/

f1r

McGILL UNIVERSITY
ARCHIVES
ACC. NO. 2211
REF. 78/1

f 1 v

f 2 r

f 2 v

Chap 1

A Household broken up

It was a cold Evening in November; The ground was covered with the first snow of winter, and the tall forest trees bent & crashed before a North-west gale which drove ~~black~~ grey and fast-looking clouds swiftly across the sky — All on earth & in the air, wore the dreary aspect of the commencement of a North American winter. Different however was the scene within the scattered cottages of the woodmen, with which the wide extent of forest was thickly sprinkled. In the interior of one of these, (to which I shall introduce my reader) a man of apparently thirty years of age was seated before a large wood fire which blazed & crackled up the wide mouthed chimney; and cast a glimmering though cheerful light over the brown log sides & clay floor of the dwelling — and its scanty & coarse furniture. By his side sat a woman some years younger, holding in her arms an infant whom she was soothing to sleep; While at the other side of the fire a tall strongly-built man, lounged indolently against the side of the fire-place. "Charles", said the young woman, looking in the face of the man first mentioned, "The winter is setting in very early this year isn't not"

"Why yes, Its rather cold & stormy to night, but we'll have fine weather yet"

"I can't help ~~that~~ thinking of the Indians. They say they have killed a great many English people — and I never hear the wind howl among the trees as it does to-night without being afraid of them"

"Tut, They have never done any mischief in this part of the country yet and I don't think they will, so its foolish to be always tormenting yourself this ways about them"

"Well I dare say it is but I can't help it" —

f 3 v

Again they were silent for a few minutes, when ~~suddenly~~ the third person of the group suddenly cried "listen" in a tone that made the other two ~~start~~ After remaining in an attitude of listening for a moment or two he said, "There was somebody at that window just now, or I am much mistaken"

"Nonsense it was only the wind shaking the sash

"But I saw a face and another one too"

He moved cautiously to the window and looked out—

"I see him. There are two of them the white ground shows them working off—We must be off to the stable & prepare to run for it" He turned from the window

"Why should we run, you say they have run off themselves

"They are only scouts There will be plenty more of them in a few minutes, Come Jane"

"This is what I always feared" She said as she rose

They followed him in silence ~~but~~ of the horse as ~~from~~ enters the barn which was at a little distance

"Now Charles you ~~must take~~ and your wife must mount this one, and I will take the child and follow you with the other"

"Perhaps", said the person addressed hesitating "they were not Indians after all"

"No no, I know better than that, but ~~mind~~ "mind we have no time to lose, you will see what they were by the time we reach the top of the hill there— Come' are you ready— then let us be off" and striking his horse's sides with his heels he set off at a rapid trot followed by his companions. — They passed rapidly through the little clearing and were proceeding along a narrow road or rather horse-track when three or four Indians suddenly burst from the brush at the wayside. ~~Both~~ The horses startled to the opposite side and either through terror or the motion of the animal the young woman losing her

f 4v

holds
fell upon the ground while the horse still carrying her husband galloped furious along the path. As soon as he could command his horse the Indians would have turned but his companion seizing his bridle restrained him "Are you mad what could you do but throw your life away & daughter." Covering his face with his hands and unconscious of all but his own grief he suffered himself to be led forward & his friends until they reached the summit of a hill. They pursued & beheld the house which they had so lately left in flames which now blazing high & illuminated the surrounding forest & showed them the dark forms of numerous savages moving around it – They gazed on this melancholy scene for a moment then turning they pursued their journey sadly & in silence.

We must now return to the woman who had been left behind. Though stunned by her fall she was not seriously injured, and as soon as she recovered was led back to the house ~~which she had so lately left~~. Her hands were tied behind her back and she was compelled to sit and witness the burning of her dwelling & her captors and slaughter of her countrymen. The Indian who had her in charge was a tall though stern featured man ~~this~~ who seemed to perceive some sentiment among the band commanded with her to prevent her escape. As the scene became high lighted up & the flames burning building he once or twice looked intently at her and then with what appeared to be an expression of compassion took a blanket from a heap of plunder and threw it over her shoulders to defend her from the chilling air. When the flames had nearly died away, the savages began to make preparations for their departure and soon struck off into the forest loaded with plunder and dragging after them their unhappy captive

f 5v

who followed mechanically without a complaint or a tear; she was stunned & bewildered & the sense of misery which had fallen upon her absorbed in an instant. After two days travelling ~~about~~ in a dead line the savage band emerged at the village of their tribe and were met & then swarmed and fondled & warmed with every demonstration of joy. The unfortunate prisoner after undergoing the ~~[illegible]~~ ordeal of the female ~~[illegible]~~ capacity of savage life was introduced to the wigwam of her captor; and it was here that she first felt the full misery of her situation ~~separated from all her friends~~ seated in a smoky hut - far from her friends - and all that she held dear ~~and~~ among a people whose language she could not understand and who were the deadliest enemies of her race.

The wife of the Indian into whose family she was adopted thought at first she appeared to feel compassion ~~for~~ upon the misery of the white stranger & soon ~~forced~~ her with jealous eyes, for she saw that her husband always laid the choicest morsels of ~~his~~ venison before his prisoner and sharply perceived that the pale & melancholy countenance of the white woman had eclipsed to his eyes the dark countenance of his Indian wife. ~~[illegible]~~ The object of the Mohawk's admiration unconscious of the feelings with which she was regarded sat in a corner of the hut absorbed in ~~the~~ bitter consciousness of her own misery and anxiety for the fate of her husband and child. The Indian himself soon appeared to observe that his attentions were unnoticed and that his captive was daily becoming more wan and pale. For a time he appeared anxious and uneasy and at length after charging his squaw in a tone which she fancied that she dared not disobey to be careful of the white woman he left the village and for many days was not seen within or near it —

II.

I must now introduce you to a new scene — a little valley in the ~~[illegible]~~ the forest — It is the evening of one of those beautiful days which form the last struggle of the North American autumn with the cold & boisterous succeeds. The last rays of the setting sun impart a golden tinge to the tall bare trunks and already leafless branches of the giants of the forest — while the clumps of dense underwood are covered with a deep shadow. Through the middle of the valley flows a small brook sometimes murmuring ~~at~~ over a pebbly bottom at others dammed up by fallen trees & rubbish & trickling in small streams through their interstices and again winding in deep little pools beneath the shadow of overhanging alders — On the bank of the stream a magnificent deer is nibbling the tender twigs of the bushes on its margin — There are few sounds to disturb the tranquillity of the scene Except the chirping & barking of a squirrel, the distant scream of the blue jays faintly echoed from the steep banks or the splash of a trout as he leaps at some tiny insect ~~[illegible]~~ fluttering across the pools. — Suddenly the deer ceases his browsing, raises his head ~~& expands his nostrils~~ expands his nostrils & erects his ears ~~and~~ listens intently for a moment and then scrambling up the steep bank, gazes for an instant down the valley and quickly ~~turning~~ disappears in the forest — He had been gone but a few moments when there was a rustling among the branches and sound of tumbling on the withered leaves and an Indian bathed in perspiration and carrying a burden upon his back, emerges from the trees and stoops upon the edge of the brook. After casting around a keen through hurried glance he ~~stepped~~ leapfrogged into the water in a place where no trace of his footsteps could remain and as cautiously ~~[illegible]~~ landing on

f 6v

the opposite side had himself - he a bucket of alders and all was again still - Let us now there we may describe his appearance He is rather tall and somewhat square built. His shoulders of a dark colour are redolent of the heat of exercise. His coun-tenance is stern but expressive the forehead narrow but high & receding at the base, the eye small black and deeply sunk be-neath projecting eyebrows the nose moderate in size and well-formed, the cheek bones large & prominent the mouth mo-derate ~~which~~ expressive ~~but~~ firm in its outline. It is a face which though wholly different from the ideal of European beauty yet would not by any one however prejudiced be called ugly - His clothing consists of a deer skin mantle with boots & moc-casins of the same material, his head bare except as his grizzly black hair - ~~tied~~ tied into a knot at the top ~~he has~~ His arms are a bow carried in his hand and a ~~quiver~~ pouch of arrows and a hatchet in his belt. He has been but a short time in his encampment - when he could see from ~~his~~ the thicket three white men riding slowly & warily up the glen and approaching the bank at a place very near that in which he was hid - The appearance of these persons was very different. The most conspicuous was a tall man with a sunburnt countenance which although it showed resolution and courage bore an expression of benevolence he was clothed in a grey hunting coat and from cap and was armed with a rifle and a powder horn slung across his shoulders he was the Idol of our former seen. The other two were shorter and both carried muskets but there was a remarkable difference in their countenances. The first was almost void of expression or if it had any it was so equally balanced as to defy any selection of prominent parts The other had a face marked with cunning & low cunning - It was one of those countenances which we meet with an unpleasant feeling we can scarcely tell why

f 7r

As they approached they were talking loudly together. "I tell you again" said the last mentioned person addressing the taller of the pair, "that you must be dead set on getting this out of the way place. This cant be the road to their wigwams at all"

"Well Sam" answered the person addressed "I ought to know better than you and I am pretty nearly certain that he took this direction"

As he spoke they reached the edge of the stream and the other person spoke "Well well since ye cannot agree an its comin on night we'll better lie down and take a nap. For my part I never was so fur in the woods before an dead its an awfu lonesome place. If I weren't for the sake o' getten something for the fellers scalp when we catch him I wud have been home at home"

With these words he threw himself down on a green spot near the edge of the bank, and ~~the~~ grumpier young indulged his companions after they had gathered a few sticks for a fire and some spruce boughs to supply the place of a bed. Then for long minutes they drew from their pockets some cold meat & bread and a little contraband spirits, while discussing which the conversation was resumed

"I say John" said the person primarily called Sam. "You haven't told us yet about this funny story with the child. For my part like the Electric here I don't care much for scalps, but you may as well tell us the story"

"Well you know when Charlie Williams house was burnt & the Indians thus free they wipe was taken and he & the boy and I got off. Well after that Charlie turned quite melancholy like and you know he took the fever and died & the child was left on my hands, and I got Widow Welsh to take care of

f 8v

him, "Well Yesterday the sun an Indian dodging about
and ~~a little while~~ the was very positive because the
little boy and his girl were out playing in the bushes ~~and~~
a little while after the girl came running home telling that
an Indian had carried off ~~the~~ little Charlie. "The sun for
me so I got you two - you know the bargain I made with
you to go - ~~Yes~~
"O yes ~~you~~ the know - that but I'm afraid we shall to
get nothing after all ——— It was green too to take a child
like that away."
"I suppose he would take anything he could lay his hands
on - But I wish we only had him and the silver in
our pockets."
The conversation proceeded for a short time when the
party overcome by fatigue fell one by one asleep and the
little glen ~~was~~ once more wrapped in silence
For moments there was a slight rustling in the thicket
where the Alemac lay so slight that a listener would
have almost doubted its existence. The slightest breath of
wind could scarcely have stirred the bright more lightly
than did the Indian as he crept ~~silently~~ stealthily from his
concealment. Before he completely emerged he paused and
listened earnestly with his eyes fixed on his prisoners. Having
at length satisfied himself he moved cautiously forward
and deposited his bundle upon the ground above all the heads
of the sleepers. His eye glistened and his face beamed
with triumph - his hatchet was raised - there was a
slight clash and one of the sleepers slept forever - he
gave but one shuddering start & moved no more.
Again the hatchet was raised and a blow descended upon
the head of the second - here however the Indian was not
so ~~fortunate~~ successful his victim turned upon his side
and seemed to attempt to rise Perceiving this ~~the~~

f 9r

f 9 v

who was the largest of the men

stood over the three, with his tomahawk raised, ready to strike upon the slightest motion; but his slumbers were deep, and he did not stir. The Mohawk seemed to have exempted him from the fate of the others for leaving the hatchet and taking a lamp from the hole of one of the dead men he proceeded cleaving to strip off the scalps of the two whom he had killed and then placing them in his belt he resumed his burden and disappeared.

///

Again my scene shifts ~~and I must~~ It is now in an Indian village — It is situated on the banks of a river which runs slowly past. It consists of a number of wide wigwams erected together with little regularity and surrounded by a palisade intermixed with trees. Within the area thus inclosed might be seen all the usual home occupations of savage life. The men were indolently reclining before the doors of their cabins or gathered in groups discussing the fortunes of their tribe or their own exploits in war or in the chase. The women were employed in cooking, or repairing the clothes and hunting gear of their husbands, and the children were romping in noisy gambols round the huts or practising with mimic weapons the arts of war and hunting which were to be the occupations of their future lives. While occasionally some successful hunter slowly entered laden with the spoils of the fields or habitants of the forest. ~~The repo~~ ~~Indeed the~~ The repose of the scene was now disturbed — Two yells or shrill cries uttered in quick succession told a tale well understood by every inhabitant of the village and every eye was bent in the direction of the sound the principal actor in the event just recorded entered bearing upon a pole the scalps of his slain prisoners — a group of enquiring youths gathered round him but preserving respectful

f 10r

f 10v

with fierce words he strode infuriated towards his hut at the door of which he was met by his wife whom he pushed aside and entering followed the bundle which he carried in the cap of the white woman. She started and immediately with eager hands removed the covering by which it was enveloped disclosed a fair-child apparently half-dead with hunger and the confinement of his position. She removed the handkerchief which was tied tightly round its mouth and then pressing it to her breast wept bitterly the first re-lieving tears she had shed since the commencement of her captivity. The Indian stood for a moment watching the effect produced by the restoration of the child & then asked "Will thy pale woman love the infidel better now that she has her child?"

Scarcely understanding what he said for he spoke in his native tongue she looked upwards and casting her eye upon the scalps which he still carried she shrieked and exclaiming "O you have killed him, Charles is dead" she seemed about to fall upon the ground. The Indian grasping her meaning answered "Nay nay I killed him not - these means scalps these". She interrupted him and cried "Thank God - but perhaps it would be better if he was dead" "Thou shalt never see him more" then hands sunk upon her breast and she had scarcely sufficient strength to support the infant. The Indian turned with slow left the hut. He was met by some of the tribe who were burying towards a fire which had been lighted in the centre of the village. He accompanied them and forming assembled in a circle the principal warriors of the village while those of less note were as yet had no right to be heard in the counsels of their tribe sat at a greater distance. Conspicuous among the dark forms which surrounded the blazing

f 11r

f 11 v

He was a white man old though yet retaining much of the vigour of his earlier years. His pale ~~countenance~~ serene countenance his white beard and priests garments (for he was a French missionary) contrasting strongly with the black dark faces and half naked bodies of the savage soldiers who were his present associates. He was speaking earnestly in the Algonquin language and his audience according to their custom were listening attentively. Intelligence had been received that an attack was about to be made upon their village by the English settlers although at what time was uncertain, and they were now assembled to deliberate upon the best means of escape or resistance. The Priest was adopting measures of conciliation that they should endeavour to live at peace with the stranger colonists. "My children" he said "these people are more powerful than you. They are now assembling two hundred men to attack you and even if you should destroy these there are thousands more in your own soil and beyond the great sea who would be ready to revenge their death. Why then should you contend with a foe so greatly your superior. Would it not be far better to remain in peace and quietly pursue your own employment. Shun to provoke a war which must end in your destruction. It would now be easy for you to make peace. They would be glad of it — and it would be especially advantageous for you, send them to their chief before this attack can be made — it may for ever ~~[illegible]~~ appease their authorities away with the weapons of your warfare. There would be but one difficulty and that is my residence among you. They believe that I incite you to hostility. They hate me my nation and the holy religion which I have ex-
-ecrated to teach you. If then they object to me I can remove from you or go as a hostage for your fidelity

f 12 r

f 12 v

of whatever treaty you may form. Make peace if possible
at whatever sacrifice at least until you have some prospect
of waging successful warfare."

The old man sat down and a low murmur rippled
through the assembly as one of the chiefs arose
to deliver his sentiments

"Father, you make our blood turn to water in our
veins — you tell us that we are weak & feeble
unable to defend ourselves against our foes — It was not
so always — I remember when these white men first
came to us toiling like worms on the waves of the ocean
They were then few and feeble. They knew not how
to hunt like men. They were skillless as women
to find the swift deer — or to bring down the strong bison
and they had not their bows, to pluck the sinews
out of which they line — They then were glad to beg
food from us and we gave it — Oh that we had
then given them poison to eat but the flinty hearts
of the swift creeks we might now have been as
our fathers were in the land which the great spirit gave them
Perhaps it is not too late. Brave it to us call the
pale men — and let them be slaves & outcasts in
the lands where our fathers were free — Shall we ask them to
abandon you to delver you to your foes. Surely you
do not mean to us that we should take our friends our
fathers. Look at the house of — your God* could we enter
it and stretch out our hands before him and ask
~~him for any good~~ guilty he tell him that we were
the same men who had betrayed the men who taught
us to worship him! * he sends pointing to a rude chapel
hammocks & crosses as which the setting sun
cast slant rays! — He was interrupted by a shout
and a volley of muzzle-loaders accompanied by the shrill cries

P 13v

of women and children proceeding from one of the gates of the enclosure. Seizing their arms and uttering their war whoop the Indians rose & rushed in that direction of the sound. They drove a body of cavalry men through into the village and some of their mounted allies blazing. While they hesitated for a moment confused by the suddenness of the attack and impeded by the women and children who crowded to them for safety. The old priest whom they had at first left far behind advanced before them and ran towards the infuriated calling on them to stop the slaughter which had commenced. He was received with a shower of expostulation and a volley of bullets which stretched him lifeless upon the ground, along with some of the Indians who had rushed forwards to prevent his purpose. With a yell of mingled joy and horror the mechacs rushed upon their foe but they were driven back thinned and dismayed from the bayonets of the militia. Finding themselves overpowered by superior numbers and discipline they collected their women and children and formed a dense palisade around them retreating before their opponents to the further extremity of the enclosure here human the Indian formed themselves opposed to their enemy and resented every surmise of escape. Driven to desperation the nothing changed faced the body which ~~advised~~ prevented their retreat, for a few moments the battle parts same ground but fought closely and desperately. The mechacs actuated by the courage of despair the, Whites by ~~the~~ thirst of ~~blood~~ revenge for the injuries which they fancied themselves to have sustained. Ferocious and the struggle was the fiercest with which we have been before acquainted. Armed with a heavy stone headed club

f 14 v

he kept down all other dispersed him. He was closely followed by his squaw and his white captive whom he sometimes dragged after him and at times commanded to follow. At length the whites unable to withstand the headlong fury of the Mexicans who spared neither sex nor age and knew that mercy was their only safety — began to give way and often a fugitive fell at this instant a shot from behind struck the white woman. She fell wounded to the ground and the Indian who was before her seized her child and the blanket in which it was enveloped and by ~~the cords thereof it was tied~~ strap it upon his back. Then Ushers friends with redoubled fury rushed upon a new impetus to his companions and in a little moment the remnant of the tribe fled escaped and rushing into the forest on left fear behind their canoes and the flames of their burning dwellings.

At length they reached a place of safety. They threw themselves on the ground and began to pour out anxious to discover the murder of the Indians. Then arose the wild wails of the women as they found that brothers husbands fathers or children had been left dead or wounded among the ruins of their village. The men were silent but their downcast and dejected countenances showed that they keenly felt the disgrace of defeat and the loss of their fallen countrymen.

In the morning scouts were sent down to the village. They reported the white men were gone and that the unfortunate people returned to what had once been their homes. As they entered the ruined enclosure the full extent of their loss broke upon them. Only ruins left of their humble dwellings and heaps

f 15v

of bright candles & rushes - The ground was covered with the bodies of men women and children among which the anxious searchers for those of their friends or relatives at length they found the body of their friend so mangled as scarcely to be recognised at which a murmur burst from the warriors as they gathered around it -
Allen An old chief man began to chant in a wild irregular irregular tone.

"We will sing the death song of our father - for he fell far in a strange land. He died far from the home of his people - far from the graves of his fathers. O father your children have come to avenge your death but we all are his children - we will mourn for our father - The great Spirit sent him to us over the graves of the strong seas he sent him to teach us to be himself. Things had we seen yet before. But a wicked race came to our land the sons of the earth of pale face - They have slain our father before us and we could not save him - Because was he for he fought with the strangers such lightning of death he rushed before it thus he taught - save his people But he is gone from us he is beside the waters of the peaceful land - He is dead but his slayers have he have departed with the joy of victory - shall it be for always - must we always be chased before them as the light feather before the wind - The are strong hands, strong we are feeble and fear the hatchet falls from our hands the arrow drops from the quivering we are feeble as the young fawn in the stormy night of the sea - O thou great Spirit of my tribe of the skies look down in pity upon us, let our cries reach the tent of the slayers of thy servant -

f.16r

They burned him where his chapel had stood and their lamentations were mingled with the shouts of the more merciless revenge. ~~Some days~~ * * * *

Some days after a man and a woman were taken through the forest from the ~~State~~ of the ~~Aaron~~ deceased Pelagie. The man carried in his ~~Hands~~ a cradle of rough poles fixed in and beside it a small child, lying in the ~~wound~~ frame in which the Indian women usually carry their children. The man carried a child which his back wrapped up in a blanket. A Indian which would have ~~been~~ astonished any of his countrymen if they had seen it as it would be considered disgraceful to an Indian warrior. They reached the shores of the bay of Penobscot and building a birch canoe crossed its waters. For a considerable distance they coasted it and landed in it Indian. where they joined an encampment of one of the Abenaki tribes. They were the Indian and his squaw Lolia have already been so often introduced. They had left their native land in search of more more remote distant where they might be far distant from the hated ~~Settl~~ Colonists of English origin.

That the Indian character may be properly estimated it is necessary to know the nature of their country and of the scenes and occupations with which during their whole life they are familiar. The Aborigine of America and his native land in its original wildness are exact counterparts of each other. A resemblance probably in part arises from the original constitution of the founders of the race but in more perfected degree caused by the nature of the wilderness which has for ages of unknown number been his habitation. These effects may be felt even by persons who have not ~~been~~ like the Indian dwelt from early years possessing a character strongly marked with the impressions of their power. Even the traveller in towns the ordinary man of every-day business if he migrate even for a few days into the forest feels strongly its influence & he wanders through its lofty labyrinths far removed from all the causes which he is usually affected. A feeling of solitude & communion with nature & a feeling sublime and solemn as the silence & shadow of the woods themselves steals upon his mind. New trains of ~~thought~~ ideas pass before him and as far as thought & feeling is concerned he becomes a very different man from what he lately was. Then when he returns to his usual avocations he reverts to the change not as one merely of place but of his inmost thoughts and sentiments. And if he be a man of reflection he must feel that influences such as those which he has lately left must have a strong and lasting continued permanent effect upon character — It is this permanence of effect which induces so many to the savage to abandon his wandering life & hunting up in return and he becomes wretched because he wants that mental stimulus which he has been accustomed to receive from the wilderness.

f 17v

of the scenes of his former life, and his own wild habits to enjoy them as he likes. The native American is a strange compound of nature, he can give no reasons for what he feels he is himself unconscious of its cause — but he has a strong and enthusiastic attachment to the ~~[illegible]~~ freedom of the wilderness which makes him feel that there alone he can be happy — It proceeds thus. When nature can model the character of the native American it may be despised & the silly and unfeeling spirit always be viewed with respect by the truly Philosophic mind. Dull and phlegmatic in appearance yet watchful and observant as the eagle. Seems alive to the slightest insult though apparently unmoved & the most contemptuous treatment same ~~and~~ deceives in his intercourse with strangers yet lively shrewd and even humorous in familiar society, cold and unsuspicious in his friendship and affections ~~yet~~ and silent yet stern in his anger; the Indian is to the strangers who have despoiled him of his patrimony what ~~his~~ his wild forests are to the fields and other possessions men, more rude wild and unproductive of what we are accustomed to consider useful but yet less time and less tarnished with petty artificial defects and possessing much of that grandeur which always accompanies the untouched works of nature — Among such people then and under such influences did I pass my early life — (for the white infant so often mentioned must now speak for himself) My earliest remembrances are of the camp of my father — Often I see myself a little cheerly urchin playing before its doors along with a little girl my sister sister or ~~carry before~~ in cold or stormy weather carry before a mother the little pottices & little cares for except for pain is was sleeping to supply my unmovitable want,

Of all previous ~~all~~ every trace is effaced from my memory. Mingled with my earliest recollections are the taunts and jeers of my young companions at my European extraction and accompanied by a kind of inferiority which made me often retreat in silence to their tyranny and fly for refuge to the companionship of my little sister — for I was ashamed to the real object to which my young heart could look with affection. My adopted father was cold and careless of us and I ~~[illegible]~~ received him with more awe than love, and his wife though more careful of our wants, showed us little affection ~~[illegible]~~ with the tact of childhood I soon learned that the ~~[illegible]~~ wife was but little influence in our Indian household. But the little "Marie" for so she had been called by the old French Missionary — was gentle and timid, had willing to repel my affection ~~[illegible]~~ upon her therefore it was concentrated and I added a reason thing to the jeers of my associates that a girl was my playmate. Although limiting this allusion I caught glimpses in those amusements which gave the young red man for his future course — I roamed the woods armed with little bows and arrows searching for the small quadrupeds and birds which we were capable of killing, and glorying in our success when we were so fortunate as to bring home a hare or partridge to add to the family supplies. On these occasions I was seldom so successful as my companions. They seemed to possess an instinctive keenness of observation which always enabled them to surprise me and this added to my other causes of mortification produced an uneasy misanthropic feeling which perhaps made me more unprincipled than I would ~~otherwise~~ have been

f 18v

On one of these occasions when I had met with my usual ill-fortune, we glanced to find a Meowitch a species of lynx known to the Canadian settlers as the Wild-cat or Lynx-cat an animal not dangerous to men but of sufficient strength and power to terrify victims such as we were. It was crouched upon a moderately elevated branch and was evidently watching our approach. My companions immediately began to retreat but without thinking of the consequences and incited by the mischievous feeling that I was so much less successful than they I looked hesitating at the animal for a moment and then selecting one of the sharpest and shortest arrows drew my little bow to its utmost stretch and in an instant my arrow was in his side. With a yell of pain and fury and the rapidity of lightning the animal sprung from his perch and if I had not instinctively sprunk aside he would have dashed me to the ground. I had just time to point towards him my only available weapon a short stick pointed with a splinter of bone when he recovered and rushed upon me his jaws distended his claws projected from their sheaths and his eyes glaring with fury. Throwing himself upon the point of my weapon he drove me staggering backwards but in his blindness fell back upon his side. Fortunately for me he fell upon that side from which a fragment of my arrow still projected and this being driven inwards by his weight reached some vital part and disabled him from renewing his attack, I now in turn became the assailant and with my knife soon extinguished the remains of life. I felt the effects of the excitement into which I had been thrown. As I stood over my vanquished foe a chill of horror crept through my veins my limbs trembled and I felt as if they were unable to support me

f 19v

I soon recovered my composure and shouldering my prize which was a load almost too great for my strength walked slowly homewards and passing in silence my companions who were cautiously returning to the spot from which they had fled - and who now looked on me with a respect which made my heart leap with pride - I entered the encampment and exulting threw down my burden before my foster father who was sitting half asleep near his wigwam. He uttered the usual guttural exclamation of astonishment in which he was joined by every two others whom my strange appearance had attracted.

From this time my adopted parent ~~began~~ showed me some kindness than formerly and appeared to take pleasure in lending the use of the bow and hatchet and all those articles which made the American hunter to overtake his swift and watchful game - As I advanced towards manhood I became skillful in all these exercises and ~~more~~ began to feel an attachment to the wild life of the hunter with all its discomforts which would have made me seem an exchange for the tame & laborious pursuits of civilized life — an attachment which was increased by the connection of such a life with the presence of my foster-sister - my affection for whom had only increased in strength as the years became more numerous, and what wonder that it should, she was the only being whom I could love, and upon her were concentrated all those affections which in happier circumstances might have been shared with parents brothers & sisters - It is true she was not what a European would have called beautiful for the features of the American women are in general not pleasing to an English eye - and what did I know of European beauty, and if I had I might still have preferred my forest love - For alas

f20v

was kind and gentle and courteous as the most delicate of ladies and had none of those ~~petty~~ petty vanities and petty foibles which so often make the main of acute feeling and every gentle ill-concealed dissent from the belles of civilized life. And Marie too loved me. I was to her a friend a brother a protector. For the insults to which I had in my boyhood been subjected had not allowed me to assume towards her that haughty superiority which the Savage displays in his intercourse with his female companion. And our being inmates of the same family - had made our intimacy more close than the usually distant intercourse of the Indian youth of different sexes would otherwise have allowed. But enough of such a subject my tale is not one of love-dreams. ~~It was perhaps but a small part of my~~

I had attained the age of twenty when my adopted people were again involved in those contests which ~~that~~ there had been a respite for many years - On this year those unfortunate attempts were made by the French which ended in the destruction of their fortress of Louisburg and led to the final extinction of their power in Acadie along with that of their unfortunate Micmac allies. It was in May when the intelligence of meditated war reached our encampment ~~and revenge and~~, and was required of us ~~&~~ the French and revenge and plunder held out as inducements to afford it. Bitter experience had taught the red men caution and deep and solemn were the deliberations which succeeded this demand. Met beneath the shadow of the great the aged and influential of the Equinoctial tribes of Acadie with their army, whom was my foster father who had taken refuge among them - debated anxiously the important question. Their grave and strong reasoning

f20v

sentiments which rolled volume and the grandeur of their national senate house with its tall white columns as lofty roof - imparted a solemnity to the scene, which was heightened by the thought that it was the last independent assembly of a free born though savage people & guided over which they had little control to decide upon a course which was destined to end in the obstruction of all that wild independence which they had inherited from their fathers and in defence of which they were to bequeath to their children a legacy of degradation and misery - But they had no alternative. They saw two foreign nations contending for the possession of a country to which they knew none had any claim but themselves. Each of these races of strangers were too powerful for them to overcome, - but there was one of them which had treated them with kindness acknowledged them as a people and endeavored to improve their condition. The other treated them as having no more right to the land of their fathers than the wild beasts of the forest - and treated them not as men having feeling like themselves but as noxious animals to be destroyed as quickly and completely as possible - In such circumstances who can blame them for allying themselves with the French the only one of the contending parties which had ever shown them kindness or even justice. For simple and unsuspicious, the American Indian has always suffered more acting rather according to his feelings than the dictates of policy while his only foes though ever branding him as treacherous and insincere have ever been ready to take advantage of his simplicity & his services and then leave him alone and unaided to endure the consequences of his ~~[illegible]~~ kindness. It was determined without a dissentient voice to aid the French and the warriors dispersed to prepare for the expedition

f21r

f21v

I returned to our wigwams with Morin — he was silent & thoughtful and when he had seated himself before the fire in the centre of his camp he looked long and earnestly in my face before he spoke.

"Son" he said "you heard what was spoken to day"

I nodded an assent

"You know against whom we war the enemy you are"

"Say not so" I cried "they are not my people — your people are Prince against whom you war so will I — and your friends shall be mine"

"Then are you my son indeed but remember that my people are of those who are swift to wield battle and who flee not from their foes"

In a few days Morin — and myself along with a band of braves travelled to the eastern extremity of Acadie to join our allies but why need I detail the uninteresting events of this fruitless expedition, it was terminated by the recall of our friends companions to Louisburg then about full, and we single handed then attempt to make any impression on the fort in which our enemy was entrenched returned disappointed and wearied of such useless venture — to our bright encampment —

I returned to the Dorel of Marie to whom I was now united after the forms of Indian Marriage and for more than a year my life went smoothly on varied only by the vicissitudes inseparable from the existence of those who depend for subsistance upon chance the fortune of the chase —

f227 ✓

Since I had first seen the white warriors so terrible to our tribes, my mind had been filled with visions of war & glory & longings for activity & enterprise — It was with delight that I heard from some of the French traders who occasionally ventured into our country for furs, that a large armament from France had arrived in Chebucto & was about to expel from our shores the English garrisons. But other tidings soon followed. The French soldiers had been seized with that fearful disease which was destroying them by hundreds. We knew nothing of epidemic diseases & our simple & superstitious imaginations that some evil spirit had been allowed to torment them. Alas too soon we knew & bitter experience the direful effects of the white means diseases. Some of our people had gone to visit the encampment at Chebucto they returned with the germs of the disease and it spread with fearful rapidity through all the tribes of Acadie — The natives have few comforts in sickness a couple contributes of a few poles with their ends meeting at the top is his only habitation and a heap of fir boughs his bed — While for the new and unknown diseases introduced & the white man has stock of herbs or simples can furnish no remedy. Among a people so situated infectious diseases make dreadful havoc. There was soon scarcely a cottage without its sick — The wife of Orum — was one of the victims and Marie in attending her mother brought the disease to her infant son and one — She tended it with all a mother's care but it was hopeless and ~~in a few days it buried & laborious breathing~~ as I saw her kneeling before the blanket in which it lay upon its bed of boughs I fancied that she herself might be destined — I couple of such a calamity I urged my father & Pierre to accompany me to Cheticamp from the other families that we might be some safe from infection, I then was known to the same one

deputies relations our family, now reduced to three, we took to pieces our hammocks and carried them beneath every roller upon our backs we travelled into a cave situated at the base of the hills of Eastern Cordilla. here we remained alone in some degree safe from the plague which was destroying our countrymen. Food was abundant and we were often idle. One day when we had encamped upon the brink of a river Maria & I were lying indolently upon the grass while he fondled the wounds of his servant. He called Primaten. "Do you see a small bare spot near its top?" I looked attentively and answered "Yes I think I do I can descry distinguish it."

"A wise woman lives there she can tell tales of old times and of the events which are to come"

"She may know things of old but how can she tell what has not yet happened"

"I know not. She sleeps upon a pedestal. The earl demons teach her. She can say terrible words that make men wither as the plucked off branch"

"I would like to ask her questions we must go and see her she may tell us something of our future fate. Let us go to-morrow"

"We may go but she will tell only what she chooses when the question is asked. She often answers of something else. We must take her a present of venison"

"I too will go" said Maria who had been listening "but I fear these wounds they are bad yet"

On the next morning we set out for Primaten. We slowly ascended its steep side and after a toilsome journey reached the open place which had been shewn me from a distance. It was a small bare spot covered with grass and surrounded by the tall trees which covered the rest of the mountain. In its centre was a miserable

f.23v

first circumscribed parts of Canada and parts of New York. There was no one within it and yet it wanted the appearance of the ~~[illegible]~~ old cottage we had come to admire the rude scene which lies spread before us. It was truly a picturesque spot which the old woman had chosen for her residence. Save the open space around her hut the eye commanded a vast expanse of unbroken forest branches by innumerable undulations of varied height and extent, and exhibiting many mingled shades of color from the dark blackish green of the spruce and pine to the light yellow and crimson with which the leaf heavy deciduous trees were beginning to be tinged by the frosts of autumn. While many stately shadows were flitting swiftly over the whole as the fleecy clouds drove before a northern breeze. In the distance beyond the forest stood the Sight-House of A-
Its handsome shining like fragments of broken mirror among the dark woods — and its islands and distant capes appearing blue & indistinct on the bay of Burlington. As I gazed upon the landscape I felt proud of the red man's heritage of woods and waters but a chill crept over me as I thought that the time was perhaps not far distant when that beautiful land should be stripped of its forests and should become the possession of another race. At length the object of my quest appeared. She came along from the woods humming unintelligibly to herself, bearing a wretched looking object old skirmish hard & almost stumble her face unhidden and almost bleached, her eyes sharpened and sunken. She did not at first appear to notice us but when my sister further extended her she looked up and seeing my face started back with a scream which brought many from pale & trembling — Morris — observed it and said pointing to me "He is my son. Though he is not of our people yet he hence brought you venison as a present — we wish to ask of our fate" — She looked at the moment, "By virtue was it —

f24r

f 24 v

McGILL UNIVERSITY
ARCHIVES
ACC. NO. 2211
REF. 7812

killed, washed with the sign of the bear."

"The Bear slew it" – I use just the words my father gave.

"It is well that you do not fear it as a sign against the great spirit. He gave the deer to your feet but to the unknown a nobler quarry – ~~and the~~ the young gets enough of venison and young deer are left – but of the white men which he sends the great spirit will soon be angry and ~~before~~ come from as the beautiful deer that the young men will be destroyed."

She spoke low and muttering and ~~as~~ as she had finished sat upon a large stone – the stool before her and for a few minutes she was silent – ~~and~~ then rocking herself backwards she chanted in a low and monotonous tone the following legend which I yet remember as I heard it but yesterday.

"Thousands of moons have fallen and passed away since Mellugwa – was a chief of the red men. Then was he card period – yet since the day of many moons – he had a daughter young and beautiful the pride of her father's heart – She was graceful as the pentage with its slender young neck – her cheeks were round and full as the breast of the pigeon – her eyes bright like the shining waves when they dance before the young sun. Many braves had the mind among the noblest of her tribe but her eye beamed only on Kaminee, victorious ~~son~~ yet yet known as a warrior ~~in battle~~ Her father saw and his anger burned "My daughter shall never clasp the hand of a white man. her children shall be the sons of the Bear and great." his daughter heard and her heart sunk in her breast – She retired to the shadows of the woods and her tears watered the withered leaves – As she wandered her brave stood before her. "Weep not" he said "for me, for to-night I go far ~~from~~ hence, your fathers anger is to me as the black cloud covering the face of the sun, I cannot dwell under its shadow." "Then you go not alone – for I will depart

f25v

what care I for home if you are ~~[illegible]~~ with me —"
They went but slowly for the mother of Hsenan was with them and her steps were feeble. They reached the shores of the bay of great tides and upon beheld the dark rocks of the shores of Acadie, then an unpeopled land. — They built the bark canoe and skimmed over the mirror waters.
They built then a camp upon a lofty cliff — "where I can see" he said "a sign of the coming of a foe". But the rage of the old chief was great when he heard of his daughters flight he gathered the warriors of his warriors — they searched the thick forests of the valleys and the tops of the high hills. They came to the shore and saw perhaps they have gone to the shores of yonder black shored land. They embarked and coasted along the shores — A small uncertain smoke rose upward from the edge of a cliff. — the black eye of the chief saw it — he pushed his canoe to the shore and rushed up a steep ascent, he saw a white camp on the edge of the rock and fused the loud cry of war — startled at the sound the women rushed from the hut and wildly gazing stood before him. The old chief bore my heart the arrow whistles from the taught cord burned its ringed point in Hsenan's heart — he fell backwards over the rocks steep side and plunged into the waves below. As when he saw saw it — she rushed to the edge of the cliff and gazed into the troubled waters — her foot slid on the slippery with her own blood and shrieking she fell from the rock as her feeble hands could frame her. Mellungwa looked on in silence no tear was in his eye but his anger had fled and paleness overspread his face his knees trembled beneath him and the bow shook in his strong hand. The mother of Hsenan ~~[illegible]~~ had fallen upon the earth — she tore from her head her ~~[illegible]~~ thin white locks and bitter was her wail

But the Great Spirit looked down upon her in pity he showed her the things of future times - her eye rolled with unearthly fire her arms waved in the air and rising from the ground she looked fiercely upon the warriors who shrunk before her, "Chief of a cursed race" she said murderer of thine own flesh - slayer of the defenceless - to the sea you have given the bodies of ~~thine~~ your own children, and the sea shall bring destruction on you and your people - Sounding near the foaming waves shall come a people, for whose canoes no small branch shall hold the wind but their mast shall be the tall pine of the hills that looks down upon the smaller trees. By them shall thou perish and when thou art forgotten in the mists of years they shall drive the people from their land" The canoes thus made ~~rushed~~ run into the fleet - The warriors stood for a moment, then turned & slowly travelled to their homes But their tribe looked evilly on them - they said - "The have brought on themselves a curse - why should we also perish". They returned to Acadie & pitched their tents by its slow-flowing streams - x x x x x Years passed away - a hunter was resting on a grey rock he looked upon the sea of white topped waves - The ~~fog~~ rolled in upon the shore and covered the hillsides with a white cloud - he saw a dark object in the mist-held, was dim and shadowy - it came nearer and he heard ~~strange~~ loud voices in a strange tongue - Suddenly there was a crash the black ship parted in fragments ~~and from fierce looking men~~ - There were loud cries & splashing in the water and soon many fierce looking men stood upon the shore - The hunter fled and brought the tidings to his friends - quickly the ~~wood~~ and soon the wanderers of the sea gathering their treasures as the waves drove them to the shore - Their ~~countenances~~ faces were

f26v

stern covered with much long hair. On their heads were caps of crap. Very bad sharp swords & spears and broad defences against the winged arrows. Our fathers soon grew trembled. They said these are they who were to destroy us. but the old chief haughtily cried. heed not the tales of women their great canoe is broken and its wings ~~lies broke~~ has mashed like the settle feather. pale are their faces they cannot move the hearts of men. I will ask them why they came to attack. He advanced and addressed them "Strangers whence came you wandered over the sea. ~~to~~ you come with the soft words of peace of the Great Spirit" The stood with his bow in his hand waiting a reply — the strangers covered from their work and seized their arms — one of them hurled a spear at glanced from the chief and ~~struck~~ rebounded ringing from a rock. In a moment he bent his bow — but the arrow fell broken from a shield. — They rushed upon the old man and dashed him with their swords to the ground. The warrior uncased their war whoop and poured their arrows upon the strangers but they ~~rebounded~~ pierced their armour as from a rock — Our fathers fled before them and hid in the shadows of the forest. — their hearts grew cold within them for they thought the strangers to be demons of the deep sent for their destruction. — Again they cautiously returned — then foes were dispersed over the land searching for food and water, Our fathers watched them as they wandered and their arrows from the thickets found the strangers hearts — One by one they were destroyed and their spirits hung in the mourners huts, — at length they were all slain but one a pale smooth faced boy. who sat upon the shore ~~and~~ gazedy upon the sea and wringing ~~his~~ their hands. Our fathers pitied him they spared his life, but he soon wasted away and died — he said that he was the son of a chief of some distant land strong winds drove his ship from the shore the sailors

f27v

known not whether many weeks they drove upon the sea until they were thrown upon the white rocks of Acadie.

Hundreds of winters passed and the Micmacs ~~grew~~ became young in the land. Once again the white men came as friends. They wanderers far over the isles to the lands of little men and brought home their long scalps. Once they went against the men of the north and returned not with the foeman's scalp - short but with the howl of death and defeat. They had found there white men of the sea who had driven them from the northern land. But revenge is sweet to the red man's heart and they gathered all their tribes and again departed over the southern sea. They returned fewer in number but they brought scalps red like the fox of the fox and spears and swords of steel and axes too heavy for the Micmac's hand. Often they went against the men of the north in after times but they brought no more red scalps for the sea wanderers had married the women of their land and the children were not like their fathers, yet their arms were strong and their voice terrible in war. Ages passed on ~~and~~ no more white men came and the prophecy of former times was forgotten. But at length they again appeared not as in former times but with sails white as the wing of the sea gull and all as the trees of the forest, they came ~~out~~ as the friend of amity but their friendship was deceitful. Soon must the red men perish. She ceased and remained in the same attitude as before apparently unconscious of our presence. With a gloomy look my foster father turned and walked slowly away; we followed. And returned as quietly as possible to our former encampment.

The winter was far advanced before we again ventured. Game had been abundant and dread of infection prevented us from seeking the people of our countrymen. At the beginning of January

f28r

f 28v

We met while upon a hunting excursion a French fur trader travelling in search of his merchandise. He brought him to our camp and there he remained for two or three days bartering a few trinkets for our winter stock of furs, when upon his obtaining intelligence which determined us to remove, he stated that a band free and Canadian was about to attack an English party of English trappers encamped on the south side of the Bassin of Minitis, and that they had already commenced their journey. Fresh of enterprise & action.

And I at once decided that we should join the expedition, for Marie however usually ~~[illegible]~~ her influence to delay us, but it was unavailing and in a few days we set out on our toilsome & uncomfortable route leaving our camps with everything but absolute necessary that we might travel with less burdensome. ~~The weather was cold and bitter and the air cheap, [illegible]~~ There is something lowering and calculating in a fine winter day in November. The sky cold hard and cloudless with the sun pouring down his rays upon a spotless carpet of snow, the trees bearing with soft feathery flakes caught in their branches, or glistening with a light coating of ice, just affording sufficient shade to prevent the light from being dazzling and the cool ~~[illegible]~~ air ~~just~~ prevented from being piercing and by the warming influence of the sun. Make the traveller feel strangely active and by that sympathy which we feel with nature infuse into his heart a feeling of gladness in unison with the calm brightness of the scene. Cheered by such weather we travelled for three days until the woods ended on the evening of the last sun the bassin of Minitis covered with ~~as the~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ice. We encamped built a rude camp of boughs near the ~~[illegible]~~ brink of

f29v

the high land on which we passed the night and in the morning travelled along its northern slope until we reached the little clearing of a French settler who resides as well that country which alone distinguishes his nation in the wooded or on the rude-cleared hills of their native land. From the language ~~we~~ ~~our~~ ~~that~~ the path which we pursued to join had perished and would now be two days journey before us. Fearful of not attaining our object we left alone with the Frenchman and carrying with us little but our arms travelled with our utmost speed — apartes the indispensable accompaniment of water springs the snowshoe — The wind was disagreeable and dangerous numerous rivers & brooks running into the basin accompanied our course we were obliged to have recourse to these rivers of considerable magnitude and all except the smallest almost impassable — To add to our difficulties the weather became stormy and amidst a constant succession of drifts with scenes of every gloomy ~~and~~ ~~very the element~~ we struggled on — our only hopes of quitting the woods being cleared from the encumbrance that the land travelled upwards along the course of many of the rivers in search of more convenient places of crossing ~~and then~~ while we regarded the danger and we almost every instant presented ~~the~~ our undeviating course — almost worn out with fatigue and hunger we at length joined our friends among whom were many deserters from the American tribes, and one days journey from the scene of the destined attack — Here we learned that the enemy ~~[illegible]~~ imagining the inclemency of the season a sufficient security against attack were quartered in the settlers farm houses of the Acadian villages

f 30r

F30 ✓

to be were assigned to give us all information which might fall from their lips & their travel worn guests. On the next evening we were sufficiently near the enemy to make an attack. During the evening & night preceding soon after midnight we were divided into small parties each having its allotted station & point of attack - & thus we were in one small column composed of officers & men of French soldiers detached against a small party of the English militia quartered in a farm house and kept at a small distance from the head quarters of their force - We approached in cautious & silent manner & at the moment stop - the sentinels had been posted before the door and his figure showed dim and indistinctly through the pelting flakes - A musquet crept stealthily towards him under cover of a fence and discharged his carbine - the sentinel fell but either by accident or design discharged his musket. We knew that there must alarm our foe and with the shouts of cavaliers mingled with our savage yell - which we raised & rushed forwards endeavoring to effect an entrance & the doors and windows of the house - a part of our force at the same time attacking the barn - The slight door and windows were soon demolished and we rushed into the house as the occupants after discharging a few random shots escaped from the opposite side. We followed and their retreat would soon have been a precipitate flight but for an officer whom we could hear calling in every tone of remonstrance & command as he endeavored to rally his terrified soldiers his exertions produced a desultory volley which proved fatal among others to my foster father. Scarcely checked for an instant the adventurers as rapidly as it is possible to walk with the encumbrance of snow shoes but they had formed a little phalanx

f 31v

which being now compact in consequence of the want of the very means of progress which would have given them a chance of escape - enabled them to repel our necessarily scattered attack. We now halted at a distance and commenced them with a galling fire of arrows & musquetry. Again the retreating occasions flung to fire a volly and we followed continuing thinning their numbers & the slaughter of savages continually pouring upon them. The officer who had been the means of rallying them in their first flight - was a prominent object for our marksmen even in the darkness of the night he could occasionally be distinguished as he gave some word of command. I had discharged several arrows in the direction in which his form appeared among his men - at length a man fell which I knew to be his object and a change soon became perceptible in the soldiers now without a leader their retreat became more precipitate and finally degenerated into flight. They had now however almost reached the point where their principal force was situated and where during their retreat the savages had been heard. They rushed into the ranks of their friends and we joined the main body of our party - which had meanwhile surrounded the remnant of their numbers for - what had collected at this central point. Attacked by a superior force and without hope of escape the Prairie Indian bravely repelled every charge and it was not till it was evident that any man must soon perish under the incessant fire to which they were exposed that they surrendered to our French allies and were given to the extermination of the Indian Warriors were permitted to return immediately to their encampment at Minneapolis. It was now morning and I walked back along the course in which we had advanced in search

f 32r

f 32 v

of the body of Moran — — Then hands recistened with the dead and wounded but I perceived them carefully & unlike from the body of an officer which I knew to be that of him who had behaved so gallantly on the previous night — the eyes a young man tall and well formed with features fine and almost feminine in their form been a violent death could not impart to them that horrible expression which it so frequently produces — As I gazed upon the clay so lately tenanted I could think a question which I had frequently asked rose with new force to my mind. Why should he and such as he leave home & children home to perish miserably and death in a foreign and desert land — It cannot be for want for his appearance shows that he has been raised to all the comfort & luxury of wealth It cannot be for plunder for our chests contain little to tempt even the poorest. And his own clothes and arms would be wealth to one of us; It cannot be for gratuitous generosity for what of the sons of Adam cannot human suffering — It was a mystery and that strange enthusiasm which drives the civilized man to cross the rude barbarians dominion on the wide ocean ~~and to seek~~ and to wander from ~~this~~ our happier lands that ~~the~~ may define him & violence of his scenes but yet is to my minds yet incomprehensible — With such reflections I hurried onwards — Moran was not where he had fallen but I easily traced him to a thicket into which he had dragged himself he was sitting with his hands gathered under him calmly in a low voice that recited of his deeds which forms the death-song of the American Warrior the fancied introduction to a happy immortality I held towards him a flask containing spirits & water he eagerly seized it and drank its whole contents they revived him and as he turned to me his eye shone

f 33 v

[illegible] with the [illegible] brightness.

"For," he said, "I am going to my Father, you white man. Our terrible massacre has caused me to be [illegible]. My hands be [illegible] the setting sun" he paused a moment & "for your mother once lived in my cabin. She thought that my hands was red with your Father's blood but it was not — the white Queen had struck your mother — she fell where the [illegible] perished — she was gone when I returned. Her people carried her away — perhaps she yet lives — you may gladden her old eyes — look behind the poles of my cabin — you will find one of the white Queen's chains — I took it from your Mother's house but it was useless to me, I gave it to her and many times every day she looked upon it — his voice became faint and he produced a low unintelligible muttering — for a few moments as if suddenly recollecting something he put his hands in his breast and drew out a small crucifix — "The good priest gave me this — he told me to look upon it when I prayed to God — it is long ago I have forgotten the words he told me — I will see him in the happy land — he will tell me them there" — his hand fell by his side, he sunk backwards among the straw — he spoke no more and soon expired. With a heavy heart I unearthed the remaining tools & burying tools of which I deemed from the use, I dug in the porch ground a deep grave in which I deposited the remains of him who had been the only parent I had ever known — I carefully placed beside him his arms and thought with satisfaction that his body was too deep to be ever disturbed by the tribe [illegible] plough.

As soon as it was possible I returned to the place where we had left Marie — her grief for her Father's death was excessive she was her only relation and his loss caused a sense of loneliness & desolation which even my presence could

f34 v

scarcely ever come — We returned to our old dwelling at Pennington Abbott as soon as we arrived. I went to the old camp of my father's further — It is a little clearing with a small stream by it. I looked behind the poles and supplanted the back row — and found a deerskin parcel — I opened it it contained a book old and black with smoke. I turned over the leaves but could understand nothing of its use — Yet then had been my mother's, she had knelt to look upon it — but why — for the first time I felt a strange feeling of respect for the people from whom I was descended, and a longing for that knowledge which they possessed. I placed the book with my brown coat returned home in the probability of my ever seeing my ~~mother~~ ~~sister~~ sister survived —

f 35 r

f35v

f 36r

f 36v

McGILL UNIVERSITY
ARCHIVES
ACC. NO. 2211
REF. 78/3

VI

Any person who is acquainted with the history of the obscure contest carried on between France and Britain in the wilds of Acadie need not be informed that shortly after the events last narrated the former works of the former nation retired to Canada and that their efforts to secure permanent possession of the country establishing a colony at Chebucto. Shortly as I was this intelligence reached the fort above and was accompanied by the unwelcome news that the Micmac chiefs had probably in expectation of a heavy valuable presents repaired to the new settlement to declare themselves subjects of the invaders. Flushed of conquest which I considered so base and the eager desire which I now felt to become acquainted with the manners of the people in whom I was so deeply interested determined me to visit their settlement. Since ever arms and anxiety in my sole endeavours to dissuade me but my eagerness was so great to see this untutored and young race that I would soon return I set out for Chebucto.

It was evening when I arrived, the sun almost touched the top which fringed a rugged line against the western sky, and cast a flood of golden light across the waters that lay tranquil and unbroken making them contrast strongly with the dark lines of the fir clothed hills and the darker slumbering which they projected on the supply bosom. But the beauty of the scene was marred in my eyes by one little blemish which like a festering wound rendered a well formed body ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~

f 37v

upon the muscles of my arms involuntarily contracted and I felt as if I could have stretched them across the intervening water and swept them into the sea. In the morning I found a Mexican gentleman who came me over in his canoe. He confirmed the report of several chiefs having visited the new town but said that they had returned dissatisfied with their presents and their reception. The English he seems not to care or-bears as the French. They are rough and insolent. I felt peculiar sense and bitterness to the group of lines I had darkened my complexion so that no one could suspect my European extraction and as I strolled along the streets I experienced all that moral and bodily pain which the American Indian knows so well how to display while at the same time I observed carefully every object which attracted my attention as new or unknown. It was early and many of the people were lounging about their doors or standing in groups in the streets, conversing in a language which sounded was harsh and unmelodious to my ears. As I strolled along a man who was standing at the door of a log hut called out "Hillow red-skin how's fosses this fem?" and then burst into a loud laugh in which he was joined by a group of idlers who were staring at my usual appearance. I did not understand the words but I knew from their tone and the laugh that they were insulting. I turned and walked towards them resting my hand upon a hatchet which hung in my belt and asking him in my own language what he wanted. He appeared frightened and probably recalling all the stories he had heard of Indian perfidy retreated hastily into his cabin and shut the door, a proceeding which elicited another laugh from the group of loungers. As I turned from the door one of them said come let us have a bar drink of this fellow's. They

approached me calling "Injun Injun Stop Injun" I paused and the immediately surrounded me laughing and talking. One of them drew from his pocket a bottle and a tumblerful with its stalk broken off. He poured out some drops and held it towards me, I took it and touching it to my lips returned it. For I knew their object in making me drink. They laughed — "You must take it you yourself" he held it to my mouth, I turned to go away but they stood close together & pushed me back — I thoroughly enraged yet retaining the stoical outward indifference of the Indian, I stood motionless leaning upon my bow. The man who had offered me the spirit again put his glass to my lips and in an attempt to force it into my mouth spilled some of it upon my breast. His companions laughed and I raised my hands & pushed the glass hastily away. It slipped from his fingers and was broken upon the ground. "Ah — h you is that your manners you savage" he said and struck me in the face. In an instant all my self command disappeared, with the rapidity of lightning almost before I was aware of the act my tomahawk was in my hands; he staggered backwards and fell. Instantly aware of the consequence of remaining I leaped over his body & fled. The crowd pursued ~~me~~ but were unable to overtake me and as they had no fire arms they soon abandoned the pursuit. I then ran up the hill behind the town and penetrated far into the woods before I stopped. I sat down upon a fallen tree and thought over the events of the morning I had been insulted and had taken my revenge yet my anger was not cooled and when I reflected that these were the foes of my country against whom it was my duty to wage perpetual war I determined to take yet more ample vengeance. I cautiously returned

f 39v

and concealed myself on a part of the hill which overlooked the cleared ground below. I could see parties going in different directions to their work in the woods or to amuse themselves by hunting. At length two persons ascended the hill going in the direction of the place where I stood. They were better dressed than the laborers and carried guns. One was a small middle-aged man ~~the other~~ with a lively countenance and sharp eye – the other tall stout and apparently much younger. They entered the forest near my hiding place and I cautiously followed as a hunter tracks his game, as long as they advanced in one direction it was impossible to approach them sufficiently near. For my face was necessarily bare and stealthy, from behind in order to avoid a swamp or some other obstruction they turned and walked along at right angles to their former course. Gradually get nearer I glided across the circle which they thus made and as they passed within a short distance discharged an arrow which brought the smaller of the two to the ground. He caused himself in his arm & attempted to draw out the arrow. His companion stood for an instant in absolute terror gazing in the direction of my concealment then taking the most obvious means of safety – stepped behind the trunk of a large tree which concealed him from my view. I at once saw how to take advantage of this movement. I was in a thick grove of young pitch trees which completely concealed me – Slowly upon my elbows and knees I crept between their trunks in such a direction that I might soon obtain a view of my distinct pursuer. There was several openings in my cover and I was often obliged to drag myself along the ground like a serpent – At length however I had gained a sufficient distance and creeping stealthily to the edge of the thicket – saw the hunter peering cautiously around the tree in the direction of my former position. I smiled as I thought how completely he was deceived and taking

f 40v

a nice aim ~~in an instant~~ he lodged my arrow in his side
killing a cry of agony he sprang sideways and fell gasping
upon the ~~[illegible]~~ ground where he lay gasping in the a-
gonies of death. I now rushed from my concealment,
the wounded man was yet alive and made a feeble ef-
fort to raise himself — but one stroke of my knife exchanged
the ~~[illegible]~~ agony and pain which distorted his face
for the relaxation of death. I stripped their scalps from their
heads & stuck them in my belt then dragged the bodies into
a thicket and left them; but my thirst for blood was not
yet satiated and I longed for further opportunities for dis-
pensation. None however presented themselves during the re-
mainder of the day. On the ~~[illegible]~~ morrow a large party ap-
proached the fort, in the direction taken by my victims of the
previous day they were armed and ~~[illegible]~~ probably ~~came~~ in
search of their missing ~~[illegible]~~ transmen. As they entered the
woods, they separated into small bands which moved in
different directions. I retired before them fearful of encountering
such formidable odds and hurry to join some stragglers when
they had separated to a considerable distance. After rehearsing sufi-
cient for I contrived to return dull accoup their course
~~of~~ that I might come on stragglers behind me. For some
time I saw no person. At length I perceived a solitary man
approaching. he was evidently looking intently about him.
I placed myself behind a tree with a bush growing close to
its root. ~~[illegible]~~ He advanced almost directly towards me
I ~~was afraid~~ [illegible] and [illegible] an arrow without being dis-
covered. placing my bow behind the tree and seizing ~~[illegible]~~ my tom-
hawk, I stood in readiness and as he was passing ~~[illegible]~~ sprang
suddenly upon and with two repeated blows laid him to the
ground before he could either escape or resist. I then running my
knife across his neck when a bell sounded just in my rear
and the report of a musket rang through the woods.

f 41r

f 41v

grasping my bow a glance showed me a man in the act of retreating. I discharged an arrow but missed him — I had but a moment to lose but seizing my knife and I rushed desperately forwards. He attempted to receive me upon his bayonet but I pushed it aside and stabbed him in the side. My knife flashed aside and stepping back he struck at me with the butt end of his weapon — I avoided the blow at the expense of a bruise on the arm but and another stab stretched him lifeless at my feet. I tore off his scalp & returned to finish the same operation upon his companion. Then taking up my bow & hatchet — I had just commenced my retreat when I heard the sound of a party attracted by the report of the musket — I retreated as rapidly as possible and after a hurried journey threw my scalps at the feet of Marie — She showed no horror at the sight but turning them over said "They are white men's scalps, my father would have been glad to see them". "He would but perhaps he may see them in the land of spirits and rejoice — To-morrow Marie — we must go that I may show them to the young men & rouse them to war". Encouraged by my trifling success I hoped that the fierce murders of our tribe might yet be expiated.

f 42 r

f 42v

On the next morning we dismantled our camp and removed to the neighborhood of one of the Mohawk encampments. I used my endeavors to gain the confidence of the young men and induce them to enlistment in my behalf. In this I was aided by French emissaries who were secretly the advocates of the Indian tribes to unite against the enemies of their race — and the consequence was that at that time was made the last effort of the Natives of America to expel from their shores at least one race of their foreign invaders. Our first efforts were against Chehocta and though too few and too sensible of our inferiority to attempt open fight in the plains and under brave leaders we maintained a hardy warfare more annoying to its inhabitants than was probable attempts. I need not detail scenes similar to those of which my tale has already contained too many. Scenes which cruel though they were were but the too ~~inflicted~~ retaliation of a feeble people upon more powerful oppressors. The inhabitants of Chehocta soon became more cautious and our attention was directed to weaker and fewer settlements which were hunting along the Coast and where we often found opportunities for easy victory. But a new & formidable mode of warfare was practised against us. Rangers as they were called were obtained from the older western colonies who pursued us closely and effectually ~~and~~ when we were unaware and rendered all our attempts when we ventured to attack. But our courage was for a time unabated and we exhausted all our cunning and ingenuity to baffle the caution of our now wary foe.

In these circumstances was performed the last successful assault of this nature in which I was engaged. A schooner had been ~~ordered~~ sent to take shelter in one of the numerous harbours of the Atlantic coast. We learnt her arrival and ~~marched~~ a numerous party marched rapidly to the spot like expectation of a rich booty. They

f 43v

One of their principal inducements. Embarking in four canoes we cheerfully centering along the shore until we passed a projection of the land which had concealed the vessel from our view. The sails were set and ~~put~~ fluttering in a gentle breeze fearful of disappointment we urged forwards our frail barks to their utmost speed and rapidly gained upon our chase which lay broad creeping through the water. The people on board had observed us almost the instant that we came in sight and we could see a bustling and hurrying on board indicating preparation for our reception. As we neared the vessel all became quiet and we could see no one on board. At about a gunshot distance we prepared to make ready for the attack. We had ceased keep motionless for a moment when a smoke burst from the schooner's side and one of our canoes was dashed in pieces and her crew struggling in the water or sinking dead or wounded beneath it. Like a shower of rifle balls with which the gun had been charged ~~and~~ dashed in the water ~~[illegible]~~ for an instant all was confusion but soon seeing our unfortunate companions the attackers, on urging ~~with~~ in tones of rage and fury and dashed to the vessel's side. But we had determined ~~[illegible]~~ men to embark with and as we clambered up the side we were again and again thrown back by the handspikes axes and other weapons with which we were assailed. At length a few gained a footing on the deck, in a moment more had followed and after a short but desperate struggle not a man of her crew was left alive for we were too much exasperated by their resistance to make prisoners. We now ransacked our prize and brought ashore as much as we been able to dispose of. ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~

sinking as she receded from the shore. As I watched her disappearing in the waves I felt a reluctant pleasure at the thought of the expectation of those interested in her fate and the awful ~~suspe~~ uncertainty to which they were doomed, for that respite would be ~~first~~ ~~one~~ in the list of those never heard of — Our party now dispersed to recover the rest of their skiffs and I ~~with~~ a few others commenced our return to the place where we had left our wives and children carrying with us two wounded men belonging to our encampment — We had ~~arrived~~ been within two or three miles of the end of our journey and were travelling quietly on when a volley of musquetry was poured upon us from the side of a hill and a band of "rangers" more numerous than our party rushed forward. Our burdens were instantly thrown down and all who were able escaped. I was rid of the wounded man but had entered my shoulder and I fell. The rangers commenced the work of killing the wounded and taking off their scalps congratulating each other at the same time on the gain which would result from their success. One of them approached me "Look here — here's a white fellow" I answered as a Frenchman shaped and like an Indian. They gathered round and among them the officer who commanded the detachment. He attempted to address me in French but was exceedingly bad. The idea flashed through my mind that I might escape death by ~~exposing~~ correcting their error. I accordingly answered in as pure words as possible in the French of Canada I could speak a little — and he was too ignorant of the language to detect its inaccuracy. I was raised from the ground and my wounded shoulder and after drinking a large draught of water was obliged to follow my captors in direction which I knew would lead them to our encampment — and to that part of it where my wounded stood at a little distance from any of the others. My dress as they

account was far more ~~unaffected~~ than the pain in-
flicted by my forced wench. At length we were in sight of
the camp & my captors approached it cautiously from
behind. I was about to call out to warn Alice of her
danger but I thought that hearing my voice might only make
her rush upon her fate — distracted with fear and anxiety
I had hoped that she might be absent. We had approached quite
a short distance when one of the rangers stumbled over
a ~~fell~~ the top of a fallen tree the ~~branches~~ of which crushed
beneath his weight. and in an instant I saw Alice
hurried & the sound rush from the hut bearing the gay
child in her arms. She saw the rangers only for I was behind
them and utterly a scream of terror turned to fly when one
of them coolly levelling his piece fired and she fell lifeless
upon ~~the ground~~ the spot. The men frowned & shuffled
the blood from her head held up and said exulting "Dem
make a few remarks of this ~~thing~~ this a squaw". Then
looking at the child which was sobbing upon the ground
he took it up and saying "You are no good you brat" threw
it into the grass of a small hole ~~then~~ near, and rejoined his
companions, all this occupied but a few moments and
while it was acting I stood as if bound to the spot where I stood
I was painfully aware of the minutest circumstances of the deed
yet I felt unable to speak or move. I was stupified with horror
and walked mechanically forward, while I was accosted ~~by~~
~~one of them~~ & the executioners of ~~my comp~~ the rangers
when they found ~~the~~ other captives abandoned and
the light of their tragedy — for they had freed them all —
I started as if from a horrible dream but all around me
confirmed its reality. My first impulse was to struggle for
freedom but I was weak & faint. Then rage and thirst of
vengeance took possession of my heart, I grasped the long hair of
Alice hanging from her wounded child's belt I marked well

f 45v

his appearance and I bowed to the great spirit — that though I should follow him to the end of the earth I would inflict upon that man greater misery than he had that day brought on me.

I was carried to a small fortification which was the headquarters of the company to which my captor belonged. My wound festered and agitation produced fever and during the latter part of the march I was carried on a litter by the soldiers. I lay for sick and delirious and when I recovered I was led the slaves of what I had formerly been. My first thoughts were of vengeance and ~~when~~ I saw that to obtain it fully I must learn the manners of the people among whom I was, and must conceal that which was now the sole actuating motive of my mind — I therefore used every effort to acquire their language of my captors and to learn their customs, and I so far succeeded by my ease as to puzzle apparently numerous Cousin whom destruction or misery was to be the object of my life. He was a young man of middle stature with a broad good humored face and small gray eyes and was ~~called~~ by his associates as a kind and mild companion. I had learned that his name was Hall and that he was a native of Massachusetts.

I was questioned regarding my country and objects in being among the Indians but avoided answer nothing. Thus was attended to continuing and I was told that I should be sent to Halifax along with the company to which Hall belonged — which was returning by other ways. But I was determined not to follow him in the guise of a prisoner and a short time before their intended departure I effected my escape — during the day I was led negligently guarded and at night was locked up in a small apartment of a log house the remainder of which was occupied by the soldiers. This room had one small window — similar to those usually found in such houses and early remained from the

f 46 v

prisoner. This I effected, a little before midnight, by the aid of a table knife and then carefully looked out to ascertain if any stragglers yet remained abroad. It was a fine star-light night and we were as visible as the sentry pacing upon the earthen rampart. I cautiously crept out and crawled along the grass on reaching the base of the breastwork. I watched till the sentinel had turned his back and then quickly glided to the opposite side. Here I resumed my slow progress till I reached the foot of a high palisade fence which surrounded the fort of the little eminence on which the fort was erected. An empty barrel was lying near it. I ran to it and grasping the top of the fence ~~with the~~ attempted to draw myself out but I was weak and failed and the barrel falling from below me I was left hanging by my hands. The sentinel heard the noise which I had made, he challenged and in an instant after his ball struck the fence close beside me. Fortunately my foot touched a notch in one of the logs, jerking my knee into it with a desperate struggle I gained the top and without looking behind me leapt down on the outside. I fell among some stones and was severely bruised but scrambled to ~~[illegible]~~ drag myself into some bushes which grew on the edge of a marsh at the base of the hill. I was now secure concealed when a number of soldiers sprang from the fort in pursuit, but seeing me at first they fortunately hesitated for a moment and I gained time to creep into the interstices of a clump of dwarf wood on the edge of the marsh where I lay in silence while my pursuers searched the woods in all directions. At length they abandoned the pursuit and fearful of being discovered in the morning I left my concealment and travelled forward as fast as my weakness and bruises would permit. At day-break I took refuge in a swamp thickly covered with pine trees which ~~[illegible]~~ that set towards with long white moss and branches giving the impenetrable canopy of the darkest green appearance

f47v

shorings

appearance, dismissed to the cowlep travellers. Hunger now began to gnaw me, but the American hunter is seldom at a loss for expedients whereby to satisfy its cravings. I peeled the bark from a small fir tree and ate the tough inner rind, but this was distasteful food and cutting an ash pole I sharpened it into a rude bow which I strung with thongs from my deer-skin shoes. I then made a few blunt arrows and venturing forth from my concealment succeeded in obtaining a few squirrels and a partridge which satisfied my appetite for the days. In the evening I constructed a rude hut of fir boughs which formed my dwelling for many days until my wounds were ~~sufficiently~~ healed and my strength sufficiently recruited for travelling. During this time I subsisted on hares and such other small animals as I could shoot or entrap. ~~As soon as I was~~ When I felt able to travel I left my hiding place and journeyed along through the woods avoiding settlements and roads to a place where I had formerly concealed some plunder taken from the ~~white~~ English settlers, & I selected such clothes as might be worn by a labourer and when dressed in them I resumed my appearance in a neighboring pool. I started at the change. I was pale and haggard, my hair hung in tangles, wrapped upon my shoulders and my beard though it had been plucked in the Indian manner long & rough. Such a figure while in the dress of a savage might yet appear imposing but in European clothing its squalid wildness was horrible. I cut my hair & beard as well as I could and taking in my hands a small bundle of spare clothing I took the road for Chebucto. It was little more than a year since I had left there yet the town had greatly increased in size, and surprised in its appearance. I enchanted

f 48r

f 48v

McGILL UNIVERSITY
ARCHIVES
ACC. NO. 2211
REF. 78/4

I ~~entertained~~ thought of the difference in my circumstances since I had last walked its streets and that thought which it reminded me of my imprudent rashness gave new freeness to my thirst for vengeance. I sought for employment I who had never performed the slightest menial labour and my wild appearance procured me many a curse instead of a response but I knew that labour was now my only means of procuring my attempt and I persevered till I found it and till I convinced that quarrelsome & unsemmable man first attempts. On enquiring I found that the object of my search had returned to his native place. I determined to follow him and bounded my gains to pay the expenses of the journey. During the interval preceding my departure the subject that my enquiry pursuit occasionally occupied my thoughts. I was now only the people to whom my parents had belonged and my mother might possibly yet survive among them. I had perused the book which had been left and now I turned it to a fellow-labourer who could read. He said it was a bible and glancing at a name written on a blank leaf that it had belonged to some one named Jane Williams. This then was my mother's name and I treasured it within my memory. When I had accumulated enough money to pay my passage I sailed in a little vessel from Chelsea and landed at a little town in the New England States. I had no guide by which to find my mother's relations but his name, yet I hoped to discover him, and wandered from place to place always continuing my inquiries —

It is difficult for a civilized man to form any idea of the distastefulness of labour to a savage. Even the indolent and luxurious children of affluence if suddenly forced to descend to the meanest drudgery, could not look at it in more thorough aversion than could an American Indian or a person educated as I had been in their free and roving habits. Yet disagreeable though labour was it must be done and

f49v

endured them the slighting and rude treatment which I often received from those who thought themselves superior to the humble laborer. Often on such occasions have I felt using nothing but that which in other times would have sent my knife to the offenders heart — but I have learned among that my flashing eye and contracted brow might not betray the resentment which I always felt. Thus in ~~A Country~~ this incident occurred which threatened to turn my thoughts into a very dangerous channel. At a country house where I had been hired as a farm-~~servant~~ laborer there was an old woman, poor and feeble who lived there as a kind of servant. She was often harshly treated and was employed in the meanest occupations yet she bore all uncomplainingly, always endeavored to keep herself clean, cottered in blue clothes and was ever ready to assist any one who needed her help or to sympathize with the children in all their little troubles. Jenny was her familiar name or "Poor old Jenny" as she was pitingly called by the children whose affection she had gained. I felt sad for her lonely and miserable condition & resentment perhaps prompted by the circumstance that she noticed my carelessness of my comfort and frequently mended my clothes, gave me at the same time much salutary advice respecting my health and personal appearance. One day I heard some people speaking of her they called her Jenny Williams I stopped at the wagon and listened attentively to their further conversation they gave little of her history except that she had been taken & kindness and afterwards neglected — and that she had no relations — but received her goods and clothing from the man with whom she resided for the little services which she could render in his household. This, then, must be my only mother. My first thought was to make myself known to her, but this would stop my all enjoyment

f50r

f 50v

The struggle was short and a sense of revenge triumphed. When about to leave the place where she resided, I pressed in her hands the amount of my earnings saying "You have been kind to me among strangers keep this for my sake". She looked at me with astonishment "No" she said "I have no need of money, keep it yourself you are young and may need it yet"

"Keep it then for me and if you are in want of anything be not afraid to use it". I walked rapidly away leaving her gazing after me in perplexity - * * * * *

For more than five years my search had been fruitless though my wishes had often been excited and my hopes destroyed, and as I approached a little village in Maryland I resolved that this year should be its last. In this village however I obtained intelligence ~~of the~~ which revived my hopes. An old man named Hall lived here where he carried on a small business with the adjacent farmers. This young man I was informed had married and returned to settle in a cottage in the neighbourhood of a place named Windsor, situated in a delightful ~~Plantation~~ bound in Annapolis, and as soon as I learned my journey to Windsor lay at every step the traces of the barbarous enforcement of the principal and simple French Acadians a tragedy which had been but lately enacted. On reaching Windsor my expectations were confirmed and my heart leaped as I was wont to do when I had hitherto some noble deed in the happier times, Hall lived on the outskirts of a settlement ~~at some distance~~ I remained in his neighbourhood for some time without finding opportunities such as I wished for but at length I heard that he wanted a servant. regretfully closing my engagement where I was then employed I went to his house and offered myself at a rate so low that I

f 51v

was almost sure of acceptance. He showed no symptom of recognizing me, and entering the house to consult his wife a young and pretty woman who had been looking at us from the window. I heard her say: "I don't much like him he is an ill-looking fellow, but you are so sense now" "Yes" added her husband "and his wages are very low" I was accordingly engaged and became an inmate of the house of the man whom I had been so long pursuing. He his wife and I were the only inmates of the house and I might easily have murdered him but I deemed a more refined vengeance and an opportunity soon offered. Hull went for a day to a neighboring village; when he had been gone some time I took I entered the house with a knife in my hand. Mrs Hull was standing before a table with her back towards me I seized her wrist & the arm she screamed and turned towards me by the expression of my face and the weapon in my hand she turned pale and sinking on her knees, said "Do not kill me, I will give you all the money that we have" — The thought that my object was robbery. "Money" I cried "I want no money, but something better — vengeance" She shuddered, "O spare me I never injured you —" "No but listen, your husband killed my wife and dashed her child upon the ground — Should I not have revenge" "Not on me not on me I know nothing of it" She turned her face towards me and looked up with an appealing expression. If she had struggled or attempted to escape I could have killed her in a moment but her appearance of utter helplessness unmanned me — my hands trembled — why should I kill a woman who had never wronged me but I thought — of her husbands anguish when he should return to his desolate home and again I raised my arm She saw the action and ~~[illegible]~~ &

f 52 r

f 52 v

terror fainted and fell at my feet. I looked upon her apparently lifeless form and could not stake I threw down the knife that I had taken from the Frenchman wounded I knew not whither. I soon repented of my confession I cursed myself for a soft-hearted fool, I would have returned but my opportunity was gone. — I dared not return to the Settlement but changing my appearance as much as possible removed to a neighboring place where through I heard exaggerated accounts of the attempt to murder Mrs Hull I was unsuspected, I some months afterwards learned that Hull was going with some other persons across the bay on a hunting excursion, I learned the time of his departure and where he intended to land — and made my preparations accordingly —

f 53r

f 53 v

On a clear September day I sat upon the green summit of a rocky isle on the northern side of the Bay of Fundy. Beneath my feet descended for more than a hundred feet a precipitous cliff and before me were the waters of the bay their surface here & there ruffled with a gentle breeze, gurgling and whining as they rushed past with the rising tide. Opposite were the ~~granite Blomidon~~ a long range of steep black cliffs terminating in the granite Blomidon whose stern dark brow contrasted strongly with the ~~[illegible]~~ tender tints & hunter hues of the more distant coast which appeared beyond its precipitous escarpment. I gazed across the waters long and anxiously ~~but~~ At length as the ruddy of the tide became gradually less pink, a white speck appeared in the distance ~~as~~ it slowly approached a black cloud was rising in the west and casting a sombre hue over the water. Gradually it spread over the sky and as the point of its dark black smoke almost touched the opposite horizon a bright flash burst from its brown and the thunder rolled and reverberated from the surrounding rocks. For an instant there was a pause then a fierce squall arrived ~~[illegible]~~ over the water lashing it into dark foaming waves. The boat leaned upon her side till her sails almost dipped in the foam and in an instant I was tortured with the fear that the waters would deprive me of my revenge but she righted as the squall blew over and proceeded on her course half hid from my view by the rain which now fell in torrents. As the rain ceased the boat was entering the mouth of a neighboring river. I descended from the cliff which stepped down on the landward side and entering in a little flat bottomed boat which I had left for the purpose pushed gently to the main land and stole

f 54r

f 54v

Cautiously through the woodshed I reached the place where the boat had been drawn upon the shore. Four men including Hull had landed and were examining the net for arms. "A regular goods working mere hand" thought one.

"Go and almost had a worse. I tell you If I hadn't let go that sheet just in the nick of time we'd been swimmin for it."

"Well what shall we do now. Its late and I think its scarcely any use to go further down."

"Oh we'll take a turn through the woods here and get a few partridges for supper, sound place for them thus. Then we can go further up in the morning."

"Very well here goes and an extra flask to whoever brings most, tin lep my powder's wet I'll open it."

"You may well say that you fellows that have been bred to hunting Injins - let you alone for partridges."

They entered the woods and separated in different directions, I followed my man and run him short for three birds before ~~I consider~~ he had reached a sufficient distance from his companions. At length he had wounded sufficients for and I waited anxiously for my opportunity. He turned his gun and fired then ran forwards to secure his game; as he stooped to seize it I sprang upon him and dashed him to the ground. Uttering a cry of astonishment he looked in my face and instantly recognising me struggled to escape but I felt at that moment that the strength of ten men could not have overcome me. He yelled wildly - "Murder Murder" and tried to reach a knife which hung in his belt — placing my knee upon his breast and disengaging one hand I drew it from its sheath and held it over him —

f 55v

Despair seemed to steal over his mind - "Mercy Mercy" he cried, "You had no mercy on my wife and children ask not for mercy for me". I did not strike for I wished to prolong his agony. His eye wandered wildly. "God have mercy on me" he said "He will not, he hates not the slayer of the innocent" Again he struggled & writhed like a serpent to escape from my grasp but it was in vain — a distant shout was heard — hope seemed to return and again he shouted "Murder!" — I clashed the knife into his side — he gave a convulsive start his breath came in short sobs — again and again I plunged the knife into his body and when no trace of life remained rose and walked quickly from the spot — I wandered many miles my heart beating wildly my hands clenched and still holding the bloody knife my mind was a tumult of excitement. at length I felt faint and wearied, I sat down upon a fallen tree and covered my face my hands, I started as the half congealed blood slid upon my cheeks. The excitement which had supported me for years had disappeared I felt as if the one object my life was fulfilled my future existence seemed an abyss vacuity. Yet I felt no remorse, the deed which I had just committed was but a duty which I thought I owed to the manes of my murdered family, but now that it was completed what further object had I in life. ~~Yet~~ There was one being with whom I was connected — I thought of my mother among cruelly strangers and I felt that I had yet one duty to fulfil

* * * * * *

It was a cold November morning when I knocked at the door of the house where I had last seen my mother — she ~~herself~~ opened it herself. "Ah you here

f 56v

come back for your money. I thought you would"
"No but I wish to speak with you alone"
She went into a little back room I followed
I drew from my pocket the old bible and held it to
hands, eyes. She took it without apparent recognition
and I looked on in silence while she opened it. At first
a cry burst from her lips and she sunk upon a seat and
wept bitterly - "It brings back to me long past times
that I try to forget - but where did you get it" she asked
eagerly "It was my mothers" She started up and
gazed in my face, "It cannot be you cannot be.
my little Charlie that I lost on that fearful night"
"Mother told me that my mother read it in his
camp" "Then you are my son" she cried and leaning
upon my shoulder sobbed in a voice choked with
sobs "When have you been these thirty years, why did
you not tell me this before"
"Mother I will tell you these things again; will
you go with me to Acadia where I have lived"
"I will go wherever you go - why should I be separated
from my only relation"
For a week we remained where my mother had
so long resided. My mother lavished her whole time
and attention upon me she seemed to think of no one
else, yet often wore a look of anxiety almost
of doubt as she gazed upon my stern weather-beaten
features so different from what she would have anticipated to be the appearance of her long lost child.
We at length departed for Acadia and landed at
Halifax. Then I left my mother and travelling to a distant
part far from any of the settlements cut the trees from a small
piece of ground and built a rude log hut. As soon as

f 57r

f57v

had rendered it habitable. I returned for my mother and purchasing whatever necessaries or comforts my small stock of money would afford departed with her to my new habitation. She was surprised at its lonely and desolate appearance but did not complain and soon rendered it as comfortable as ~~that~~ circumstances would permit. On the second day after our residence in our new dwelling my sister in a fear which she had already had too good cause to entertain exclaimed

"Charley, are you not afraid of the Indians. They tell terrible stories of them in Halifax"

I smiled "I have been more accustomed to fear the white men, but mother I must tell you my history" and I told her every incident of my life from the earliest of my earliest recollections to the hour when I had made myself known to her. She was grieved and astonished "Oh my son" she said "you have been a wicked man a man of blood but you could not help it you were trained to it thank God I can now teach you better things" and she did teach me day after day and month after month did she lead me like an infant through the first rudiments of literature and religion and as I listened to words of peace and holiness which she read to me from the book which God so long preserved I became gentle and tractable as a child though my heart ached often such as I wished why do those who from their infancy have such instruction show themselves the fiercest in cruelty and treacherous? why do the red rather ~~the~~ examples of piety to the unfortunate savages than demons from whose hands we pale faces recoil with horror — My heart was softened I looked back upon my past existence as upon an other life strange and terrible yet I could not

f58r

f 58v

words the conviction that the guilt of those who acting against their better knowledge declared and supported the unoffending Indian was immeasurably greater than that of men who like me and my adopted countrymen ~~and~~ followed their only notions of rectitude in hurling back upon their aggressors their own treachery and bloodshed.

My mother is long since dead. I am old in years and fast hastening to the grave. I live alone occasionally visited by a few wandering Chippewas who look on me with awe & respect and who when I die will lay me beside my mother. The only favour that I now expect from my fellow men. Why should I desire to live. I have seen my adopted people reduced to the lowest degradation to which freeborn naturally noble can be driven ~~[illegible]~~ from the hill top where I sometimes wander I can see the house of the woodman's axe sending ~~[illegible]~~ memory in its extent. It will soon leave little to decade of the home which is center ~~[illegible]~~ clothes it. I am like a lone and blasted pine stately lived among the trees of the noble trees which once surrounded it and waiting for the blast which is to lay it low.

f59r

f 59 v

f60r

An Indian Tale
written about
1836

f60v