shots in succession soon sounded an alarm; and in less than a quarter of an hour, thirty men had assembled at the cabin of Ensign Bowman, on the hill-side, a short distance west of us. They found the family in great consternation. The Indians having discovered an opening between the logs, fired through it into the house, and slightly wounded Mrs. Bowman. At sunrise, on the following day, a small party pursued the Indians, whose number, judging from their footmarks, did not exceed six, and towards noon, finding their track quite fresh, sanguine hopes were entertained of coming up with them. The operations were not on this occasion conducted with much judgment. The pursuing party suffered their energies to be diverted by a bear, who accidentally bounded from a thicket across the path. One of the party snapped the lock of his musket, but missed fire. Bruin cleverly escaped without harm or loss. The Indians, alarmed, probably, at the report, mended their pace, and secured a retreat; while our people, chagrined and disappointed, openly disagreed; charges of cowardice were mutually made, perhaps without cause, and at any rate without use; and

they returned home with those unpleasant feelings which generally arise when a well-conceived project is spoiled by the clumsiness of those to whom the execution is intrusted.

These repeated disasters at length excited national indignation; and a determination was entered into by the executive Government, to send a powerful force against the Indians, sufficient at once to reduce them to subjection. Preparations on an extensive scale were accordingly made; troops, dispatched from various quarters, continued to arrive at Cincinnati during the summer of 1791; so that by the end of September, a large force, consisting of regulars, levies, and militia, under the command of General St. Clair, then Governor of the north-western territory, was ready to march against the enemy. From the known experience and distinguished reputation of the General, as a soldier, and the character of the officers under his command, most of whom had been engaged in active service, public confidence was immediately restored; so that, when the troops advanced, the inhabitants of the Miami valley, covered by the long line of their defenders, enjoyed a degree of tranquillity to which they had for years been strangers. From Cincinnati the army marched in a north-westerly direction. Passing Fort Hamilton, which had been previously built by the militia, on the site of the present town of Hamilton, and crossing the Great Miami at that

place, they advanced about twenty-six miles, and having built Fort St. Clair, near the present town of Eaton, marched twenty-two miles farther north, and erected Fort Jefferson.

The advance of the army was unavoidably slow, not only on account of the delay arising from the erection of forts, but from the rugged nature of the country over which the march was conducted. In some places, laborious exertions were necessary in preparing even a narrow opening, and especially in making a road wide enough for the artillery and baggage-waggons. Some inconvenience and detention had also been produced by the late and imperfect delivery of needful supplies: this arose, partly from the sluggishness of the contractors, and partly from the stratagems of the Indians, who succeeded in cutting off several convoys. In order to attack the enemy in the most vulnerable part, the forces moved directly upon some Indian villages on the Maumee river; and on the 3d of November the advanced posts were within a short distance of one of the hostile towns. So far all was well. Accounts descriptive of the excellent condition of the troops were repeatedly received by the inhabitants of the Miami settlements; when, on the evening of the 6th, we were stunned by the almost incredible tidings, that a severe engagement had taken place, which had terminated in the total defeat of the army. The consternation

that ensued is indescribable. We were not, at first, disposed to give credit to the appalling tale; but these doubts, so willingly indulged, were not suffered long to linger. Stragglers, dropping in, at first singly, and afterwards by twos and threes, confirmed the intelligence. In a short time, the broken remains of the entire force, in wretched and deplorable groups, made their appearance, and spread the most fearful details of Indian barbarity. It was evident that all was lost, and our defence annihilated. The poor fellows had retreated night and day, and, by extraordinary effort, reached us on the 8th of November.

As the defeat of a well-disciplined armed force by an uncouth assemblage of half-clothed and less than half-taught savages, was a most unusual and astounding event, it cannot be uninteresting to inquire how it happened; and if it be asserted that this discomfiture, so complete and ruinous, was brought on by overweening confidence in their own resources, coupled with contempt of rash and unskilful prowess, the conjecture will not be far from the truth. But facts shall speak for themselves. Having subsequently had a good deal of conversation with several officers who were engaged in the action, I shall be able to give a tolerably correct notion of the affair.

On the afternoon of the 3d of November, the main body of the forces, consisting chiefly of

regulars and levies, encamped in two lines on the south side of a branch of the Wabash. Between these lines there was an opening of about seventy yards in width. The whole fronted the stream, and extended along its margin for about three hundred and fifty yards. On the other or north side of the stream, and a quarter of a mile in advance of the main body, the militia, under Colonel Oldham, was posted; and beyond that corps, at a suitable distance, a company of regulars, under Captain Slough, was stationed in advance. Next morning, before day had dawned, the approach of a strong Indian force obliged this company to fall back upon the militia.'

This state of things was reported to General Butler; but though he was assured that a general attack might be apprehended that morning, he affected to regard the information as an idle tale, or to suppose that he had nothing to do but show himself and conquer. He was presently undeceived. The first rays of light had glanced on the uplands, and the cheerful reveille been poured forth from the shrill fifes and rolling drums: the troops, as was their daily custom, had manned the lines, and remained under arms till the sun had arisen, and shone brightly. As no enemy was in sight, they had retired, some to prepare their breakfasts, or perform various other duties, and not a few to lounge in the tents. Fatal security! At this juncture, and without the warning of an

instant, the continuous ring of a thousand rifles, mingled with the hideous and deafening yells of the Indians, announced but too certainly, that the militia in front were attacked in great force, and beaten back. The drums of the encampment immediately beat to arms, and the soldiers hastened to their posts; but scarcely had the troops formed and prepared for action, when the routed militia, closely pursued by the foe, rushed through the first line into the camp, and threw that line into confusion, from which it could not entirely be recovered. Following up the advantage, the Indians boldly advanced upon the front, as if determined to force it; but meeting with firm resistance, and receiving several well-directed volleys from our men, they were compelled to fall back. Our troops for a short time fought bravely, but contending under great disadvantages, with superior numbers, soon became disheartened.

The ground occupied by our line was rather elevated, so that the troops were fatally exposed to the destructive fire of the Indians, who were posted behind trees and logs; so that, while they had the leisure for taking aim, our fire was in a great degree ineffectual. It was discovered some time after the battle, that the fire from our men was too elevated: bullets, and even cannonballs, were found embedded in the boughs and bodies of trees, at the height of at least thirty

feet from the ground. Early in the action, the troops were entirely surrounded by the Indians; and while some of them retreated from one side of the camp before a charge of the bayonet, others, rushing in on the other side, or on the flanks, killed and scalped the wounded. These charges were repeated several times, but always with great loss to our troops: indeed, it seemed that the Indians fled at first before their charge, as if to draw them out some distance from the lines, then, turning suddenly upon them, compel them to retreat, leaving their wounded to certain destruction. It was during one of these charges, that the brave but unfortunate General Butler was killed. He had been mortally wounded early in the battle, and carried to his tent: determined to sell his life as dearly as possible, he was placed in a reclining posture, with a pair of pistols by his side. In pursuing our troops, retreating in their turn, two warriors at once espied him; and both, anxious to plunder his person, as well as to take his scalp, rushed forward, the one only a few feet in advance of the other. The foremost Indian had but just entered his tent, when the General, levelling one pistol, shot him dead; but, while in the act of presenting the other, he received the stroke of the hurled tomahawk, and instantly expired. Captain Ford, the only surviving officer of artillery, had nearly experienced a similar fate. He was severely wounded, and had been placed

near the lamented officer just named. His preservation was simply owing to the circumstance, that he lay against a tree, on the side opposite to that on which the Indians charged.

Unwilling to sacrifice human life, by continuing a struggle so disproportionate and hopeless, and apprehensive that a total rout would soon take place, General St. Clair determined on a retreat, which he trusted to effect in something like order. Nearly one-half of the soldiers were killed. More than three-fourths of the officers lay lifeless on the field; while the tomahawk and scalping-knife assisted to satiate the revenge of the furies whose lot it was to triumph. In order to withdraw the surviving troops most advantageously, they were drawn up under Colonel Darke, who vigorously charged the Indians. They gave way, as usual, on the right and left, leaving an open space to the high road, to which the troops advanced, and commenced their retreat. This soon increased to a flight. Not only were the artillery and baggage deserted, but even the wounded, with few exceptions, were left to their fate. Each striving to secure himself, thought nothing concerning the safety of others. Not that this mean and unsoldierlike conduct was universally prevalent. The exceptions might be few, but there were such; and one of the most honourable I will beg to mention. Captain Ford was saved by the devoted attachment of one of

his men, who, placing him upon a horse, bore him safely from the battle-ground; while Dr. Richard Allison, senior surgeon of the army, than whom few were more brave and humane, mounted on his own powerful and spirited horse, with his servant seated behind him, brought off from the field, Captain Shailer, and three others, who, laying hold of the mane and tail of the noble animal, were enabled to escape the pursuit of the enemy.

The severity of the engagement now described may be inferred from the loss sustained by the defeated party. Of about fifteen hundred men, who engaged in battle on that fatal morning, six hundred and thirty, including thirty-seven officers, were killed; and two hundred and forty-four, including thirty officers, were wounded. Beside this melancholy list of lost and maimed friends, a number of pack-horse men, waggoners, and others attached to the army, were slain; and of nearly two hundred women, following the rear of the forces, three only escaped. About fifty were killed, and the residue made prisoners. Had the Indians known how to pursue their advantage, they might easily have cut off the retreat of the fugitives, many of whom, soon after gaining the road, threw away their arms, and betook themselves to speedier flight. But having signally defeated the army, and gratified their revengeful propensities, the greater number

of the victors remained to plunder the camp; while those who pursued the flying troops, cutting off stragglers, and scalping the wounded, suddenly drew back, and after following for about four miles gave over the pursuit, and returned to the encampment; fearing, probably, that unless present, they might be cheated out of an equitable share of the plunder. The scene presented on this occasion was characteristic, and shows the immense difference existing between man in a state of savagism, and that of comparative civilization. War is, indeed, a dreadful game, wherever and by whomsoever it is pursued; but among the latter class, though rancour may rise terribly high in the tug of actual strife, mercy to a fallen adversary is shown as a matter of course. In the case now reviewed, the better part of man is relinquished for the ferocity of brutes. Here, after stripping the dead and insulting the remains, after pocketing the plunder, and gorging upon the recently-slaughtered cattle, they began to drink and carouse. Some became stupid; others grew furious, in proportion to the quantity they drank of *fire-water*. They rent the air with hideous war-whoops; they acted over, and then over again their savage feats, cutting and mangling the dead bodies. Finding some who were not quite dead from the wounds received, they tore out the hearts of several; and throwing others into a fire they had ignited,

put a speedy end to their sufferings. A few Indians, less ferocious, dressing themselves in the uniform of the dead officers, strutted about the encampment. One of these I afterwards saw, while a prisoner among the Shawanese, wearing the dress-coat of a field officer of infantry, with silver epaulettes on his shoulders, and a watch suspended from each ear. With one hand taking hold of the facing of his coat, he said to me, "Me kill un;" and with the other, smiting his breast, vociferated, "Captain Walker! Great man me!" The Indians were led by several brave and experienced Chiefs; and beside the infamous renegade Girty, and the notorious Elliott, I was told that Captain M'Kee of the Royal Americans, and several British officers, were in the battle. As this latter fact rests merely upon hearsay evidence, which frequently misleads, I do not positively vouch for its authenticity.

Without pretending to examine or explain the causes of dispute between the parties whose conflict I have just described, war is so great a misery, that an appeal to arms must be looked at as one of the heaviest of all human calamities. Indeed, many excellent persons insist, that it is unjustifiable under any pretence whatever, even for the purposes of self-defence. The proposition is, without doubt, founded in love and goodwill; and, though one scarcely knows how to

receive it literally, the principles of peace and forbearance which it inculcates are worthy of all acceptance. Nothing certainly but the ruffianism of downright brutality could have impelled these Indian warriors to add cruelty to valour, and murder those with coolness who had been maimed in actual strife. On the other hand, the politer and more scientific party was undoubtedly the aggressor. This fact is obvious; for the army had advanced for the express purpose of driving back the Indians into the remoter parts of their inland fastnesses; and, after the provocation they had received, rendered still more intolerable by lofty contempt, by treachery, and over-reaching on the part of their persecutors, we are not to wonder that revenge waxed doubly hot, and produced effects so wretched.

The woes and injuries of war extend over a much wider space than many persons are apt to consider. Howard, the philanthropist, who seldom spoke at random, states in one of his letters, dated Moscow, that no fewer "than seventy thousand recruits for the army and navy have died in the Russian hospitals during a single year." Few writers seem inclined to approach this terrible spectre near enough rightly to limn its hideous aspect. The deformity seems to overpower description, and places the scribe in the situation of an artist, who, it is said, in attempting to draw the devil, lost his senses

at the excessive ugliness of the lines he had invented.*

Confining myself to the contest recently concluded, it is evident that an important lesson had been taught to the vanquished. Pride kept them silent; but though conviction was smothered, they must have felt that glittering epaulettes, silk sashes, and ostrich-feathers, though looked upon as flashy appendages to military costume, go a very little way in the composition of a soldier. The ease with which these and other articles of finery were laid in the dust, by an ill-scented and ungentlemanly, but strong-armed, multitude, must have reminded the ruined battalions of the immeasurable difference there

* The system of war seems to be made up of vice and deception from beginning to end. The false and honied statements planned at the recruiting department, and put forth at every street-corner, even in England, during the late war, exemplify the extent of these seducements. Were it not for the cruel injury inflicted on the luckless victims whose feet were taken in the shining snare, the whole thing would be highly ludicrous. Take, for instance, the following announcement, which is rather an underrated specimen of the placards then in circulation, drawn up, as may be perceived, by some practised hand, to catch the vulgar, and to swell the ranks of the enlisting Sergeant:—“All aspiring heroes, who wish to serve their King and country, defend the Protestant religion, and live for ever, may receive ten shillings and sixpence, by applying at the Britannia public-house, Wapping.” Against such temptations, who can stand?—Fame which shall know no end, and half-a-guinea to begin with!

is between the marching and counter-marching of rank and file over smoothly-rolled gravel on the parade-ground, where men meet together to play at soldiering, and the deadly tug, the strife, and desperate effort, which ensue in the actual shock of hostile encounter.

That associations should be established for the promotion of peace, affords ground for pleasing contemplation. Equally agreeable is it to survey the rise and progressive prosperity of Temperance Societies. But these, and every other attempt to produce reformation, must, if available, be based on religious principle: if they be not, the design, however prudently conceived, will be abortive. We may as well, therefore, choose the shorter way, and refer at once to the law and the testimony. Christianity, and that alone, furnishes the great and only moral antidote to war and its attendant evils, by the control and subjugation of the passions which lead to it. Where there is piety to God, there will be goodwill to man: where grace rules the heart, sobriety governs the life. Independently, therefore, of newly-formed establishments for the enforcement of any one particular virtue, whose value, however, I have no desire to disparage, and which furnish channels for the flow of scriptural precept, let us repair to the well of life, whose waters ever flow in streams of pure and lasting peace, and pray for the approach of that long-expected day,

when the Heathen shall no longer rage, nor the people imagine a vain thing. Say not that the hope is vain, or that an expectation so glorious shall be cut off. The walls of Jerusalem will be built, even in troublous times. Though the vision tarry, it shall not lie. "They shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

CHAPTER III.

THE most gloomy apprehensions, it may readily be supposed, were entertained, as to the probable result of the disastrous defeat of General St. Clair. Indeed, it is surprising when the force and animosity of the Indians are considered, that the face of the country was not overspread by these victorious warriors; an event which, on viewing their sanguinary propensities, could be contemplated only with horror. All we can now say is, that no such attempt was made. Perhaps they were restrained by the unseen but omnipotent arm of Divine Providence, which can soften or avert the wrath of man, and whose protection is a sure defence. Every precaution,

suggested by the critical situation of the settlement, was promptly taken. Strong garrisons were maintained at Hamilton, St. Clair, and even at Fort Jefferson. By this line of defence, the inhabitants of the Miami valley were sufficiently secured. At Fort Washington several extra companies were posted. This sufficed not only for the protection of Cincinnati, but was strong enough to repel any inroad which the enemy might be tempted to make; and, in case of extremity, could extend aid to other villages. The exertions on our part were not altogether confined to defensive measures, and the arrangements just described were rendered doubly effective by the energetic and successful operations of General Scott. Having collected a body of mounted men, principally Kentucky volunteers, he advanced to the late battle-ground, where not fewer than two thousand of the enemy, or about one-fourth of their late force, remained. Elevated by past success, the victors were carousing, with gaiety that dreamt of no danger, and utterly unprepared for the unexpected visit. The assault and defeat of these Indians were almost simultaneous. Two hundred were killed. Six or seven hundred muskets were found in the camp, or along the road; beside which, part of the baggage, tents, and several pieces of artillery, including those which had been thrown into the Wabash, were retaken.

Passing by, for a season, the horrid alarum of war, and its direful results, let me indulge in a brief survey of the growth of civilization, and the blessings it produces. This is strikingly exemplified by an examination of Cincinnati as it used to be, with its condition at the present period. In February, 1791, when I first inspected the place, it contained only about forty dwellings, all log-cabins, occupied by two hundred and fifty inhabitants. In the south-eastern part of the town, and surrounded by forest-trees, stood the cabin of Mr. Wade. Just below, on the first bank, between the mouth of Deer-creek and Lawrence-street, four or five other cabins might be discerned, peeping out from between the trees. In the vicinity of Eastern-row, at that time a narrow lane, but now much widened, and properly called Broadway, there were about twenty log-houses. On Sycamore and Main, principally on the second bank, there were scattered about fifteen cabins. At the foot of this bank, extending across Broadway and Main-street, were large ponds, on which, so lately as the winter of 1793, I have seen boys skating. The ground from the foot of the second bank to the river, between Lawrence-street and Broadway, which formed part of the fort, was an open space, on which, although no trees were left standing, the timber of several that had been cut down was deposited. On the summit, and

about eighty feet distant from the brow of the second bank, facing the river, stood Fort Washington, occupying nearly all the ground between Third and Fourth streets, and between Ludlow-street and Broadway. This fort, of nearly a square form, was of simple construction. Each of the sides was about an hundred and eighty feet in length, and was composed of hewed logs of timber: the barracks were two stories high, connected at the corners by lofty pickets, with bastions, or block-houses, made also of hewed logs, and projecting also about ten feet in front of each face of the fort, so that the guns placed within could be brought to enfilade or rake the entire line. Through the centre of the south side, or front of the fort, was the principal gateway. This led to a passage through the line of barracks, twelve feet wide and ten high, secured by strong doors of the same dimensions. Appended to the fort on the north side, and enclosed with high palisades, and extending from the north-east and north-west corners to a block-house, was a small triangular space, in which were erected several shops for the accommodation of the artificers. Stretching along the entire front of the fort was a fine esplanade, about eighty feet wide, and enclosed with handsome paling on the brow of the bank; the descent from which to the lower side was about thirty feet. The front and sides

of the fort were lime-whited, and, at a small distance, presented a handsome and agreeable appearance. On the eastern side, the officers' gardens were to be seen, finely cultivated, ornamented with beautiful summer-houses, and yielding in their season an abundance of vegetables.— Instead of entering upon any description of Cincinnati at the present day, it may be enough to observe, that on account of the magnitude, importance, and beauty of the public buildings it contains, connected with its extent and growing population, it is numbered the seventh city in the United States, in general importance.

An entertainment was given in the early part of 1791 by the officers of Fort Washington, who, with their ladies, about twelve in number, invited company from Columbia and Cincinnati. Visitors poured in from all quarters, and the ball that followed was considered splendid. It was preceded by firing of cannon, the discharge of rockets, and the exhibition of a variety of fireworks. Other assignations and interviews followed, as matters of course; and the amusements of riding, dancing, and other pastimes, soon obliterated the recollections of the late unhappy campaign.

The experience of those days affords other and more profitable recollections; and the impression on my mind is indelible. The softening and delightful influence of experimental religion began to pervade the thin ranks of that early

and robust society. The first Clergyman to whose ministry I listened was named Gano: he was the father of the late General Gano, of Cincinnati, then a Captain, and one of the earliest Columbian settlers. Never shall I forget that holy and venerable man. His locks were white with age, and his voice most tremulously touching. He was an able expounder of the word of truth, and affectionately urged penitent sinners to hope in Divine forgiveness. I specially remember hearing one of his powerful discourses from the words of Job, "O that I knew where I might find Him! that I might come even to His seat! I would order my cause before Him, and fill my mouth with arguments." This faithful messenger of the church has long since gone to reap the reward of those who have "turned many to righteousness;" and most of those who were once his hearers are dwellers in that land whence they shall never emigrate. Many a time since then, while sitting securely in the house of God, the spacious temple of the Most High, surveying surrounding hundreds, raising their notes of praise, and tranquilly worshipping the Father of mercies, the days of other years, and events long past, have recurred to my mind with all the vividness of recent occurrence. Imagination pictured the rude log-house which composed the first humble sanctuary of our pious ancestry, as it once stood beneath the shelter of

tall forest-trees. There, on the holy Sabbath, we were wont to listen to words whereby we might be saved. But how vast is the difference between past and present circumstances! Our fathers met each other with devotion equal, if not superior, to ours; but it was with their muskets and rifles, prepared for action, and ready to repel any attack, which, for aught they knew, might suddenly burst forth. While the watchman on the walls of Zion was uttering his faithful and pathetic warning, the sentinels without, a few yards distant, with measured step, were pacing their walks, and ever and anon halting, while, with strained eyes, they endeavoured to pierce through the distance, carefully observing every object that seemed to be endued with life or motion.

There were other passages, which, in those eventful days, were not likely soon to be overlooked. That was the period of privation and hardship. Happy were those who could secure a moderate share of life's necessaries. Conveniences were less carefully sought; and as to luxuries, the attempt to aim at anything of the sort was deemed culpably effeminate. When the blast of war had passed over, gaunt famine advanced, and threatened at once to depopulate the entire region. My wife has frequently told me, that so great was the scarcity of wheaten flour, that her mother, when able to make a little bread

for the use of her boarders, sent the children from home, lest they should be tempted to desire a piece for themselves: even then, a bushel of corn-meal was the largest quantity to be at once obtained. It often happened in the Miami settlement, that many persons while planting and tending their crops were confined wholly to boiled corn, as a substitute for bread; and sometimes, when destitute of that, were driven to the use of a bulbous root, called bear-grass. In 1791 these appalling deficiencies of grain were more severely felt. So scarce was flour, and so dear in price, that the small quantities purchased by a few of the more opulent families were laid by, to be used only in sickness, or for the entertainment of friends. Another difficulty was presented: corn was not only scarce, but the means of grinding were hardly attainable. We had only one mill,—that was Wickerham's, a small floating affair, built in an under-sized flat boat, moored to the bank of the Little Miami. This machine was of inconsiderable power. The water-wheel revolved sluggishly with the current; and having to act only on one pair of diminutive stones, a sufficiency of flour for the inhabitants was, at the best of times, rarely obtained. At low-water the works ceased altogether; so that we were frequently obliged to supply the deficiency by the introduction of hand-mills, a most laborious and unproductive mode of grinding.

This night of sorrow and suffering was succeeded by a bright and joyous day, in which many of the vexations incident to our early settlement, if not entirely removed, were materially lessened. The winter of 1791 was followed by an early and delightful spring: indeed, I have often thought that our first western winters were much milder, our springs earlier, and our autumns longer than they now are. It may be that the difference is in myself, not in the climate. To the sight and sense of youth, nature, however sterile, seldom presents herself without some peculiar charm, and is never so untoward and perverse as to exclude enjoyment in some form or other. Our estimate of men and things in after-life is undoubtedly more correct; for it is matured by experience and riper judgment. The gay illusions of early days are dissipated, and their place supplied by a far more true, though often more sad and sorrowful, picture of humanity. In the blooming season to which I now refer, towards the end of February, the trees were putting forth their foliage; in another fortnight the red-bud, the hawthorn, and dog-wood blossoms chequered the hills with their beauteous colours of rose and lily. Soon after this the ground was covered with the May-apple, blood-root, ginseng violets, and a wilderness of varied birds and flowers. Flocks of paroquets came forward, decked in their rich plumes of green and gold.

Birds of several species, and of every hue, were flitting from tree to tree; and the handsome red-bird, the harmonious songster of the west, threw out his sweet and simple vocal melody. Other companions were not wanting to diversify the scene. Some of them, it must be admitted, were not remarkable for politeness. The clumsy bear might be observed walking doggedly away, or urged by pursuit into a laborious gallop, retreating to his citadel on the top of some lofty tree; or, if surprised, raising himself in the attitude of defence, facing his enemy, and waiting his approach. There, also, at measured and cautious distance, was the timid deer, watchfully resting, all eye and ear, and carefully noting surrounding objects; or, if aroused from his thicket, gracefully bounding away; then stopping, erecting his stately head, and for a moment gazing around, or snuffing the air, to ascertain and detect his enemy, instantly springing off, clearing logs and bushes at a bound, and soon distancing the pursuers. Such forests appeared to me, at that time, as a renewed garden of Eden, quite on the verge of paradise. An earthly paradise I admit; for there were causes, not yet named, of alarm and terror. Coiled among the leaves of some innocent plant the wily copper-head was silently secreted with mischievous intent. Then there was the horned rattlesnake, with head erect, towering over his ample folds, more powerful

and deadly, though more chivalrous and fairer in combat, than his treacherous compeer, inasmuch as the loud noise of his rattle usually gave, at least, some notice of danger: so that, unlike that species of bull-dog who bite before they bark, or that more disgraceful class of persons, who injure another without explaining why, he seldom smote till the warning had been given. There was still a worse enemy than either. This was man himself. There was the fearful, though in some respects fearless, savage, crawling on the ground, or noiselessly gliding along, concealed by thickets and trees, and intent, when the hated white man became visible, to insure the luxury of deadly revenge, either by the well-spiced shaft, or the whistling bullet. Had it not been for these abatements, which I admit were rather serious, the entire locality was without spot or blemish, and might have served as a modern and revived specimen of the far-famed though imaginary fields of Elysium.

There is something naturally exhilarating in a survey of the face of the earth, in the spring. At this season our husbandmen sallied forth to enclose their fields, to till their ground, and plant corn for the next year's consumption. The principal land for the growth of wheat was about a mile and a half distant from Columbia, on the eastern side, and adjoining the extensive plain on which the town was erected. The long tract of alluvial

soil, still known by the name of Turkey-Bottom, lies about fifteen feet lower than the general level of the adjacent plain, and is annually overflowed. Hence it is exceedingly fertile. It used to be divided into lots of about five acres each, and was subsequently conveyed to the inhabitants of Columbia, some possessing one, others two, or more lots. To save labour and expense, the entire plot was enclosed with one general and sufficient fence. The men commonly worked together in companies, exchanging labour; or in fields not far asunder; and always with their fire-arms at hand; so that, in case of attack, the preparations for defence might be prompt and effectual. The plenteousness of their annual crops was remarkable. Indeed, the productiveness of corn, generally speaking, is strikingly indicative of the Divine goodness. From ground cultivated only with ordinary care, there were produced eighty bushels of wheat per acre. Some lots, particularly well cultivated, gave one hundred; and in a very favourable season a hundred and twenty bushels to the acre were produced. An inhabitant of New-Jersey or Maryland would scarcely think it credible, that, in ridges four feet apart, four or five stalks might be gathered, an inch and a half in diameter, and fifteen feet high, bearing each two or three ears of corn; of which, some were so far from the ground, that to pull them, a man of medium

height was obliged to stand on tiptoe. Short of stature as I was at that time, it was my province to attend the oxen, while my father, followed by the corn-dressers, guided the plough. Having lost our horses, we were obliged to substitute horned cattle; which, connected by a long yoke, and suitable traces, having the draught near to one of them, and moving leisurely, fully supplied the places of the absent horses.

Having behaved, during the early part of the summer of 1792, to my father's satisfaction, he was good enough to promise me a reward. This was nothing less than a holiday, to be spent at Fort Washington, and to commence on the approaching 4th of July; on which day, as every one knows, or ought to know, is celebrated the anniversary of American independence. It is not easy to limit the pleasures of hope; and the anticipations of this promising excursion were of surpassing magnitude. During the interim my work seemed nothing: no load was heavy, no task was grievous, and duties were performed with alacrity till then unknown even to myself. At last the long-expected time drew nigh; and on the afternoon of the third day of the month just named my journey commenced. Everybody does not possess a carriage and horses; and for sundry good and sufficient causes we determined to travel by water,—indeed the boat was at hand. The company consisted of my sisters, handsomely

decked out, together with several other ladies of Columbia, and a number of officers who had arrived there in the morning for the express purpose of procuring conveyance to Fort Washington; where they intended to partake of a dinner to be given by the officers stationed there, and share the good fellowship of a ball announced for the following evening.

All this was mighty agreeable. We saw directly that every conceivable circumstance united in our favour. As to any reverse, or the possibility of deductions from the sum-total of our expected enjoyment, the idea was preposterous. The time of departure, though long in coming, came at last. Our places in the barge were selected and taken; and if it was a tight fit, so much more compact and steady the boat's trim. We descended the Ohio at the rate of six miles an hour, rowed by eight soldiers. Everything above, around, and beneath, conspired, I thought, to render the spectacle enchanting: the banks of the river were clothed with living green, and scarcely a tree had at that time been cut down between the mouth of the Craw-fish and that of Deer-creek, a distance of more than four miles. The varied views, as we passed on, afforded matter for constant and instructive speculation; and though our opinions might not have been philosophically overpowering, and occasionally wavered, we all agreed that the last view was by far the most picturesque and romantic of any.

The sand-bar, now extending from the left bank of the river opposite to Sportsman's Hall, was then a small island, between which and the Kentucky shore was a narrow channel, though with sufficient depth of water for the passage of boats. The upper and lower parts of this island were bare and rocky; but its centre, containing about four acres, was covered with small cottonwood, and surrounded by willows extending along its side almost down to the water's edge. The right bank of the river, crowned with lofty hills, now gradually ascending, now abruptly rising to their summits, and forming a magnificent amphitheatre, afforded a singular and sublime view more than two miles in length. The approach to these elevated lands was, on the whole, precipitous and steep, and was covered with trees and herbage down to the beach. On proceeding farther, and nearly opposite the lower end of the island, the ascent became more gradual; and for two miles, at least, a thick impervious growth of willows served to form a border, behind which the foliage of tall wide-spread trees towered to a great height. This portion of mountain-scenery was succeeded by an open beach, rather unproductive and stony. Nothing appeared to thrive, save here and there a small tuft of willow; and the country around was equally open. Just here, and near the line of the present turnpike, was a narrow pass leading from Columbia to

Cincinnati, wide enough only for the admission of a small waggon. This outlet, dignified by the name of a road, wound round a certain point of the hill above Deer-creek, and then descended on the north side to the depth of about four hundred feet: crossing that creek, it emerged from the valley, and gradually ascended the western bank in a southerly direction, upon ground on which in these building times Symmes-street now stands, and in a direct line to Fort Washington. Of course it enters the town in the vicinity of Lawrence-street, by which on one part it is intersected.

The preceding description is not, I hope, tedious: I meant it to be particular, and have reasons for it. It proved to be the place on which it was my lot to experience a most remarkable and unexpected personal calamity; so serious and severe, that the preservation of my reason and existence is to be viewed as little else than a miracle. My narrative must, however, be regularly pursued. Forgetful, therefore, of coming disasters, we may observe that our trip down the Ohio was safely managed. We were soon gratified with the sight of Fort Washington, and in a few moments ascended the landing-place leading to it.

Morning came, and a fine one it was. What tended to exalt it still higher was, as I have already stated, that it was the 4th of July. Of

all the mornings in the year, no one, politically viewed, shines so brightly to an American. On the occasion to which I now refer, it was ushered in by the discharge of thirteen rounds from the guns of the fort: at twelve the firing was repeated, and the troops under arms performed various evolutions. At dinner, as usual, the toasts were followed by the discharge of artillery. At dusk there was a brilliant display of fireworks; and the rejoicings of the day were closed by a ball. Most persons thought it well-ordered and sprightly: greater men than ourselves will, we hope, excuse us, if we pronounce it most splendid and imposing. I spent the two following days in various amusements. What a mercy it is, that, in pity to fallen man, Heaven has kindly hidden the future from his view! How often does it happen, in the various stages of human experience, that at the moment of our greatest self-security, and when suspicion sleeps, danger is most imminent! So it was with me. Having tired myself in the pursuit of several rustic games that required physical exertion, I felt overcome by lassitude; grew uneasy and discontented; and, with the inconsiderateness of childhood, (for I was not eleven years old,) I resolved to return home. Full of this novel but rash enterprise, I stole away from the garrison, unnoticed by any person. So sudden was my elopement, and with such rapidity did the consequences follow, that the

first tidings heard concerning me, conveyed at one and the same time the fact of my departure, and the heart-rending intelligence of my capture by a party of Indian scouts. The particulars of this unexpected adventure are too deeply impressed on my recollection to be forgotten, or remembered dimly; but, as they introduced me to an entirely new state and condition, almost resembling another world, peopled with other souls, I shall preserve the statement for another section of this work.

Meantime I cannot refrain from expressing my firm conviction that, untoward and painful as were the trials through which I had to pass, and although wearisome days and nights were allotted for a long and gloomy season, I can trace, in and through every step of the dispensation, proofs of Almighty goodness; under whose guiding influence, though life frequently was placed in circumstances of apparent jeopardy, no weapon formed against me was suffered to prevail.

But why was the mischief suffered to happen at all? Such may be the suggestion of men whose views extend only to the little round of life's daily occupation. Perhaps it was foreseen by the Searcher of hearts, that nothing else or less than privation and distress would soften my hard heart, and bring me to the knowledge of myself. It is true, other means might have been employed; but how do we know that they would

have been effectual? God speaks once, yea, twice; but man perceiveth it not; neither does he regard the operations of His hand. Indications of Divine favour and love surround us on every side, and yet the mind often remains callous and insensible. So profound is the sleep of carnal security into which human nature has fallen, that, in order to arouse the slumberer, nothing less can avail than that voice which speaks the dead to life.

Nor is it unreasonable to conclude, that the affliction which happened to myself was sanctified to the moral welfare of my beloved parents. To see their worldly comforts snatched from their grasp by the hand of violence, probably taught them to look for happiness in nothing lower than the skies. Nor am I certain but that our entire family, chastened by the hand of their heavenly Parent, derived that instruction which is seldom taught but in the school of adversity and disappointment. Without doubt some real and permanent benefit lay concealed beneath the event which befell me, adapted to promote and secure, not only my own well-being, but the happiness of others.

Looking back, therefore, through the long vista of departed years, I feel thankful for all that is past; and especially, that, added to the mercies of Providence, I am a debtor beyond computation to the grace of God, by whose power I am

delivered from the thralldom of sin, and am introduced into the favour and family of the Saviour. We may, indeed, admit that the eternal power and Godhead of the Almighty Word may be inferred from the things that are seen; nor can any ingenuous mind fail in receiving impression from an induction so natural. The spangled heavens, though solemn and silent, utter His praise; storm and tempest own His sway; the calm that succeeds them intimates His presence; the roaring of Niagara, the explosions of Vesuvius, the "jaculation dire" of the earthquake, all proclaim His agency, and work the wonders of His sovereign will: but to the heart of man, where the kingdom of heaven is to be opened and established, more potent and persuasive than any or all other intimations is the still small voice of the eternal Spirit, speaking peace and assurance to the troubled soul.

CHAPTER IV.

HAVING escaped from Fort Washington, in pursuance of my resolution to return home, I bent my steps to the banks of the well-known Ohio. On arriving there, soon after three in the afternoon, on the 7th of July, I observed a canoe, with four persons aboard, bound for Columbia, and just about to push from the shore.

Discovering one of them to be a person I had seen before, and thinking the smooth mode of travelling they had chosen was the finest thing in the world, I hailed them, requesting to be taken on board. With this, after a little consultation, they complied; and I was added to the company. The canoe, which was small, narrow, and very unsteady, had proceeded only a short distance from the mouth of Deer-creek, when one of the passengers, much intoxicated, made several unhandsome lurches, first on one side, then on the other; till at last, in obedience to the law of gravitation, he fell overboard, in an apparently helpless condition. The sense of danger partially restored him: he immediately struck out, and, after a little awkward floundering, reached the shore in safety. Being rather alarmed at these irregularities, and feeling myself in jeopardy, I requested to be set on shore. This was complied with. The drunken man was then left to his fate, while I walked on the bank, within speaking distance of the men in the canoe, which proceeded more rapidly. Mr. Light was placed in the bow, and with a pole assisted to propel the boat. In the stern, a stranger had seated himself. He was a swarthy, athletic man, with thick, black, bushy hair, and had provided himself with a paddle, which he used either as an oar or rudder, as occasion required. In the middle of the boat, an old lady named Coleman, a good-natured

garrulous personage, had taken her place. Meantime I pursued my way, at an easy pace, along the beach, a little in advance of the canoe, listening to the merry conversation of my companions afloat, or amusing myself by skimming small flat stones on the surface of the water. About a mile above the mouth of Deer-creek, a canoe, which we had discovered some time before descending the mid-stream of the river, passed us. There were several market-people on board, and among them a woman whose child cried loudly and without intermission. This elicited no notice on our part, excepting that the old lady with us gave out sundry sage apophthegms relative to the right management of children. A very short time discovered that if the uplifted voice of the infant now referred to had been suppressed, the consequences to us would have been of almost invaluable worth.

Soon after getting rid of this canoe and her brawling cargo, we rounded the point of a small cove, less than a mile below the foot of the island already described, and proceeded a few hundred yards along the close willows bordering the beach; when, while the boat was almost one-fourth that distance from the shore, I observed one of the passengers, Light, look behind; and on seeing our quondam friend, the wine-bibber, staggering along nearly a mile in the rear, he remarked, with an oath, that "he would be bait for the Indians." He had scarcely resumed his

oar, laid aside for an instant, when I noticed that he suddenly sprang into the river, leaving the canoe to drift waywardly; while the stranger, who had occupied the stern, fell over, and made for the shore near where I stood. In the next moment I heard the sharp crack of two rifles in close succession; and, looking towards the wilderness, saw, through the smoke of the guns fired, two Indians, with faces black as midnight, rushing towards the canoe. Never shall I forget my feelings at that period. For an instant I stood motionless; and the reflection that darted across my mind, as I instinctively drew down my head between my shoulders, was, "I have had some narrow escapes, but now death is certain." One of the Indians had advanced to within ten feet of the spot where I stood; in his right hand was the raised tomahawk, and in his left the naked scalping-knife. My fortitude soon rallied; and, unwilling to surrender to the big bully without an effort, I attempted to fly, and made choice of a path which, though rather circuitous, led to the water-side, where I hoped to find the canoe, in which to push out on the river. The Indian, apprehending my design, selected a parallel course, and passing by my side, at a small distance, arrived first at the shore. The stranger, who had travelled thus far in the canoe, unfortunately took shelter in the same place; and I had the unspeakable misery of seeing him murdered. The Indian

struck him on the head with his tomahawk; and, seizing him by the hair, he passed his knife quickly round the head, tearing off the scalp with incredible dispatch and violence. He then held it up with the exultation and malice of a fiend, between whom and himself the resemblance, I thought, was perfect. Finding I could not gain the canoe, which by this time had swung out into the current, I turned from the heart-sickening sight of the mangled man, and, dreading a similar fate, ran down by the river-side, in the hope of escaping; but I had not proceeded far, when I was observed by the other Indian, who easily headed me, and stopped farther flight or parley.

Contrary to the expectation I had formed, the Indian, instead of seizing me with anger, approached with calmness, and extended his hand in token of peace. I took it; and from what I had heard of the character and customs of Indian life, I felt assured of present safety. The whole of the events comprised in the rencontre just recited, occupied less than a minute. The circumstances which led to the assault and capture may be as briefly related. The Indians, it seems, had been hovering about the hill in quest of horses, a few of which they longed to pick up. Hearing the loud crying of a child, they advanced to the bank of the river, rightly judging that the sound proceeded from a canoe. They arrived too late to injure that of which the innocent little

mischief-maker was an occupant, and discovered ours, about a quarter of a mile below. Determined to do something, in the form of plunder or massacre, they coolly awaited our approach, concealing themselves behind a large log among the willows. The scheme was but too successful. Nothing could exceed the promptness of the attack, which was made just as the canoe arrived opposite the ambush. Mr. Light happily eluded the vigilance of the foe. He had been wounded by the first fire in the left arm; but, being an expert and able swimmer, he contrived, by the dexterous use of his right arm and hand, to effect his escape. Poor lady Coleman was harder put to it; and yet she fared sumptuously, all things considered. Compelled to leave the canoe, in which she was a mark for the enemy's fire, she gallantly threw herself into the river. Whether or not she was a person of large dimensions, I will not now pretend to avouch; for recollection furnishes no clue. Incredible as the circumstance appears, though encumbered with several weighty garments, she never sank. Indeed her clothes, instead of becoming an inconvenience by their weight, seemed to be a help. When I saw her, they appeared spread out on the surface of the water, like the large round leaf of a marine plant, with her head in the centre, by which means her buoyancy was infallibly safe. Thus securely invested, she was carried with the current to

Cincinnati. Such an arrival, I humbly apprehend, they never had before or since. The honour of being the first to convey the news of my captivity is a contested point, and is claimed by our aquatic female friend, and her co-partner Light. To which of the two the palm is to be awarded, I cannot tell; the thing is immaterial; and it will be enough to state, with regard both to lady and gentleman, that their deliverance was providential.

The Indian who had taken me prisoner, and who continued to grasp my hand, led the way, followed by his companion, whose tomahawk was suspended almost over my head. In this order we began to climb the hill bordering the Ohio; and after crossing a road near the summit, we stopped to make observations. The Indians, whose senses both of hearing and sight are amazingly acute, cast a keen and searching glance in every direction, and listened attentively, as if they heard, or thought they heard, the footsteps of approaching pursuers. On being satisfied that no one was nigh, our retreat was recommenced; and, having quickly regained the top of another hill, our march was hastened, till we fairly ran at the height of my speed; one of the Indians still holding my hand, and the other following, with his tomahawk in a menacing position. Unfortunately for myself, I had been so imprudent as to leave my shoes in the canoe; and being urged so rapidly by my tall and longer-legged

conductors, with feet wholly unprotected, my situation was no sinecure. This was noticed by the guiding Indian, whom I now regarded as a master, who immediately supplied me with a pair of mocassons.* Unwilling to be behind in generosity, I presented him with a pocket-handkerchief, which he received as a mark of gratitude. I observed also that the other Indian had so far abated in his suspicion, as to place his tomahawk in the belt. Fearing lest he should consider himself slighted, and become jealous of the preference shown to his comrade, I gave him my hat. The article was not well received. He threw it contemptuously on the ground: soon after, as if influenced by second thought, and thinking, probably, that if found it might direct pursuit, he picked it up, carried it in his hand till evening, and then burned it. The Indians soon after relaxed their speed; and I was thankful for it, having hitherto been kept in a continued trot. The course pursued was due north. About an hour before sun-set, after descending a high hill, we reached a small stream, running in a westerly direction, which I believe to be the rivulet and hill adjoining Sharon.

Our line of advance now lay through a shallow stream, in which we waded for a full half mile; the leading Indian directing me to step in his track, while the other that followed trod in mine.

* A kind of sandal or shoe.

Having safely forded the lake, we travelled about a mile through a tolerably well-made road, and at sunset encamped on a low point of thick underwood, near a rivulet. Here, while one Indian kindled a fire, the other went in pursuit of game, and soon returned with a racoon,* which he had killed with his rifle. The culinary processes were soon accomplished. The hair of the animal was first singed off, when it was divided lengthwise, and broiled on the fire. The Indians ate voraciously. Overcome with weakness and anxiety, I could take very little refreshment; added to which, just before supper was ready, I had witnessed a scene calculated to destroy the appetite of a cormorant, or, if it be possible, even a cannibal. While my commandant was dressing the racoon, I happened to perceive the other Indian peculiarly busy; and, on noticing his movements, saw him draw from the sheath his large brass-handled knife, and cutting off the limb of a small dwarf tree, he took from his bullet-pouch the black scalp, recently torn from the head of the unfortunate white man; then, piercing a hole near its edge, he hung it on the stump of the severed branch, and with deliberation, and a kind of butcher-like hardiness, which proved the extent of his practice in that line, carefully scraped off the fat from the inner part. Having finished that

* A small four-footed animal: the *Ursus Lotor*: class, Mammalia.

process, he formed a small hoop about six inches in diameter, with an elastic thread of deer's sinew, and stretched the scalp upon it, like the parchment on a drum-head, or as if preparing to dry the skin of an animal. To what uses the scalp was ultimately applied I know not, but believe it was exhibited as a trophy of victory, in accordance with Indian custom. But I cannot dismiss this Indian-gentleman without additional notices. His name was Waw-paw-maw-quaw, or White Loon. He was no beauty; when on his feet, he amounted to an immense ill-looking fellow; and, as will be gathered from the preceding account, he was by no means remarkable for loveliness of disposition. Having finished the repast, the Indians prepared for rest. This was managed with great cunning and caution. They first fastened the middle of a cord, formed into a noose, about my neck, extending its ends to my wrists separately: they then spread a blanket on the ground, and ordered me to lie down; then taking their places on each side, they passed the ends of my corded manacle beneath their bodies, and, covering themselves with the remaining blanket, soon sunk into a profound sleep. For some time I lay ruminating on the sad events of the past day. My mind was filled with fearful apprehensions of the future. Stung with the thoughts of home, of my beloved parents and affectionate sisters, I felt impressed for the moment, that I should behold them no more.

My prospect was indeed sufficiently gloomy. The hands into which I had fallen were used to deeds of blood. Rapine and plunder were their professional pursuits; and, from all I had seen, the men between whom I lay bound were a specimen of the worst, where all were bad: a couple of the most consummate rogues that could possibly infest the pale of civilized society. Recollecting all this, tears of bitter regret flowed plentifully, and I could scarcely repress my sobs. Then a momentary ray of hope glanced across my soul. I became more tranquil. Methods of escape were presented; but before I could execute the plan even in imagination, my energies were exhausted. "Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," interposed her kindly office, and my sorrows were suspended till the coming day.

I have since heard that the news of my captivity created a strong sensation at Columbia. The commanding officer immediately dispatched a messenger to my father, announcing the painful occurrence, and proposing to send out a small force of regulars. As the matter became more generally known, the interest excited spread wider. A number of the inhabitants soon assembled, properly armed, and prepared to pursue the Indians. But my father foresaw, from his intimate acquaintance with the manners of these roving barbarians, that if the party who seized me were hard pressed, resentment would

arise, they would take my life, and, after all, most likely escape. He therefore respectfully declined the proffered aid, and peremptorily forbade all pursuit. To this restriction our kind friends reluctantly assented: they accordingly went no farther than the place where I was taken, and where they discovered the remains of the murdered man already alluded to.

To describe the feelings of my parents, is out of my power. To be bereaved by death of an only son, and the youngest of a numerous family, of whom but six were living, would, under ordinary circumstances, have been a severe affliction. Had I been found dead, inhumanly scalped and mangled on the beach by the side of my unfortunate companion, the shock, though powerful, might have gradually subsided; and the violence of grief would in the course of time have abated: but, that I should be taken by the Indians, whose savagism was terrific and proverbial, and be thus doomed to a living death or dying life, was to my parents, and especially my mother, a reflection almost insupportable. "Busy, meddling memory" recalled past enjoyment, and perpetually tormented her waking moments. Fancy pictured even more than I was likely to suffer. In her mind's eye she saw me fainting with fatigue, or famishing with hunger, or pining with disease, or yielding my last breath, the melancholy and despairing prey

of these united evils. Her visionary terror discovered me falling by the knife, or sinking under the blow of the tomahawk, or expiring at the stake in flames, under the most refined and cruel tortures. These agonizing apprehensions admitted, for a long season, neither of alleviation nor abatement. It was not until the ensuing month of November that any information concerning me reached my friends. Verbal communications were then made, by which, through the medium of the commanding officer at Port Vincennes, they were given to understand I was alive, and had been seen at an Indian village near the mouth of the Auglaize.

This is a digression : I will resume my narrative. We awoke with the dawn of morning : it was the 8th of July. Having untied the cord with which I was secured, the Indians arose, and I followed their example. Our breakfast was scanty, and consisted only of the remnant of the racoon on which we had previously supped. The next care was to arrange our baggage, which consisted of two blankets, a bridle, a length of cord, and a scalp. The catalogue of articles is certainly brief, but was deemed satisfactory by the proprietors : the whole was easily shouldered in travelling order. Nothing then remained but to examine the priming of the loaded rifles ; and before the sun arose we were marching in single file, my master in front, myself in the centre, and White

Loon in the rear, in the direction of the Shawnee villages. The morning of this day was pleasant, with a clear sky, and the air balmy and refreshing. The ground, less broken and more level than that we had passed, was covered with verdure; tall woods on either hand were sublimely beautiful; and, but for the condition in which I found myself when every step bore me farther from friends and home, I should have been delighted. Even under the depressing situation in which I was then placed, my mind gradually became cheerful, and my spirits had regained some portion of their wonted elevation.

About noon I observed that, while passing along the east side of a high hill, behind which there appeared to be a wide opening, the Indians altered their gait, and moved cautiously, bending occasionally forward, and trailing their rifles, as if to elude observation. Proceeding about half a mile, we halted in a deep ravine, when White Loon, taking the bridle, and pursuing a westerly course, dived into the hollow, and disappeared. It struck me that these worthies intended to ply their usual avocation; and so it proved. In about ten minutes the black visage of Squire White Loon was visible. His worship was mounted on a fine cream-coloured horse, which, of course, came to him; but which, in the language of the Decalogue, he had just stolen. Taking me up behind, he trotted off for several miles, the other

Indian following, until, coming to a thick undergrowth of low herbage, he slacked into a brisk walk. Here we discovered a faint and rudely-constructed foot-walk. This we endeavoured to trace, till at length it led to a good plain path, which I afterwards learned was an Indian war-path.

Stolen waters are said to be sweet, and bread, on the palate of dishonest sensuality, to be pleasant; but the aggressors know not that the dead are there. The Indians seemed highly delighted with their late fraudulent acquisition, riding the horse by turns, and occasionally placing me behind them. But we soon found, as many of our betters have before us, that worldly advantages, and especially those that are wrongfully obtained, are fleeting and delusive. About the middle of the afternoon, probably for want of proper and sufficient food, and on account of being overworked, the horse suddenly became dull, so that it was with difficulty he could be urged forward. The consequence of putting a beggar on horseback has been often foretold, so that I need not repeat it; and the Indians seemed to have no other idea of the noble animal they so ill-treated, than that of a thing to be ridden upon, without cessation or refreshment. Our horse soon became restive, and presently came to a dead stop. White Loon then dismounted, and, having furnished himself with a hickory-switch, laid lustily about the beast; but his ill-judged labour was in vain.

The horse remained still, or only kicked: the other Indian then tried to lead him forward, but not another step would he advance. The animal had no doubt been attacked with some internal disorder, induced by excessive exhaustion, and the injurious management of these blundering jockeys. Unable to stand, the horse fell on his side, with a deep groan, rolling and plunging with distressing violence. The limbs were convulsively agitated, and his head frequently struck the ground with sad force. After beating him with cruelty, not to be excused even in a savage, the Indians began to expostulate. They threatened the horse, and endeavoured to alarm him as to the consequences of persisted contumacy. Then, in a fit of anger, my master seized his rifle, and vowed he would shoot him unless he immediately arose. Finding this ineffectual, he let fly a volley of imprecations and abuse in broken English, in which he invoked all manner of evils on the animal. It will readily be supposed that all this talkative fury signified and ended in nothing. The horse was left lying on the road; so that, although the owner was deprived of his property, the robbers gained little by the outrage.

Being again reduced to the humble class of pedestrian travellers, we set forward on foot as before. After pushing on for several miles, we drew up at sunset in a low rich valley, near a charming stream; and, having lighted a fire,

roasted part of a young fawn, which White Loon a very few moments before had killed. We ate a hearty supper, though two needful articles, salt and bread, were missing; neither of which could be procured till we arrived at the Indian villages. Before retiring to rest, the Indians resorted to a practice which served to show, that, however depraved and degenerate may be the condition of the human heart, the notion of a Supreme Being, though mixed up with much that is absurd and unmeaning, is universally discoverable. These, therefore, "who have not the law, are a law unto themselves, their conscience also bearing witness, and their thoughts the mean while accusing or else excusing one another." Singular too as it may seem, the necessity of a sacrificial or some propitiatory act, in order to appease or avert the wrath, and secure the protection of this unknown power, is also to be noticed as a predominant persuasion. The person in whom I had observed this devotional temperament, and who acted as high-priest on the occasion referred to, was no other than White Loon himself, from whom I certainly had expected nothing of the kind. After supper he took a small roll of tobacco, and cut it into fine pieces, by passing the edge of a knife between his forefinger and thumb; receiving the whole, when thus prepared, into the palm of his hand. He then with great solemnity and earnestness of manner commenced

his worship. His lips moved, as if uttering certain petitions. He then proceeded to sprinkle a few grains of tobacco on the live embers,—an offering, as I was given to understand, to the Great Spirit. That the general behaviour of this man was at variance with true religion, need not be told; and yet, ruffian-like and infuriated as he commonly was, it is clear that his dark soul was not quite unvisited with that “light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world.” Not that I design to enter into abstruse inquiries relative to the salvation of the heathen world. On that point we may be quite composed. The ways of the Almighty are equal. He holds with impartial hands the balance and the rod, and will assuredly render to everyone according to his works.

The luxury, such as it is, of smoking the Indian weed was of almost universal prevalence among the aborigines of these lands. I have known the dried leaves of tobacco to be deposited in the bullet-pouch for occasional use. The bowl of a tomahawk served the purpose of a pipe; and the method of smoking was, to fill the mouth with smoke, and, closing the lips, force it through the nostrils, strongly inhaling the air, and accompanying the process with a slight grinding of the teeth. Such is smoking among savages: what it is among philosophers and literati, I shall not venture to affirm; but I

have heard, that if any desire to be correctly informed, they may know all by consulting an interesting tract, on the "Use and Abuse of Tobacco," written some years since by the eminent European scholar, Dr. Adam Clarke.

It was now my turn to be alarmed from a quarter whence I had so far received benefits without ceasing. After a hard day's journey of nearly forty miles, kept up with little intermission from sunrise to sunset, we lay down to rest before our fire; and, under the shade of a wide-spreading beech-tree, soon tried to forget our weariness in grateful slumber. A few hours only elapsed before we were suddenly awaked by the howling of a tremendous hurricane, passing only at a short distance from our lodgment. Large trees were prostrated with loud and oft-repeated crash: deafening peals of thunder followed with such rapidity, that the aerial roar was incessant. The flashes of lightning, whose vividness exceeded everything of the sort I had ever known, kindled and kept up a sheet of flame expansive as the horizon. An ominous congeries of black clouds came driving on from the eastward, and presented on the whole an elemental strife of the most appalling description. The alarm I felt was great indeed. I thought the universe had given way, and that nature was about to heave her last throe and expire. Another discovery was made. I found that my spiritual state was unsatisfactory.

It struck me, that perhaps the great day of almighty wrath was come, and I felt myself unable to stand. I then resolved, that, if God would spare my life, all my faculties and powers should be devoted to His service. But resolutions made in the hour of danger, or the prospect of death, are often illusory. Mine were registered in air, and no sooner made than forgotten.

I was not a little surprised at the coolness of the Indians during this visitation. Expecting every moment to perish, I had for some time stood mute with astonishment; and, unconscious of the presence of any human being, was perfectly absorbed by the extraordinary scene; when, my terror having a little subsided, I looked at the Indians who stood near me. They were patterns of intrepidity and self-possession. Apparently unaware of danger, they were gazing upwards with a sort of delighted wonder. Frequently, when an unusually vivid bolt had been shot from a dense and pitchy cloud, their enjoyment appeared to rise the higher. Their imaginations seemed to revel in the fury of the storm, and occasionally they were unable to repress expressions of satisfaction. I repeatedly heard one exclamation, *Wauhaugh! waugh!* which signify admiration. On the following morning the warring winds were hushed, every cloud had disappeared, the sky was serene, and the sun shone brightly. The wide waste around served, however, to remind us of the

violence of the late tempest. The tree-tops were bent, fallen branches strewed the ground, and the devastation appeared extensive. After getting an early breakfast, we pursued our journey; but our progress for the first half-hour was slow, and encumbered with numerous difficulties. Sometimes we had to climb over the large bodies of fallen trees, or to wind round their up-torn roots, and occasionally to creep through their tops interwoven with underwood. Those who have never witnessed the effects of a tornado can form but an inadequate idea of its power and operation. Here, for at least a quarter of a mile in breadth, and many miles in length, not a tree had been able to withstand its force. Not only were the larger trees torn up by the roots, but a great number of young trees, whose main stems were not less than two feet in diameter, were twisted asunder, some near the ground, and others ten or twenty feet from it, apparently with as much ease as a man would separate a slender twig. Such are the works of God; and so powerful are the agencies employed in the execution of His purposes and the accomplishment of His will.

CHAPTER V.

SEVERAL hours spent in hard travelling had passed before we reached the end of the lengthened avenue of fallen trees. Soon after taking

leave of them we halted near a small open space on the left. Here we heard the sound of a bell, a note which, to my superiors, had peculiar charms. Waw-paw-maw-quaw was off *instantly*. He proceeded, guided, no doubt, by the correctness of his ear, in a westerly direction, and returned in about half an hour with an old black horse, which had probably belonged to the army, and had strayed. The bell we heard, and whose tinkling had been so successfully traced, was suspended by a broad leathern belt around the neck of the animal. This bell we stuffed with grass, to put an end to the noise it made, lest we should not only meet with the horse, but its owner; an interview by no means desirable. This horse, like the last, was speedily appropriated for use. It was far inferior to the ill-fated animal before mentioned; and yet we esteemed the old warrior as a valuable helpmate. As my feet were rendered sore by continued walking, I was placed on the newly-acquired steed; and as his paces were of the steady, sober kind, I rode very pleasantly, enjoying the comfort thus afforded, and was glad to find that the Indians were careless as to sharing it with me.

After a brief halt at noon, and taking some refreshment, we renewed our journey till about six in the evening; when, passing along the side of a ridge leading to a low bottom, we stopped on the south bank of a beautiful stream, the name

of which, as I have since been told, is Buck-creek. Each side was skirted by a grove. Near the spot was a small naturally-formed meadow; and adjoining that, only on the opposite bank of the stream, a prairie extending a mile or two north and west. Tempted by this inviting locality, the Indians resolved to remain in it for a season. But this, in their opinion, was a matter that required some care. The first point was to secure the horse; the second, to secure myself. The four-footed slave, being less witty than him with two feet, was sent to graze, merely with the bell round his neck to guide those who searched for him. With regard to myself, the precautions were of a much graver cast. I was ordered to sit down with my back against a small tree. The Indians then took a cord and tied it to the tree, after which it was passed round my neck, and from thence to my wrists separately. My arms were then extended obliquely on each side, when they fastened one end of the cord to a stake driven into the ground, and the other to the stump of a tree on the bank of the stream. A flat piece of bark was afterwards placed over my head, as a shelter from the sun. Thus secured, we parted. I was left to my reflections, and the Indians went on a hunting expedition.

Cords and lashings may secure the body, but thought cannot be confined. Mine moved through a thousand circles. Tender recollections of home

and its valued inmates, came crowding on in painful succession. My condition then appeared more wretched than ever: added to which, I was, in the most dismal sense of the term, a slave, the property of another, who placed me in the list of his goods and chattels, to be dealt with as he pleased, and sold or bartered away at pleasure. I felt then, and after-years have confirmed the sentiment, that let slavery be disguised and modified as it may, it is an accursed and intolerable evil. There may be gradations of suffering and privation, as there are shades of difference in any other dark villany; but that cannot disarm the principle of slavery of its virulence and injustice. The slave-owner may be susceptible of occasional fits of good humour, or he may be naturally well-tempered; but, on the part of the oppressed, these are circumstances of but minor import. Such a one has to reflect, "I do not possess a title even to myself; these hands, and the faculties which direct them, belong to the proprietor, of whose estate I am part and parcel: the capriciousness of his will controls or urges me with the force of law, and all my movements are impelled or impeded by my owner." These reflections enter the soul; and, unless the faculties have failed, are enough to drive the sufferer to desperation.

Though not quite twelve years of age, these considerations produced bitterness and grief, which I was unable to mitigate or subdue; and

in despite of surrounding difficulties, the idea of escape was so powerfully presented, that I knew not how to cast it aside. After reflecting on several schemes, my contrivances seemed to fail, and I sank into despondency; but desires for liberty, when once awakened, are not easily repressed. My resolution returned; and having been taught to believe in the doctrine of an overruling Providence, I besought the Almighty to aid my undertaking, and prosper the enterprise. Never did I offer a more sincere and fervent prayer; and I remember having promised that, if He would deliver me from the hands of the savages, and restore me to my beloved parents, I would serve Him during the residue of my days. Having thus implored Divine assistance, proceedings were commenced with all the vigour I could collect. Seizing the cord with which I was bound, I first pulled it strongly with my right hand, for the purpose of breaking or detaching it from the stump to which it was made fast. Unable to succeed, I tried with my left hand, endeavouring to loosen the stake to which the other end was tied. This was alike unsuccessful. It then occurred to me, that the cord being put round the cuff of my coat-sleeve, it would be possible to slip it off. On making the effort, I had the pleasure of finding it rather loose and movable. Another tug, and I drew my arm fairly through the loop. Having my left hand free, it was the

work only of a few moments to disengage the other. When this was effected, and finding myself once more restored to personal freedom, I lost no time in making use of it. The bridle of our horse was placed close by: that I picked up, and, thrusting into my bosom a small piece of fly-blown meat, the remnant of the fawn we had killed, as provision for my journey, went in search of the horse. He was quietly grazing at a short distance, and I caught him without difficulty. I then put on the bridle, made a sort of whip with twisted strips of bark, mounted without delay, and commenced my perilous and uncertain journey homeward. From the report of rifles repeatedly heard, I judged the Indians were about a mile distant, in a south-westerly direction, and flattered myself that I should easily return unperceived along the path in which we had already travelled.

The scheme was not amiss; but so child-like were my views and reasonings, and so eagerly did my thoughts fly to home and its desired sweets, to the threshold of which my imagination had already arrived, that the notion of pursuit by the incensed Indians never entered into my calculations. The conclusion to which I had come was that if I could once get a few miles beyond the encampment on the right side, all would be safe. The result was just what might have been expected, though on my part there was no deficiency of perseverance and exertion. My first

attempt was, to put the horse to his utmost speed. In this I was altogether foiled. He had, in fact, seen his best days, and was not to be seduced from his ordinary pace by me or any one else. Thinking that my riding-whip of twisted bark was insufficient to arouse his energies, I threw it away, and gathering a switch from a neighbouring hedge-tree, applied it with spirit to the poor animal's side; I then struck him with my heels, and jerked the reins; but all was useless, nor could I excite him even to trot. I had left the camp about an hour after sunrise, and had travelled steadily, though perhaps with circuitous course, till nearly sunset; but such was the slowness of my progress, that I had not proceeded, in a straight line, more than three or four miles. Having made up my mind to halt for the night, I dismounted, and, bending a small twig by the path-side, pointing homewards, I led the horse up a gentle slope of woodland into a close thicket of very small sassafras, and, securing him with the bridle, went in search of a lodging-place.

About sixty yards south of the thicket, I observed a large fallen tree facing the path, having near its root a hollow, forming a shelter. This I selected as a passable resting-place; but, being hungry, and having no provision for the future, except a small piece of meat which I wished to preserve for the next day, I resolved to make my evening's meal on raspberries, which grew here in

great abundance. I accordingly strayed from bush to bush, eagerly picking and eating to satisfy the craving of appetite. So deeply had I been engaged, that on attempting to return to my lodging-place I grew bewildered, and knew not which way to pursue. At length I felt myself completely lost, and grew dreadfully alarmed. I ran about in every direction, seeking the thicket where I had secured my horse; and, overcome with terror at the thought of perishing in the wilderness, regretted the attempt I had made to escape. Happily, after wandering for some time, I found the hollow log; and, having drawn together a quantity of loose leaves, I made them up into a decent sort of pillow, and lay thankfully down, covered with my jacket, devoutly thanking God for saving me from impending danger, and for all His kindness: I then composed myself to rest, and slept sweetly.

That proved to be an eventful night, and my slumber was of short continuance. The events of the preceding day, and perhaps the uncertain occurrences of the morrow, were too mighty for resistance. Hope and fear, thankfulness for the past, and trembling for the future, alternately agitated my mind. I had seen the sun set with more than usual glory. The evening, mild, calm, and silent, had followed. The soft twilight, gradually deepening, was fast merging into night. The birds had chanted their vesper hymn; and

through the almost illimitable solitude of the primeval forest, deep and uninterrupted stillness reigned. The sense of loneliness which then oppressed me cannot be told. I found myself all unaided and alone, in the centre of a vast wilderness, exposed to prowling wolves and deadly panthers. My heart sank within me; especially when it struck me, that I was unable, if attacked by wild animals, to oppose even the barrier of fire between myself and destruction. After all, the thought of home, and the hope of reaching it in safety, chased away half my misgivings, and inspired fresh courage.

Having lain some time, now closing my eyes in a vain effort to lengthen out my sleep, now opening them upon the spreading tree-tops, or stars faintly gleaming through their branches, I was suddenly aroused by the crackling of bushes, and a confused noise like that of quickly-repeated footsteps on the ground. Looking towards the part whence the noise proceeded, I observed a herd of deer bounding through the woods, and swiftly approaching me. Presently, one of them sprang over the log under which I lay: others leaped between me and the thicket in which I had placed the horse: the whole pack were almost instantly out of sight. Scarcely had I again resumed my leafy bed, when, hearing a rustling among the underwood at a short distance, I raised myself on my elbow to ascertain the

cause ; when, on looking through an opening between the limbs of the fallen tree which I then inhabited, I saw the two Indians from whom I fled. They had just entered the thicket. The consternation and dismay by which I was overwhelmed, deprived me at first of the power both of speech and action. I saw them advance to the horse and take hold of the bridle, after which they minutely examined the passes of the thicket, from different points of observation, and with the evident design of detecting my retreat. By this time I had recovered some little composure ; and, apprehending that if I gave further trouble, and allowed them to discover me, I should at once be dispatched with the tomahawk, I felt the necessity, and with that the resolution, to discover myself : instantly springing up with assumed cheerfulness, the effort to produce which cost me no small price, and putting on my jacket, I ran to the thicket, and with the fear of punishment, mingled with some hope of clemency, I uttered the truly child-like though genuine excuse, "I have been out picking raspberries."

The interview was horrible. The moment I was observed by the ignited savage, he raised his levelled rifle to shoot me. His countenance resembled that of a malignant fiend, bent on mischief and murder ; and while grinding his teeth with rage, I felt there was but a step between me and death. My blood seemed to

congeal; and how it was that the catastrophe was averted, is yet to myself matter of astonishment. Possibly, my mother's prayers were just then ascending before the throne. My father, peradventure, was supplicating protection for his lost son; or, it may be the Father of mercies said, "Lay not thy hand upon the lad." Let no one impiously hint that these are idle conjectures, or are based in fanaticism or enthusiasm. "Do I not fill heaven and earth? saith the Lord;" and are not His power and presence omnipotently nigh "in the void waste as in the city full?" At the critical juncture just described, and apparently within one second of time ere the bullet was sped, the Almighty touched the heart of a man with compassion from whom I certainly had no reason to expect it. This was no other than my friend Waw-paw-maw-quaw. Throwing up the muzzle of his comrade's nearly-levelled rifle, he saved my life: a brief altercation then took place between the parties, which was succeeded by earnest conversation. The debate and ensuing conference, no doubt, had reference to myself; and when they were closed, each man put down his rifle, and, cutting large switches from a neighbouring thicket, commenced beating me severely on the head and shoulders till their whips were literally worn out. I bore the beating with the firmness of an Indian; never once complaining, nor entreating remission; but did not

dare to offer further resistance than to throw up my arms to protect my head. Even here I saw, and have since more clearly seen, the hand of mercy. It so happened, or rather was so ordered, that there were none but sassafras-bushes within reasonable reach. Had the Indians beaten me with hickory or oak switches, I should certainly have been killed. When they had wearied themselves in the infliction of this commuted punishment, they gave me to understand, by several decisive and intelligible signs, that if I again attempted to escape they would kill and scalp me. Having delivered themselves of this gracious notice, which was given, without doubt, in good faith, we once more set forward towards the encampment. White Loon moved on in front, leading me by the hand; and the other Indian followed on the horse until we reached the war-path. The march was then continued in single file, the centre being composed of myself, with a red man in front and rear.

These were but the beginning of sorrows. The treatment which followed my attempt to regain liberty was made up of a series of injuries and cruelty, almost too much for human endurance. It was indeed to be expected, that the vigilance of the Indians should be re-excited, and that some abridgment of my privileges would follow; and, had not wanton barbarity been added, I should have borne the penalty without a murmur.

If at any time I flagged a little through weariness, or fell out of the exact line behind the leading man, the other behind goaded me with a pointed stick, or strove to ride over me. When we had proceeded about two miles, the scoundrel who had so recently longed to murder me alighted from his horse, and, gathering some switches, inflicted several severe blows on my head and shoulders. Weary and faint, I rejoiced when at last we reached the camp: but my exultation was brief; for, without stopping even to secure the horse, the Indians proceeded to manacle my hands. Passing a cord round my elbows, they then drew them together behind my back, so closely as almost to dislocate my shoulders. Then tying my wrists tightly, so as nearly to prevent the circulation of blood, they fastened the ends of the cord to a forked stake driven into the ground. The torture was almost unendurable; and none but tigers in human shape could have so far imposed on a youth, whose only crime consisted in a justifiable attempt to escape from the rogues who had detained him. My former sufferings, though acute, were nothing compared with those now experienced. I could not lie down on account of the shortness and tension of the cord. To sleep was impossible. My head, bruised and swollen, pained me exceedingly; but the most terrible sensation was produced by the violent straining of my arms

behind my back. My ribs felt as if separated from the breast-bone, and my shoulder-blades as if torn and wrenched from my body. So far my confidence in the Almighty had remained unshaken : but now my feet had well nigh slipped ; and in the bitterness of my anguish I longed for death, and was ready to hail the grave as a salutary and desirable refuge.

The night of this suffering seemed of length almost interminable ; but, thanks be to God, like all other seasons of human trial, it came to an end. Great indeed was my thankfulness, when, soon after dawn, the Indians prepared to release me from confinement. Not that they put themselves out of the way by any extraordinary haste. The sun had long risen before I was released ; nor was it until after they had eaten their breakfast, and prepared for the day's journey, that I received the favour of their attention. On moving forward, we first forded Buck-creek, which forms the eastern branch of Mud-river. It was here about thirty feet wide, and, being swelled with late rains, reached to my waist while wading through it. We then passed on parallel with the eastern boundary of a prairie, and within sight of lofty woodlands, not less than a mile and a half in length. Soon after we crossed Mud-river, about sixty feet in width, and an important branch of the Great Miami. We then ascended a fruitful bank, matted

with blue grass, and covered with raspberry-bushes and plum-trees, and exhibiting the appearance of having once been an Indian village. Here we halted a little, while the Indians adjusted their blankets, and made a pair of bark-stirrups; while I improved the time by procuring an ample breakfast of raspberries, fresh and well-flavoured, from the abundant surrounding store.

Setting out afresh, we travelled over a fine undulating tract of country, through open woods, and about noon descended into a vast and richly-variegated hollow, where the Indians chose to halt, taking care, as usual, to be in the vicinity of a fine spring. In this stage of my wandering I was doomed to uncommon mental distress, by an anticipation of a calamity founded, on my part, entirely in mistake, and which for a time threw me into unspeakable misery. And yet, on a retrospect of my recent and present condition, and especially at the treatment I had received, it is no great wonder, that, in circumstances so defenceless, I sometimes feared when fear need not have existed. My alarm proceeded from the view of a large sycamore-tree near our encampment. It was hollow at the bottom, had an opening of about six feet high, and was barricaded round the lower part with logs covered with brush-wood. To this tree the Indians formally proceeded; after removing the furze from the

front, and looking into the hollow part, they returned to the spring, where they made a fire, and roasted some squirrels which they had killed in the morning. They then sat down, and ate their dinner; and very excellent it undoubtedly was. But they offered me none, though I was perishing with hunger, and though they knew that for the last twenty-four hours I had eaten nothing but a few raspberries.

This unkindness, coupled with the contempt I had to encounter, was acutely felt, and reminded me of every former instance of Indian inhumanity. While brooding over these melancholy events, the dark hollow interior of the sycamore-tree arrested my attention, the surface of which had a blackened and charred appearance, as if produced by the action of fire. In the same instant my mind was struck with the apprehension that the Indians intended to burn me as they had others. This idea was a dreadful addition to my wretchedness; nor could I even with the most strenuous effort parry or dismiss it. Weak and faint for want of food, debilitated by the effects of dysentery which attacked me that very morning, stiff and sore from beating and confinement, with feet swelled by hard walking, and my legs torn with briars, I was surely an object of pity. Unwilling that the Indians should detect my distress, I had firmness enough to turn away my face while ruminating on the desponding

prospect. The conflict was severe. I was more than half disposed to pray for the approach of death; but my mind was not without some portion of spiritual light, and before I could well resolve on such a petition, a sense of my unfitness for the eternal world drove me back on life, as a refuge from more terrible misery. Calm and better thoughts were eventually inspired, and a gush of tears which I could not suppress, but which I concealed from the Indians, greatly tended to my relief. I afterwards washed my face, and bathed my throbbing temples, in the brook; striving, and partly succeeding, to assume the appearance of cheerfulness. The result soon showed that the horror which had shaken my frame, nigh to dissolution, was perfectly uncalled for. The dark, capacious, and ominously hollow tree, within which my fears had created so much of the terrific, was neither more nor less than a receptacle or warehouse for Indian goods. The fact is curious and worth explaining. It seems that in the dwellings of an Indian village, so strong and well-founded is mutual confidence, that such articles as bolts and locks are never required; and that when the cabins are left, either empty or with property within, a log is placed against the entrance, which, as a symbol of security, affords ample protection to the goods deposited, and is held to convey abundant evidence of the right of possession in behalf of the

occupant,—a right seldom or never violated, even by the most worthless among them. The same rule is observed even in the wilderness, with regard to property known or supposed to belong to Indians of the same tribe, or to those of other tribes at peace with them;—an example of integrity and good feeling which might be advantageously copied by many persons professing to be wiser and more civilized than they.

That the preceding detail forms a chapter of serious accidents, is undoubted. Treatment so unmercifully severe pressed heavily; and yet I was sustained. By the light of human reason, I saw no way of escape: but the ways of God are not like ours, neither are His thoughts like our thoughts. He can make darkness light, and crooked things straight; and when He pleases, can bring the blind by a way they knew not. Often when we appear to be hemmed in with difficulties, an opening among the hills is suddenly presented, and we are surprised by deliverance, which, till the moment of discovery, appeared impossible. Even in seasons of actual suffering, He sustains the heart, and giveth songs in the night; nor is any consideration more cheering than that of the unchangeableness of the Almighty. Amidst the fickleness of erring mortal man, the Divine immutability is an anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast in its saving power. When Hagar fled from the presence of her angry

mistress, she was neither forsaken nor forgotten. With equal truth and submissiveness, she exclaimed, "Thou God seest me!" and, lo! the angel was nigh to sustain and console her. Wherefore, the well, at which she made this happy recognition, was called Beer-lahai-roi, that is, "the well of Him that liveth and seeth me." When Jacob, apprehensive of the wrath of Esau, fled to Haran, he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set. But the absence of external comfort was abundantly counterbalanced by inward peace and assurance. So completely did he arise above existing difficulty, that, on awaking from sleep, he said, "Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not. This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." The conspiracy against Joseph was strong and well-laid; neither was there deficient resolution in executing the violence designed. They said one to another, "Behold, this dreamer cometh! let us slay him, and cast him into some pit." They cast him into a pit, and did a great deal more that no brother ought to have done; yet Joseph was not excluded from the notice of Omniscience, and the time came when these very men were glad to receive from him even a corn of wheat, and when without his permission no one was allowed to lift up hand or foot in all the land of Egypt. The pursuit of David, by Saul, appeared

likely to terminate fatally; but God was the helper of His servant; no weapon formed against him prospered, and every tongue which arose against him in judgment was condemned. Saul strove hard to capture the fugitive; but his designs, though well-planned, were frustrated. "He took three thousand chosen men out of all Israel, and went to seek David and his men upon the rocks of the wild goats." And yet, though the flower of the army were thus selected, the result was, that the pursuer himself was placed at the mercy of the man whose life he sought, who, nevertheless, had the magnanimity to spare him. The acknowledgment on the part of Saul was prompt and inevitable: "Thou art more righteous than I; thou shalt surely be King;"—an event which soon after took place.

In the early ages of the world "there was a man in the land of Uz whose name was Job; and that man was perfect and upright." Yet it pleased the Lord to grieve and trouble him; but, what then? Did the good man let go his integrity? He did not; and in the end we see that the Lord was very pitiful and of tender mercy. He gave His servant twice as much as he had before; and, though for some time not much indebted to human aid, his blessings eventually came down in showers. He had friends, and family, and fortune. He had seven sons and three daughters; these latter had the

advantage of personal beauty, so that "in all the land no women were found so fair;" and, having the example of extraordinary parental piety, we may conclude that they were as virtuous as well-looking,—an advantage without which a fine face is of very questionable value. Daniel and his fellows were placed in extreme jeopardy by the wrath of Nebuchadnezzar, and yet they were preserved harmless. The fire forgot its power, to burn. The savagism of the brute creation was suspended, and the servants of the Most High remained uninjured,—“the living, the living, to show forth His praise.” Even the Monarch himself was so smitten by interference thus remarkable, that he made a decree, by virtue of which everyone who spake against the God of Daniel was to die, because there was no other god who could save like Him. So also, in later ages, the good hand of our God is often revealed for the protection of His people. In the outgoings of His goodness time and space are annihilated. “Eternity His fountain is, which, like Him, no beginning knew.” A thousand ages, therefore, and a single moment, are alike to Him. Let us listen to the testimony of St. Paul, when writing in the sixtieth year of the Christian era. He wrote experimentally, and his lessons are valuable. “The God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which is blessed for evermore, knoweth that I lie not. In Damascus, the

governor under Aretas the King kept the city of the Damascenes with a garrison, desirous to apprehend me; and through a window in a basket was I let down by the wall, and escaped his hands." And the Apostle adds, "The Lord shall deliver me from every evil work, and will preserve me to His heavenly kingdom;"—an expression of confidence in which we also have a right to join.

CHAPTER VI.

HAVING arrived at the depôt or storehouse already mentioned, the Indians produced from it a blanket and pack-saddle, which were placed in travelling order on the horse's back. They then brought out two large bales of deer-skins, neatly folded, and firmly bound together with straps of raw hide: these being opened, and thrown over the horse, completed his lading, and were secured with a cord. A small brass kettle was also forthcoming from the tree. This completed the invoice; and having put ourselves and the luggage in proper order for moving, our journey was resumed. Having arranged the line of our march, I was provided with a switch, and ordered to move behind the horse for the purpose of urging him forward when disposed to lag. Waw-paw-maw-

quaw was placed in the rear, and, when he thought it necessary, touched me with a stick he had in his hand, and, pointing to the drooping animal, would cry out, *Howh caucheeh*; meaning, that I should quicken his pace; an order much easier given than executed, as the poor animal, like myself, was much the worse for wear, and, no doubt, a great loser by the change of masters. My employment of driver had one good effect. It served to rouse me from the lethargy which, in defiance of my best exertions, crept over me, the slowly approaching but inevitable effect of pain and insufficient nourishment. Nothing, however, would have effectually quickened my energies during these days of unnatural effort, save the conviction I felt, that the moment I was unable to proceed, or became a burden, my life would be forfeited.

About this period I suspected, and soon after discovered, that I had exchanged masters; or, in other words, that one Indian had sold me to another. The person who had deemed himself my proprietor was a Shawnee; and having taken a dislike to me, on account of the attempt I made to escape, from that time thought me of little worth. It so happened that I thought the same of him; so that the coincidence and its consequences were rather happy than otherwise. I was purchased by Waw-paw-maw-quaw, who, of two great rogues, was much the most innocent.

I hope he found me a bargain; though of this I cannot well speak, not being exactly sure of my own value, nor having ever heard the price at which I went. The transfer was to myself most agreeable. I had never fancied my former superior. He was an ugly-looking fellow, and had something sinister in his countenance. What was worse, his disposition was cruel and savage: he was, moreover, miserably mean and selfish; destitute not only of virtuous actions, but of every manly feeling.

Waw-paw-maw-quaw, on the contrary, though labouring like the other under the disadvantages arising from uncultivated morals and manners, evinced the germ of many redeeming qualities. He was the son of a Mohawk Chief, whose tribe, worn away by battle and disaster, was nearly extinct. Though fierce in fight, he was at other times gentle and benevolent. His person, rather above the medium height, was well formed, combining activity with strength; his face was expressively fine, and exhibited a countenance at once open and intelligent. His walk and general bearing were truly noble and manly. It is true, when exasperated by acts of spoliation and injustice, like all other Indians, he was vindictive; but his indignation was patriotic and honest. While some of his countrymen meanly deserted the national weal, and forsook the ranks of their ancient defenders, he held fast his native attach-

ment, and disdained to identify himself in any form with those who had crushed his country by a war of exterminating destructiveness. In this resolution he was immovable. He never fought side by side with the "pale-faces," but bravely resisted their aggressions, so long as there was the slightest hope of preventing further encroachment. When all was lost, and not till then, he yielded to the force of circumstances, and silently submitted to his fate.

Our journeyings were again pursued with the usual celerity. Having travelled about thirty miles, we arrived, two hours before sunset, at one of the largest streams we had yet seen. Waw-paw-maw-quaw, pointing to it, exclaimed, "Miami." He was right in the conjecture. When we waded through it, I was waist-deep in water. I have since more accurately noticed the course of this river; and, keeping in mind the rapidity of the current at this part, and the appearance of the bank at each side, I am satisfied that the part we then crossed was about two miles above Sydney. We encamped in the evening about six miles beyond the Miami, at the mouth of a small creek. Here, for the first time during thirty-six hours, I made a hearty meal, and afterwards slept quietly through the night. On the following morning I found myself greatly invigorated, and prepared with something like cheerfulness for further exertion. Our equipage having been adjusted,

we moved on. The first object which attracted attention was an extensive prairie, well watered, and exceedingly pleasant. Towards evening our food was exhausted, and Waw-paw-maw-quaw took his rifle, to procure some; but he returned unsuccessful. Just then, however, a large hawk was observed flying directly over our heads with a snake in his talons, and, alighting on a tree within range of shot, he was brought down. We immediately began to dress the bird for dinner: the larger feathers were plucked out; the smaller we singed. Thus prepared, the bird was put into our brass kettle and boiled, with a quantity of milkweed, which served for vegetables. In half an hour dinner was ready: but we found that our game was by no means likely to furnish a luxurious repast. The flesh of the bird was so strong and tough, that I could eat but a small portion. Even the Indians ate sparingly; nor were we much assisted by the appendages of the meal. The ingredient above every other to be desired, was salt; of which we had not a grain; so that the taste of the beverage altogether was not only insipid, but sickening.

About the middle of the afternoon a circumstance occurred, which to myself was novel and interesting, and certainly formed an era in my uncouth and almost hopeless pilgrimage. We met with a small company of Indian hunters. They were the first human beings we had seen

since leaving the margin of the much-loved Ohio. Here we rested awhile. Long and animated intercourse ensued; and after making various mutual inquiries, as I supposed, with respect to the welfare of their families, Waw-paw-maw-quaw put himself in speaking attitude, and proceeded at great length to relate the particulars of the expedition in which he had taken a part. He described by gestures, the most significant and striking, the ambush they had contrived, and our approach to it; the opening of their fire, together with the fall of one man on our part, and the escape of another by swimming. The manner in which my capture was effected was then detailed with graphic accuracy; and the address, which amounted to a most vehement piece of native oratory, was closed by the triumphant exhibition of the scalp of the murdered man. The production of this ghastly fragment formed the climax of general exultation; and seemed to supersede the necessity of further reasoning, to prove the superiority of the tribe, and the invincibility of their warrior's prowess. The entire relation was listened to by the hunters with profound attention, interrupted only by expressions of wonder or applause. When the palaver closed, we purchased for a small silver brooch several pieces of dried venison. We then took our leave; and, after supping on a piece of the said venison nicely boiled, I felt thankful for life and its mercies, and lay down to rest.

Attempts have been made by several writers to disparage both the mental and physical qualities of the aborigines of America; especially by M. Buffon, the French naturalist: but it should be remembered, that the degeneracy which he wishes to establish, and impute to these races of men, consists merely of an hypothesis, to the exclusion of facts and observations. His theory is, in reality, good for nothing; and is overturned, not only by the superiority of reasoning adopted by clearer and better writers, but by direct references to the history and conduct of the persons alluded to. It has, for instance, been affirmed, that American Indians are incapable of friendship. Of the truth of such an averment we may judge by the following statement. Some years since Colonel Byrd was sent to the Cherokee nation, to transact some business on behalf of the then British Government. It happened that some disorderly persons had just killed one or two of the Indians: it was therefore proposed, in the council of the Cherokees, that Colonel Byrd should be put to death, in revenge for the loss of their countrymen. Among them was a Chief, called Silouee, who on some former occasion had contracted an acquaintance and friendship with Colonel Byrd. He came to him every night in his tent, and told him not to be afraid: they should not kill him. After many days' deliberation, however, the determination was, contrary to Silouee's expectation, that Byrd

should be put to death; and some warriors were dispatched as executioners. Silouee attended them; and when they entered the tent, he threw himself between them and Byrd, and said to the warriors, "This man is my friend: before you get at him, you must kill me;" on which they returned, and the council respected the principle so much, as to recede from the resolution entered into.

Others have spoken lightly of the genius and power of speech observed among American Indians. This objection, like the other, is based in a mistaken notion. It has been remarked by one of our eminent citizens, that were we furnished with facts, which can be obtained in abundance only in more civilized society, it would be seen that the Indian mind is in no wise inferior to that of Europeans. Of the bravery of these dark-looking men, and their address in war, there are multiplied proofs; for we have felt their effects. Of their eminence in oratory, the examples are few, because it is displayed chiefly in their own councils. There are, however, instances of eloquence to be found among them sufficient to rival the most splendid efforts either of ancient or of modern speech. The address of Logan to Lord Dunmore is of this sort. The story is as follows, of which, and of the speech itself, the authenticity is undoubted. In the spring of 1774 a robbery and murder were committed on an

inhabitant of the frontiers of Virginia, by two Indians of the Shawnee tribe. The neighbouring whites, according to their custom, undertook to punish this outrage in a summary way. Colonel Creasap, a man infamous for the many murders he had committed on those much-injured people, collected a party, and proceeded down the Kanhaway in quest of vengeance. Unfortunately a canoe of women and children, with one man only, was seen coming from the opposite shore, unarmed, and unsuspecting any hostile attack from the whites. Creasap and his party concealed themselves on the bank of the river; and the moment the canoe reached the shore, singled out their objects, and at one fire killed every person in it. This happened to be the family of Logan, who had long been distinguished as the friend of the whites. This unworthy return provoked his vengeance. He accordingly signalized himself in the war which ensued. In the autumn of the same year a decisive battle was fought at the mouth of the Great Kanhaway, between the collected forces of the Shawnees, Mingoës, and Delawares, and a detachment of the Virginian militia. The Indians were defeated, and sued for peace. Logan, however, disdained to be seen among the supplicants; but, lest the sincerity of a treaty should be distrusted on account of the absence of a Chief so distinguished, he sent by a messenger the following speech to be delivered

to Lord Dunmore:—"I appeal to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, the advocate of peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, 'Logan is the friend of white men.' I had even thought of living with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Creasap, the last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not sparing even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it; I have killed many: I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace; but do not harbour a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

The native politeness of a sensible Indian is, without doubt, superior to the specimens of European behaviour usually exhibited in the middling classes. This is in conversation carried to an inconvenient excess; for it does not allow him to contradict or deny the truth of what is asserted in his presence. By this means they

avoid dispute; but then it is difficult to know their minds, or what impression you make upon them. When Indians enter one of our towns, our people are apt to gaze upon them and incommode them, when they desire to be private: this they esteem great rudeness, and the effect of defective instruction in the rules of civility and good manners. "We have," say they, "as much curiosity as you; and when you come into our towns, we wish for opportunities of looking at you; but for this purpose we hide ourselves behind bushes where you are to pass, and never intrude ourselves into your company."

Another proof of the shrewdness of the Indians may be gathered from the just and discriminating manner in which they survey and decide upon the conduct of professing Christians; especially with regard to the sincerity of those who engage in public acts of worship, or desire to convert them to the truths of the Gospel. Of this penetration Conrad Weiser, interpreter, gave Dr. Franklin the following proof. Weiser had occasion to spend part of a day with Canassetego, an old Indian acquaintance. After a good deal of conversation respecting past times, the Indian, wishing to continue the interview, said, "Conrad, you have lived long among the white people, and know something of their customs. I have been sometimes at Albany, and have observed that once in seven days they shut up their shops, and assemble all

in the great house : tell me what it is for ? What do they do there ?”

Conrad.—“They meet there to hear and learn good things.”

Indian.—“I do not doubt that they tell you so ; they have told me the same ; but I doubt the truth of what they say, and I will tell you why. I went lately to Albany to sell my skins, and buy blankets, knives, powder, and rum. You know I generally used to deal with Hans Hanson ; but I was inclined this time to try some other merchants. However, I called first upon Hans, and asked what he would give for beaver. He said he could not give more than four shillings a pound. ‘But,’ said he, ‘I cannot talk on business now : this is the day when we meet together to learn good things, and I am going to the meeting.’ So I thought to myself, since I cannot do any business to-day, I may as well go to the meeting too ; and I went with him. There stood up a man in black, and began to talk to the people very angrily. I did not understand what he said ; but perceiving that he looked very much at me and Hanson, I imagined he was angry at seeing me there ; so I went out, lit my pipe, and waited till the meeting should break up. I thought, too, that the men present had mentioned something about beaver, and suspected that it might have been the subject of their meeting. So when they came out, I accosted my merchant.

‘Well, Hans,’ said I, ‘I hope you have agreed to give more than four shillings a pound?’ ‘No,’ said he, ‘I cannot give so much. I cannot give more than three and sixpence.’ I then spoke to several other dealers; but they all joined in the chorus, ‘Three and sixpence, and nothing else.’ This made it clear to me that my suspicion was right, and that when they pretended to meet to learn good things, the real purpose was to consult how to cheat Indians in the price of beaver. Consider but a little, Conrad, and you must be of my opinion. If they meet so often to learn good things, they certainly would have been taught some before now. But they are still ignorant. You know our practice: if a white man, in travelling through our country, enters one of our cabins, we all treat him as I treat you: we dry him, if he is wet; we warm him, if he is cold; and give him meat and drink, that he may allay his thirst and hunger; and we spread soft furs for him to rest and sleep on: we demand nothing in return. But if I go into a white man’s house at Albany, and ask for victuals and drink, they say, ‘Where is your money?’ and if I have none, they say, ‘Get out, you Indian dog!’ You see they have not yet learned these little good things, that we need no meeting to be instructed in, because our mothers taught them to us when we were children; and it appears to me that they assemble merely to contrive how

they may cheat the Indians in the price of beaver."

But whatever may be the amount of excellence, mental or physical, belonging to the Indians, nothing can be more certain than that their moral condition is deplorable and wretched. While, on the one hand, we are supported in the belief that God has made of one blood all nations of the earth, and has rendered every man capable of receiving words whereby he may be saved; we may, on the other, be equally sure that no human power, no course of philosophical reasoning, no refinement resulting merely from civilization, nor any other agency or combination of agencies short of spiritual influence, can check and subdue the vices of human nature. Of late years, when all other resources had failed, the effects of heartfelt religion have been experienced by many an untaught Indian. Faithful Missionaries, well instructed in the word and doctrine, have laboured with success among tribes of men, concerning whom, in former years, little or no expectations of improvement were entertained. Numbers of these furious but benighted spirits have been melted in the mould of love. Many a warrior, fresh from the battle-field, and the horrors of massacre, has been convinced that the religion of Christ is the only and sovereign antidote for life's varied ills. The important discovery of innate corruption has followed the

preaching of the truth. These daring sinners, self-convicted, have stooped to the Cross; virtue has gone forth; the number of repentant men was great; and it has been discovered by crowds of genuine converts to saving faith, that it is not the profession of an outward form, but the exertion and victorious prevalence of an indwelling principle that makes the Christian character. They discover not only how to learn good things, but to embrace and practise them; while the tomahawk and scalping-knife, used only in the perpetration of deeds of darkness and cruelty, have been beaten into the spade of industry, or an implement fitted for social utility.

The principles maintained in this digression have been frequently illustrated in preceding parts of this narrative; and I was destined on several future occasions to notice the inveterate, and, until power descend from on high, the incurable, malice of unenlightened man in his best estate. On the morning of the 12th of July, we continued our route along the banks of the Auglaize, until we came within sight of an Indian village. To myself the spectacle was novel; and had it not been for the uneasiness which it was impossible to banish, as to the reception I might meet with, some little amusement might have been extracted. On entering the place, Waw-paw-maw-quaw procured and smoothed a long pole; he then tied to one end

of it the scalp of our poor friend so often named ; after which he elevated it over his head, and set up the scalp-haloo, a shrill kind of whoop, much relished by the hearers, and oft repeated by the Indians as we passed on. On arriving at the centre of the town, we found the whole of the inhabitants, consisting of men, women, and children, assembled to meet us. Some were seated on logs, others on the ground, and when the salutations of the principal men were ended, which seemed to be a matter of prime importance, and was seasoned with a sufficient quantity of grin and grimace, the entire group put itself into an attitude of attention, while Waw-paw-maw-quaw related the particulars of his late expedition to the Ohio. The subjects of his discourse were apparently of a mingled order. His manner, on the whole, was serious, as if labouring under the weight of the subject. In relating the circumstances of my capture, which were minutely described, the intonations of his voice were deep and musical. These impassioned parts were afterwards relieved by some lighter details. The transitions were well managed, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." He afterwards entered on a survey of the scene when and where the unfortunate white man was tomahawked and scalped. This, I apprehend, ravished the hearers beyond the power of control. It was that part of the lecture, I mean, in which enthusiasm could

no longer be restrained within decent limits. In that moment, a little old Indian, as if stung by a tarantula, suddenly sprung from his seat, threw himself upon me with all his might, and cast me to the earth with great violence. The mischievous pigmy then arose, gave a loud shout, accompanied with sundry extravagant and furious gestures, and vociferating, as I was afterwards told, that he had vanquished the enemy. Then, as if this unmeaning and cowardly assault deserved further celebrity, the women and children commenced a long and piercing war-whoop. Sounds so discordant and unearthly never before smote my ear; a jargon so monstrous defies description: but tastes are various and unaccountable; and, in the estimation of the assembly then convened, the notes so plenteously poured forth were passing sweet and soothing.

CHAPTER VII.

THE rough and brutal treatment I had received from the uncouth rabble just adverted to was sufficiently disgusting; but it was only a prelude to further insult, in which, had it been in their power, they would have gladly indulged. On perceiving that the women and children gathered round me, I instinctively clung to Waw-paw-maw-quaw, and even then my escape was narrow. I

afterwards found that it had been the intention of these ladies to make me run the gauntlet through a long line of female and juvenile warriors, and from which I escaped, merely on account of personal debility arising from an attack of dysentery, from the effects of which I was unable to move faster than in a slow and feeble walking pace. At length, much to my satisfaction, we made our exit from the village and its pestiferous population, and soon after mid-day arrived at a small hamlet, in which our reception formed a most cheering and delightful contrast to that just experienced. Here also, as in the other instances, the inhabitants came out in crowds to meet us, desiring to know whence we came, and why we came, and who we were, and what had been our occupation. In reply to this challenge, Waw-paw-maw-quaw was obliged to repeat the story of his incursion into the far-distant country, including the events already referred to, especially the contests in which he fought and conquered; for the Indians have little notion of merit, unless it involve deeds of valour, and the destruction of some enemy with the hated "pale face." His tale was listened to with unbounded applause, the expression of which was by no means equivocal:

Fired at the sound, the Chief grew vain,
Fought all his battles o'er again,
And thrice he routed all his foes,
And thrice he slew the slain.

After the bitter cup of insult and outrage, the very dregs of which I was compelled to drain, how sweet was the milk of human kindness! In this village I was deemed a natural curiosity; the poor white boy was a theme for incessant speculation and wonder: but, though scanned from head to foot, to ascertain my colour, as if they could scarcely credit their senses, and compelled to submit to a close examination of my dress and person, no one offered the least insult or injury. Not the semblance of rudeness was anywhere observable.

These introductory ceremonies being over, an elderly noble-looking Indian, whom I took to be the village Chief, came forward, and led me to his cabin, where we found his wife, who appeared to be a mild, humane woman. From her kindness we obtained an immediate supply of corn-cake and boiled venison. This food was, to myself, at that time half-starved, a most delicious repast. I ate very heartily; after which, rising from my seat, I returned to our benevolent hostess the bowl out of which I had eaten, bowing low, and expressing, what I had deeply felt, my grateful thanks. She smiled, and only said, "Onee, that is right; you are welcome;" and, as if wishing to lessen the sense of the favour conferred, "It is nothing." From this village we travelled leisurely on, occasionally passing an Indian hut, and towards evening arrived at the cabin of Wawpunnoo, a

tall, stout warrior: I afterwards discovered that he was brother to my friend White Loon. The wife of this newly-acquired acquaintance was a remarkably handsome woman, delicately formed, and fairer, by several shades, than the generality of squaws. The qualities of her mind rivalled those of her person. Her disposition was truly amiable; of which I need adduce no stronger proof than the mildness with which she bore the churlish treatment of her husband, a repulsive, uncouth fellow, for whom she was, by many degrees, too good. Indeed, so unusual was her self-command, that, notwithstanding the ill-treatment received, she was evidently mortified when the unkind conduct of her husband was noticed by others. By the way, I cannot help observing, (and concerning Indians in general few persons have had a better opportunity of seeing things as they are,) that the men are sadly defective in respect and attention to the female character. The wives of these dark, blustering gentry are treated more like slaves than companions, and are forced to perform not only the household drudgery, but to work in the field; the lubberly Indians having got it into their heads, that for them to labour is disgraceful. I have often noticed families while on a journey; and it was invariably the case, that while the poor squaw was labouring along, bending under the weight of a heavy load, and the girls, similarly oppressed,

were obliged to carry packs, or the smaller children, on their shoulders, the indolent Indian, puffed up with fancied superiority, marched largely in front, with rifle in hand, and nicely wrapped in his blanket; while the boys, who appeared to come forward as promising candidates for their father's surliness, carried only a bow and arrow, or reed blow-gun, for amusement. My opinion is, that women are seldom, perhaps never, put into possession of their rights among pagan and idolatrous nations. Christianity places human society on an equitable level. It teaches not only the value of the soul, and the way of salvation, but supports the social compact, in the sacred ties of domestic life, and secures the respect and love, without which the alliances of matrimony, with reference either to sage or savage, are neither more nor less than mocking and insult.

To add to my comforts, which I began to fear had taken a long farewell, I was accommodated during the night with a sheltered sleeping-place, beside which I lay on a deer-skin, to which, as a coverlid, was subjoined an excellent blanket. As this was the first time since my captivity that a luxury of the sort fell to my share, the enjoyment was far from commonplace. The next morning we breakfasted early, and a little before noon, on the 13th of July, after a journey lasting six days, during which we had travelled

about an hundred and eighty miles, we arrived at the point desired by my Indian guides. This was the confluence of the Auglaize and Miami rivers. Some trading commenced at this place. The Indians disposed of their deer-skins to a British Indian trader; after which, crossing over the Miami, we made our way to a small bark-cabin, near the bank, and, leaving me in charge of its occupant, an old widow, the mother of Waw-paw-maw-quaw, they departed for their homes, situated in a village on the river, about a mile below.

For the first few hours I did not know what to make of my newly-appointed guardian; and, to speak the truth, I believe she was much in the same plight with regard to her newly-consigned ward. The name of the old squaw was Cooch-coo-cheeh, the literal meaning of which I have never yet divined. Apprehending, perhaps, from my squalid appearance, that I should be a troublesome inmate, she at first eyed me with a look indicative of anything but satisfaction. This, however, lasted but a short time. Her better feelings soon prevailed; and, casting aside the reasonings of cold, calculating prudence for those of kindlier affections, she at once addressed herself to the alleviation of my sufferings. She first took a general survey of my emaciated form; then examined my scratched and festered limbs; then my swelled feet, which retained, when pressed,

the print of a finger; then my toes, in all of which, the friction of sharp sand that had insinuated itself between them had produced several sores, penetrating almost to the bone. These united ailments pleaded most powerfully in my behalf. A mother's feelings, dormant for a brief season, were awakened, and her recipes for my relief were neither few nor small. As the work was rather extensive, she commenced proceedings in order. The first step was to the river, in which I was plunged for the sake of a thorough ablution. The basis of personal cleanliness being thus laid, the old lady next washed my clothes. I was then compelled to lie on a blanket for three or four days, under the scorching sun, till my back was one entire blister. She then prepared a strong decoction of red oak, wild-cherry bark, and dewberry-root, of which I drank plentifully. The same liquid was also used externally, for the purpose of bathing my feet. The remedies were generally successful, and in a short time my health was restored.

So far her praises may fairly extend; and if unable to present a portrait of my benefactress altogether favourable, it must be imputed to me as a misfortune rather than a fault. Having received the favour of her services when help was valuable, I cannot do less than distinguish her by a distinct personal notice. Cooh-coo-cheeh was a Princess of the Wolf tribe of the Iroquois,

formerly living on the Sorel. She was in stature about the ordinary height, but stout and clumsy; her features were rather homely, and her voice and gesture harsh and forbidding; though when particularly well pleased, she could relax into something like good looks and humour. Her husband had been a distinguished war-Chief of the Mohawks, a nation which once occupied the country along the St. Lawrence, as far as Lake Ontario, and bordering on the Lakes George and Champlain. This nation, about the year 1670, confederated with the Senecas, the Oneidas, the Cayngas, and the Onondagas, forming what was then termed "the Five Nations:" between this allied power and the Tuscarawas of North Carolina, a junction was afterwards effected, when the whole were known as "the Six Nations." These united forces conquered most of the tribes on the south and west sides of their extended territories: they claimed the sovereignty of the soil as far as the Mississippi, on the western boundary, and the Cherokee river on the south. Of the tribes thus expelled, some were utterly destroyed; nor has a vestige of them since been noticed. Others were incorporated with the victors. An alliance was at length established, which, beside being formidable for numbers, contained men remarkable for gallantry and skill in war. Success, as might be expected, for a long time, followed their oft-repeated and daring excursions. In later times

this Mohawk power lent its aid to the British, to whom it was an important auxiliary; nor was its supremacy shaken, until about the year 1770, when, coming into collision with the American colonists, it was totally defeated. The ascendancy of this ancient people then began to decline; their claim to paramount authority was soon wrested from them; until, reduced in numbers and influence, they were scattered in various directions, and ceased to exist as an independent people.

After this signal and ruinous defeat of the Mohawks, the husband of my mistress Cooh-coo-cheeh, with his family, consisting of his wife, three sons, and a daughter, removed from the St. Lawrence, and settled at the Shawnee village, a mile below the mouth of the Auglaize. Soon after this period, a severe engagement took place between the Indians of that vicinity, and a part of the American force stationed at Harmar, under two commanders, named Harden and Willis. This happened in the month of October, 1790. The discipline and tactics of these modern adversaries were more than a match for Indian energy and strength, with whatever fury they might be brought into action. The battle was fatal to their expiring cause, and made Cooh-coo-cheeh a widow. Her husband, while heading a furious charge directed against the regulars, and at the moment of raising his tomahawk for the purpose of striking a soldier, received a mortal wound

from a bayonet, and died on his way home. His widow found a grave for the warrior on the bank of the Maumee, about twenty miles from the scene of action: but shortly after, having made choice of her present residence, and erected the bark-cabin, where she lived when I was thrown in her way, she caused the much-loved remains of her late companion to be disinterred, and once more consigned them to the dust. The tomb she had chosen was placed in a secluded spot, within a few paces of her new residence, and close to the war-path; so that she might not only have the happiness of conversing with him, but that his spirit might be refreshed by a view of the warriors, as they crossed the Maumee on their hostile expeditions; until, having ended his probation, and made ready for his journey, he should travel to the final abode of good spirits, in the land far west, abounding with game, and enjoy the delights which constitute an Indian heaven. The body was placed in a sitting posture, facing the west. The rifle, tomahawk, knife, and blanket, with several other articles used by the departed in his hunting and warlike excursions, were placed by his side. To these were also added several presents, which were also thrown into the grave; at the head of which was placed a post, about four feet high, painted red, and having near the top, rudely carved, the image of a face. Below this was marked the number of

scalps taken by the deceased in battle; and on high occasions, the scalps themselves, of which there was a great variety within, were exhibited, and might be seen with the hair of varied length and colour streaming in the wind, and suspended on a high pole bending over the grave. I once counted nineteen scalps in this unenviable elevation, all of them previously torn from the heads of my unfortunate countrymen.

The fact is interesting, and has been noticed by intelligent travellers in various countries, that the human mind, though utterly uncultivated, and destitute of true religious light, dwells with complacency on, and seems to derive its choicest consolation from, the belief of a future state. The understanding may be dark, and a vagrant roving fancy may furnish its picture of folly and sensuality; the renewed existence thus longed for appears, it must be admitted, to better-taught men, a paradise of vanity and weakness: still it is evident that the notion of another mode of existence is firmly believed; leading to the conclusion, that even independently of Divine revelation, there is a principle in the human soul which refuses to be limited by the admeasurement of time, and irresistibly sends out its powers in search of future and endless good. If, in the view even of an uneducated Indian, anticipations of future good, though dimly shadowed forth, and mingled with absurdity, are so joyous, with

what well-grounded exultation can the Christian reflect upon the period when, delivered from the prison of corruptibility, his soul shall soar and expatiate in unrestrained freedom! Not that the doctrine of a resurrection is to be deduced chiefly, or in any material degree, from the conclusions of human reasoning, ingenious and pleasing as much of it is. The doctrine itself is an essential article of Christian faith, and stands upon a basis of unyielding firmness. It would appear that the scepticism of some men had been foreseen with respect to this sublime verity; and we find accordingly, that, guided by the Spirit's influence, the evidences in its support, minutely recorded in Scripture, are not merely plausible, but demonstrative; and amount to direct and unanswerable testimony, powerful in itself, and so well supported by a train of concurring events, marvellously combining to one end, and rendered convincing by the acknowledged reputation of credible witnesses, as to establish the fact beyond contradiction or gainsaying. Here and there a solitary person has affected to believe that he shall die like a brute beast, and sink into annihilation; but whenever a dogma so gloomy is propounded, it is usually connected with immorality of life, and an uneasy conscience. Guilt first suggests the wish for an eternal sleep, and then insinuates it will happen. Opposed to this debased and repulsive vagary, engendered by sinful indulgence,

“The men of grace have found
Glory begun below.”

They know that when the “earthly house of” their “tabernacle” is “dissolved,” they “have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.” Of this the conviction they feel is decisive and final. Not that their reversionary home is visible to mortal ken. Faith lends its realizing light; and by the help of that glorious power, which, as an optic tube of surpassing efficiency, brings distant objects nigh, their vision is assisted, and intervening clouds, though ever so opaque to man in his natural estate, become clear as ambient air. “But how can the dead be raised, and with what body do they come?” To this old-fashioned and oft-repeated query of unbelief, the answer is ready. He that created man at first, can renew and fashion him again, when, and how, and as often as He pleases. He that spake a world from nought, and prepared the elements by justest weight and measure of which it is composed, can modify and recompose the materials of that world in all its parts and proportions, including every one of its rational and irrational inhabitants, according to the counsel of His will. We may allow that the doctrine of the resurrection is mysterious; nor am I disposed to rest my belief of it on the metaphysical reasonings adopted by some, who imagine that the germ, or some indestructible atom, is to

survive the decomposition of the human frame, and that the principle of vitality, thus wrapped up and concentrated, shall again burst forth, like seed in spring, and unfold itself at the bidding of the Almighty. Theories of this sort may be harmless; but they are not expedient, much less necessary. The best and safest way is at once to abandon our reasonings, which, to speak the truth, are on this subject worth very little, and approach with humble boldness to the fountain of eternal reason. The natural man, however gifted, can do little here. The well is deep, and he has nothing wherewith to draw. Secret things belong unto God. Man is a mystery to himself: the union of his soul and body, the manner in which the functions of life are controlled and ordered,—these, and an endless variety of other wonders, both in the heavens above and on the earth around, are incomprehensible to short-sighted man; and yet to refuse our assent to the fact of their existence, merely because the mode cannot be known, would be to reject the evidence of our senses, and to conclude that a thing is, and is not, at the same moment of time. With what effulgence do the beams of inspiration burst through the mist of mere philosophical speculation! The mind is at once strengthened and placed at ease, both by the lucid statements of holy writ, and by the impressiveness of its reasonings. Let us look at the facts to which the

Apostle Paul deposes: "How that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures; and that He was buried, and that He rose again the third day according to the Scriptures; and that He was seen of Cephas, then of the twelve: after that, He was seen of above five hundred brethren at once; of whom the greater part remain unto this present, but some are fallen asleep: after that He was seen of James; then of all the Apostles: and last of all He was seen of me also, as of one born out of due time." Stronger and better evidence than this can neither be desired nor conceived. If men are to be found who hear it not, neither would they be convinced though one rose from the dead. Seeing then that we are "compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses;" (that they are persons upon whose veracity the fullest dependence may be placed; and that they are not likely to be deceived themselves, nor capable of deceiving others;) what remains but that, in imitation of our Indian friend, but with better light and feelings, we joyfully exclaim, with the same Apostle, in his well-attested affirmation, "We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed?"

The wayward imaginings of my hostess, already alluded to, were not the only mistakes into which

she had fallen with respect to the invisible world and its dread realities. She professed herself to be deeply learned in the mysteries of the gods they served, of which there were many, and frequently officiated as priestess. She also pretended to foretell future events, and was often in great request when the warriors wished to know the result of approaching battle. Her answers were given most oracularly; and were, in general, so cleverly ambiguous and evasive, that while hopes of victory were prefigured in dark and doubtful sentences, she contrived to throw in a shade sufficiently broad and deep to neutralize the prediction in case of defeat. It was like the announcement of rain in the old almanacks: a little would come, either here or elsewhere; the day before, or the day after. She was also a kind of consulting physician, to be resorted to when all other authorities were bewildered. Her skill in compounding medicines was deemed unequalled; and I believe she had some little knowledge of the quality of several useful herbs: but the virtue of her prescriptions was supposed to arise from the daily intercourse she professed to maintain with certain good spirits. The whole of this arrant nonsense was uncommonly well acted. I have already hinted that Mistress Coo-coo-cheeh was far from being a beauty; though, on all ordinary occasions, her appearance was passable. She had also the tact of rendering

herself agreeable, by great apparent friendliness of disposition, and was fond of relating the early incidents of her life: but when the frenzy of her fancied afflatus came on, she was transformed into the personification of ugliness; and her incantations, though powerless with regard to others, seemed to change her into one of the evil agencies against whom she affected to afford protection.

The family of Coo-coo-cheeh consisted, at the time of my introduction, of two grandchildren, by her only daughter. One of these children was a dark-complexioned girl, about fourteen years of age; and the other a half-Indian boy, whose age did not, I think, exceed twelve. The boy was the reputed son of the famous, or rather infamous, Simon Girty; and was a fine sprightly fellow, but excessively passionate and wilful,—a perfectly spoiled child. His mother had given him the Mohawk name of Ked-zaw-saw, while his grandmother called him Simo-ne. The girl was rather plain in person, but cheerful and good-natured. She also had two names. Her mother insisted on calling her So-tone-go, while the old squaw stuck out for Qua-say.

Having given a sketch of the old lady and her singularities, it may not be uninteresting to subjoin a few notices of her dwelling, together with some incidental matters therewith connected. It should be understood that, among these deluded people, the residence of an Indian priestess was

constructed with rather more than ordinary care, and was surveyed by others with feelings approaching to reverence. The cabin in which Cooh-coo-cheeh lived was built of bark, and covered an area of twenty-eight feet by fourteen. The frame was constructed of small poles, of which some were placed in an upright position, and well bedded in the ground, as a support to the ridge-pieces and eave-bearers. Others were used, as occasion required, to bind and strengthen the whole, and were firmly fastened with thongs of hickory-bark; from which material these house-builders contrived, though without much aid from the square and plumb-line, to form girders, braces, laths, and rafters: the frame of the cabin was then covered with large pieces of elm-bark, each seven or eight feet long, and three or four wide; these, being pressed flat, and well-dried to prevent curling, were fastened to the principal uprights with stout thongs of bark, forming the weatherboarding and roof. At the western end there was a narrow door-way, about six feet high, closed at pleasure by a single piece of bark placed beside it, and fastened by a brace, set either within or without, as occasion required. The internal part was divided into two compartments; of these the inner room was reckoned the principal: into this few persons, except the old squaw, ever entered. She used it sometimes as a pantry, at others as a spare bed-room: and when the affectation of

great secrecy rendered the retreat necessary, she retired thither to perform her incantations; or, in other words, to invent a plausible tale for future deception. The outer apartment was used for common purposes. On each side a low form was fixed, covered with bark and deer-skins, which served both for seats and bedsteads. The fire-place was constructed exactly in the centre; the chimney consisting simply of an aperture in the roof as an outlet for the smoke; to which, however, was subjoined a tolerably neat wooden contrivance to aid the process of preparing food.

The widow had shown her taste, not only by building a decent cabin, but by making choice of a most picturesque and romantic spot on which to erect it. On a range of high land enclosing the dwelling, was a beautiful open wood, principally of oak and hickory. Extensive lowlands adjoining were covered with corn: while here and there clumps of small trees were scattered in agreeable confusion, consisting of blue and white ash, and elm saplings. The meanderings of the Miami added also not a little to the magnificence of the view. The bank on each side was steep and lofty: that on which our cabin stood was covered with gracefully-bending willows; while the opposite bank down to a certain point, curving to the north-east, was destitute of vegetation. Immediately below the bight just described, the Auglaize entered obliquely, and mingled its cur-

rent with the Maumee, producing a whirl of water in the centre, and strong eddies on both sides of the river. The perturbation thus occasioned was, however, merely local, and the mid-stream continued to flow with its usual still and even course. The river Maumee, at the part referred to, was not less than three hundred and sixty feet in width; and at a short distance it widened to about five hundred and ten feet, by an average depth of seven. To the Indians, this noble river is a source of almost inexhaustible treasure. It abounds with various and excellent fish; which, though unfurnished with the tackle and snares of accomplished anglers, they contrive to secure with very little trouble. An Indian frequently strikes a fish with an arrow, sent with forceful and unerring aim. He also succeeds in killing his watery game with rifle-ball; but in both cases, success can be obtained only by an experienced eye and hand. The difficulty is increased when the water is deep, as the fish to the sight of an unpractised marksman appears near the surface, when in reality he floats at great depth below. In reaching these deep recesses, the bullets used in rifles are flattened, so that by offering less resistance to the fluid through which they pass, fish may be struck with greater precision and violence. On the south side of the Maumee, for some distance below the mouth, and extending more than a mile up the Auglaize to

an Indian village, the low rich vale, not less than three quarters of a mile in breadth, was one entire field, covered with corn; which, being in bloom, or, as it is technically expressed, in "tassel," presented a fine appearance. An excellent custom prevailed at that time among the Indian women. Whenever it was practicable, large spaces of fertile land were divided among them, in quantities suited to the strength and demands of their respective families. Each of the portions, thus separated, was cultivated with great diligence. Every one knew her own, and of course felt emulous to equal or surpass the efforts of her contemporary cultivators. The corn thus raised was seldom disposed of as an article of commerce, but went directly to the support of the families concerned. These fields were unprotected by enclosures. Indeed, nothing of the sort was required: they had neither horned cattle, sheep, nor hogs; so that encroachments from four-footed trespassers required no prevention. As for the few horses which fell to the lot of these humble farmers, they were either driven to the woods, or secured near one of the cabins, with a bell round the neck of each; besides which, young lads were employed to watch by turns, and prevent them from going astray.

A residence of one week in my new habitation served in some measure to reconcile me to the domestic habits of the people among

whom I was so strangely thrown. Convinced, too, of the impossibility of escape, I felt it prudent to conform to the reasonable requests of my present superiors, so far as it was in my power. This was, however, on some occasions, no easy matter. "There is no place like home;" and thoughts of the happy circle, including in it my beloved parents and affectionate relations, from which I had been torn by the hands of barbarians, were too much for me. It was a subject on which I dared not dwell, and one against which I was obliged to set a resolute guard, when, in the hours of leisure or of night, it began to intrude. To please Cooch-coo-cheeh, I strove to be cheerful; and in some measure succeeded in throwing off the gloom that, in spite of my best exertions, had settled on my heart. I felt grateful in the recollection that this poor woman, though until now an entire stranger to myself, had been the means of restoring me to health; and that, in her plain way, she had taken some pains to minister to my comfort and amusement.

At this period, principally through the generosity of her son-in-law, a respectable Indian trader, my mistress received what to her was deemed a considerable accession of property. It consisted of an addition to her household goods and chattels; an inventory of which I can furnish, as a specimen of Indian furniture and house-

hold utensils. First, we had a large brass kettle, for washing and sugar-making; then there was a deep, close-covered copper kettle, suitable for more purposes than I can tell. Knives of several forms were added: besides which a variety of tin cups, and spoons made of pewter or horn, adorned the shelves. We were also possessed of sieves with meshes of different fineness; wooden bowls, large, small, and middling sized; baskets of several forms and capabilities; a wooden block for culinary purposes; four beds and bedding, including for each numerous deer-skins and blankets: so that, altogether, the circumstances of the widow were not only above par, but, in the judgment of her neighbours, on the verge of affluence. Meantime, from those persons who thought fit to consult her on various topics, she received presents of venison or valuable skins; at other times, well-made brooches were tendered and accepted: this latter mode of payment was peculiarly eligible, as articles of jewellery were often used among these people as a species of circulating medium, and analogous to money.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE time and circumstances of a holiday are seldom forgotten by the juvenile mind; and after the fatigue and hardship I had undergone, anything approaching to relaxation formed a contrast not to be overlooked. It was on the 21st of July, that Cooh-coo-cheeh, partly perhaps to suit her own convenience, but professedly for my gratification, proposed a visit to the Shawnee village below ours. Having been confined more or less to a small cabin, and unused to such restraint, I gladly acceded to the proposition. We therefore commenced our preparations: but as the toilet is, in every country, a matter of some little note among ladies, I must glance at the dress worn by my patroness on this visiting occasion. This dress, as I afterwards observed, did not altogether resemble those worn by younger Indian women: though quite as respectable, it was rather more suited to the grave and dignified character she thought well to assume. Simplicity was the prevailing feature. She had on a calico shirt, extending about six inches below the waist, and secured at the lower part with a silver brooch. To this garment was added a stroud or petticoat, consisting of about a yard and a half of broad blue cloth, wrapped round the waist, confined with a girdle or sash, and extending a

little below the knee. She also wore a pair of handsome gaiters or Indian stockings, made of the same blue cloth, and well fitted. These had a neat border extending to the instep; and the feet of the wearer were protected by a pair of plain mocassons.

The form of the above dress prevails among Indian women generally, of all ranks and ages; varying only in quality, and in the richness and variety of the decorations superadded. These are regulated, not by rank or station, but solely by the ability of the wearer in procuring them. It was clear, however, with regard to every class of this female society, a passionate fondness for finery in dress was universal. An Indian belle who wished to be noticed, was arrayed from head to foot, with the nicest regard to the last reigning fashion, not a punctilio of which could on any account be waved. Her mocassons were curiously wrought with lacings of beads, ribbons, and porcupine-quills. The border of the gaiters, and the edgings of the vest, are also bound with ribbon, interspersed with variously-coloured beads. Tufts of deer's hair, dyed red, and confined in small pieces of tin, were often subjoined. These produced a slight jingling noise in walking, and forcibly reminded a spectator of the "tinkling ornaments" worn by the Jewish women spoken of in Scripture. The bosom and shoulder were veiled with a shirt, frequently made of silk

handkerchiefs, of which the tip-top pattern was a broad cross-bar. This vest was secured with large and small silver clasps. Bracelets of the same metal, from one to four inches in width, were also worn on the wrists and arms.

But, in justice to my female Indian friends, whose kindness I shall not forget, it ought to be added, that, to whatever height their fondness of dress may arise, it is far exceeded by the men, who in this, as in all other respects, do just as they please. In addition to the ornaments worn by the women, with not one of which they will dispense, they wear large silver medals and gorgets on the breast; silver rings in the nose are also sported; and heavy pieces of silver, more remarkable for weight than beauty, are suspended from the ear. In managing this folly, an incision is made in the cartilage of the ear, which is frequently drawn down much beyond its natural length by the weight of metal attached. The love of show possessed by a genuine dandy was evinced by a circumstance that occurred soon after my capture. The coat and trousers I had on at that time were made of plain cloth, with covered mould-buttons; but my waistcoat was of blue silk, double-breasted, with two rows of small plated sugar-loaf shaped buttons. The shining surface of these buttons repeatedly attracted attention, and looked so much like silver, that they were often surveyed with a wishful eye.

On the second night after leaving the Ohio, my old owner, of whom I never was much enamoured, possessed himself of my waistcoat, and cut off both rows of buttons, including a strip of silk on each side, two inches wide. These he carefully folded up, and stowed away in his bullet-pouch. Not knowing the man at the time, the vanity of the theft never entered my mind. I imputed it to savage malignity; but on entering an Indian village some time after, I saw the rogue strutting about with a pair of garters round his legs, made of my identical silk slips, and with the buttons glittering as they did of old on my rightful waistcoat.

Begging pardon for the reminiscence in which I have indulged, I will now pursue the narrative of my visit. On arriving at our destination, one of the first persons we met was Waw-paw-maw-quaw, by whom we were received in a most friendly manner. His wife, a very agreeable and rather pretty woman, about twenty-five, set before us, according to custom, some refreshment. It was composed of dried green corn, boiled with beans and pumpkins; making, as I thought, a capital dish. The lady of the house did the honours of the table much to her credit and my satisfaction. After spending a few hours with the family, we proceeded in due form to make our respects to the village Chief; and a most formidable personage he was. This Chieftain was a

finely-proportioned man, about six feet high, stout and muscular; his eyes large and piercing, the forehead high and broad, the nose aquiline, the mouth rather wide, and the countenance altogether open and intelligent, expressive of firmness and decision. In fact, I found we were in the presence of the celebrated Blue Jacket; one of the bravest and most accomplished Indian Chiefs, who had signalized himself on numerous occasions at the cost of many a valuable American life; and was second only, in deeds of war, to Little Turtle, and Buck-on-ge-ha-la. He held, as I was told, a commission, and received some sort of pay, from the British Government; but of this fact, like many other similar ones occasionally afloat, there is, I apprehend, no positive proof.

My visit, it would appear, was rather opportune for the discovery and study of Indian character. I had been but a short time in the company of the warrior just described, when two unexpected visitors arrived from a neighbouring village, both noticeable characters in their way: one was the Snake, Chief of a Shawnee village close at hand; and the other, Simon Girty, an ill-looking but consequential fellow. To meet this brace of heroes something of state was deemed expedient: Blue Jacket therefore lost no time in preparation. When visible, for the purpose of audience, he was dressed in a scarlet frock-coat, richly laced with gold: round the waist he wore a party-coloured

sash. He exhibited also a pair of red gaiters, and mocassons to match, ornamented in the first style of Indian costume, and manufactured for the occasion, beyond all doubt, by some eminent *artiste*. On his shoulders were gold epaulets, with broad silver bracelets for each arm: while, suspended from his neck was a massive silver gorget, and a large medallion of His Majesty, George the Third. The internal part of the Chieftain's lodge was also fitted up to correspond. Numerous rifles adorned the walls. War-clubs, bows and arrows, and other destructive implements, were plenteously distributed; nor were symbols of the chase wanting: I noticed skins of deer, of the bear, panther, and otter; many of which were converted into pouches for tobacco, or mats for seats and bedding. The wife of this Chief was a remarkably fine-looking woman; his daughters were much fairer than the generality of Indians; and his two sons, of about eighteen and twenty years of age respectively, were well-educated, promising young men.

I soon discovered that the visiters were men of very different characters. The Snake was a grave Chief of sage appearance. The other, Girty, was an incorrigible villain. He had not only racked his ingenuity in devising new and more severe modes of torture for captured enemies, but was the murderer of several of his own countrymen. How far imagination had anything to do with

the opinion I had formed of this man, I will not pretend to say; but it appeared to me, that Providence, in order to express its displeasure, had set a mark on the renegado, so distinct in its character, as to defy mistake. His dark shaggy hair, low forehead, contracted brows, and short flat nose, with grey sunken eyes, and thin compressed lips, combined with a certain sinister expression which overspread his countenance, especially if he happened to meet the gaze of another person, pointed him out to me as one with whom no one, regarding his own safety, would like to associate. He wore the Indian dress, but without ornament; and his silk handkerchief, while it supplied the place of a hat, hid an unsightly wound in his forehead. On each side, in his belt, was stuck a silver-mounted pistol; and at his left side, a short broad-bladed dirk, which occasionally served the purpose of a knife. He thought fit to tax my youth and inexperience with a number of impertinent inquiries relative to my family connexions, and the circumstances which led to my seizure by the Indians. These questions were the forerunners of others much more minute and artful, respecting the strength of various frontier garrisons; the number of American troops at Fort Washington; and whether the President intended to send further reinforcements to act against the Indians. He then reverted to a number of alleged wrongs

he had received from the hands of his countrymen, the whole of which were most likely founded in falsehood; and then indulged in a species of fiend-like exultation at the revenge he had taken. He boasted of his exploits, of the number of his victories, and his personal prowess; then, raising the handkerchief from his head, which he wore turban-fashion, he exhibited the deep scar in his forehead, and said it was the mark of a sabre-cut received in a battle fought with General St. Clair; adding, with an oath, that he "had sent the d——d fellow to hell who gave it." To say nothing of the brutal profanity of this expression, I knew the representation itself to be a palpable untruth, and wondered that the empty-headed coxcomb even dared to invent and utter it. The fact is, and was well known, that he received the wound from the tomahawk of a noted Chief named Brandt, during the quarrelsome revels of a drunken frolic. Girty ended his tirade of impiety by telling me that I should never see home any more; but that, if I turned out a good warrior and hunter, perhaps I might some day be a Chief. Thank God, the predictions of this man were as valueless as his imprecations; and it will readily be supposed that I was glad to escape from his presence and conversation. In the evening of the day we returned home; or, in other words, to our cabin on the Maumee bank.

Visits began to multiply. In a few days after

returning from that to Blue Jacket, my mistress invited me to accompany her to the residence of her daughter. We accordingly proceeded thither; and I have since discovered, that the place to which we journeyed is the very spot on which Fort Defiance was erected in 1794, by General Wayne; extending from the Maumee full five hundred yards up the river's edge, by about two hundred in breadth. This area, at the time of my youth, was an open space; bounded on two sides with oak-woods, and rendered almost impassable by an undergrowth of hazel. Within this enclosure, and on the steep, high bank of the Auglaize, five or six cabins and log-houses had been erected, and were inhabited principally by Indian traders. The most northerly of these, a large, hewed log-house, divided below into no fewer than three apartments, was occupied as a store and dwelling by George Ironside, the most wealthy and influential trader on the point. Next to his residence was the house of Piraut, (Pero,) a French baker, who contrived to draw a profitable batch for the accommodation of his friends and his own advantage. Then came M'Kenzie, a Scotchman, who took care to be behind none of them. In addition to a good share of skilfully conducted merchandising, he followed the occupation of silversmith, exchanging with the credulous Indians, at the moderate profit of something more than cent. per cent., his brooches, ear-drops, and other silver

ornaments, for skins and furs. A little farther on, several other families of French and English persons had chosen their homes. Permission had also been granted to a couple of American prisoners to settle on the same spot: one of these was Henry Ball, a soldier, taken at the defeat of St. Clair; the other was his reputed wife, one Polly Meadows, who was captured at the same time. These persons, however, were merely endured, as a matter of favour and connivance; besides which, the whole of their time and services were exacted as a gradual payment for their ransom; the man by boating passengers to the rapids of the Maumee, and the woman by washing and sewing. Means of defence were also raised for the infant colony. Fronting the house of Ironside, and about fifty yards from the bank, (of the river, be it understood,) a small stockade, comprising two log-houses, was erected. One of these was occupied by James Girty, brother to the veritable Simon; and the other was the occasional domicile of Mackie and Elliott, British Indian agents at Detroit.

From this station, a fine view was afforded of the Maumee river for several miles in length, as well as of the extensive prairie, covered with corn, directly opposite; forming, on the whole, a peculiarly interesting landscape. Having received a very kind invitation from Mr. Ironside, I agreed to spend a day with him; and an agreeable one

it was. He treated me with great kindness; was much affected with the story of my captivity; and gave me a good deal of curious information, relative to the customs and manners of the Indians, not forgetting some excellent advice for the regulation of my own conduct. I subsequently found that the hints of this intelligent and humane person were of singular worth and consequence.

On the following day I was surprised, and in a certain sense consoled, by the unexpected appearance of a companion in affliction, who, like myself, was a captive exile in a strange land. This was no other than William Moore, a townsman of my father's, who, while returning from the rapids, about sixty miles distant, had been made prisoner by my active and right trusty friend, Waw-paw-maw-quaw. I felt convinced there must have been some hard fighting in subduing Moore; and so it proved. He was a stout, sinewy, muscular man, more than six feet high without his shoes, and of a disposition remarkably bold and intrepid. He was, in truth, a fair specimen of the western boatman and hunter, one who in Kentuckian phraseology would be termed "half horse, half alligator;" a practised marksman; who, at fifty steps, with his rifle "off hand," was able "to drive the centre;" and who, when afloat, was foremost on the keel, and pushed the first pole. With these physical qualifications for aggressive or defensive operations, he was not exactly the man

to be trifled with. I am sorry to add, that his morals were nothing to boast of. He was known to be a lawless freebooter, governed only by his own construction of right and wrong: and yet, with these fearful drawbacks, he was good-humoured and obliging; it being always understood that he had his own way. When excited by opposition, Moore became transmuted into a downright savage; and I soon found, by a brief conversation, that when taken by the Indians, he was overcome by numbers. Moore, it appears, had been hunting about five miles north of Columbia, on the waters of the Mill Creek, and had just killed a fine doe, which he had lashed to his shoulders for the purpose of conveying it home. Just then, and in an evil hour, Waw-paw-maw-quaw, and his brother, Caw-ta-waw-maw-quaw, (Black Loon,) with three other Indians, with the lengthiness of whose names it is hardly worth while to meddle, and who were on the look out, observed the white man and his valuable load. The temptation was irresistible. After watching his motions for some time, and perceiving that he was rather encumbered with his load, they fired on him simultaneously. One of their balls grazed his right shoulder-blade, and another passed through the carpus, or compact bones of the wrist, depriving him, for the time, of the use of his left hand. Undaunted by the suddenness of this scoundrel ambush-attack, or of the wounds

received, he sprang forward with almost super-human energy, and, though crippled by the injury received, and impeded by his load, he outran the Indians by nearly the third of a mile. He then threw his rifle over his left shoulder, placed his wounded hand over it for security, and with his right hand soon succeeded in disencumbering himself from the deer he had shot. He then darted away with the velocity of an arrow, and soon distanced three out of five of his pursuers. Having gained the summit of a steep declivity, he had time to take breath, and to cast a backward glance upon the Indians, of whom the foremost was at a considerable distance. Moore then gave a loud exulting whoop, and deridingly slapped his thigh, in token of defiance. In an instant he was off with the rapidity of a chased deer, and soon arrived at the base of the hill. The crisis of the pursuit had now arrived; and had it not been for one of those untoward events, against which neither might nor courage can at all times be available, he would probably have escaped. His progress was arrested by a creek. Of this, however, he thought but little, and leaped over it with ease; but unfortunately, in consequence of the slippery state of the ground, he made a false step on the opposite side of the stream, and fell back into the water. Still unconquered, he rose instantly, recovered his rifle, and attempted to renew the retreat. At this

moment, Waw-paw-maw-quaw descended the bank, and twice snapped his pistol. Moore, in return, twice levelled his rifle; but the priming being wet from the accident which had just occurred, he missed fire both times. He then clubbed his piece, and endeavoured to strike down his adversary with the butt end; but his left hand being powerless, the blow was easily parried. Moore then threw down the rifle, and drew his knife; when, at the moment of commencing the deadly strife which must have followed, the brother of White Loon came up, and suspended the conflict. By this time Moore was faint through loss of blood; the other Indians were within a few paces; and, unable to maintain so unequal a struggle, he surrendered to Waw-paw-maw-quaw, who extended his hand, and received him as a prisoner.

Had Moore been taken in open war, the consequences to himself might have been fatal; but, as the seizure and detention of the captive were mingled with no political consideration, he was considered to be private property, on which account, the usual ceremony of convening a council to deliberate concerning his merits and destiny was dispensed with. And yet, human life, in the hands of these capricious and jealous-pated people, is in extreme jeopardy; especially if that life resides in the frame of a white man, or, as they term him, a "pale face." Had it so

happened, that either of the Loons, White or Black, had been labouring under resentment for recent injuries, real or fancied, inflicted by persons whose colour was opposed to their own, Moore would, without doubt, have been sacrificed. As it was, he was reduced to the necessity of submitting to a barbarous custom; and one, too, which, had it not been for his uncommon bodily strength and activity, might have cost him his existence. It appears that every man, and especially every warrior, taken under circumstances similar to those that befell Moore, must run the gauntlet; a trial which amounts to a series of desperate and unprovoked insults and outrages. An early day was fixed for this treat with Moore. Men, women, and children, differing in all respects except colour, came tumbling in from all quarters, and anticipated as much pleasure as we do on the eve of celebrating our national independence. The rabble who thus congregated were of various ages, from ten to six times ten, and were generally furnished with knobbed switches, and other instruments adapted to inflict serious hurt. The first avocation in which these worthies engaged, was, to examine the prisoner; an office, in the performance of which there was no lack either of ignorance or impudence. They then arranged themselves, face to face, in single files, forming two long lines, each man being about seven feet apart from the rest. The extent of this formid-

able column could not be short of three hundred yards, along the level space, between the Shawnee village, and the Maumee river. Every man was, of course, armed with a stout stick; and the amusement consisted in making Moore run between the lines, while every one of these myrmidons struck at him with as much force as was possible. The Chiefs and principal warriors took their station at the head of the line, and within a short distance of the cabin selected as the goal; while the rest of the men, with the women and youths, promiscuously occupied the other spaces. Moore was now led out, and stripped to the waist. The Indians, aware of his strength and activity, (for it appears he had recovered from his wounds,) tied together his wrists, for the double purpose of hindering his speed, and preventing him from retaliating on his tormentors, and affording him only the means of protecting his face. When the moment arrived, Moore walked back a few paces from one end of the column, in order to gather a little speed at starting; and such was the surprising energy and corporeal power of this well-made fellow, that he bounded through the entire line, unimpeded by the numerous uplifted hands of the assembled crowd. After resting for a few moments, he began to return with similar speed, and had reached the centre, when the Indians, who saw from his fleetness and athletic mould, that he would run through the whole with little

injury, half closed their ranks, and attempted to obstruct his progress. Most of the blows, instead of striking the man, had hitherto fallen clattering on each other's sticks. Moore now very properly called for fair play, and appealed for protection to the honour of the parties; but he found, as many others in far politer circles have done, that honour is a very undefinable article, and seldom at home when most demanded. He resolved, therefore, as the only remedy against ill usage, to redress his own wrongs; and he did it effectually. By one of those powerful exertions which none but a vigorous mind residing in a powerful frame could make, he literally fought his way through the closing files of his opponents. Those who directly opposed him, were felled to the earth with his clenched fist, though he had not more than half the use of it. Others he kicked away. Some felt the weight and hardness of his head, with which, as a battering-ram, he sent them sprawling. Many more, who began to think that discretion was the better part of valour, wisely moved aside: an ample passage was speedily opened, and, amid the shouts of the warriors, he reached the goal. Having passed the ordinary *éclat*, he was generally congratulated as a brave man, and by some applauded for his resistance. I observed, however, that on this motion there was a considerable number in the minority. Sundry

substantial favours, many of which were pretty particular, dealt out by Moore, while fighting his way through, had made an impression too deep for immediate erasure and forgetfulness.

CHAPTER IX.

NOTWITHSTANDING the absurd and violently-conducted ordeal, by which the good temper of Moore had been tested, there was no apparent abatement in the friendliness of his disposition; and, considering that he was a stranger, or nearly so, to those principles of morality on which alone the safety of society is secure, he made a better neighbour than might have been expected. With Coo-coo-cheeh he was a special favourite. To this preference he was entitled, having largely contributed to her comfort and accommodation. Indeed, it must be admitted on the part of this prudent matron, that no one needed think of effecting a lodgment in her good opinion, unless some pleasing and efficient services were rendered. Moore had recently added an apartment to her cabin, and at the period of my acquaintance with him, was engaged in erecting for her use a bark-shed, closed at the back, and with an elevated floor of not less than three feet from the ground. This extra erection was prepared for a particular

purpose; and one which to myself was interesting, and furnished matter for agreeable speculation. About this season of the year, (that is, the middle of August,) I found that the Indians, from time immemorial, held an annual festival, termed "The Feast of Green Corn," on which occasion it was customary to gather a quantity of the nearly ripe wheat, when the ear was grown to its full size, and the grain itself was in that soft and milky state in which it is used for roasting. I have since thought that some similarity might be traced between this feast and that of the "first-fruits" kept by the Jews. Among that ancient people, the presents thus named consisted of part of the fruits of their harvest, and were meant to express their submission and dependence, and to acknowledge the sovereign dominion of God, the Author of all happiness. The day after the feast of the Passover, they brought a sheaf into the temple, as the first-fruits of the barley-harvest. The sheaf was threshed in the court, and of the grain that came out they took a full homer; that is, about three pints. After it had been well winnowed, parched, and bruised, they sprinkled over it a log of oil; that is, near a pint. They added to it a handful of incense; and the Priest that received this offering, shook it before the Lord towards the four quarters of the world; he then cast part of it upon the altar, and the rest was his own. After this every one might begin

his harvest. This was offered in the name of the whole nation, and by this the whole harvest was sanctified unto them. When the wheat-harvest was over, that is, the day of Pentecost, they offered again "first-fruits" of another kind, in the name of all the nation, which consisted of two loaves of two tenth-deals (that is, of about three pints) of flour each. These loaves were made of leavened dough. The coincidence between this custom of the olden time, and that of the Indians of modern date, as derived from their ancestry, has been noticed by several able writers who have observed it, and is adduced by some as an argument to prove, that the aborigines of America were of Israelitish extraction. The hypothesis is, most likely, of a slender order, and those who desire to maintain it must fetch their knowledge from far. At the same time, there is something decidedly analogous in the practices referred to; they are, in both cases, pleasing and rational, and clearly arise from gratitude to the real or supposed author and giver of the harvest, and its valued produce.

Plunged in a state of gross ignorance, as were the Indians of the Miami, it was likely that their best acts of devotion, including their votive offerings, should be mixed with error and weakness. So it was in the instance now quoted. The festival which commenced with acts of piety, finished with vice and sensuality. The day of

celebration, when I was a spectator, was, with respect to the weather, serene and beautiful. The shed built by Moore was for the accommodation of several aged guests, who, unable to take any active part in the sports of the day, might witness them without interruption. Company came in with rapidity. Coo-h-coo-cheeh was the star, or magnet of attraction. Then came her three sons, with a wife apiece. Next to these were her daughter, with her husband, my friend Ironside. Several Shawnee warriors then entered, including a smart fellow, named Walker, with a remarkably good opinion of himself. All these, with many more of less note, drew up with their respective squaws. A few elderly matrons wisely kept together, for the purpose, it may be, of keeping intruders at a distance. As the meeting was one of some solemnity, considerable time elapsed before all parties had exchanged compliments: indeed, the contest for precedence was maintained with a spirit which would have done credit to the drawing-room of the President himself. Matters were at length brought to a tolerable issue, when every lady and gentleman present took the seat assigned to each, the whole being so arranged as to form a circle; the verdant grass on which the meeting was held, forming at once a capital sofa and cushion.

It has been affirmed, that great smokers can never study to so much advantage, as when

assisted by the potent influence of the lighted cigar; and many profound reflectors, besides the Dutch, have made it a practice to finish at least a couple of pipes, and knock out the ashes neatly, before they ventured on the least intellectual exertion, inasmuch as they felt confident, that, without this preparation, they would make nothing out. The Indians seem to partake of this sentiment. When all were seated, the pipe passed very gravely round the circle, not fewer than three times. A venerable Indian then rose, and addressed the assembly:—"The Great Spirit," said he, "has long distinguished His red children, the first and most honourable of the human race. He has given them the vast country, which extends from the sun's rising-place in the far east, to the place where it sets in the great waters beyond the Rocky Mountains; and from the frozen seas of the north, to the boundless salt waters in the south. These yield corn in abundance for bread. He has given us also the buffalo, the elk, the deer, and every kind of wild game. With these our forests once abounded. Nor has He denied us valuable medicinal plants. These furnish specifics for every disease to which His red children are exposed. He sends us fruitful showers, and has now blessed us with the assurance of a good crop of corn. We ought therefore to give evidence of a sense of obligation to Him, by gratefully feasting on the bounties provided, and

by heartily entering into the manly and sporting exercises of the day." The speaker then changed his subject. Having urged the duty of piety to God, he suddenly gave way to a revulsion of feeling, and strongly moved his audience to revenge on the common enemy. "The pale faces," said he, "were the first murderers and oppressors, and we may ascribe our own sad reverses to the judgments of the Great Spirit, who was angry with us for affording them an asylum on our shores. It is now our duty to drive them to their own soil, or at least to send them south of the Ohio. His will be done. Our late victory over St. Clair and his intruders is a proof of the returning favour of the Great Spirit. Nothing therefore remains, but that we exercise ourselves in deeds of valour, so that we may conquer our natural enemies. This, beside present advantage, will supply a certain passport to the boundless hunting-grounds beyond the far-west waters, where no pale face shall ever enter; for so the Great Spirit wills."

No reflecting person can review these sentiments without feeling the importance of those godlike attempts which have for many years been made to enlighten the minds and convert the hearts of Heathen men in general, and the Indians of our continent in particular, to the faith of Christ. From the race of men now named, have been taken every enjoyment, actual and pro-

spective, for the sake of which they were apt to think life valuable. Their lands are gone. The produce has been swept away. They have no longer any political existence. Of the warriors, in whose prowess lay their glory and boast, it is rare to discover a single remaining specimen. Unable to reckon with the wary and calculating white trader, they have negotiated till they have little to negotiate with. In one word, they have nothing left, either here or hereafter, from which they can extract a single ray of well-grounded hope, or reap the least portion of solid comfort. The question is therefore proper, What compensation shall be made to those, whose intercourse with civilized humanity has been so disastrous? The answer is obvious. Give them all good things in one. Present them with moral principle; or, to use better terms, impart to them religious light. Recommend holy practice. Let them possess and be taught the great word. Procure and dispatch suitable Missionaries to explain and teach that word. Direct these teachers, not merely to pay to these red men an occasional visit, but to go and dwell among them, and adopt, so far as is proper, their peculiarities, connive at their eccentricity, and pray with and for them, till power descend from on high; and, as an ample equivalent for lost house and land, they receive the Spirit of adoption, and become entitled to that better inheritance, reserved in heaven for

those who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation.

The speech was listened to with deep attention. Indeed, during the period of its delivery, murmurs of approbation ran through the attentive multitude, and were particularly emphatic at the close of such sentences as were thought specially pertinent and weighty. The enthusiasm of the meeting did not, however, force its way out, till the orator had concluded, when, as if actuated by one soul, the entire assembly sprang on their feet, and uttered a whoop, so prodigiously shrill and prolonged, that, to a stranger, or one unaccustomed to such a *finale*, the effect was startling. After all, it was merely an expression of pleasure; and no doubt was prompted by feelings similar to those which, in certain other meetings of the "pale faces," call for the "three times three;" or in others less convivial, the sober and better-regulated cheer and clapping of the hands.

The deliberations of our Indian friends having concluded, the parties instantly addressed themselves to their sports and amusements. The first of these was running on foot over a straight course of about an hundred yards in length. The principal competitors were the Black and White Loons, Wawpunnoo, and Captain Walker. Moore would have been a formidable rival in the race; but, being a prisoner, and a white one too, the others could not degrade themselves by an associ-

ation so mean. Here, for the first time, I noticed the extraordinary fleetness of the Indian. His attitude is not elegant, in consequence of an awkwardness of gait, principally shown by turning in the toes while stepping out, which diminishes or counteracts the full force of the leg. His movements resemble the bounding of the deer, rather than the more rapid and well-placed step of the white man, whose lower, and even forward, effort bears him more rapidly onward. In a very protracted race, I think it probable that the Indian might prove more than a match for the white, on account of the freedom with which the former continues to breathe after long exertion; but in a short distance the white man runs fastest. I had proof of the truth of these positions. Waw-paw-maw-quaw was the winner over a long course, while Moore offered to give him twenty paces in a race of one hundred yards, which he declined.

The next amusement consisted of wrestling. Several good specimens of strength and skill were shown; but the palm was borne away by Waw-punnoo, brother of the Loons, and Captain Walker, two huge Herculean men, with whom an adversary of less weight or slighter form stood little or no chance. After several contests with each other, Walker was declared best man. Waw-paw-maw-quaw was not, however, satisfied that he should so easily secure and wear the laurel. Perhaps, too, he was a little mortified by defeat,

he having been thrown by Walker. He therefore insisted, that the victor should wrestle at least a single fall with the hitherto-discarded Moore. To this Walker objected, intimating that he could not stoop to such an inferior. Most likely he had misgivings of another kind; but as the Loon was positive, and even walked up to Moore, and led him out, big Mister Walker was obliged to conform. When Moore peeled to the combat, it was evident, from his fine form, that he was not to be trifled with. Like another Ulysses, the poor beggar did himself no discredit, in spite of his well-fed opponent. Their first essays, as is usual with practised wrestlers, were mere trials of strength; but at length, exerting their powers, the contest grew warm. Each appeared to stand firmly, till Moore, observing an unguarded movement of his adversary, gave him an unexpected trip with his foot, and threw him cleverly to the ground, civilly taking care to sustain him while falling, so that he suffered no injury.

Walker's pride was now wounded; and, more than half angry, he sprang quickly to his feet, and again closed with Moore, straining every muscle to throw his antagonist. But this he was unable to effect. The struggle was comparatively short. Moore, observing that his risen foe was intent on mischief, seemed to think that further politeness on his own part would be thrown away: he therefore at once exerted his force, raised his opponent

on his hip, and pitched him heels over head, stretching his whole length with violence on the ground. This produced a loud *waugh!* from the spectators; and no small gratification to White Loon. Moore continued to manifest extraordinary prudence. He saw it necessary to allay, if possible, the aroused resentment of the discomfited Walker, and put down the jealousy of several others, which he observed was much excited. He magnified the vigour of his late adversary, extolled his appearance, and ascribed his own achievement rather to accident than to any superior power or talent. By these judicious and good-tempered concessions all parties were pleased, and clouded faces cleared up as before.

By this time noon had arrived, and the sports were suspended to partake of refreshment, the preparation of which had been confided to Cooh-coo-cheeh. Her task was executed with great exactness and liberality, and the feast amounted to a profusion of good things. The bill of fare contained boiled fish of several kinds, which were well served. Afterwards came stewed squirrels and venison; then green corn, nicely boiled: for the sake of variety, some was brought to table in the ear, while, in another dish, it was cut from the stalk and mixed with beans. We had also a delicate squash, or soup, and several roasted pumpkins. Two kinds of bread were also added. One sort was prepared in the ordinary way from

corn-meal; and a superior kind, made for the occasion, from green corn carefully selected and pounded in a mortar, till reduced to a proper consistency. It was then not unlike cream; salt was added to it; and in this state the preparation was poured into a sort of mould, of an oblong form, composed of corn-leaves, about the size of an ordinary earthenware dish, and placed upon hot ashes, by which process the bread was gradually baked; and a capital article it was. Not being used to plates, each guest was furnished with a wooden bowl, which he placed in his lap. Every person had his own knife; and as forks were not in requisition, those who wished for a slice of meat took the joint between their fingers, and helped themselves. There were, however, several spoons in use. Some were wooden, others made of pewter, and a few of horn. As each man and woman finished dining, they put the bowl aside, saying, *Ooway nclah; netape hooloo*: literally, "I have done; my stomach is full." When all had dined, pipes were introduced, a custom with Indians of irresistible weight. A small keg of rum was then produced, to the no small gratification of the guests, all of whom, of both sexes, indulged in a deep and heavy draught. The men then gave their knives and tomahawks in charge to *Coo-h-coo-cheeh*, and arose for the renewal of their amusements.

The men, invigorated by their plentiful repast,

and a little elevated, perhaps, by the aforesaid cask of strong drink, resumed their field-sports with increased energy. A circle or ring was formed of the males present; within which, and near the circumference, one of the strongest lying on his back, held firmly in his hands, between his raised knees, a stout piece of raw hide, made soft by soaking, and so slippery by the previous application of grease as to require a powerful grasp and a strong hand to wrest it from his gripe. When this central fellow had taken his prostrate position, the Indians began to move round the circle with a short quick step, following each other at the distance of about three feet, and sinking alternately on each foot. They seemed to think the attitude remarkable for gracefulness. Meanwhile the charms of vocal music were not absent. The burden of the canto was, *A yaw whano hiegh how-wa yow way*; the translation of which, I regret to say, defies my ingenuity. The passage was recited in a dull monotonous measure; and, at its close, each Indian, in succession, gave a loud halloo, suddenly stopped, and grasping the raw hide, strove to draw it from the hands of the holder. Some failed in the attempt, others succeeded; but, in each case, amusement was afforded, as, from the suddenness of the movement, the active agent generally measured his length on the ground. Raising the man from the position in the centre

was the most difficult operation, and was held to be a proof of superior strength.

The diversion next presented was that of dancing. In the management of this matter, the men moved in an outer, and the women in an inner, circle; stepping lightly, and with more dexterity, with a waving motion. The party then changed its position, and opened into two lines, facing each other. Here the dancing varied in its time, from a rather quick step to a movement of great gravity, which was concluded by lifting both feet at once, and bringing them down heavily, every one uttering a *heigh* at each step. I ought to mention, that a demure old gentleman beat time, by pounding with one stick upon a small hollow instrument which bore some resemblance to a cracked and worn-out drum. This was meant for music; and to do the actors justice, their feet and the old man's tattoo kept together pretty well.

Towards the middle of the afternoon, I observed that the dancers abated in their briskness. In fact, wishing to exhibit my friends in the most favourable light, I am sorry to add, that the whole bevy, both of men and women, with the exception of Cooh-coo-cheeh, were more than half drunk. Moore had prudently retired with Mr. Ironside across the Miami; and, aware of the approaching excess, I had withdrawn to the corn-fields, where, looking through a small hole in the back of the shed, I could, without danger, witness

the proceedings of the company. It was easy to foresee the result of these extravagancies. Applications to the liquor-cask became more frequent. The more the men drank the more they wanted. Fuel was thus added to the fire. Reason was of course discarded. The amusements degenerated into noise and confusion; and while some attempted to sing, others hurraed about they knew not what; and not a few were disposed to commence a general fight, for the luxury of the thing. Among others, Waw-paw-maw-quaw, recollecting the defeat and severe falls he had received from Walker, laid violent hands on him, and insisted on another trial of strength and skill. This was granted, and he received the punishment due to his drunkenness and temerity. In a heavy throw he fell into the fire, and was severely burned. This circumstance checked the disposition to continued revelry, and contributed to close the assembly. Soon after the parties separated, and staggered home in different directions.

One cannot reflect upon the preceding relation of facts, without being struck with that universal depravity by which, whatever may be the circumstances in which man is placed, he is sure to be overcome, and kept in bondage, until the light of truth is kindled in his mind, and the power of truth enters and renovates his heart. It signifies nothing to say, that Indian attachment to ardent liquors is the result of ignorance; and

that the evils under which they struggle may be taught to fly as education advances. If that were the case, if civilization were the infallible precursor of sound morals, and all men did their duty, who knew their duty, how is it, that in the large cities of America, to say nothing of those in Europe, where the arts and sciences flourish, and intellectual cultivation is estimated at the highest price,—how is it, I ask, that among those classes of men, who expect to be termed respectable, and that even in the high places of the earth, where common persons dare scarcely intrude,—that even here, where the knowledge of right and wrong must surely prevail, the very same vice that conquers the red man in his cabin, is sometimes known to predominate and triumph? The truth is, that nothing short of, and nothing less than, Christian temperance founded on Christian experience, under the influence of Divine grace, can eradicate those propensities to which the indulgence of these excesses is to be imputed. No one but a sojourner among the Indians, like myself, can tell how strongly they are attached to heady and powerful liquors. This is the case, both with men and women. In this disgraceful career I am unable to say which of the sexes takes the lead: if either be behind, it is not their fault, I believe. The conduct of these poor people amounts to an illustration of scriptural precept and doctrine. They see the right, but pursue the wrong. They

are often taken captive against their better judgment; and I have more than once witnessed a curious specimen of the precautions they adopt to guard against the danger that they foresee will arise from the indulgence into which they feel themselves gradually drawn, as on a forceful resistless tide of animal passion and sensuality. Previously to a debauch of this sort, it is customary to sit deliberately down, and make certain arrangements, with the view of lessening the mischief that may arise, when, from inebriety, they are no longer able to distinguish what is dangerous from what is not. One of these plans is to select some person among their own tribe, whose duty it shall be to remain sober during the approaching revel, into whose hands are committed the knives, tomahawks, and other dangerous weapons. It is the duty of this self-denying watchman carefully to secrete and retain these weapons till the carousal shall be over, and the parties concerned have recovered their sobriety. It has been said, there is sometimes method in madness: and it seldom happens, that during these intemperate outbreaks, more serious injury is inflicted, than bruised eyes, or some superficial hurt which among such bacchanalians are of common and unnoticeable occurrence.

Another singularity which I have observed is, that whatever injury may have been inflicted

during the carnival of intoxication, even though amounting to blows or wounds, all the blame is cast upon the "fire-water." The madness and fury of the drunkard himself are overlooked; for, say these advocates of innocence, if it had not been for the strong drop, his faculties would be undisturbed. These licentious doings generally lasted till late at night; and as it was the practice of the company to perform, or rather roar out, on their way home, a sort of jovial air, I could generally tell by the length and *sweetness* of the notes, how far, and to what extent, the parties had indulged in intemperance. The song of these high-flown gentry was, *Ha-yaw-hi-yow-waw-nie, Hi-haw-nit-ta-koo-pee*. The notes, when properly sounded, were, I believe, plaintive and dirge-like, and called for considerable variation in the time observed. If a little elated with liquor, the performance was marked merely by an execution rather more vociferous than requisite; while one very far gone, bent, of course, upon an exhibition of superior talent, introduces grace-notes and quavers, remarkably numerous and long, and often interrupted by pauses, indicating a lurch to one side, or a stagger on the other.

These are debasing vices; but consequences far worse in their nature and tendency remain to be described. To affirm that inebriety is the fatal cause of an almost infinite variety of mischief, is to utter a truism, established by a thousand

arguments and facts; of which plenty may be obtained in the calendars of public crime. Among the Indians, one common effect of drunkenness is, to inflame in a very high degree his naturally savage disposition. If he arrive at home in that state of excitement, his wife and children, with other inmates, must consult their safety by keeping out of his presence. This is the more necessary, if any offence, it matters not how long before, had been given. It not unfrequently happens that an opportunity is sought in moments of intoxication to revenge an alleged insult, which in sober mood would be forgotten. It is peculiarly dangerous at such times for prisoners even to appear in the sight of these inflamed barbarians. The circumstances of such inoffending but unprotected persons, so far from exciting sympathy, are a sufficient cause for ill-treatment; many of whom have been sacrificed for no other reason than that they were the weaker party, and unable to defend themselves. I once met with a melancholy instance of such cruelty. A youth of fourteen, together with his sister, a girl about two years older, had been seized and forcibly taken from their parents, who resided at a settlement near the Ohio. This occurred soon after my captivity. In consequence of some trivial affront, or perhaps without any visible cause at all, the capricious scoundrel who had purloined the children, flew in a passion, and struck the youth

dead by a blow with his tomahawk; after which he tore off his scalp, and threw the mangled body on the bank of a river, exposed to wild animals. A short time after the occurrence of this aggravated murder, I was invited by White Loon and Moore, to join them on a fishing-excursion, in the vicinity of Blue Jacket's village; when, to my consternation and regret, I saw the remains of the unfortunate lad floating on the waters of the Maumee.

My own escape from violent death amounts to little less than a miracle. Often in the middle of winter, when the ground was covered with deep snow, my midnight sleep has been broken by the well-known and dreaded sound of *Hi-yow-wow-nic*. As not an instant was to be lost after the utterance of this threat, for such it was, I sprang from my bed, and, seizing only a blanket, ran and hid myself behind the nearest log or tree, or threw myself on the deep snow, where I have remained for more than an hour, not daring to move till the drunkard had passed on. On one occasion there was hardly a step between me and death. I had unwittingly given offence to Black Loon. A few nights after, he got uproariously drunk, when, as usual, the idea of revenge entered his debased soul. He accordingly approached our cabin, and, not being aware of his condition and design, I had scarcely time to retreat. On entering the door, he inquired for me; and, being told I was absent, drew his knife, and struck several

times through the skins on my couch, thinking I might be concealed beneath. Unable to satiate his vengeance on the desired victim, the Loon was mean enough to snatch up a cat which lay quietly on the hearth, and throw it on the fire; placing one of his feet upon the poor animal to prevent its escape. The piteous cries of the cat may easily be conceived. At length the disappointed assassin reeled away, when Coo-coo-cheeh, who was the unwilling witness of this act of barbarity, jerked the cat from its place of torment, and threw it on the snow. Such recitals are discreditable to human nature; and yet, what better or other things are we to expect from untaught, unenlightened men? I have heard that when a celebrated English divine and writer once saw a drunken man floundering along the street, instead of pronouncing, as was expected, a heavy censure, he merely observed, "There goes Richard Baxter, but for the grace of God." The remark is profoundly just, and applies here. Black Loon was only what, perhaps, I should have been, if left to my own devices, as he was to his. May he be forgiven, inasmuch as, to a great extent, he knew not what he did! I saw little of him after the transaction now recorded. The poor fellow was eventually killed in action, near Manary's block-house, a few miles from Bellefontaine. One of our rangers took him for a spy employed by the British, and brought him down with a rifle-bullet.

CHAPTER X.

Two months glided away after the celebration of the corn-feast, without the occurrence of any very particular event. My principal occupation as a servant was, to fetch water, and collect wood for fuel. Having some leisure, I employed it in hunting. My implements consisted of a bow and arrow; in the use of which I became tolerably expert, frequently shooting birds. At length my talents as a marksman enabled me to maim and capture a fine rabbit, which I carried to the cabin with some little pride. The game, if such it may be called, was serviceable not only on account of its intrinsic worth, but as a passport to the good opinion of my mistress. Never before had I seen the old squaw so delighted. The dinner was prepared, and eaten with more than usual gratification. Sotonego was also present, and assisted to lessen it: and I was assured, both by herself and Coo-coo-cheeh, that if I pursued the course of fame now opened, I might become a great man and a hunter.

But, though immured in the central solitudes and fastnesses of a country naturally difficult either of approach or retreat, and subject to the thralldom of a race of men who gloried in my humiliation, and hated even the colour of my skin, the all-seeing eye of Providence so ordered my steps, that, without design on my part, or

of those who controlled my movements, I was introduced to a circle of persons, through whose influence and connexions information was given to my friends that I still lived, together with directions to my place of residence; the first and most important step which could be taken to effect my deliverance from the house of bondage. This desirable consummation of a hope in which I had scarcely presumed to indulge, was rendered possible by a visit I was allowed to make to the trader's station at the Point, where, at the house of Mr. Ironside, I was always treated with tenderness and affection. It so happened that a person named Wells, then a prisoner at large among the Indians, was present; who, on noticing my situation, very naturally made several inquiries concerning the name, rank, and situation of the family to which I belonged, together with the particulars of my capture and detention. Answers to these questions were given. These he good-naturedly transmitted to the military officer commanding at Fort Vincennes, by whom they were again forwarded to Colonel Wilkinson, at Fort Washington, and once more by him to my father. Letters were then obtained, through the influence of General Washington, from the British Minister at Philadelphia, to Colonel Simcoe, Governor of Upper Canada; and an agent was dispatched by my friends through the States of New-York to Niagara. Thus, by Almighty direction,

at the moment in which hope itself had become almost extinct in my mind, with reference to ever beholding my beloved home, and the still more beloved friends who resided there, actual and efficient measures were in progress for my release. These exertions eventually procured my deliverance; but, as an interval of several months elapsed before the projected measures were fully available, I must not pass over this intervening period by an abrupt anticipation of the result.

As the autumn of the year drew nigh, my mistress, by an unexpected incident, arose to importance hitherto unattained. About the middle of October, the Indians discovered, through one of their numerous spies, that an expedition had been planned by the American government, for the purpose of strengthening their frontier-towns, and furnishing a proper supply of provisions and other *material* for the subsistence of the troops. Two motives impelled the Indians to immediate activity. One was, to prevent this proposed junction; and the other, to seize the provisions on the road. They therefore determined to meet the enemy half-way, and secure the convoy. For this purpose two hundred warriors assembled. They were principally Shawnees and Miamies, and were commanded by the celebrated Little Turtle; a determined freebooter, and by no means scrupulous as to the appropriation of another's property. During the advance of this body to join some

warriors who had encamped near the Point, the two Loons, and about fifty Shawnees, under the direction of Snake and Blue Jacket, halted near our cabin, and sent to consult Coo-h-coo-cheeh as to the result of the intended attack. As the matter was one of grave national import, she had too much sagacity to dispose of it by an off-handed reply, or with unseemly haste; and having retired to her inner apartment to prevent intrusion, she remained, wrapt in a pretended reverie, for more than an hour. During part of this time, I sat under a shed, and could partly observe the old Duchess. I was not, however, able to elicit much. There was a low humming noise, of a voice or sound, as if she was mumbling some incantation or other; perhaps, merely talking to herself, and committing to memory some new piece of deception for future display. The entire farce was enacted with no ordinary skill; and, apart from the arrant hypocrisy which ran through the whole, would have done credit to an artist much more refined in stratagem than my worthy governess. It was of course obvious to common sense, that a force of no less than three hundred well-armed men, falling suddenly on a weak and ill-defended convoy, was likely to make a serious impression; nor need she raise a ghost to tell us, that booty would be secured. The thing could hardly fall out otherwise. Aware of this, she stalked forth from her sanctuary, full of boldness

and elation of manner, to announce that conquest awaited the operations of the army. Waxing confident, on observing the excellent appearance of the warriors, she stretched forth her arms; and then, bringing together the tips of her fingers, as if grasping something, she sung out, in wild and nearly incoherent notes, *Meecluce! Meechee! Meechee!* which, being interpreted, meant, "Many scalps: numerous prisoners: much plunder." This delightful augury was reported to the party at large, who were amazingly flushed on the account; and as confident of victory, as if the enemy were already in full retreat.

The entire force soon after passed in single file: nor could I help admiring this numerous and powerful body of men, as they marched in good order to the river. The review having closed, the entire force was presently afloat on the Maumce. For a few moments, every man stood erect in his canoe, with a rifle, which he well knew how to handle. The whole immediately took their seats, and were soon out of sight. Such is the gorgeousness, the outside pomp, and circumstance of war, wherever it is about to rage; but we must not let the eye deceive our understanding. These very men, so seemly in appearance, were shortly after pouring vengeance on a comparatively defenceless caravan; so that in a few hours a host of widows and orphans were left to weep for their irreparable loss. Being at that time not more

than twelve years of age, the formal and sanctionious proceedings of Cooh-coo-cheeh, on the prosecution of her speculations, had rather awed my mind, so that I could not approach her without a superstitious sort of fear. Not that I ever thought she was really gifted with the second-sightedness to which she pretended. The religious education I had received taught me, even then, to reject such a notion; but I could not help thinking, she had some commerce with invisible and evil agencies. The truth was, and I afterwards knew it, that her art, from first to last, consisted of the knack of putting together and telling a plausible tale for the purpose of getting property. Such was the case here. She contrived to inspire confidence by a pretended prediction, delivered in oracular and enigmatical sentences; and when it was believed, as agreeable prophecies generally are, she laughed heartily in her sleeve at the dupes, from whom she hoped to receive a good share of plunder. As I expected, Cooh-coo-cheeh had it all her own way. During the succeeding month, the Indians returned after a successful campaign. They had surprised and defeated the convoy, which consisted of a body of Kentuckians, or, as the Indians termed them, *Somon-the*. The action took place near the Fort St. Clair. Several scalps were taken, besides a large number of valuable horses, and an unusually extensive assortment of baggage. Waw-paw-maw-quaw had a

good horse, and several new blankets, as his share of the spoil. His brother was content with a similar quota. The other property, consisting of tents, camp-utensils, and various other articles, was distributed in the army, according to merit. On that ground, Coo-h-coo-cheeh naturally stood high. It was moved and carried unanimously, that the victory was all owing to her foretellings. In conformity with this irresistible claim, she was presented with six blankets, to which several pounds of tobacco were added; and, lastly, though not least, was subjoined a keg of whisky. But when did the reward of hypocrisy do any good? and how can the bread of deceit, though sweet to the palate, be other than bitterness in the end? That Coo-h-coo-cheeh was not bettered by these ill-gotten luxuries, I know; indeed I had soon after feeling cause to notice and remember the wrath and rashness of her deteriorated temper and disposition.

At the approach of winter, the tight thin clothing I had hitherto worn, and which was much the worse for wear, was thrown aside, and, in lieu thereof, I was presented with an Indian dress of stouter materials, and adapted to the coming rigorous weather. This suit of clothes consisted of a white shirt, blanket, capot, blue gaiters, and the usual ample waist-cloth; so that I was attired in the full Indian costume. Very few days had gone by, when I had to assume the

courage of an Indian, as well as his appearance. One afternoon in December I had been sent by Cooh-coo-cheeh, to cut and bring home as much wood as I could carry. I accordingly took my axe, the pecawn,* and my faithful dog, who had become an inseparable companion, and proceeded about a quarter of a mile through an adjoining woody valley. Having procured the fuel, and tied it together in a fagot, I was just going to place it on my shoulder, when I observed that the dog, whose perception of surrounding objects was probably much nicer than mine, had discovered something unusual, and was moving off for a short distance with extreme caution. Having taken his position at the distance of a few paces, he squatted close to the foot of a small tree, growling fiercely, and striking the ground with his tail. On watching him more narrowly, I found he looked intently towards the upper part of the sapling at whose foot he lay, as if to inform me there was game at hand, and to ask my assistance. I immediately took up the axe, walked slowly to the dog, and by following the direction of his eye, saw on the limb of a tree, about sixteen feet from the ground, an animal of a dark grey colour, tinged with red, with a white belly, and round head. Its shape altogether resembled that of a cat, but it was four times as large as the largest known specimen of the domestic cat;

* A long strap for tying up wood.

and it was couched in the attitude of springing on its prey. Ignorant of the nature and strength of my newly-discovered companion, and totally unapprehensive of danger, I threw several sticks at him; and at length succeeded in inflicting a smart blow on the head. The animal, vexed with the assault, instantly sprang to the ground, and alighted only a few feet from the place where I stood. The dog attacked him with great intrepidity, and a fierce combat ensued. Being strong, and well-kept, the dog maintained the contest for some time, about on equal terms. He several times caught the animal by the throat, but was as often compelled to let go his hold by the furious and powerful exertions of his antagonist, who drew up his hind feet, and tore away with a fierceness of which I had till then no idea. The ardour of the dog, at last, began to abate, and he fought with much greater caution. Fearing lest he should be overmatched, I thought it high time to act in conjunction with my brave ally. Taking advantage, therefore, of an opening in the battle, at the moment in which the dog attempted to seize the throat of his adversary, I was fortunate enough to deal a blow with the axe, which struck and told heavily on his head. He was completely stunned: the dog, finding him disabled, renewed his assault with new energy, and the work of death was soon complete. The dog, though severely lacerated, was delighted beyond

measure; now standing over his fallen enemy, as if exulting in his fate; now jumping around me, and wagging his tail, with all but speaking pleasure and expressiveness. Having leisure to examine the animal, I found, from his dimensions, he had been much more formidable than his appearance on the tree seemed to warrant. From the nose to the tip of the tail, he measured four feet; and, judging from the general form of the body and limbs, he was either a wild cat, or a young panther. It will be imagined, that my mind was gratefully affected at the deliverance thus wrought out; and of which, in its full extent, I was not till that moment aware. I left my wood on the ground, and, throwing the prize over my shoulder, marched home with no small inward exultation. On arriving at the cabin, I threw my load before Cooh-coo-cheeh. The old lady was almost dumb with astonishment. She raised her hands, and exclaimed, *Waugh-haugh—h Pooshun!* The animal proved to be a large male wild cat, as dangerous as a panther in proportion to its strength, and to the full as savage. But for the presence and activity of my noble dog, who crippled the assailant, and my own ignorance of the real danger, by which my mind was kept cool and steady, I might, and probably should, have fallen a sacrifice to the hungry rover. But this conclusion is short-sighted and grovelling. Rather let me recognise the super-

intendence of that gracious Power, whose presence penetrates the thickest gloom, and who saved me, as He did His servant David, from "out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear."

Among other results of this engagement, I found myself raised some fifty per cent. in the estimation of Cooh-coo-cheeh. She never, it appeared, till then, thought me worth anything. There perhaps she was wrong. Now she put me down at an incalculable price. There she was wrong again. Thus it is that weak minds run into extremes, and either sink beneath or soar above the golden medium of truth and sobriety. She was never tired of hearing the particulars of the fight. Her encomiums were so flattering that I dare not name them. When she had arrived at the climax of her satisfaction, she generally burst out with emotion, *Enee, wessah!* "That is right; that is good!" She often declared I should make a mighty hunter: a proof, by the way, that her prognostications were good for nothing, for I never made a hunter of any sort. At length, her admiration rose to such an elevation, that, placing her forefingers together, which among Indians is a symbol of matrimony, and pointing to her daughter Sotonego, who stood by, she declared that when I became a man, I should have her for a wife. For a distinction so peculiarly flattering, what could I do less than express all due gratitude?

I had by this time acquired so much of the Shawnee dialect, as to understand, and take a part in general conversation. The long winter evenings were often beguiled by listening to the tales of Coo-h-coo-cheeh, of which she had almost an endless store. Love of fame, or what in worldly language is termed glory, might, I found, and actually did, predominate in the bosom of an old squaw, born to live and die in the heart of a tangled wilderness. Her darling themes were, the long line and prowess of her ancestry, which she affected to trace and delineate, I know not how far back, and question if she knew herself. On more modern topics, her palaver was interesting; for her memory was tenacious and exact. She described numerous bloody battles between her countrymen and the Americans; in all of which, the latter, as usual, came off second best. Chivalrous exploits of certain Indian warriors were also narrated with Homeric minuteness and eulogium. Her own early life was then reviewed, with such prolixity, that, to a person less polite or obliging than myself, it might have been thought tedious. I had details of her courtship and marriage; the unheard-of strength and activity of her then young and handsome husband, Co-kun-di-aw-shah, then passed in review; to which was appended a glowing relation of her own personal charms. I observed, however, that whether the topic was

social or political, tragic or mirthful; whether of achievements in the field, or at the chase; whether humorous or pathetic,—for she could manage both with some effect; the ruling passion was to be noticed through all. This was a love of the marvellous, mingled with many superstitious fancies. Nor did she hesitate to avow, that on several occasions she had obtained intercourse with departed spirits, and gloried in the supernatural agency which she described as her exclusive privilege. She had, moreover, a singular predilection for an amphibious animal,—the beaver; and ascribed to him not only the faculty of reason, but of speech. To prove this, she one day assured me, in all the sobriety of serious apparent truth, that she once heard a beaver perform a musical air with great effect. On passing a streamlet, a poor weary traveller, worn down by fatigue, and perishing with hunger, had thrown himself on the ground, expecting to perish; when a beaver, perceiving his forlorn condition, bade him take courage, for the waters, then out, would soon subside, and beyond the stream he would find plenty of game. But the communication was poetic!

*Saw-wattee, saw-watty,
Saw-akee meechee noo Rahoo-honey;
Koo-quay nippee ta tsa
Wagh waw wagh, waw wagh!*

Such were the strains of the four-footed philan-

thropist; or rather, so fertile was the imagination of my mistress, to whose originality of genius the palm of invention must, I believe, be awarded.

As a mark of special esteem, Cooh-coo-cheeh took great pains to teach me the art of dancing in the Indian manner. This is an accomplishment not so easily acquired, as from the simplicity of the steps might be supposed. Gracefulness of appearance, in the opinion of the fashionables at Blue-Jacket village, consists principally in dexterous movements of the body; skilfulness of step and lightness of tread being secondary and inferior considerations. Great practice was therefore needed to make much progress. Having seen my sister dance previously to leaving home, and having caught the steps of several movements, deemed clever, I exhibited one or two specimens, in order to convince Cooh-coo-cheeh of their superiority and elegance. The result discovered that I had reckoned without my host. She thought the whole beneath notice, and so ridiculous, that after enduring my capering, till endurance was no longer possible, she desired me to be still, and have no more of it. My pretensions in that line were therefore quickly reduced within humble dimensions.

I have before intimated, that Cooh-coo-cheeh, though a somewhat worthy person in her way, was far from being a pattern of perfection, in any tolerable or decent sense of the term; and,

notwithstanding the efforts I made to please and secure her favour, it frequently happened, that, for the merest trifle, she would break out in sallies of ungovernable fury, which, beside being dangerous to the objects of her wrath, sadly contributed to lower her respectability, and showed that, whatever was the improvement in her manners and habits, the original corrupt principles of unrenewed nature raged with unabated vigour. Her reformation was all outside. The repair of her lapses extended no farther than the superficies. It was a mere coat of plaster, which, though it shone bright enough to deceive the unpractised eye, covered a thousand ugly flaws, and left the old building as rickety as ever.

One very cold morning, in the month of January, Cooh-coo-cheeh had risen before daylight, and, intending to make some homminy,* was employed in boiling some corn with ashes, for the purpose of removing the husky part. When this process had been continued the customary time, it was part of my duty to assist in the preparation. I was accordingly ordered to get up and attend to duty. This I was going to do; but not rising with sufficient haste to please the old woman, I saw in an instant that a storm was at hand. Her temper never was of a dulcet order; and when ruffled by opposition or disappointment, it converted her into a fury; nor

* A species of light bread.

was she at all nice in the choice of instruments with which to execute her resentment. When the poker was not at hand, it was nothing unusual to hurl a knife, an axe, a billet of wood, or any other dangerous weapon or missile, at the unfortunate object of her ire. When she arrived within arms-length of my unhappy self, she uttered a deep and customary *Oogh!* which was followed by a blow from the poker. Then, without allowing me time to put on my gaiters, she hurried me away with the kettle of boiling corn, and a large coarse sieve, to the river. The Maumee had for some time been frozen over. The ice was six inches thick, so that we had to cut through it, and keep the orifice open for the convenience of procuring water. I then placed the sieve by the river-side, and proceeded with my work, by rubbing and cleansing the corn-grains. It will easily be imagined this was no luxury. I had stood on the ice without shoes or any other covering for my feet. The cold at length became so intense, that I could no longer endure it. For the sake, therefore, of temporary relief, I ventured to place my feet in the warm liquid. Just then, unfortunately, the old squaw espied me. She instantly opened her battery; uttered an immensity of *Ooghs*; called me loudly by my Indian name, Mecheeway; and then, as if recollection returned, ran furiously to the river, where the poker lay. This she hastily picked

up, and threw it at me with her utmost strength. The blow felled me to the ice; but as the old beldam was intent on mischief, that was no time for supineness: I therefore sprang up almost directly, and ran away. On returning to the cabin some time after, the lion had become a lamb, and I escaped without further violence.

Had I been long exposed to treatment so harsh and oppressively cruel, my life would most likely have been forfeited. Providentially, for myself, Coo-coo-cheeh had very little more license for exhibitions of that sort. The day of my deliverance was not distant; and, thanks to Almighty goodness, it arrived much more rapidly than I expected. Towards the close of February, a journey was proposed, as this season of the year is technically termed "sugar weather;" that is, frosty nights and sultry days succeed each other, during which time the process alluded to might be profitably followed. We commenced our travels under easy circumstances, all things, and in particular our late quarrel, being considered. Our luggage, of which the weightiest article was a large brass kettle for boiling sugar, was placed on a stout packhorse; several other articles of clothing and bed-furniture were also added. We then closed our cabin-door, and, having placed against it the well-known stick, denoting the absence of the lawful tenantry, we crossed the Maumee, below the mouth of the Auglaize, and

proceeded down the river to a range of beautiful woodland slopes, principally filled with sugar-trees, intermixed with blue ash, elms, and poplars: on this spot Cooch-coo-cheeh was quite at home, and well acquainted with the localities of the place. She had, it appeared, made an annual quantity of sugar for more than twenty years past; and had erected a comfortable bark-shelter, with every convenience for sugar-making, except the brass kettle, which we brought with us. This was a busy season, and I rendered myself as useful as possible. The tree from which this sweet liquid was extracted is the sugar-maple, the *acer saccharinum* of Linnæus. This tree grows rapidly in the western States of the American union; and those that grow near the waters of the Ohio are most productive. They are usually found mingled with the beech, hemlock, white and water ash, the cucumber-tree, linden, aspen, butter-nut, and wild cherry trees. They sometimes are found in groves, covering five or six acres in a body, but are more commonly interspersed with some or all of the forest-trees just mentioned. It has been remarked that springs of the purest water are generally found in their vicinity. When fully grown, they are as tall as the white and black oaks, and from two to three feet in diameter. They put forth a beautiful white blossom in the spring, before they show a single leaf. Another singularity in this unique tree is, that the wood

is particularly inflammable, and is on that account greatly sought after by hunters and others for fire-wood. The smaller branches are so much impregnated with sugar, as to afford support to cattle, sheep, and horses, during the winter; and its ashes yield a great quantity of potash, equal, if not superior, to that produced by any other tree found in the woods of the United States. The process of tapping the tree is very simple. The best method is, to introduce an auger, by which a perforation in an ascending direction is made, about three quarters of an inch in length. This is afterwards gradually deepened to the extent of two inches. The sap flows from four to six weeks, according to the temperature of the weather. Troughs, large enough to contain three or four gallons, made of white pine, or other suitable timber, are placed under a small spout, previously fixed, to contain and transmit the sap; which is carried at proper intervals to a large receiver; from whence, after being strained, it is passed to the boiler.

My employment was to dust and place the troughs in the proper position, so that when Cooch-coo-cheeh tapped the tree, the sap might be safely conveyed to the receiver. I had also a good deal to do as wood-cutter; beside which I kindled and kept in the fires, and occasionally superintended the boiling of water during the night. Thus things went on with great sweetness and

harmony. Several days had rapidly fled in the prosecution of our manufacture, and the collected sap falling to our share was said to be sufficient for the produce of a large quantity of sugar. One evening, just before sunset, as we were quietly seated by the fire, I observed a stranger, who entered the cabin and requested to have some private conversation with Cooch-coo-cheeh. This was granted. Who or what he was, I knew not; as my mistress made no communication on the subject. That the visit was unexpected, I felt positive; and was surprised to observe, that she listened to the conversation of her guest without the least interruption or rejoinder: an effort of taciturnity for one so talkative, that to myself was wondrous. She merely replied at the close of the interview, *Hu-ennee!* or, "Very well."

When the activities of the day had ceased, and quietude was restored to our cabin, I perceived that Cooch-coo-cheeh was more than ordinarily disposed to converse with me, and repeated her inquiries relative to my parents, their rank in society, how long they had lived on the Ohio, and particularly from whence they originally came. I told her they once resided near the seashore, not far from New-York; and that my forefathers were English, and came from an island on the eastern side of the great lake, south and east of us. This information seemed to be painful, as if it had caused an old wound to bleed afresh.

Her brow was clouded, and the mournful and tremulous tones of her voice betrayed the mingled emotions of grief and melancholy. She at once adverted to the wrongs which, in her judgment, had been inflicted on her countrymen by these very English people, from whom, according to my own admission, I had descended. She spoke of the first landing of the disagreeable-looking "pale faces," in huge canoes, with white wings, as seen by her ancestors; of the deceit they practised in obtaining leave to come ashore; of the early settlements they contrived to make; their continually-increasing strength and power; their enormous avarice, which was never satisfied, while more could be got; their continual encroachments on the red man, who, reduced by diseases, thinned by civil wars, artfully tormented by white thieves, and diminished by their long and various struggles, first with Met-a-coo-se-a-quá, (the British,) and then with Se-monthe, (the Americans, or Long Knives,) were no longer powerful. She expressed her conviction that these united marauders would never be quiet, till they had driven the Indians to the extreme north to perish on the great ice-lake, or to the far west, where those who had escaped the rifle, could be pushed into the great waters, and the whole race be lost. She then enlarged on the anger* of the Great Spirit against the red man,

* It is remarkable, that in the notion formed by these

and especially those of her own nation, nearly all of whom had perished: and, melting into tenderness, she concluded that herself and children, the remnant of her race, would soon sleep in the ground; that there would be none to gather them at the feast of the dead, or celebrate their obsequies. The mournful theme was then changed, and with a countenance kindled into animation, and eyes sparkling with delight, she threw her views forward into the invisible world; for in its reality she steadily believed. It is worth remark, that the immortality of the soul, and a future state, are doctrines taught not only by holy writ, but seen written by intuition and inherence in every human bosom.

“Lo! the poor Indian: his untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind;
And thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.”

The elysium or heaven of Cooh-coo-cheeh was a queer one; but still it was the best she could imagine, unaided by truer light and correcter information. She described its beautiful hunting-grounds, the ever-during abode of brave and good men. These, she said, lay far, very far, beyond the vast western waters, and were tenfold larger than the great continent of America.

poor people, of a Supreme Power, they invariably conceive of a Being whose disposition or mind is essentially wrathful and vindictive. That God is love, is a truth of which they seem to have no conception.

There, she said, the changing seasons brought no extremes of heat or cold, wet or drought; none were sick; none became old or infirm. Pointing to some lofty poplars then within view, and which rose eighty feet in perpendicular height, she declared that in the country to which she hastened, the trees were twenty times that height, and spread their broad foliage among the stars. Corn and beans grew there spontaneously; pumpkins and melons were common; the trees were loaded with fruit; the ground was perpetually verdant. The flowers in the prairies were ever blooming, and of fragrance now unknown. The springs were abundant, and the waters clear: the rivers were broad and deep, and abounded, moreover, with fish of the finest and most varied qualities. The open woods were stocked with countless herds of buffaloes, deer, elk, and moose. Every species of game was there. In short, there was a paradise, containing all that could delight the mind, or gratify the senses; and, to crown the whole, the exclusive home of the Indian. The visiter already referred to, was present during this oration, and had listened during its delivery with that attention which among Indians is inseparable from good manners. As he was destined to be a companion of mine, I may state that his name was Joseph Blanche; that he was an active little Canadian Frenchman, partaking in no small degree of the national vivacity of

that people. He had frequently expressed his admiration and wonder while the good lady was in possession of the house; and at the close exclaimed, with a knowing smile, "Ma foi! dat is grand contry." Soon after he left us for the evening, Cooch-coo-cheeh informed me that he was a messenger dispatched by the British agent at Detroit, for the special purpose of negotiating for my redemption from captivity; after which his orders were to superintend the safety of my return. I have never known why Cooch-coo-cheeh delayed so long to divulge this agreeable intelligence. She might have thought that the sudden mental elation produced might be injurious; or, having become, in spite of the occasional sallies of her anger, rather attached to me, she might have felt loth to part.

Wings are of no use, unless we fly with them; and it was not likely that I should be dilatory in grasping at the liberty so unexpectedly vouchsafed. I was up early on the following morning: my French guide was equally active, and we directly prepared to set out for the Point. The ceremony of parting, in this instance, not an idle one, first exacted attention. Cooch-coo-cheeh placed my hands in hers, and kindly predicted the happiness of my family, especially the joy of my mother, at my safe return. On this point, at least, the liberty of prophesying was, I thought, perfectly innocent. She then alluded to her own

regret at parting with me, having, as she said, begun to regard me as her child. She concluded by saying, that if I grew up to be a man, I must come and see her. She could have gone on, but tears prevented. Poor Sotonego, my betrothed, was also deeply afflicted, and sobbed loudly as I took her hand. She could only articulate, "Farewell." We now left the cabin. Blanche walked first, and I followed at a brisk pace. This was on the last day of February, 1793. Such is the force of habit and local attachments, that, anxious as I was to escape to a brighter region, I could not help looking back, every now and then, upon the scene of my protracted residence, and the inmates who still stood looking after me. At length intervening trees hid them for ever from my sight, or at least to see them no more until the morning of that expected day, when the cited population of the earth, from the beginning to the end of time, shall hear the seventh trumpet, and arise from their tombs of dust, to die no more.

CHAPTER XI.

I HAD seen many bright mornings during the brief and joyous season of youth; but never in my mind's eye did the sun arise with splendour

equal to that of this gay morn. Never before did the fair face of nature seem half so beautiful and captivating. Every shrub and flower was arrayed, I thought, in its holiday garb. I wondered at everything, and especially at myself. I could scarcely credit the testimony of my senses, in believing that I was no longer a prisoner, and free to walk away, without restraint or observation. So forcible were the impressions of former confinement, that we had gone a considerable distance, before I could prevail upon myself to believe that I was *really free*. When at length the fact was obvious, and I felt that the shackles of personal restraint were removed, I scarcely knew what to do. Perhaps none but a youth just entering his teens, and who has been similarly situated, can conceive aright of my ecstasy on this occasion. I was like a bird who had escaped from the snare of the fowler, or a young colt broken loose from the stall. To suppress my exultation, or even to moderate it, was out of my power. I laughed; I wept; I shouted and sung alternately. Never before had I moved with a motion so elastic, and a step so light and agile. I skipped over every log I met with, merely for the delight it afforded. I jumped and danced, utterly regardless of persons, place, or thing, and for no other conceivable purpose, but that of proving I was no longer chained to a post, or confined in a hovel. At length, after indulging some time in

this superfluity of joy, I happened to catch the eye of my guide, in which I thought there was something suspicious. In fact, he began to have serious doubts of my sanity. I concluded, therefore, it was high time to clear up that point, by instantly endeavouring to sober my exertions, lest I should get out of the frying-pan into the fire, and escape from confinement among strangers, merely to be consigned to the care of my pitying friends. Becoming more temperate, my expressions of joy were restrained to singing and whistling, which I kept up without intermission till we reached the Auglaize. I observed that even here Blanche was not quite easy concerning my rationality. He watched me narrowly; and several times turned round and noticed my countenance. Having arrived at the place of embarkation, we got on board a canoe, and crossed the river. In a few minutes we landed at the house of my excellent friend Ironside.

This gentleman received me with more than usual kindness, and heartily congratulated me on my deliverance from Indian captivity. He then introduced me to Colonel Elliott, the British Indian agent, and to a Mr. Sharp, merchant at Detroit, who had recently arrived at Auglaize. Elliott received me with considerable hauteur, and that sort of civility which showed he thought himself amazingly condescending. Why he thus felt, I could not conceive. My family was re-

spectable; and I afterwards found that this great man had been sent by Governor Simcoe for the express purpose of effecting my ransom, and conveying me to Detroit. Now, when the crisis had arrived, as if he had no duty to perform, or thought the service degrading, he pretended, that being at Auglaize on public business, he had accidentally heard of me, and, actuated solely by motives of humanity, would try to procure my release. This he accordingly did by the payment of one hundred and twenty dollars, the price at which I was valued by Indian calculation. Having been truly told by Cooh-coo-cheeh, that I was to be escorted home forthwith, without more ado, this bargaining was not very agreeable. All that Elliott had to do was to put down the sum on account of my parents, which the Indians demanded for my release; instead of which he thrusts himself forward to make merchandise, and drive a traffic in the person of one of his fellow-creatures, who, for anything he could show to the contrary, was in every respect, age perhaps excepted, his own equal. I felt this operation as an outrage on my feelings. It seemed to me that I had been sold to Elliott; and that, instead of gaining my liberty, I had only exchanged one owner for another. After-thought, however, convinced me that the tyranny could only be of temporary duration; and that, on nearing home, my rights would be vindicated. Reassured,

therefore, that this event was in progress, I became more satisfied; though I could not but be sensible of present injustice. Elliott, I perceived, had conveyed to Mr. Ironside the same deceptive impression of his own bastard humanity; and that my ransom was an affair of his own, and altogether a private speculation. The latter gentleman, scorning such pitiful deceit, would, had he known the truth, at once have eased my mind by stating it.

The ill-treatment from this same person was continued. The wife of Ironside invited me to breakfast. To this Elliott impertinently objected, alleging that it would give too much trouble. What was that to him, if the good woman chose to take it? The provision made for him cost at least an equal degree of trouble, and yet his modesty did not induce him to decline giving it. Elliott then ordered my guide, Blanche, to take me to the house of Girty, where refreshment would be provided. To this I was obliged to submit. On arriving there, I found that Girty's wife had prepared a capital breakfast. There were on the table some excellent wheaten bread and coffee, together with stewed pork and venison. Not having sat down to such articles for a long season, I ate with uncommon relish, and did ample justice to the food provided. When breakfast was nearly over, Girty came in, and, seating himself just opposite to where I was placed, insolently observed,

“So, my young Yankee, you are about to start for home.” I answered, “Yes, Sir, I hope so.” “That,” said he, “will depend on your master, Colonel Elliott,” in whose kitchen he had no doubt I should serve a few years’ apprenticeship as scullion. Then taking his knife, and sharpening it on a whetstone, he went on, “I see your ears are whole yet; but I am greatly mistaken if you leave this, without the Indian ear-mark, that we may know you again next time you are caught.” As the ruffian was bent on insult, I did not wait to see whether this was jest, or uttered in earnest, but, leaving my meal unfinished, quickly rose from the table, leaped out at the door, and in a few seconds took refuge in the house of Ironside. On learning the cause of my flight, Elliott indulged in a broad laugh, deriding my unfounded childish fears, as he was pleased to term them. Ironside was evidently vexed. He looked serious, and shook his head, convinced, no doubt, as I was myself, that had I remained, Girty, who was a big poltroon, would have executed his threat, by mutilating some part of my person.

The arrangements for the prosecution of my journey being complete, we again proposed to move. I took leave of Mr. Ironside and his wife with sensations of gratitude, which will not easily be obliterated. To several other persons on the Point, I also felt deeply indebted. Of these many

came down to bid me farewell. They wished us a good voyage, and a happy reception at home. We then launched away in a stout-built, open-decked vessel. Blanche acted as steersman; and a stout Canadian, named Baptiste, took the oars. We soon cleared the Point, and rapidly descended the Maumee. I had an unexpected glimpse of the cabin of Cooh-coo-cheeh, though at some distance: the view affected me greatly;—no great wonder, when it is recollected, that, cooped within that narrow circle, and its immediate locality, I spent seven months of wearisome bondage and disappointed hope. And yet, mingled with this retrospect, gratitude to God was uppermost in my heart. I could not help reflecting, (and it would have been disgraceful if I had not,) that eight months ago I had arrived at the door of Cooh-coo-cheeh, weary, exhausted, half-famished, self-desponding, a prisoner, and, if there ever were such a thing, an object of compassion. Now, although far from being a gentleman at large, my condition was incomparably amended. True it is, I was still dirty, ragged, bareheaded, and much tanned by exposure to the sun's rays; but, though my exterior was not over inviting, I enjoyed excellent health, nor did I lack food convenient for sustenance; beside which, (and this appeared to be the salt of life, without which all else was insipid and without relish,) I was on the verge of entire liberty, and had already, so to

speak, dipped my feet within the margin of the healing stream. Having advanced a little, I looked back once more to catch a view of my old habitation; but my eyes were suffused with tears; the current wafted us along, aided by the welcome stroke of the oar, which to me was music, and I felt a pleasure which no words can adequately convey.

It will be easy to perceive from what I have said, that I had no great predilection either for Elliott, or his companion, Sharp. The former of these, the agent, was in person a dark-complexioned, ordinary-sized man. His features were small, with a short turned-up nose, and a countenance at once imperious and repulsive. Sharp, on the contrary, had light flaxen hair; generally wore an unmeaning smile, and a face the obvious index of a weak and shallow mind. After half an hour had passed in the boat, spent in trifling conversation, Sharp requested me to furnish some particulars of my late captivity. I thought it politic to obey the summons; but I soon saw that the hearers cared not a straw either for me or my narrative. I was interrupted by coarse conversation on the most trifling occurrence that happened to elicit notice. I was selected as a tool for amusement, as poor Samson was in days of old for the Philistines. Sharp afterwards expanded his inquiries about my family, the Miami settlements, Fort Washington, and other places.

These topics drew Elliott into discussion, who thought fit to make many ungentlemanly and disparaging remarks relative to America and her citizens. Sharp then observed, addressing his fellow-traveller, that, having notions so full of liberty and equality, the Yankees would make stubborn servants, and that none of them would be a bargain at any price. "However," he continued, looking at me, "I suppose you will not have much employment for him." "Not much," replied Elliott, "besides cleaning knives and forks, blacking shoes, running of errands, and waiting at table." As the design of this barbarous colloquy was to insult a youth, whose interest and comfort he was bound in honour and duty to secure, it will not be surprising that I surveyed such conduct with disgust. I afterwards thought myself justified in manifesting a little reserve, with regard to the worthy pair. I therefore asked few questions, and answered those put to me with all possible brevity. Our voyage was subsequently pursued with safety and pleasure. The surrounding scenery was quite superb enough to engage my observation. Numerous shoals of fishes, large and small, some very fine, and not a few odd-looking articles, were sporting around in every quarter. Here and there, an Indian village, perched on the bank, or quietly resting in some sequestered vale, courted notice. Numerous boats, with their cheerful crews, passed and re-

passed on different errands. Many of these men plied their oars to the notes of a musical air; while those who used a paddle tried to chime in, and kept excellent time, just as a soldier marks with his left foot the measured beat of drum, or the performers in a band the nod of a leader aloft.

Having arrived at Auglaize, we slept at a village of Wyandot Indians, and, on the next morning, passed the rapids, and landed about the middle of the afternoon on the northern banks of the Maumee, a few miles above its entrance into Lake Erie, at a small Wyandot encampment. Here the two boatmen, with their vessels, left us, and proceeded to their homes at Frenchtown. Elliott then placed me in charge of the Wyandots, with whom he had contracted, probably for a gallon of rum, or some such trifle, to convey me to Detroit. The value at which he rated the preservation of my life may therefore be computed with ease. He then coolly mounted his horse, and, in company with Sharp, rode off, leaving me once more to the mercy of savages. Injury and insult soon followed this base desertion. Scarcely were my faithless guardians out of sight, when the Indians, eight or ten in number, began to drink pretty freely; and, soon becoming half drunk, they attempted to sing and dance, then to shout and wrestle, and finally to quarrel. Among them was a youth of fourteen, who, while

I was sitting quietly, as a spectator, on one side of the tent, came and pulled me up, insisting that I should wrestle with him. This I declined, alleging, as an excuse, his superiority in years and strength. I was not afraid of him in fair rencontre; but I foresaw that a contest with him would be injurious to myself, whether I was victor or not. If I were beaten, the mortification of defeat would be mine, without a friend to console me; and if the reverse, I might excite the jealousy of a revengeful though subdued enemy. But no refusal on my part would suffice. I was therefore compelled to enter the lists. My adversary, who was full of confidence, had the advantage in muscular show; but, being myself well-formed, and much more active than he, in a few seconds I laid him handsomely prostrate. In a second effort, he was more successful, and threw me. Giving myself a sudden spring, I threw myself over him; and as he struggled by force to get up, I held him down till he asked permission to rise. His passions were now up, as well as his person; and, on recovering his feet, he seized me by the hair, and, with a volley of dirty abuse, in broken Shawnese, declared he would scalp me. In return, I gave him a smart blow on the pit of the stomach, which, while it made him relax his hold upon my hair, nearly knocked him down. I then placed myself in an attitude of defence, determined to resist any further insult or violence. On observing

this, he did not venture to approach. I concluded, therefore, that his anger was appeased, and felt pleased that the contest had closed. I then turned round, and walked slowly to the seat, whence I had so reluctantly been taken. But the great booby still sought revenge; and, observing that my attention was diverted by another object, he stole cautiously behind, drew his knife, and stabbed me in the back. He, no doubt, intended to inflict a mortal wound, but, providentially, the knife struck the lower part of my shoulder-blade, and glanced obliquely near the ribs, without entering a vital part. The incision was an inch in width, and, when afterwards probed by the British surgeon, at Detroit, was found to be three inches deep. An old Indian, noticing the circumstance, then interfered, and discovering, from the blood that flowed, that I was badly wounded, stripped off my capot, and pressed the wound firmly. He then procured and applied a piece of tobacco, large enough to cover the orifice, and covered it with a compress, secured by a bandage over my shoulder and round my chest. This effectually stanch'd the blood. Early next morning I experienced another proof of the kind of care provided for me by Colonel Elliott. I was confided to the custody of two old squaws, who placed me in the middle of their canoe, and set out for Detroit, a distance of forty-five miles. In this magnificent plight, we paddled along the edge of

the lake, and up the strait. At last, by the good hand of God upon us, rather than any dexterity of ours, we arrived at the desired haven on the evening of the 3d of March, when I was delivered into the hands of Colonel England, the officer in command of the garrison.

I now found myself, for the first time, restored to the enjoyments of civil society. Colonel England had, not only the dress and appearance, but that practical politeness which, though it may begin with professions, ends in real acts of friendship and good-will. He had been instructed by Governor Simcoe, to provide me with clothing and other necessaries, and to send me on to Fort Niagara, as soon as the navigation of Lake Erie was practicable. Information had also been given him respecting my family and relations; and I was not a little pleased to find that he was personally acquainted with several friends of my mother. A sense of public duty, therefore, joined to his naturally excellent disposition, insured me a favourable reception. At my first interview, the Colonel, noticing my wretched appearance, was greatly moved, and surveyed me for some time in silence. I saw also in him the soul of Christian sympathy: this was soon after exemplified by directions issued for my comfort and relief. After asking me several questions, in a tone and manner very different from those to which I had lately been used, he kindly assured

me, that my best interests should be carefully consulted. He then turned to Lieutenant André, an officer in his regiment, and committed me to his charge, observing, he was sure Mrs. André would feel pleasure in making the needful provision for my welfare. Here I found another warm friend. He had expected me for some days, and, having heard of my arrival, he hastened to head-quarters: he took me by the hand, and led me to his apartments in the barracks, only a few doors distant, and requested me to sit down. In a few minutes a servant entered, and set before me some tea, with bread and butter; on which having made a suitable inroad, I rose, and was retiring from the table, when two women, who through mere curiosity, as I imagined, had been standing at one end of the room, watching the uncouth and half-Indian stranger, unceremoniously advanced, and, taking each a hand, led me to an adjoining chamber. They had, I found, been instructed to supervise my person and clothing, and effect such changes and reformation as cleanliness and respectability required. That such a step was necessary, is undoubted; only there are two ways of doing most things, —a right and a wrong; and if these bustling personages had asked me a question or two, and proceeded with a little more moderation, their work would have been much better performed, and some pain saved. That my clothing was

none of the nicest, is likely; but that it was positively dangerous even to the touch, is more than I can affirm. At all events, the rough but dainty-fingered damsels were resolved to take care of themselves. On taking off my outer garments, they at once threw them out of the window, taking care to send them beyond the palisades of the town, as though the very effluvia might generate infection. They then placed me in a large tub, half filled with water, and, without so far consulting their understanding as to ask me a single question, tore off my shirt, to which the bandages adhered around my shoulder. The process was so quick, that before I had time to tell them of the wound I had received, great mischief was done. Acute pain was inflicted, which extorted from me a loud scream. The surprise of the women at first was great. I then told them that an Indian had stabbed me in the shoulder; and when they saw the blood issue from the re-opened wound, one of them ran to inform Mr. André, while the other, with a rag, tried to stop the effusion. Even then, such were the propensities of this genuine daughter of the wash-tub and its concomitants, she continued the process of ablution as if nothing more had discovered itself than an incidental scratch, or the exercise of her calling was more valuable than the preservation of my life.

The surgeon soon arrived, and put things into

something like order. Having probed the wound, he stated, that had the weapon entered either an inch lower or nearer the spine, the consequences might have been fatal. Soon after this exercise, which, whether I refer to my outward or inward man, surely deserved the name, I retired to rest, and arose next morning much refreshed. New clothes had been ordered for my accommodation, but were not yet ready, so that I was compelled to avail myself of a temporary supply. This was civilly granted. Ensign O'Brian contributed his part by the loan of a pair of trousers, rather too big, but more convenient than the opposite extreme. One of the women furnished stockings and slippers; and with some additional help I was fitted for the breakfast-room, where I made my entrance, and was introduced to Mrs. André, wife of the Lieutenant. This lady received me with great delicacy and kindness, and congratulated me on my deliverance from the Indians. I saw, however, she had some difficulty in preserving her gravity; and no great wonder. I was a thing of shreds and patches; no two articles I had on seemed to coalesce; for though the clothing I wore had been borrowed from the smallest officer in the regiment, it enclosed me like a sack, and set at defiance all advances to shape or proportion. Mrs. André magnanimously overlooked these and all other discrepancies; and after numerous inquiries concerning my friends,

she gratified my self-complacency by observing that she herself was a distant relative, on my mother's side. It came out that Mrs. André was a third cousin; but if it had been a five-and-twentieth only, or a five hundredth, the recognition of relationship from a respectable person, under circumstances like those in which I was placed, was an affair not to be slighted or undervalued.

After-intercourse showed, that Mrs. André possessed none of that fictitious consequence which, while yielding respect and homage to the man with "the gold ring and costly apparel," passes by the unfortunate, and says to the poor, "Stand thou there." Of this, her conduct to a poor deserted boy is proof enough. This agreeable lady was in person exceedingly prepossessing, and was apparently not more than twenty years of age. To me she supplied the place of a sister or mother; and to that admission, what more can be added? It will not lessen the interest of this little family-episode, if I state that her husband was brother to the unfortunate Major André, whose untimely fate once extracted sympathy and tears from the wise and good on both borders of the Atlantic. I was subsequently introduced to the families of Mr. Erskine and Commodore Grant, where I found several lads and lasses of about my own age. Such company proved a source of entertainment, to which I had been long unused,

and was highly relished. They obligingly showed me such curiosities as the town afforded, which, together with the shipping and fort, were peculiarly interesting. In this situation my mind was all gratitude and joy.

CHAPTER XII.

THE situation of Detroit is on the western bank of the strait which connects Lake Huron with Lake Erie, and about ten miles south of St. Clair. Most persons are familiar with this geographical notice; but few are aware of what the town itself was forty years ago. The whole place contained at that time only wooden buildings, few of which were well finished. This confined locality was surrounded with high pickets, enclosing an area of perhaps half a square mile, about one-third of which along the bank of the river, as the strait is called, was covered with buildings. Three narrow streets ran parallel with the river, and these were intersected by four or five others at right angles. At the south end of the town the entrance to the interior, or city, was placed. This was secured by a pair of heavy gates, constructed of timber: close to this avenue, which abutted on Second and Fourth streets, a space of about two hundred square yards had been cleared, enclosed on two

sides with low palisades. Within this space was erected a row of handsome three-storied barracks, for the accommodation of officers. Buildings of the same height and of corresponding architecture had been built for the soldiers on the north and west sides of the square. The open central space was occupied as a military parade, where the troops were exercised daily by the Adjutant. The fort was placed on the north-east angle of the large area, on ground a little elevated above the adjacent land. It was separated from the surrounding buildings by an esplanade, and protected by several defences. First, an abattis of tree-tops had been constructed, having the ends of the stout limbs sharpened, and projecting outward about four feet from the ground. Then, outside of this, a ravine or ditch, well filled with water, had been formed, in the deepest part of which strong stakes or pickets had been driven. Around the whole was placed a row of light palisades, seven or eight feet long, projecting horizontally from the glacis. The fort, which covered about half an acre, was square, with a bastion at each angle. Each parapet was high enough to shelter the quarters within, the whole of which were bomb-proof. The entrance was on the western side, over a drawbridge, facing the river, and through a covered way, over and on each side of which batteries of cannon were mounted, chiefly twenty-four pounders. The

bastions and lines were mounted with guns, varying in calibre, being from six to twelve pounders. The fort was garrisoned by a company of artillerymen under the command of Captain Spear; while two companies of infantry, and one of grenadiers of the twenty-fourth, were quartered at the barracks. The remainder of the regiment was at Michilimacinach, and other northern parts. The gate near the end of the officers' barracks was defended by a twenty-four pounder; and, for the protection of the east side of the town, two small batteries frowned over the bank of the river. In the spring of 1793 several brigs were at anchor in the river, fronting the town. Two of these, the Chippewa and Ottawa, were new vessels, carrying eight or ten guns each, belonging to His Britannic Majesty. The little squadron, including a well-built sloop, was commanded by Commodore Grant. There were also, lying comfortably in the roadstead, several merchantmen, sloops, and schooners, the property of private individuals.

Having spent nearly a month at Detroit, and in a great measure recruited my health, it was proposed to place me in travelling condition, for the prosecution of my journey home. At the close of March the lakes were nearly clear of ice; and, though we were not entirely free from the apprehension of danger, if an easterly storm should arise, it was thought that by pursuing a

straight course to Fort Erie, the passage would be safe. Orders were therefore issued for the sailing of the sloop "Felicity," already named. Though my residence in this hospitable place had been brief, it was a matter of no small difficulty to tear myself away. The heart must indeed have been callous, which could have experienced kindness like that shown me, and be insensible of the obligation. But duty was paramount; added to which, the picture of home, and its endearing recollections, urged me forward. Everything being in readiness, the sloop weighed anchor: I took an affectionate leave of my acquaintance; especially Mr. and Mrs. André, whom I thanked with a tearful eye for their parental kindness. I tried to bid them farewell, but could not. Colonel England was also good enough to come alongside, and wish me a prosperous voyage. To him I also tendered my best acknowledgments. Then taking up a small bundle, containing linen and other necessaries, I accompanied the sailor who was waiting for me to the ship's boat, and in a few minutes found myself on the deck of the good ship.

We set sail with a light breeze from the southwest, but, being obliged frequently to tack, our progress was inconsiderable. Night coming on, we anchored at the mouth of the river, and next morning, the wind having freshened, and veered a point, we crowded all sail, and made con-

siderable way. Towards afternoon, we again came to an anchor: this was at Put-in Bay, a fine harbour on the north-western part of Lake Erie, formed by the North, Middle, and South Bass, Strentian, and some other islands. Here the wind became light and variable; and, as Captain Fleming thought it more prudent to remain here till morning, we again brought up. By way of improving time, the Captain took me into the boat, with two oarsmen, and a couple of hooks and lines, to see what we could catch by trailing our tackle from the stern of the boat. After rowing along the north side of the Strentian Island, which is of convex form, and very steep and rocky, we caught several fine fish: one of which I had the pleasure of drawing into the boat. Our sport was sufficiently successful to furnish a delicious and plentiful meal.

Another treat awaited me. On a high rocky promontory of the island, a tall majestic tree rose conspicuously, towering above the adjacent wood; on the top of which we observed an eery. Presently its inhabitant, a noble eagle, rose in fine style, and without seeming exertion, though with amazing velocity, swept along on an extended circle, embracing the breadth and length of the entire bay. He then gradually rose, contracting his sphere at each revolution; when suddenly mounting to an incredible height, he appeared a mere speck in his elevated abode. Then descend-

ing almost with the quickness of thought to mid air, he again wheeled round, doubling his sphere each time, till he at length alighted on some tree, or pounced upon the prey; which, though unnoticed by his victim, he had seen afar off. There are in Scripture some striking allusions to the swiftness of the eagle's flight. "My days are passed away as the eagle that hasteth to the prey." So Job thought; and another eminent man declared, that "riches certainly make themselves wings: they fly away as an eagle toward heaven." Her rapacity is also noticed: "Where the slain are, there is she."

On the following morning, which was the 1st day of April, a light breeze from the south sprang up, when we weighed anchor, and sailed easterly at an easy rate. We passed in a few hours between Point-Pelee and Middle Island. At four in the afternoon our sloop, being a good sailer, had run fifty miles, when the wind suddenly shifted, and blew fresh from the east. We continued onward, however, regularly tacking from south to north-cast, as near the wind as possible, till after sunset, the wind still increasing. We now lost sight of land, and, as it blew a gale, matters were rather serious. I had retired to my berth about ten o'clock, and, notwithstanding the war of contending elements without, had fallen into a sound sleep. Meantime the storm had so increased, that the Captain found himself

unable to proceed. Fearing lest the heavy swell of the sea should unship our mast, he gave orders to put the sloop about. On coming round on the starboard, we were nearly upset. I was awakened by the shock, which threw me from my berth to the opposite side of the cabin. The next moment a heavy sea struck the stern, and forced in the cabin-windows, by which we shipped several hogsheads of water. This being tossed from side to side, several minutes elapsed before I could gain my feet with sufficient steadiness to crawl on deck. But that must be a very high wind that makes a sailor despair. Our men were all coolness and activity. Precautions were directly taken to guard against the recurrence of accident. The dead-lights were closed, and the ship cleared of water. I was advised to return to my berth; but, having been literally floated out of it, I preferred remaining above; thinking that if the sloop should be wrecked, I should stand a better chance of escape: beside which, there is, in actual danger, something satisfactory in observing the progress of events, and calculating from ocular inspection the probable result. Such was the fury of the wind at this period, that, although scudding under poles, with scarcely a stitch of canvas set, we were going at the rate of twelve knots an hour, pitching and rolling most fearfully. We thought frequently that the mast must go, or that the

seams of the vessel would be torn open, and cause us at once to founder; or, as some parts of the lake were shallow, that we should touch the ground, and be shivered to fragments. Providence, so often my preserver, again appeared to help us. Just after daylight, favoured with correct and judicious steerage, or, more properly speaking, aided by the all-skilful hand of "the Pilot of Galilee," we weathered a dreadful line of breakers on the north point of Port-Pelee, and once more anchored in Put-in Bay.

Sailors are proverbially superstitious, and many of them are so much wiser than their betters, they can discover or invent a reason for everything. We had a learned gentleman of this sort on board. This was Tom the cook; who, on all knotty and mysterious affairs, was the oracle of the sloop. He decided at once, that he foresaw all our difficulties, and that the cause of our adverse winds, and consequent disasters, was, that we sailed from port on Friday, which at the best of times is an unlucky day, but was now rendered more so, by being the 1st of April. Indeed, under these impressions, the crew seemed astonished that we were allowed even to put back, and take refuge anywhere. I was glad to perceive that these absurdities, long since exploded, had no other effect upon our Captain than to provoke an occasional smile.

Once more thrown on our resources, by our

wind-bound situation, we sought employment. For the sake of variety, we resolved on an inland excursion; and on the afternoon of a fine Saturday, proceeded to explore the island called Middle Bass. Here we met with and killed several large rattle-snakes. I narrowly escaped being bitten by one, over which I stepped as it crossed the path. The Captain had gone to a small pond, perhaps the eighth of a mile in advance, to shoot ducks, but returned in a short time, running at a desperate rate, and quite exhausted. On inquiring the cause of so precipitate a retreat, he stated that the moment after he had let fly at the ducks, a monster—to wit, an immense snake, at least fifteen or sixteen feet in length—issued from the long grass at the water's edge, and pursued him for some distance. Fear has been said to magnify danger: not that our gallant Captain was of the timid class of persons. The snake, perhaps, was not quite so long and large as he imagined. At any rate, no damage ensued, except the loss of the wounded ducks, which our nautical sportsman could not recover. For this privation we were afterwards amply compensated, by a good haul of fish on returning to the "Felicity." Refreshed by our resting-place and change of employ, we were anxious to prosecute our voyage, and on the following morning, which was the Sabbath, we again weighed and stood out of the bay. Now, were one day more inauspicious

than another, for the commencement of worldly operations, I should say, it is the Lord's day. Our friend Tom was of another opinion. He prognosticated prosperity, and nothing else. For the first day his foresight was verified; so that he was exalted above measure, and entertained us with a variety of tales relating to his own extraordinary adventures by land and sea. Many of these bordered on the marvellous; but as the company were not very exact in requiring proofs for every assertion, he passed for an uncommonly clever fellow. To the accomplishments already divulged, he added that of vocal music. We had "All in the Downs;" beside several other naval ditties, which, in theatrical phrase, were sung with unbounded applause. Tom's prophecies, like many others of the sort, failed at the very crisis of accomplishment. The wind, which had been favourable throughout Sunday, veered round the following morning, blowing hard directly ahead. Soon after daylight, when in sight of Long or Puttshank's Point, and not much more than an hundred miles from Fort Erie, to our great disappointment, a storm arose, even more severe than the preceding; which compelled us to change our course, and eventually drove us to our former anchorage, at Put-in Bay. On Wednesday morning, determined if possible to proceed, we again sailed; and after twenty-four hours of hard labour, were once more sent back

with the loss of our top-gallant mast. On this occasion, I was extremely ill, induced by the heavy rolling and pitching of the sloop, and began to fear we should never succeed in crossing the lake.

We are not, however, to conclude that these misfortunes, complicated, discouraging, and oft-repeated as they were, put Tom the cook out of countenance, though they occurred in open defiance of his prophecy. He had another shot in his locker; or, in other words, other resources in reserve. He luckily recollected that we had in the hold of the ship an ill-looking man, said to be an American, whom the British had taken up at Detroit, on the supposition of his being a spy, and on whose person certain papers, said to contain plans of the town and fortifications, were found. Tom now confidently stated that this man was a Jonah, on whose account the vessel had not been permitted to cross the lake. This he said was evident, because the man had been tried before Colonel England, and found guilty; by whom also he was heavily ironed, and put on board the sloop for conveyance to Niagara. It was clear, he said, therefore, that the outcast, this fugitive, this guilty person, was a man whom, though he had so far escaped the reward of his deeds, the Almighty would not suffer to reach the shore alive. So deeply did the crew enter into this hair-brained scheme, that had it not

been for a well-planned proposal, originating with the Captain, the poor confined fellow would probably have been thrown overboard. On Friday morning, when the wind was still in the vexatious quarter, and impatience at boiling heat, the Captain, having let go the anchor, proposed that all spare hands should engage in a fishing-excursion. This tempting project was highly relished, and instantly adopted. So intently did every one engage in the needful preparation, that the deadly purpose of taking away an innocent man's life was thoroughly diverted. The boat being manned, we proceeded off and on, round great part of the North-Bass Island, where, beside catching a sturgeon, we secured a number of fine white-fish, and several of the kind termed bass. The return to the "Felicity" was marked with an overflow of good humour and conviviality.

Soon after this agreeable and well-timed digression from the monotony of service afloat, we landed on the north side of the Bass Island, where our curiosity was attracted to a spot, on one side of the path, by a prodigious number of buzzards:* some were on the wing, others on the ground, and many had perched themselves on the boughs of trees. On approaching the place, we saw a light bateau-fashioned canoe,

* A species of hawk, when fully grown, about twenty-one inches in length.

split and shattered, lying on the top of a bank, and just on the margin of a forest. Advancing a few steps further, we met with the body of a man, who had been drowned not less than a week previously, probably in attempting to pass from Point-au-Plait to the bay. The clothes of the deceased were yet entire, and consisted of a drab-coloured coat, overalls, and mocassons, with a calico shirt. By opening the breast-buttons, we were convinced, from the colour of the skin, that the sufferer was a Canadian Frenchman. The body was in a state of rapid decomposition, and the head and face nearly destroyed by the buzzards, the flocks of which had called us to the place. To ourselves, this melancholy spectacle was a mournful and touching sight. Nor did it, I trust, fail to inspire gratitude for our own merciful preservation to Him who rules on high, and calms the roaring seas. But for the interposition of His power and goodness, our bones might also have lain bleaching on the sand. Tom the cook was alive to this circumstance, and drew a moral, with an inference or two. In finding this unburied body, he at once saw another cogent reason why we were driven back to the exact spot. It was that we should afford the rites of Christian sepulture to the unhappy wanderer, and thus protect all that remained of him from the talons of ravenous animals. We thought, that, whatever became of this reasoning,

the hint was good, and resolved immediately to commence the work of humanity. Tom was principal grave-digger: the rest acted under his directions. Taking the Frenchman's paddle, which lay near him, and aided by another sailor who procured a suitable-shaped stick, in about an hour they contrived to sink an opening in the sand, about two feet deep, and of the proper length and breadth. The body was then placed in its narrow bed. When this was decently performed, Tom drew from his pocket a Prayer-Book, and, opening it at the Burial Service, handed it to the Captain, who read the appointed lessons with great solemnity. The grave was then filled up: the paddle, with the blade upward, was placed at the head, as the only memorial we could exhibit. We then collected, and threw over the place of interment, a quantity of brush-wood, with several logs, for protection. Having so far met the demands of our common nature, we returned to our boat, and soon rejoined the ship in safety. Tom, in his official capacity, soon set about preparations for dinner; and, in less than an hour, put before us an excellent repast of fish and potatoes, rendered doubly good by keenness of appetite, created by our long fast, and morning's exercise on shore.

On Wednesday, the 13th of April, the long-desired alteration in the weather took place. Until then the wind was "dead on end," and

outside the bay there was a heavy sea. The wind now chopped round to the southward, when we bent our sails, and had a run for several hours. On Friday evening we arrived safely opposite Fort Erie. On the following morning I took leave of the ship's company, and went on shore with the Captain, who introduced me to the officer commanding the fort; and, at the same time, delivered a letter written by Colonel England. I was detained here only a few hours, and being placed on board a small barge, protected by a corporal and four soldiers, I was conveyed to Fort Chippewa, a block-house, garrisoned by a Lieutenant and thirty men, on the north side, near the mouth of the Chippewa creek, and about two miles above the Falls of Niagara. I passed the night at the fort, and next day, accompanied by a guide, provided by the Lieutenant, I walked down to the Falls. We spent two hours in viewing that stupendous cataract, which it is difficult to survey with composure. The impetuous motion of a body of water so vast, makes the senses reel. Combined with the deafening noise produced, the effect is awfully sublime: when once beheld, the impression on the mind is indelible. I was afterwards conducted to Queenstown, where we discovered a wood-boat just setting off for Fort Niagara. I availed myself of that conveyance, and in little more than an hour arrived there. On delivering my papers to the officer in command,

he conducted me to Lieutenant Hill, who received me with great kindness.

Forty years since, the south-western districts of the State of New-York were an almost unbroken wilderness. With the exception of a log-ferry-house on the top of the bank opposite Queenstown, not at all remarkable either for extent or magnificence, there was only one house on the footpath, complimentarily termed a road, between Niagara and Canandaigua, a distance of an hundred miles. That solitary dwelling was a tavern, near the western bank of the Genessee, and ten long miles from the spot where the town of Rochester has since been built. The best mode of travelling in those days was on horseback: but, being unable to encounter such a journey alone, I was obliged to wait till some suitable opportunity offered for procedure, for which I depended on the civility of Governor Simcoe. Not that my time passed heavily. Placed in the family of Lieutenant Hill, my sojourn of a single week was an agreeable halt. This gentleman was an Adjutant of the fiftieth regiment of infantry, part of which, with a company of artillery, was garrisoned at Fort Niagara, while another division was stationed at York, in Upper Canada, on the west side of the lake. By the invitation of Lieutenant Hill, I went with him several times, when the troops not on duty went through the usual field-evolutions, and was greatly struck

with the precision and regularity with which the manual exercise was performed. The slightest error or defect was noticed by the officer, who not unfrequently expressed his disapprobation by an unceremonious rap, with his rattan, on the knuckles or shins of the delinquent. The troops here, though in a high state of discipline, were, I think, inferior in appearance to the men of the twenty-fourth; whose exterior, when in line, was singularly prepossessing and martial. The uniform of this noble regiment was neat and well adapted. It consisted of a white waistcoat and pantaloons, with half-gaiters; a long scarlet coat, faced with deep green, and laced with silver at the button-holes, sleeves, and skirts. That of the fiftieth regiment comprised drab-coloured underclothing, with long scarlet coat, faced with light green, and entirely unornamented. The men in those days wore their hair long, clubbed at the neck, and spreading like a fan between the shoulders. This absurd system of powder and pomatum, which, while it required an immense sacrifice of time and trouble, was utterly useless, and even inconvenient and dirty, has been for years abandoned. In lieu of this military toilette, which converted half the army into hair-dressers, the whole of such folly is disposed of. The men wear their hair cut short. Tails and cues are given to the winds: by this means, cleanliness is promoted, the entire expense of dressing each

other is saved; while the men, divested of such an incumbrance, look, beyond all comparison, much better. On the old plan, they were made to follow the caprices of a silly fashion, which, as many persons know, originated with the ballad-singers of Paris: whereas, in the improved modern method, nature is left to reveal her own comeliness; a matter which, after all the artifices of the *beau monde*, she understands and manages best.

The acquaintance I was allowed to form with Mr. Hill was advantageous to myself on several accounts. Without pretending to anything very exalted, he was possessed of excellent common sense, which, after all that may be said of other attainments, is not only the most valuable in itself, but the best of any in the performance of life's never-ceasing duties. He proved a kind and able adviser, and rendered himself agreeable as a companion, when friends and companionship were scarce, and doubly serviceable. I was also led to admire the almost excessive punctuality with which he discharged his duties as a military man. Whether he had been perfectly happy in that most important election, the choice of a wife, is a matter on which it might be rash to offer a conjecture. My hostess was a very intelligent person, and of a disposition truly amiable. It would be unjust, forsooth, were I to charge her with undue taciturnity, or the least want of fluency in conversation and debate. I found she had the advantage

of her husband, in regard to age and experience, being his senior by about fifteen years and a trifle. This, of course, entitled her opinions to consideration and deference. She was tall in person, rather gaunt and large-featured; but I know not why any one should object to strength and expressiveness of countenance: and she had too much sense to attempt the concealment of a little homeliness of form and figure, by the follies of fashion and extrinsic ornament. Her dress was neat and plain; and if her manners were not remarkably refined, they were regular and precise, and removed by immeasurable degrees from coarseness and vulgarity. I had reason to surmise that fortune, rank, or some other consideration, *added* to real attachment, had influenced the gallant officer in his matrimonial advances. This, however, is a mere speculation, or little more, just to be named and forgotten. To me the lady manifested the kindness of a mother. She carefully repaired my clothes and linen. As a specimen of her thoughtful thriftiness, when I left, she presented me with a calico needle-and-thread case; very properly observing, that, as no one could foresee future exigencies, it was well to prepare for whatever might happen; that a stitch in time saved nine; and that I should learn to mend my own clothes, —one method, among many others, of procuring independence. This piece of advice I have often reduced to practice. Her identical gift was

preserved many years; and when the consuming touch of time had corroded and spoiled my original needle, so used had I become to the advantage it conferred, that I immediately provided myself with another, enclosed in a suitable thread-case. This I have carried between the leaves of my pocket-book; and though I can never think it quite so good as that genuine article furnished by my friend, it has often rendered me sound and valuable service in time of need.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE situation of Fort Niagara is a commanding and well-chosen one. It is erected on an elevated ridge, at the mouth of the strait connecting Lakes Erie and Ontario. The scenery around is at once romantic and sublime. Ascending the margin of the lakes, a lofty and precipitous range of mountains bounds the horizon. These are covered to the water's edge with trees and herbage, except that, here and there, huge masses of rock project, as if originally heaved into their present resting-places by some subterranean convulsion. On the Canadian side of the lakes, the view is not impressive. Here we could perceive, hanging, as it were, on the shaggy summit

of a bold tongue of land, the large white building, used by the British as a mess-house and quarters for the Queen's Rangers, at that time stationed there. Queenstown was also within view. On a small plain, between the base of a hill and the sea-shore, the neat village of Newark had arisen, containing, among other interesting buildings, the residence of Governor Simcoe. But the great and all-absorbing features of this extraordinary vicinity remain to be noticed,—not described, at least by me; for I am unequal to the task. The dark, deep waters of Ontario present a vast expanse, extending as far as the eye can reach, and inspiring the beholder, unless incurably insensible, with wonder and awe. Then, if it be not rash to attempt anything like description, I might revert to the far-famed Falls of Niagara; the mighty roar of whose congregated waters may be distinctly heard, on a still night, on Lake Erie, a distance of twenty miles. The mind is affectingly subdued in approaching this wonderful locality. On nearing it, though at a distance sufficiently great to ensure safety from the suction of the rapids, I felt myself instinctively leaning to that side of the boat nearest the shore, as if safety depended on instant retreat. One of the most striking views is from the first small break of water, close to the British shore, just above the long island extending from the mouth of the Chippewa to the Falls. From this

point, the eye of a spectator glances in the direction of Goat-Island, embracing, in that view, the entire mid-stream. The second break, as it is sometimes termed, is here visible; and if the observer can retain his collectedness, he may here survey the unrivalled scene with advantage. Part of the river sweeps, with incalculable fury, down a steep ledge of rock; from whence, having struck the bottom, it rises, and rolls in fearful swells, with an impetuosity inconceivable to all but an actual beholder. How others are affected, I am not exactly positive; but in my own case, the front view of the cataract is the most overpowering. In that position, the volume of approaching water is seen coming rapidly on, till, on reaching the edge of a precipice of awful altitude, the deluge comes thundering down into the abyss beneath. By altering the point of observation, another interesting view may be secured. Such is the force with which the mass of water descends, that the rebound produces a boiling torrent, tumultuously rolling in troubled eddies, till it gradually lessens in the far-distant windings and depths in the lake below. If the sun shines, an effect the most pleasing and unique is produced. A brilliant rainbow instantly appears, whose ample arch spans the entire width of the river. While gazing at the immensity of the objects composing this astonishing sight, I seemed to shrink into insignificance and nothingness. And yet, I shall

not be forgotten by Him whose plastic hand once formed this globous earth, and bade it move in its allotted path. He remains the same, although the flood of ages pass away. The deep chasms of Niagara have probably thrown out the bursting flood ever since the time when the fountains of the great deep were broken up; and will probably continue to pour it forth, till the time shall come when the warring elements must sleep, and the universe give way. But there is a spirit in man: the redeemed of the Lord shall return to Zion: and when nature, and her works, shall yield to the fiat of Omnipotence, we may

“Smile at the all-destroying shock;
For, lo, the everlasting Rock
Is cleft to take us in.”

After having spent an agreeable season at Fort Niagara, I was informed that an opportunity now offered for the prosecution of my journey homewards. The notice was rather sudden; but as my wardrobe and travelling equipage could be easily compressed within the four corners of a handkerchief, I was in a few minutes prepared for the journey. I took a hasty leave of Mr. and Mrs. Hill, and proceeded to the house of Governor Simcoe, who received me with great kindness, and introduced me to Thomas Morris, Esq., of Canandaigua, who had arrived at Newark the preceding day, and who, I found, was to be my guide and

fellow-traveller. Some conversation arose between Governor Simcoe and myself, relative to the conduct of Colonel Elliott, whose name has already appeared on these pages; and the result proved, that my opinion of that valorous person was correct.* The Governor listened to my tale with indignation and regret, particularly when informed of the unjustifiable manner in which I had been left among the Indians at the mouth of the Maumee; of the injury I had suffered, and the dangers subsequently encountered, in consequence. He stated that his explicit instructions to Elliott were, to convey me in safety to Detroit; and I well recollect that Mr. Morris, though a disinterested party, declared that such neglect deserved the inquiry of a court-martial. At the same time, it must be admitted that the irregularities of agents in reference to the Indians could not always be noticed, as the influence of these self-important persons was occasionally required for the maintenance of a good understanding between the British authorities and their respective red allies.

My friend Morris left us in the afternoon, observing that he proposed setting off from the ferry-house early next morning, and that he would wait for me till evening at Queenstown. I have now but an indistinct recollection of

* With a little allowance, perhaps, on the ground of national prejudices.

Governor Simcoe. The lapse of twice twenty years creates a veil almost opaque, and too dim for penetration. I remember, however, that the figure of this eminent person was commanding; that he had an open, manly countenance; and that his manners, though dignified, were affable, and evinced the usual frankness of a soldier. I had the honour of taking tea with his lady; a very handsome and intelligent woman, but, unfortunately, afflicted with an impediment in her speech, so seriously inconvenient, as to render conversation painful and irksome. After tea a servant appeared at the gate with two fine bay horses, on one of which, after taking leave of Governor Simcoe and his lady, I mounted. The servant then received orders to "spin him along," and we started at a rapid canter. We arrived at Queenstown within an hour; and having crossed the Niagara about dusk, we entered the ferry-house, where we met Mr. Nathaniel Gorham, one of the proprietors of Canandaigua, and a coloured servant, who had travelled with him to the frontier. Here we spent the night; and on the next morning, after partaking of an early breakfast, we each mounted a good horse, and proceeded. We travelled with great ease and rapidity, stopping only one hour at noon to bait our horses, and share a luncheon of biscuit and cheese. At night we found tolerable accommodation, both for man and beast, in an Indian

village. On the following day we dined at a tavern, near the west bank of the Genessee; and a little after dark, on the same evening, found ourselves at the desired destination. We thus performed a journey of nearly a hundred miles, through the wilderness, and along a poorly-contrived footpath, in two days. Mr. Morris, being at that time a single man, had apartments in the tavern of a noted Boniface: I was placed under the same roof, and certainly had no cause of complaint, either of my landlord or my domicile. He was generous; I was happy, and I hope not ungrateful.

Some little notice of the then town of Canandaigua may not be unacceptable. It was, in fact, nothing more than a neat village, containing, I think, about forty houses, scattered along the principal street, about a mile in length, in a westerly direction, and commencing at the narrow lake, from which its name is derived. At the head or upper end of this street stood the hotel in which I lodged, a large two-storied wooden building, painted white, and making a respectable appearance. Mr. Morris was also just putting the finishing-hand to an elegant house at the West-end of the town. A school-room had also been erected, where a good man, named Upham, followed his vocation by instructing about forty children. Near the site of this academy was the residence of Mr. Chapon, agent for the Senecas.

the eldest of whose sons was engaged in extensive trade with the Indians, chiefly in the fur and skin department; while a younger son, something of a linguist, acted as interpreter between the parties, taking care, no doubt, to translate all intercourse as far as possible in favour of themselves. I remained in this pleasant place until about the middle of June, waiting for a safe and convenient transit to New-York. Providentially for myself, the fur-merchant just named, wishing to reduce his accumulated stock, resolved upon a journey to the very place. Of this opening I gladly availed myself. Having loaded a large bateau with an assortment of goods, certain terms for my passage were negotiated between my friend Morris and the worthy factor, so that arrangements for my departure were made without the least trouble on my part.

My time had, on the whole, been spent at Canandaigua with pleasure and profit. I had been instructed in several branches of useful information by Mr. Upham, and at seasonable leisure hours had amused myself by fishing on the lake; nor were Sandford and his wife wanting in marks of esteem and good feeling; but it is to Mr. Morris that the chief debt of my gratitude is due. I had met with plenty of well-wishers, and with some real friends; but never did I receive such benevolent and generous treatment as that shown by this gentleman. I was to him an entire stranger,

and had therefore no claim on his goodness. I was his inferior in age, in information, and apparently in those outward circumstances in which human respectability is supposed to rest: and yet he incurred the expense of providing a horse for my use in travelling to his home; he defrayed the charges of my board and instruction; he furnished me with suitable summer clothing; and now, when able to proceed to New-York, he supplied me with money to meet forthcoming expenses. It may perhaps be surmised that he, of course, as was just and natural, expected future compensation. Not a doit. Singular as it may appear, and, in a world so selfish as ours, singular as it undoubtedly is, he never would, and never did, accept the least remuneration, either in meal or malt, so to speak, for favours so seasonable and important. He was a legitimate descendant of the good Samaritan, whose well-principled beneficence was once so conspicuously shown on the road between Jerusalem and Jericho. May he, at the last great day, receive mercy at the hand of Samaria's God, and ours! A sense of the obligation conferred on me by the individual referred to, will not be erased from my heart, till its pulsations are over.

My journeying in the bateau partook of novelty, to which until now I had been unused. It lay in an outlet about three miles north of the Canandaigua, to which point the depth of water

was sufficient for our craft. When the lading was completed, we proceeded slowly along the narrow winding stream. Sometimes we were obliged to stop and cut away the trees that had fallen athwart. Occasionally we had to land and drag our flat-bottomed boat over the ripples and shallows. In this amphibious employ we spent nearly four days. During that period we passed several branch outlets, particularly those of Seneca, Cayuga, and Owasco. The stream on which we floated, or desired to float, then increased both in depth and width, and obstructions of every other sort proportionably diminished. Just after the close of our fourth day's exertion, we arrived at the mouth of the Oneida, here called Three-River Points; distant from Canandaigua about sixty miles by land, and not less than a hundred by water. We then ascended the outlet, and crossed Oneida lake, about thirty miles in length; and on arriving at Wood-creek, a small crooked stream, forced our bateau through with great difficulty and labour, to within a mile of the Mohawk. Here we landed, removed our goods, and transported our frail bark across a piece of land, on which the town of Rome now stands; but which at that time contained only one solitary house. Once more re-embarked, we proceeded to Schenectady, where our boating-excursion concluded. The skins and furs were now transferred to the hold of a Dutch sloop that happened to be in the

harbour: I embarked on board the same vessel, which was bound for New-York, where we arrived without accident on the 2d of July.

Here I took my leave of Mr. Chapon, the furrier, and next day engaged a passage in an open ferry-boat across the bay. To cross such an expanse, in such a nutshell, savoured of temerity; but there was in those days nothing better, and indeed nothing else, to be hired. I had here another escape little less than miraculous. A sudden squall came on, and nearly upset our boat. But the messenger of mercy was nigh, and my life was once more preserved. Having arrived at Elizabethtown, New-Jersey, I was received by my sister and relations with affectionate transport, too great for expression. The happiness I felt when, on the evening of that day, I retired to rest, is known to none, and never will or can be known by any, but myself. It seemed as if I had once more found firm footing on the reeling earth, where I might venture to place my feet without fear of falling. I then determined to give myself to God, and observe His laws. O that the covenant I made in that hour may be observed in this world, and ratified in the next!

Our usual national festivity was held on the 4th of July with great spirit and animation. I had the honour on the occasion to be presented to my distant relative, the late Governor Bloomfield, who was highly gratified by a brief recital of my

captivity, including several notices of Indian customs and manners. The next day, the love of privacy, which I desired to cultivate, was terminated, or rather invaded, by a notice which Governor Bloomfield inserted in Kollock's "New-Jersey Journal," in which the public were informed that "on the 3d instant, there had arrived at this place, by way of Detroit, Niagara, and New-York, the only son of Colonel Oliver Spencer, late a captive among the Indians, with whom he remained about eight months, acquiring considerable knowledge of their language and general habits." In addition to these particulars, something, if I correctly remember, was said in allusion to my look and behaviour, both of which, it was alleged, were of decidedly Indian cast.

There are, I believe, persons to be found in every part of the world, and in modern as well as ancient time, whose restless curiosity ever prompts them to inquire for something new. That the good town of Elizabeth had its due share of these mercurial folk, is therefore not at all wonderful. I had, as a new and rather nondescript arrival, visiters of all sorts, and of every age, from six to sixty. Some of these calls were no doubt founded on real regard for the son of an old friend; but by far the greater part consisted of persons excited solely by the love of novelty, and who crowded around me as if some rare animal had just been entrapped. Wishing

to be civil, I at first received their visits with all possible attention, and answered for the thousandth time the frivolous questions in which every new-comer thought it his privilege to indulge. For the pleasure of these people, I performed Indian dances, I gave them Indian songs, I uttered Indian yells; and all this was done (or, at least so my flatterers decided) so naturally, and exhibited such wildness of manner, that I often heard it remarked in an under-tone, "How much he looks like an Indian!" This melo-drama, in which I was actor-of-all-work, was bad enough even for one representation; but I found my engagement was to last during an entire season. No sooner was the house cleared, but it filled again. This was too much for my fortitude. One extreme often leads to another; and so it was with me. I became so disgusted with the manner in which I had been transformed into a puppet for public amusement, that I became irresistibly taciturn and incommunicative. Yes, or no, on the subject of Indian mysteries, was all I could prevail upon myself to yield. I have since regretted that such was the case, as in some instances I possibly offended persons who were entitled to more respectful notice. At the same time, some excuse may be found for my error, in the unfeeling and injudicious treatment I had previously experienced.

I remained at Elizabethtown, under the pro-

tection of my brother-in-law, about eighteen months; a regular portion of which time was devoted to my education, the pursuits of which had been so lamentably suspended by the events already recorded. On the 14th of September, 1794, having completed my fourteenth year, it was judged advisable that I should return to my parents. I accordingly set out on horseback, in company with a gentleman named Crane, and the late General Schenck, then on his first tour to the Western States. We performed the journey to Pittsburgh in ten days: our horses were then placed in flat boats, in which we descended the Ohio, and arrived at Columbia about the middle of October. The exultation of my parents, and my own delight, at the never-to-be-forgotten interview which took place, can only be conceived by those who have been in circumstances somewhat similar; the number of whom, -I trust, is small. I was welcomed with open arms. With what propriety might the language of Scripture be adopted: "This my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found!" The day was spent in busy and affectionate inquiries concerning the past. Every event, as with some talismanic touch, furnished materials for comfort. All were wonder, love, and praise; and in the evening we knelt round the family-altar, while my pious father offered up supplications and thanksgivings to the Father of mercies, for all

His past goodness, and especially for the preservation and return of his son.

Since these events took place, upwards of forty years have fled. The rivers which once flowed in silence, now teem with the frequent sail and ready oar. The keel of commerce enlivens every port, and presents us with the produce of every clime. Agriculture has spread her verdant carpet over many an acre of former sterility. Our corn, and wine, and oil abound. The habitations of our citizens have spread far and wide. Busy towns and densely-populated cities now exist, where once timid and ill-omened birds sought their safety in retreat. The tabernacles of the Most High have displaced the paltry wigwam and the hideous idol-temples of the poor Indian; and the praises of Jehovah often resound where formerly the panther's howl, or the yell of the scarcely less dreaded savage, arose to alarm the weak and defenceless passenger. How appropriate is part of the prophecy of Balaam! "God brought them out of Egypt; He hath as it were the strength of an unicorn. Surely there is no enchantment against Jacob, neither is there any divination against Israel: according to this time it shall be said of Jacob and of Israel, What hath God wrought!"

But where are the friends and companions of our youth? or, in the words of the venerable

English moralist and grammarian, "Where is the world on which we entered?" Our parents, where are they? Mine have long since slept with their fathers. Waw-paw-maw-quaw, who for many years ceased not to pay me an annual visit, has gone to the land whence he shall not return. Few of the persons whose names occur in the preceding narrative are now sojourners on earth. We also shall shortly put off the earthly house in which we now reside. Let us be thankful, "there remaineth a rest for the people of God." Our great High Priest offered His blood and died. Where He now is, we may be also. May we aspire to that better inheritance, the heavenly country, to which, by Divine grace, we are entitled and invited; where no lurking foe can invade our liberty, or destroy our peace; to which the entrance of evil is impossible;

" Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more."

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