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An Account of my Capture by the Shawanese Indians

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I had arrived at Philadelphia from Europe in February 1787, in order to collect debts due to me by several persons in the United States, and being informed that many of my debtors had gone with their families to the new settlement of Kentucky, near the Falls of the River Ohio, in the month of December of the same year I set out from Annapolis, in Maryland (where a brother of mine resided), for Fort Pitt, intending to go from thence to Kentucky as soon as the ice should break up in the spring, and the river become navigable; and I had agreed with a Mr. Samuel Purviance, of Baltimore, who possessed large tracts of land in Kentucky, to meet him in January at Fort Pitt, and go together to Kentucky. I received letters of introduction from General Washington, Colonel Lee of Virginia, and other gentlemen, to their friends in the western settlements, and having collected £300 or £400 worth of merchandise from some of my debtors in lieu of cash, which was not at that time to be obtained, and forwarded it to Fort Pitt by means of horses, I set out myself on horseback and alone from Hancock, a town in Maryland, on the River Potomac, about five miles from the warm springs in Virginia, on the first day of January 1788.

The snow at this time was about three feet deep, and the weather clear and very cold. To Old Town on the Potomac is about thirty-six miles, and from thence to the entrance of the Allegheny Mountains about thirty miles, the same road that General Braddock cut through the mountains to enable him to pass on to Fort Pitt, and near which latter place he met with so great a defeat. On the

*From Blackwood's Magazine

evening of the second day of my departure I entered the mountains, and slept at one Greig's.

I proceeded on my way early next morning, and passed but one house during the day. The weather was extremely cold, the snow deep, and but little beaten by travellers; the road lay through dismal vales and over frightful precipices, the gloominess of which was heightened and increased by large cypress-trees, whose branches overhung. This particular place is known by the name of the "Shadow of Death," a name very applicable. Towards the evening I met seven or eight men riding furiously, more than half drunk, and yelling like savages.

I, not before it was dark, arrived at a solitary house, but where the accommodations were tolerable, and was informed that I should not see another house till towards the evening of the next day. This night the weather was excessively cold. In the morning I took an early breakfast, and proceeded on my solitary journey through the mountains, the snow being about four feet deep. In the afternoon, becoming very cold and weary, I looked out very anxiously for the house where I was to stop, and at last, to my infinite joy, discovered it at no great distance ahead. It proved very comfortable, which was the more relished when contrasted with the gloominess of the surrounding scene.

The next morning I continued my journey, and about noon arrived at the summit of the famed Laurel Hill, from whence all the country to the Ohio, more than sixty miles distant, lay before me. The day was clear, and the scene, though wild, was magnificent. I descended gradually on a straight road, and soon found myself amongst other mountains, which the extreme height of the Laurel Hill (the western extremity of the Alleghany) had before reduced to hillocks. On the evening of this day I reached Red Stone old fort, lying on the River Monongahela, which unites with the Alleghany River at Fort Pitt and forms the Ohio. I crossed the Monongahela, which is here about 400 yards wide, and slept at a Dutchman's house. During the night there fell near two feet depth of snow, and the roof under which I slept being old and bad, a great quantity was on my bed when I awoke.

The road I had to travel this day was difficult to find, and without any track. In the course of the day I went five miles out of my way, and it was not till nine o'clock at night, and very dark, that I came to a house, which was a very grateful sight to me, as I expected to be reduced to the necessity of roving in the woods all the night. My horse partook of my alarm, for he trembled under me.

The inhabitants of this house were the most rude and savage in their manners I had ever met with, but the risk and dangers I had escaped reconciled me to my fate.

The next day I had company to Fort Pitt, where I arrived about two o'clock in the afternoon, crossing the Monongahela again on the ice; the river here is about 500 yards wide. I lodged at the house of a Mr. Ormsby, where I found my friend Mr. Purviance, who had arrived a few days before. I received many civilities from the inhabitants of this place, who form a very agreeable society among themselves. Here I remained till the 12th of March following, when I embarked in one of the boats built at Red Stone for the conveyance of passengers, &c., to the falls of Ohio. Two days before, the ice of the river broke up with a tremendous noise, and the waters rose in the space of three days twenty feet perpendicular. Mr. Purviance and myself, with one John Black, his servant, together with our horses and baggage, embarked at Fort Pitt. Many other boats were preparing to set out on the same route; although the ice was yet floating in large masses, we committed ourselves to the furious current. At a town called Wheeling, about 100 miles down the river, we were to take in the other passengers and their baggage. The second day, in the afternoon, we stopped at Wheeling, and immediately took on board those who were waiting for our arrival. We were in all about twenty persons and sixteen horses. The boat was exceedingly deeply laden. A boat, laden as we were, put off with us for Kentucky.

These boats are flat bottomed, with upright sides and stern, and the front turns up like a skate. They seldom use any sail, and are steered by means of a long oar from the stern, and two or three oars are occasionally used to conduct them, for the stream, which runs at the rate of about five miles an hour, carries the boat with great rapidity. They maintain their course night and day. We

stopped, the day after we left Wheeling, for a few minutes at the mouth of the Muskingum River, where was a small fort called Fort Harmer and a garrison of about fifty men. We then proceeded on our way, and our course being nearly southwest, we soon found the weather grow very mild and pleasant, and the trees putting forth their leaves. At the great Kanawa, which is on the east side of the Ohio, as the Muskingum is on the west, we saw eight or ten houses, and went on shore for a few minutes. The soil is of a black deep mould. The Ohio continues nearly of the same breadth—that is, about three-quarters of a mile,—still rising and flowing in a majestic stream. In the night we were almost upon an island before we discovered our danger. With the greatest exertions we got clear of it, although not without touching once or twice. The next day it rained throughout, and just at the close of the evening we reached the first settlement in Kentucky, called Limestone. Here he went on shore, and almost all of the party left us the next morning, taking their route by land to their respective homes. They pressed me greatly to accompany them, as I had letters from General Washington to his friends, Colonel Marshall and others, who resided in this settlement. I had my baggage brought on shore, and purposed going by land to Lexington, and from thence to the Falls of Ohio; but finding that it did not suit Mr. Purviance to take this route by land, and unwilling to leave him, I returned with my baggage to the boat, and set out with him, our man J. Black, and two other men. The other boat, whose company was also reduced to five or six persons, set out for the Falls early that morning. We followed in the afternoon. The distance from the Falls to this place was 170 miles. The weather was remarkably pleasant, and the moon being now full and the mists serene and clear, added greatly to the agreeableness of our voyage. The spring, too, began to show itself, and the trees, especially those on the river, were already in leaf. Not often had I felt so much satisfaction or delight of heart as I did on the second morning, which was Good Friday. I had breakfasted, and, with a map and travelling compass, was computing the bearings and distances to the place called the Big Bones, which I reckoned to be about ten miles distant. Some of the bones here found are to be seen in the British Museum.

They belong to an animal whose species is now extinct, but supposed to be the same as that mentioned by Caesar in his "Commentaries."

Our tranquillity, however, was soon to give place to the greatest anxiety and alarm, for on turning a point which opened to our view a considerable extent of the river, we saw, at some distance on the Indian or west side of it, a boat like our own amongst the bushes, which appeared to be the same which had left Limestone a few hours before we did. Whilst we were conjecturing the cause of such apparent delay, we perceived several people running about the shore, and a boat to put off full of people, whom we soon, to our surprise and terror, discovered to be Indians almost naked, painted and ornamented as when at war.

They soon came up with us, and about twenty leaped into our boat like so many furies, yelling and screaming horribly, brandishing their knives and tomahawks, struggling with each other for a prisoner. A young man, painted black, first seized me by the arm, when another, an elderly man, who seemed to be a chief, took me from him; this Indian was of a mild countenance, and he gave me immediately to understand I should not be hurt, holding me by the hand to show his property in me.

As we neither did nor could attempt any resistance, none of us at this time suffered any injury in our persons, but they began immediately to strip us. My companions were soon left almost without covering. Several attempts were made to strip me of my clothes, which were opposed by the Indian who held my hand. At length he acquiesced in the demands of one who began to be violent, and I lost my hat, coat, and waistcoat. By this time we had gained the bank of the river, and were then led to a great fire, around which sat the war chief, Nenessica, and about sixty Indians; their whole party was ninety. To the Chief I was presented by his brother, the man who had held my hand. After examining me some time with attention, and conversing with those around him, who eyed me with no less complacency, the Chief gave me his hand and presented his pipe to me. He then made signs for me to sit down by him, which I did, when several chiefs introduced themselves and shook hands with me, in particular a Pottawatamie, exceedingly well-dressed after their manner, and who was one

of the finest figures I had ever beheld. He appeared to be about twenty-seven years of age, and to be upwards of six feet in height. No other prisoner received the civilities which I did. Whilst I was sitting by the Chief I heard myself called by name, and looking around saw two young men tied and sitting at the foot of a tree. They had been taken early in the morning out of the boat which had sailed before us. They said a lock of hair had been taken from each of their heads, and that they had been tied several hours in the manner they now were, and apprehended they were doomed to be put to death, and as I seemed to be taken into favour, they begged I would intercede for them. Upon my requesting this favour, the Indians released them.

During the remainder of the day the Indians, who were composed of Shawanese, Pottawatamies, Ottawas, and Cherokees, but chiefly of the first, seemed to enjoy their good fortune, for their plunder exceeded £1500 sterling, as I was afterwards informed. They gave us a portion of the provisions they had taken, and when night approached they renewed their fires. The Chief, with the principal warriors, reposed on one side, the prisoners, amounting to ten men and one black woman, were placed on the other side. Some deerskins were spread on the ground, on which we lay, and an old blanket was allotted for the covering of two people. I placed myself next to my old friend, Mr. Purviance, who was upwards of sixty years of age. He had been stripped of everything except his breeches and a thin flannel waistcoat. As the night was frosty he suffered much by the cold. I endeavoured to keep the blanket over him. The Indian Chief who had conducted me on shore placed himself by me on the outside, seemingly for my protection. During the night I felt the cold very sensibly, for I had very little covering, and my head was bare and exposed to the sky; it ached very much, but at length I was relieved by a bleeding at the nose. I slept but little, looking on the scene around me by the mild lustre of a full moon, and comparing my present situation with what it had been but a short time before. As soon as the sun rose all were on foot, and assembled around their great Chief, who divided the booty amongst them, apparently to every one's satisfaction.

Among the prisoners was a decent-looking man of about forty-five years of age, by name William Richardson Watson; he had resided several years in the United States, but was said to be an Englishman. Immediately on our landing the Indians had taken from him 700 guineas; he was of the party that was in the other boat. The Cherokees had him in charge, or rather he had been given over to them. After the above distribution they arose and threw around his neck a broad belt of black wampum, and put a bundle containing the toes of deer in his hand by way of a rattle. Two or three Indians placed themselves before him and as many on each side, and began a song, which appeared to me an invocation, at first in a slow and solemn manner, and soon after in a quick time, the poor man shaking his rattles all the time. After the ceremony was over he passed near to me and said to me, "I am led to think from the ceremony which has passed that I am devoted to death, but as you appear to be taken into favour, will you accept from me a gold repeating watch, which our enemies have not yet taken from me." I replied that probably my life was in equal danger with his own, and that should I accept the offered present it would place me most likely in greater. I therefore declined accepting it.

The prisoners were then ordered to seat themselves in a row, fronting to the west, on the ground, having the woods immediately in their rear. On my left were two of my companions; next to me on my right was my friend Mr. Purviance; and next to him the other six; opposite us, to the south-east, was the river. As soon as we were seated Mr. Purviance began to discourse with me of our present situation, and said that as hitherto we had not received any personal ill-treatment, he hoped we were not in any great danger. It was evident, however, that some change was to take place in our situations; we remained not long in suspense. A sturdy thick-set Indian, painted black, of a very fierce countenance, with a drawn hanger in his right hand, came towards us, and addressing himself to the outermost man on the left hand, who happened to be the second from me, with a flourish of his weapon made him get up, and giving him a kick, drove him into the woods to the left of us.

We all remained silent, every one judging that his last moment of life approached. In a few minutes this savage returned and drove before him the man who had been sitting next to me on the left. Mr. Purviance then said to me, "I believe, my friend, that we draw near our end." These were my own sentiments also. I waited the return of the Indian for myself as his next victim. Words cannot express what my feelings then were, and when I saw him approach. He came and stood before me, and after a moment's pause beckoned me to rise and follow him, and turned round into the woods which were behind us. I saw my friend no more. I understood some time after that he was not killed on the spot, but was taken into the interior of the country and there beat to death.

I followed the Indian step by step, expecting every moment that he would turn upon me and put me to death. After walking 300 or 400 yards I perceived the smoke of a fire, and presently several Indians about it. My alarm was not diminished, but as we came nearer, a white man, about twenty-two years of age, who had been taken prisoner when a lad and had been adopted, and was now a chief among the Shawanese, stood up and said to me in English, "Don't be afraid, sir, you are in no danger, but are given to a good man, a chief of the Shawanese, who will not hurt you; but after some time will take you to Detroit, where you may ransom yourself. Come and take your breakfast." What a transition: passing from immediate danger and apparent certain death to a renovated life. I saw no more of my savage guide, but joined the party seated around the fire taking their breakfast, of which I partook, which consisted of chocolate and some flour cakes baked in the ashes, being part of the plunder they had taken from us. Whilst I breakfasted, an Indian painted red and almost naked, had seated himself opposite to me, and eyed me with fierceness of countenance inexpressible. His eyes glowed like fire, and the arteries of his neck were swollen and nearly bursting with rage. He said something to me in a tone of voice corresponding with his appearance, which was interpreted to me by the white man in the following words: "He says that you are his prisoner, and that it is more easy for him to put you to death than to tell you so." I answered calmly (for the extreme danger and situation

from which I had just escaped had prepared me for every event) that I acknowledged myself to be in his power, and that he could do with me as he pleased. This reply being made known to him, his rage seemed to subside, and he said no more to me.

The white man now informed me that in an hour or two we should begin our march, together with the other Indians and prisoners, to the village, which was about five days' journey from that place.

About noon we began our journey into the wood in company with about ninety Indians. The weather was dark, gloomy, and cold. We passed over a rapid river on the body of a tree, which had fallen over it at a considerable height from the water. In passing, my head became giddy, and I apprehended I should fall, but recollecting the yet greater dangers that beset me I recovered a firmer step. About five in the afternoon we came to a valley through which ran a rivulet, the land rising gently to the westward, full of large timber, but without underwood. At this place, I understood, the Indians intended to pass the night in feasting and drinking a part of the spirituous liquors they had taken from us. As the Indians intended to regale themselves and drink to intoxication, a party of Cherokees, to the number of twelve, who had deserted from their own nation to reside amongst the Shawanese, were appointed to take charge of the prisoners during the feast, of which they, the Cherokees, were not to partake, but were to keep themselves sober. We were, therefore, committed to these Indians, who withdrew to a small eminence a few hundred yards distant from the main body.

When they had kindled a fire they threw a few half-worn undressed deer-skins on the ground for us to lie upon on the west side of the fire, and then began to secure us from making an escape. They began with me, by passing a cord round my body, then between the legs and under that part of the cord that surrounded the body, and forcing a stake six or seven feet into the ground, they fastened the cord to it, and on the top of the stake they fixed a small bell, so that I could not stir without its ringing. Lest I should make use of my hands, they put my fists into a small leather bag, which they had tied round the wrist. Then they drew the string round the wrists so tight that

I was instantly in an agony of pain. It was to no purpose to complain. I could not prevail upon them to slacken it, but ordering me to lie down they threw over me a small old blanket. My place was the outermost of the row, next to the drunken Indians, exposed to the weather, which was very cold and tempestuous. There fell much sleet, but the agony I suffered in my wrists, hands, and arms made me insensible almost to everything else.

About midnight I was roused by the screams and whoops of an Indian from the other encampment, who seemed coming toward us. His yells and shouts became more and more loud and terrific; and turning my eyes towards the valley, I perceived, by the glimmering lights of the fires and of the moon, an Indian staggering with drunkenness, brandishing a knife in one hand and a tomahawk in the other, making all the haste he could towards us, and shrieking most horribly as he approached where I lay. I have no doubt but that he was bent upon murdering the prisoners, and that I should be his first victim. He had already come within one step of me, and his hand was lifted to give me the fatal blow, when one of the Cherokees sprang from the ground and caught him round the waist, and after some struggling mastered him and obliged him to retreat, which he did muttering.

As my sufferings were extreme from the strictures round my wrists, I entreated the Cherokee to loosen them, but giving me a look of savage fierceness, he laid himself down again unconcerned at the tortures I endured. In the space of about an hour the drunken Indian made a second attempt to execute his purpose; but as he approached, yelling and shouting, two Cherokees laid hold of him as soon as he came near the fire, and, tying him neck and heels together, left him wallowing in the snow for the remainder of the night. At length the long-wished-for morning came, and my hands were set at liberty; but they were so swollen and black with the stoppage of circulation that some hours elapsed before I could bend my fingers or use them. Soon after the sun had risen, the Indian chief to whom I had been given made his appearance. He seemed about fifty years of age, was a tall slender man, and of a very pleasing and animated countenance. He, smilingly, took me by the hand, called me

"Nacanah," or his friend, and seeing my attention fixed on a wound over one of his eyes, he, pointing to it, said, "Ah! matowesa whiskey," meaning he had got drunk with wicked whiskey or spirits, and that the wound was the bad consequence of it.

Perceiving that I had no covering on my head, he took about a yard of black silk mode (part of his share in the plunder) and tied it round my head. He then gave me an old blanket, which I fastened about my waist with a skewer. We then breakfasted, and began to prepare for our journey to the interior. My horse, which was a very good one and of an iron-grey colour, they loaded with as much as he could carry.

My friend, as I shall call the Indian to whom I belonged, and who never once forfeited the appellation, made up for himself a load of about fifty or sixty pounds, and another small bundle for myself of about thirty pounds' weight. Some of the prisoners had iron pots, and very heavy loads were put on them. A breech-cloth was given to me instead of my breeches, and a pair of moccasins, or Indian shoes, in lieu of my leather ones. Our party now consisted of the seven prisoners, together with ten Indians. We marched on towards the first village, or their winter encampment, of which my friend was the principal chief. For two or three days we travelled together in company, at which time some of the Indians turned off with their prisoners to other villages, so that only another prisoner and myself were together for the rest of the journey. The residue of the Indians, to the number of eighty, returned to war against the Americans, which was continued from this period during seven years without intermission. It is almost needless to say to those who are acquainted with the causes of disturbance between the Americans and natives that the former are in general the aggressors, but in this war they were so in a more unjust degree than usual.

When the evening of our first day's journey drew nigh I dreaded lest I should be treated as I had been the preceding night; but when we lay down, which was before a good fire, my friend covered me with a blanket, and only fastened me round the body with a rope, which he drew under himself and lay upon. He never afterwards used

this precaution, leaving me at perfect liberty, and frequently during the nights that were frosty and cold I found his hand over me to examine whether or not I was covered. I think it was towards the third evening of our march that we came to the banks of the great Miami, a very rocky and rapid river which empties itself into the Ohio, and whose waters were very high. My friend, another Indian, and myself began to make a small raft to pass over this rapid stream, which was about 300 feet wide. I went awkwardly about my work. The Indian smiled, and allowed me to desist from working. They soon prepared a small raft, and we all three placed ourselves upon it, and with the help of a pole by way of paddle we soon gained the opposite shore, having been carried a short distance down the stream. Soon after we encamped on the left bank of a small river, having a steep hill covered with woods on the left side. A good fire was kindled, and we supped heartily on some roasted venison, part of our day's sport—for these woods were full of the finest deer, buffalo, and wild turkeys.

During the night I was much disturbed by the howling of a great number of wolves that occupied the hill, but did not descend on the fire. In the morning we breakfasted, having been joined by others of our party. Among the rest was the great war-chief Nenessica. When he killed any venison he always sent me the tongue as a compliment. Walking on the hard frozen ground and over the roots of beech-trees, which run horizontally along the surface of the ground, bruised my feet so much that I could scarcely walk, having nothing but the thin moccasins to protect my feet; and although my load was but small, as I have before said, yet as it acted continually upon my loins, they had become so weak and painful that I could scarcely stand upright. The Indians attempted to console me by observing that we should on the morrow (the fifth day) reach their home by two in the afternoon, pointing to where the sun would be at that hour.

When the next morning came I found myself so extremely weak and bruised that upon making it known to my friend he took my burthen upon his shoulders, in addition to his own, without making the least reproach. I was, however, so much exhausted that I was but little re-

lieved by this kind action, yet I advanced as well as I could till about ten o'clock.

My friend was then at some distance before us, not out of sight, and the great war-chief immediately following me. I found my strength entirely gone, and turning round to the chief made a sign that I wished to sit down.

He pushed me on very angrily. I found I could not proceed, and turning again, made another attempt to obtain his consent to sitting down. With great anger he again pushed me on, and made a stroke at me with his tomahawk, which I avoided by exerting all my strength and springing forward.

At this critical moment I recollected that when they took my coat from me I secured my pocket-handkerchief and half a guinea, which I put in a knot in one corner of it, and tied it round my waist, where it now was. With some difficulty and much agitation I loosened the knot, took the half guinea, and turning round held it up between my finger and thumb. The savage smiled and beckoned me to seat myself on the ground, on which I fell and immediately fainted.

When I recovered I found the great war-chief and my friend both sitting by me. They spoke kindly to me, and gave me to understand, by pointing to where the sun would be at two o'clock, that I should then arrive at the village. I signified my inability to walk, to which they replied by encouraging signs. However, we continued sitting, and soon after perceived some one on horseback galloping towards us. They soon explained to me that the horse had been sent for on my account. I mounted the horse, and proceeded slowly towards the village. On our way thither we crossed a rapid and stony river, 300 or 400 feet broad, and about three feet deep. Without the horse I could not have passed it. When we came within a quarter of a mile of the village I was ordered to dismount, and myself and another prisoner, named Baffington, were painted red, and narrow ribbons of various colours (part of the plunder) tied to our hair. The Indians began to fire their guns and to set up the war whoop, and rattles being put into our hands, we were ordered to shake them and sing some words they repeated to us. During this ceremony several of the Indians came from the village, and amongst

them a black man, about twenty-five years of age, called Boatswain (or Boosini), who belonged to and was a servant of my friend. He was exceedingly insolent, and struck the other prisoner, but said nothing to me. Had he struck me I should have returned the blow, whatever might have been the consequence. The other prisoner and myself were then marched in triumph to the village, shaking the rattles in our hands on entering it. I had to cross a small rivulet, and in descending the bank an old woman came out of a wigwam or hut, and gave me a stroke on the neck with a small billet of wood. However, it did not hurt me. Immediately on entering the village we were conducted to the council-house, at the door whereof we were obliged to sing and shake the rattles for half an hour, and then entered the house (without suffering any ill-treatment), in the centre of which was a fire, and over it hung a kettle with venison and Indian corn boiling.

We sat down by the fire, and were for some time left to ourselves. At length two or three women came into the house, and taking some meat and corn out of the kettle, put it into a bowl and gave us thereof to eat with wooden spoons. Salt they had not, but in lieu of that gave each of us a piece of sugar made of the sap extracted from the maple-tree, in the making of which the women were now occupied in the adjoining forests.

As we had not seen any Indian for two or three hours, and night began to approach, I began to be uneasy. At length the old chief to whom I belonged, and whose name was Kakinathucca, appeared and led me to his own house. This was about twenty feet long and fourteen feet wide, the sides and roof made of small poles and covered with bark. The entrance was at the end, and an old blanket hung at the doorway. This man, besides being a war-chief, was also a great hunter, and traded with people at Detroit, where he went annually with his furs and peltry, accompanied by his wife Metsigemewa and the negro. He was owner of eight or ten horses, which he used in transporting his property, &c. Upon coming into the hut he presented me to his wife. She appeared to be forty years of age, and rather corpulent. Her looks were extremely savage, and she eyed me with a look of contempt without speaking. The man, on the contrary, was of the most mild and in-

telligent countenance. I never once saw him out of humour, and as soon as he arose, which was early, he began to sing. As I was extremely bruised and fatigued, my feet being not only swollen exceedingly but black with the bruises they had received from the rough ground and beech-roots, the Indian planted four forked sticks at the entrance, on the left side, and laying other sticks on them, laid bark and skins upon it, and then gave me a blanket to cover me. I slept soundly all the night, and did not rise very early. The woman at length began to prepare for breakfast. She cut some venison (deer, wild turkeys, and other game being in abundance in this part of the country) into small pieces, and, seasoning it with dry herbs, she put the whole into a frying-pan with bear's oil. She also boiled some water in a small copper kettle, with which she made some tea in a tea-pot, using cups and saucers of yellow ware. She began and finished breakfast without noticing me in the least. When she had done she poured some tea in a saucer, which, with some fried meat on a pewter plate, she gave me.

This was a luxury I little expected to meet with, not only on account of the distance it must have come from, but being a prisoner, I could hardly expect such fare. The tea proved to be green tea, and was sweetened with maple sugar. The meat also was very savoury and palatable. As soon as I breakfasted I returned to my bed, for I could scarcely stand. In the course of the morning a kettle was put on the fire and a quantity of venison put into it. When done, the Indian brought in two or three of his friends to treat them, and I had my share. My master, or friend, did not sit round the bowl with his guests, but behind them on the ground, smoking his pipe, entertaining them with diverting stories, which kept them in continual laughter. And this was his usual custom when he gave a treat.

In two or three days I was able to walk about. Upon my going into their huts (for there were fourteen or fifteen in the village), the Indian children would scream with terror, and cry out "Shemanthe," meaning Virginian, or the big knife. As soon as I understood the term, I desired them not to call me so, upon which I was named "Met-ticosea"—viz., Englishman. My friend cautioned me not to go far into the woods, for I sometimes wandered about

the village two or three hours at a time. From this circumstance I was also called "Laquiawaw," which signified "Where is he gone." One morning I felt my situation severely. It was, however, momentary, and I have since been surprised at my emotion at the time.

My mistress upon putting the venison into a frying-pan as usual, and placing it on the fire, pushed the handle of the pan into my hand with such violence that I felt I was a slave. As I took care, however, to pay attention to her orders in this matter, as well as in fetching water from the rivulet, which passed the house, sometimes making the fire, and at others plucking turkeys, &c., I acquired her good graces. She permitted me to breakfast with her, and always afterwards behaved to me with complacency; for though her look was savage, her heart was naturally kind and tender.

To divert my solitary hours my Indian friend used to bring me books to read, some of which had belonged to me. Amongst them was Postlethwaite's 'Dictionary,' and the first edition of Telemachus in French, printed in Holland, with notes marking the living characters for whom the imaginary personages in that excellent work were intended. I was sorry I could not preserve this book. Some others were returned to me at the end of my captivity, particularly an old family Bible I had read in when a child, and which is now in my possession in very good condition, and has the covering which my dear mother sewed on it about the year 1766.

I now learnt that the village we were in was the hunting-place of this tribe of the Shawanese Indians, and that in the course of a fortnight they intended to set off with their furs, skins, &c., for Detroit, about 600 miles distant, taking the upper part of the Wabash on their way, at which place they were to plant their corn (called by us Indian corn). In the meantime the women and children of the village were mostly employed in making sugar from the maple-tree, the spring of the year being the only time in which it can be made, about a mile from the village. To this place I was ordered to assist in getting wood and attending the fires. I was for an hour or two employed in cutting wood for the sugar camp, but upon my showing how my hands were blistered, the Indian desired me to desist from cutting

wood, and never afterwards imposed any service upon me. Here I found the negro employed in this service for my mistress. He assumed great superiority over me; and though he acknowledged me to be a gentleman, he took delight in vexing and insulting me. I should have treated him with kindness had his manners been gentle, yet I now sturdily opposed him. Upon informing my friend of the negro's behaviour, he replied, "He is no more than a dog; why do you put up with him?" My greatest danger arose from this negro, by his lies and artifices, making all the young people inimical to me. By these means my life was often in imminent danger. The other prisoner was given to a family of the same name, and he was well treated, though made to work, which was not irksome to him, being used to labour.

My Indian friend had a principal share in the defeat of the American Army under St Clair three or four years after this period. He had one daughter about eighteen years of age, called Altowesa, of a very agreeable form and manners. She lived with a family related to her father, and only visited him occasionally. Some time after my captivity she and the woman in whose house she lived saved me from the uplifted hand of an Indian, who had his hand over me ready to strike the fatal blow with his tomahawk. They struggled with him, and gave me time to escape and conceal myself. I shall in this place declare that during the whole of the time I was with the Indians I never once witnessed an indecent or improper action amongst any of the Indians, whether young or old.

At the end of three weeks from my capture the whole village, having collected their horses and their peltry, began their journey towards the Wabash and Detroit. I travelled at my ease on foot, carrying an unbent bow in my hand. We seldom travelled more than fifteen or twenty miles a day, setting out after breakfast, about an hour after sunrise, and encamping about the same time before sunset; and if we came to good hunting ground, reposed ourselves for the day.

My dress consisted of a calico shirt, made by an Indian woman, without a collar, which reached below the waist; a blanket over my shoulders, tied round the waist with the bark of a tree; a pair of good buckskin leggings,

which covered almost the thighs, given me by the great war-chief; a pair of moccasins, in which I had pieces of blue cloth to make my step easier; a breech cloth between my legs; a girdle around my waist; and a small round hat, in which the Indian placed a black ostrich feather by way of ornament (the smaller the hat the more fashionable). If we encamped at an earlier hour than usual, or remained a whole day in one place, which we were obliged sometimes to do on account of the rain (this being a remarkably rainy season), the Indian young men and women amused themselves at a game of chance, played by sitting in a circle, holding a blanket open in the centre, in which a certain number of bits of wood, black on one side and white on the other, were thrown up, and according to the number of black or white sides which fell uppermost the game was reckoned.

I tasted bread made of Indian corn but once or twice after leaving the village, but lived entirely on boiled or roasted flesh, without salt, but sometimes with dried herbs. We also met with a root which was found near the surface of the ground, resembling ginger in appearance, and warm and pleasant in taste. Dried venison with bear's oil was reckoned a great dainty, and such I thought it. Sometimes we slept in the open air without any shelter; at other times under a bark covering. It was one continuous forest, at times pathless, and, at the best, but a path which none but an Indian could discern. But once in the space of a month did I see more of the heavens than was to be seen through the branches of the trees; and though the open space did not consist of more than twenty acres of natural meadow, I thought it a paradise. From the excessive rains that fell I here caught cold with a fever, but my friend in a day or two restored me by some draught he gave me; he also endeavoured to persuade me that my restoration was also owing a great deal to his blowing his breath upon my forehead with all his force, and repeating some words. Thus we travelled day after day towards the Wabash. We at length drew nigh to a village, where I was informed a great council was to be held concerning me, and for the examination of my papers and letters. We encamped within five or six miles of it, and the next day my friend, the chief, accompanied by half a dozen more Indians and myself, all

mounted on horseback, rode to the village where the council was to be held. On our way thither we put up a flock of wild turkeys. Having no firearms we hunted them down, and having caught a very large one, weighing about twenty-five pounds, it was tied, alive, to my back as I rode, and thus we galloped to the village.

Upon our arrival several chiefs, to the number of fifty or upwards, opened the council. My papers were read by an interpreter, a white man, who several years before had been taken prisoner. After much sober discussion, in which it was declared that I was an Englishman and not an American, they broke up, after allowing my master to take me to Detroit, and there to receive my ransom. Towards the evening there was a dance of young women before the council house, to the beat of a drum and their voices. They made signs to me to join them, but my friend advised me not to go. I had by this time acquired a tolerable knowledge of their language, and began to understand them, as well as to make myself intelligible. My mistress, as I have before mentioned, loved her dish of tea. With the tea-paper I made a book, ⁽¹⁾ stitched it with the bark of a tree, and with yellow ink of hickory ashes mixed with a little water, and a pen made with a turkey quill, I wrote down the Indian names of visible objects. The negro, in his moments of good humour, used to explain to me that which was difficult to understand. In this manner I wrote two little books, which I carried in a pocket I had torn from my breeches, and wore round my waist tied by a piece of bark. Generally elm bark was used on such occasions, as it may be divided into numberless small strips, which are very strong. It was at this council I was informed that my gold repeating watch, ⁽²⁾ chain, and seal were safe in the possession of a woman of this neighbourhood. Early next morning I went to her hut, about a mile distant. She showed it to me, and promised to keep it in safety for me till I was liberated and could redeem it. This accordingly happened, for in the course of the ensuing winter, when I was at Montreal, my watch, chain, &c., were restored to me

1 This book still remains in good preservation, to testify to Mr. Ridout's ingenuity. It is now in the possession of Mrs. Edgar, his grand-daughter.

2 This watch is now in the possession of Mr. Thomas Ridout, C. E., Ottawa.

all in good condition (paying for the same about five guineas), and are now in my possession.

We remained a day or two longer in this village than we otherwise would have done had it not been for a root found here somewhat resembling a potato. To me, who had but once tasted bread for six weeks, this root was a luxury. The bread I speak of had been made a few days before out of the remains of a little wheat in their possession. To make it into cakes, baked in the hot ashes, it went through the following process, in which I bore a part. In a wooden mortar made of the sassafras tree—a tough wood—about a quart of wheat was put at a time; then, being moistened with a little warm water, it was pounded with a wooden pestle till the husk separated; it was then sifted in a tolerably fine sieve, made of small splits of wood; being then kneaded with a little water, it was placed upon the hot hearth, and covered with hot ashes until baked.

We now resumed our journey, the party consisting of twenty men, thirty or forty women or children, and upwards of twenty horses loaded. My master was the chief of this party, being all of his village. As the herbs began to cover the ground, the little path that there was, was hidden by them, and the Indians, skilled as they are, missed the direct route of the Wabash, or to that part of it called the White River. We travelled a day or two out of the way. However, we recovered it. In general, the weather was very rainy, which rose the rivulets higher than usual. One evening as we were about to encamp, we came to a morass, 200 or 300 yards wide, and desirous to encamp on the opposite side, the horses were driven into it; but they were so entangled with the mire, roots of trees, and water that the Indians were compelled to unload them, and convey their baggage on their shoulders through the swamp. It was nearly midnight before we got over. The Indians were exceedingly enraged, uttering their wrath against the Americans, who were, they said, the cause of their misfortunes. They saw I was alarmed, and took every means to ease my mind, saying they were only enraged against the Americans who had come to their village on the Scito River (which empties itself into the Ohio) the preceding autumn from Kentucky, and in time of profound peace, and by surprise, destroyed their village and many of their people,

their cattle, grain, and everything they could meet with, which treatment was the cause, they said, that the hatchet was raised against them.

We continued to pursue our route by easy journeys. I remarked that our numbers daily diminished, but was told that the reason was that provisions began to be scarce, the woods not affording the usual quantities of wild animals. The small party I was with bore a share of this scarcity. We had killed two wild cats, and though not esteemed by the Indians as good food, they were acceptable at this time. At length our family, consisting of the chief, his wife, myself, and negro, travelled alone. In the usual manner we encamped early in the evening, and set forth again in the morning after breakfast.

One delightful morning, as soon as the sun rose, my friend walked a few paces from this tent (for occasionally he made use of a Russian sheeting one), and seemed to address himself to that glorious orb in a manner, style of words, and accent that I had not witnessed before. His manner was dignified and impressive.

Having arrived within half a mile from the village, situated on the White River, which empties itself, six or seven miles down, into the Wabash, he directed us to stop, and went himself to the village to prepare for me, as I afterwards learnt, a good reception. At the place we stopped there were two poles, fifteen or twenty feet high, standing upright, the bark stripped off, the one painted red and the other black. They were called warpoles, and indicated that prisoners had been brought to that village.

I should have mentioned that about a week after I had been made a prisoner several rich suits of clothes were brought to this village belonging to some French gentlemen, taken about the same part of the Ohio in which I had been captured. As they made resistance, all were killed. They proved to be three gentlemen—agriculturist, botanist, and mineralogist—about to explore the country. They had wintered three or four miles above Fort Pitt. I was acquainted with them, and once had thought of joining their party.

In the course of an hour the chief returned and bade us follow him. He led me through the village. The Indians presented themselves at their doors to look at me,

but did not speak. Having crossed a river about 200 yards wide, flowing in a gentle stream about three feet deep over a fine gravelly bottom, we encamped on the other side, a small distance below the village. The rest of our village had arrived and encamped here before us. Amongst them was the white man, Baffington. The soil was very rich, and the scenery around delightful. A very small council-house was begun to be built at this place, in the construction of which the Indians had employed much skill, ingenuity, and taste. Here we were to plant corn, pumpkins, &c., for their winter's food. After planting, we were to proceed, by the way of the Miami villages, a journey of 400 or 500 miles. About sunset of the same day we arrived I heard the Indian war-whoop on the other side of the river at the village through which we had passed. The Indians of our party immediately concluded that a prisoner had been made and brought in. Some of our party went immediately to the village, and amongst them the negro. When he returned some time after he said it was a young man about twenty, of the name of Mitchell, who had been taken on the Ohio, together with his father, a Captain Mitchell, an American; that the father and son had been separated on the way, as they belonged to different nations; that it was probable the father would be liberated, but that the son had been given to a man who was determined to burn him at a village five or six miles distant, where the White River unites with the Wabash. I was also informed that the war raged exceedingly; that many prisoners had been taken by the Indians, who began to be enraged at the loss of some of their friends. Two or three days elapsed before I heard anything further of the poor young man, till one morning, about break of day, I was awakened by an old woman, the same who had struck me with a billet of wood, as before mentioned. She came to our hut and said the Virginian was to be burned. Seeing that I was alarmed, as I thought I was alluded to, she said it was the prisoner taken a few days before, and not I, whom they loved so much.

Immediately my friend, his wife, and the negro left the hut and went to the opposite side of the river, and I was soon left alone in the camp. For some time I did not see any one moving, but about two hours after sunrise I per-

ceived several Indians assembled at the door of a house near the water's side opposite to where I was, and soon after I saw the young man run out of the house naked, his ears having been cut off and his face painted black, the Indians following with the war-whoop and song, driving him before them through a valley. They then ascended a hill a little lower down the stream, distant about 400 or 500 yards. As soon as they gained the summit of the hill I heard the young man scream, and the Indians give a shout, I perceived a smoke, and judged that the fire was preparing. After a short interval I heard the poor victim utter a dreadful shriek. It was repeated without intermission for a few minutes. The Indians shouted during the intervals of torture. I heard the groans of the poor sufferer, and then his shrieks recommenced under new tortures. These tortures, with remissions, continued about three hours, when his cries ceased. The Indians then returned. To express my feelings during this scene would be impossible, and I began to think that my own fate might be similar.

The Indians did not return till the afternoon. At the approach of evening they fired their guns, and with large twigs beat their wigwams on the tops and sides, shouting. I inquired of the negro what that meant. He said that it was to drive away the spirit of the prisoner they had burnt. The ceremony continued for three succeeding nights. The tent or hut in which I slept was covered with bark or poles; the sides were also covered in the same manner, but not the ends. The chief and his wife slept on a raised bed on one side of the fireplace, which was in the middle; I slept on the other side on a bear's skin on a bench raised from the ground; and the negro, wrapped in a blanket, slept on the ground by the fire. During the night I was roused by the shrieks of the negro. Calling to him, he said he had been dreaming that the young man they had burnt had come to him in a menacing manner, and I asked him what injury he had done him to have been tortured by him. I soon found that my situation became dangerous, and that the Indian to whom poor Mitchell had been given wanted also to get me into his power. He used to beset the hut where I was, so that I was compelled to hide myself for many hours together under the banks of the river among the weeds to avoid him. I had crossed the river two or

three times with my friend and his family to prepare a spot of ground for their corn near the village. It was at one of these times the bloody-minded savage had seen me. At one time I was obliged to cross the river and fly for shelter to a house built of round logs near the spot where Mitchell had suffered. There I obtained some protection from an Indian chief named Papapaniwa. I was concealed from my enemies in this house by a curtain placed before me when they were in the house, for my friend was not sufficiently powerful to afford me protection. He was advised, if he wished to save me, to set off immediately for Detroit.

After three or four days my friend collected his horses and peltry, and, with his wife and negro, set off with me for Detroit by way of the Miami villages, where, I understood, was a trading port, several traders, English and French, living there. I was on horseback. We all soon entered the woods. The mosquitoes were so troublesome that we got no rest night or day, notwithstanding the smoke we made to drive them away. After, I think, four days' journey we arrived at a branch of the Miami River, much swollen with rain. We crossed it with difficulty, and encamped on a plain, where I saw several Indian huts scattered. I slept soundly that night, in the pleasing expectation that I was drawing near my deliverance. In the morning, as soon as it was day, my friend and his wife went out amongst their acquaintance. She returned in about an hour with the Indian who had burnt Mitchell, and who had followed me thither in the expectation of getting me into his power. I shuddered at seeing him. He and my mistress were each more than half drunk. They sat down upon the ground, fronting, and close to each other, relating their misfortunes, and crying and hugging one another as is their custom when drunk.

I was standing behind him, and I soon discovered that their discourse was concerning me. She said many things in my favour, but to no purpose, and seeing him grow angry, she had sufficient recollection and kindness, as her arms were about his neck, to beckon to me, unobserved by him, to get out of his way. I waited not a second bidding, but where to go I knew not. I perceived that every one I met with was drunk. However, I took shelter in a house.

As soon as I entered I recognised my master's daughter, and the woman she lived with, and was relating to them my perilous situation, when, to my great surprise and terror, the young man who had first laid his hand upon me in the boat now claimed me as his property by right of war. I endeavoured to escape, at which he lifted his tomahawk to kill me. The two women flew to my succour, and withheld his arm till I got out of the house. I immediately fled to the river, which was not far distant, and running under the bank, which was rather high, I perceived two sober Indians sitting. I ran and placed myself between them. They saw my terror. I related to them my situation as well as I was able. They were Delawares, whose village was in the neighbourhood. They said they would protect me. Whilst sitting between them I saw the Indian from whom I had just escaped, and who was called Black Fish, go down to the bank of the river, about 100 yards from where I was, apparently in quest of me. I pointed him out to the Indians, and sat in great trepidation. At length, to my no small joy, he ascended the hill, and I saw him no more. In a few minutes after I perceived the white man who had announced to me my safety just after I had left the side of Mr. Purviance. I told him the danger I was in, upon which he promised he would get a horse and take me over the river to the house of the principal Shawanese chief, Great Snake, a mile or two down the river, and where I should be in safety. He left me for the purpose of getting a horse, and after some time I saw a man not far from where I was, on the same side, cross the river on horseback. To my great joy I perceived it was the white man (his name was Nash).

Seeing him crossing I was afraid he was going to leave me, but it was only to try the ford. He soon returned, and came to me with the horse. I mounted before him, and after passing two or three drunken parties of Indians lying on the shore, we came to the ford and passed in safety. We then rode along on the other side, and passed a fine plantation well stocked with cattle belonging to a Shawanese chief called Blue Jacket. He commanded the party who afterwards vanquished the American General, St. Clair ⁽¹⁾ We soon came to the house of the Great Snake, who received me with kindness, and assured me of his protection. He was

an elderly man, robust, and rather corpulent. His wife a pretty, well-looking woman, nearly his age, walked very stately with a handsome staff with a gold head to it. He ordered a bear's skin and blanket for me alongside his own bed, and till my departure, three days after, he treated me with the greatest kindness. During this time I was informed that another council would be held upon me, in which it was to be determined whether I should be permitted to be taken to Detroit and ransomed. The day accordingly came in which the council was to be held. The Indians having assembled, I was also conducted thither. The council was under the authority of a Captain John, a Shawanese chief, before whom my case was to be decided. One Simon Girty, an Indian interpreter, now living on the Detroit River, was present. I perceived that my master and friend was much dejected, and did not speak to me. Several women endeavoured to cheer me by saying I should not be hurt. The council was at length opened, and the Indian who had burned Mitchell contended for me. He insisted that I was a spy, and that I knew the whole country. Much was said, and my papers and letters were again brought forward, read, and explained. At length, after a cool and deliberate hearing, the chief pronounced my discharge, and told my friend that he might set out with me as soon as he chose. His eyes sparkled with joy when relating the result of the deliberations of the council. He would have deferred our departure till the morrow, for the Indian traders who lived on the other side of the river, which also formed a junction here with the other two, had long expected me, but dared not intercede for me whilst my life was at issue. After urging him with all my power to set off immediately my friend got a canoe and took me over to the trader's village, called Fort Miami; and both the English and French gentlemen were waiting with open arms to receive me, as they had been acquainted with the chief's decision in my favour. The names of the English gentlemen of this place were Sharpe, Martin, Parkes, and Ironside. Mr. Sharpe conducted me to his house, gave me a shirt and Canadian frock and hat, trousers, and shoes. I remained here three days. It was here I found my Bible, several books, a German flute, and some few other articles; but a tortoise-shell box inlaid with pearl, in which was my mother's wedding ring, and a gold

coin of the Emperor Nero (weight about four penny-weights), and in great perfection, given me by a lady was lost to me for ever. The coin had been found with many others in France. A French gentleman of the Miami lent my friend on my account his large canoe to carry us with the peltry to Detroit, distance about 250 miles by water.

We embarked early on a Sunday morning, took in the peltry, his wife, myself, and negro, and descended the Miami River, taking also two Indian women, whom we were to put on shore at an Indian village two miles down the river. We did so, and proceeded. After descending about fifteen miles we stopped at a white man's house, who was an interpreter among the Indians. I naturally spoke of my deliverance in terms of joy, but I thought he seemed not much to encourage my hopes, for he knew the dangers which yet surrounded me, whilst I was happily ignorant of them. On our way to the mouth of the Miami River, which empties itself into Lake Erie, we passed several parties of Indians returning from Detroit. They were generally drunk, and I was in continual terror until we separated. At length we got to the Falls, where there was a house belonging to a Captain M'Kee, Deputy Superintendent of Indian Affairs, and of a Mr. Elliot. They were not there, but we received kind treatment and victuals from the Indians of their respective families. Soon after leaving these houses we reached the lake, and after coasting the west end of it for about thirty-eight miles, we entered the Detroit River. A few miles up this river there was another house of Mr. Elliot's. He did not happen to be at home, but we were kindly treated. The next day we ascended the River Detroit, and passed the night upon an island where there were several Indian families. Early the next morning, being Sunday, we arrived at Detroit. My friend introduced and presented me to Captain M'Kee, who received me with civility, and with whom I breakfasted. He then accompanied me to the commanding officer, Captain Wiseman of the 53rd Regiment, and introduced me to him. By this gentleman and by all the regiment I was received as a brother. A bed was provided for me in the Government House. I messed with the officers, and every one strove to do me acts of kindness. A Mr. Hughes, lieutenant of the regiment, gave me ten guineas for my pocket; a Captain Haughton gave me clothes; and a Mr.

Robinson, merchant, lent me £100 in New York currency; and as the 53rd were in a few days to descend to Montreal, they offered me a passage with them, which I gratefully accepted.

Several gentlemen at Detroit invited me kindly to their houses—viz., Commodore Grant, Mr. Macomb, Doctor Harfey, Mr. Oskin, and others. I think it was the Sunday of my arrival that I dined at Mr. Macomb's. Whilst at dinner, Mr. Parkes arrived from the Miami. His relation of what took place there after my departure convinced me that the hand of an Almighty Protector had guided and preserved me in all my dangers. He said that I had just left Mr. Sharpe's house when a party of young Indians, with Black Fish at their head, came to the house in quest of me. He immediately said that I was his property, and that he would have me. Mr. Sharpe and Mrs. Parkes assured them I was not there. Black Fish insisted upon searching the house, which was permitted. Being disappointed in not finding me there, they searched other houses. Mr. Sharpe then told them I had gone away. "By which route?" said Black Fish in a rage. He was answered that I had gone up the river to St. Joseph's. This delayed the time, and in the meanwhile God's good Providence conducted me in safety down the river, amongst unseen and unexpected dangers, for at the village we first landed at, to put the two Indian women ashore, Black Fish and his party resided. Between Miami village and this place the river makes an angle, and the road is the chord of the angle. By this means we passed unobserved by Black Fish, who was on that road. The banks also at the lower village are steep.

In a few days I embarked with the 53rd Regiment for Fort Erie. On my way to Niagara I saw the stupendous Falls of Niagara. At Niagara we continued two or three days, where I was kindly treated by Colonel Hunter, who then commanded a battalion of the 60th Regiment. This officer was afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada and Commander-in-Chief of both Canadas.

About the middle of July 1788 I arrived at Montreal, where I received great civilities from St. John Johnston, Captain Grant, and many other gentlemen; and from Lord Dorchester at Quebec.

In the year 1799 my friend Kakinathucca, accompanied by three more Shawanese chiefs, came to pay me a visit at my house in York town (Toronto). He regarded myself

and family with peculiar pleasure, and my wife and children contemplated with great satisfaction the noble and good qualities of this worthy Indian. He died about the year 1806 under the hospitable care of Matthew Elliot, Superintendent of Indian Affairs at Amherstburgh at the entrance of the Detroit River.

Amongst the many dangers I escaped I ought to mention the repeated attempts made by an Indian, a young man, at the instigation of the negro, to kill me. This behaviour to me kept me always on my guard, but on my way from the Miami village to Detroit the negro informed me, without noticing the part he had taken, that the Indian had frequently attempted to kill me, but had so often been prevented and his plans frustrated that he declared he could not execute his purpose for that "The Great Spirit" evidently protected me.

The idea the Indians had that I knew the country and the nations around took its rise from my showing them on the map of North America in Postlewaite's 'Dictionary' that part where we then were together with the different nations inhabiting the country; and having a small compass, I noticed to them the direction which each respective nation bore from us.

This compass was now in the possession of my master. Not being able to comprehend its actions, they called it a Manitou, by which they mean "a spirit" or something incomprehensible and powerful. This happened when we lay encamped at the Natural Meadow, where I was attacked by fever.

Nash told me that Mr. Purviance had been taken into the woods immediately after our sad parting, and there beat to death. Whether he offered resistance I could not learn. I have therefore ample cause for adoring that All-Powerful Being whose Providence watched over me on all occasions during my perilous abode among savages, for sparing a life so often doomed to apparently inevitable destruction.

This adventure, joined with other vicissitudes I had experienced, induced me to fix my residence in Canada, and at the writing here of ⁽¹⁾ (29th May 1811) I have the honour to serve His Majesty as Surveyor-General of Upper Canada.

1 This narrative Mr. Ridout evidently compiled from his Diary,—a little book restored to him by the Indians, and now in the possession of Mr. Thomas Ridout, C. E., Ottawa.