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Poetry.

DONNING THE MOTLEY.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR TO FUN.

Fond fathers talk to little boys
Of life and Life's conditions,
And ask what most of all employs
Their juvenile ambitions.
Some answer money, some renown:
My own desires were humble;
I had a wish to be a clown,
To paint my face and tumble.

I envied in my early day
That rough but ready joker,
Who drives the world at large away
Before a reddened poker.
With such a lot in life, said I,
Could mortal ever grumble?
What happiness, was all my cry,
To paint my face and tumble!

But years have given me, I think,
A little more discretion;
If there's a trade from which I shrink,
It is a clown's profession.
The paths in life are manifold,
And life itself's a jumble;
I should not care, when growing old,
To paint my face and tumble.

And yet my own career, it seems,
Has little more of clover;
I'm waking from Ambition's dream,
My lover's dreams are over.
My castles in the air decay,
Their walls begin to crumble,
Fate says, Be funny; write away,
Come, paint your face and tumble!

SNOWFLAKES.

BY EMMA M'SEAL.

Look at the beautiful snowflakes
Hurrying from the sky,
Covering hill and valley
With a mantle pure and fair.

Hovering o'er the tree-tops,
Dancing in airy glee,
Resting at last in the branches
Of the sturdy forest tree.

Shrouding with silent pity
The frozen grave of the flowers,
Draping with feathery snow-wreaths
The grey forsaken towers.

Tell us beautiful snowflakes,
As you hurry by in crowds,
Tell us world of beauty,
Above the leaden clouds.

Up where the glancing sunbeams,
Are playing at hide-and-seek;
Birds, through golden portals
That roll o'er an empty deep.

Can ye leave that world of brightness,
To shield with unselfish care,
The grave-buried flowers,
From the blighting winter air?

Snowflakes, we soon shall see you
In other forms I ween;
In flowers of sunny brightness,
In fields of waving green.

Oh may we all like the snowflakes,
Join in a work of love,
To reap the glorious harvest
In a brighter world above.

Let us do the work assigned us,
Though we do but a snowflake's share;
Assured it will be recorded
By a watchful Father's care.

Miscellaneous.

A SERMON.

By

Preached in St. John's Evangelical Lutheran Church, Lancaster, on Sunday Morning, February 20, 1870, by Rev. C. A. Stoever, Pastor.

To the poor the Gospel is preached.—*Luke 7, 22.*

The inquiry sent by John the Baptist to the Saviour: "Art thou He that should come? Or look we for another?" to which our text is an answer in part, may be regarded as the question of the world at that time. Humanity was in a state of expectancy. Ages of conjecture and speculation had only served to verify the declaration that man by searching cannot find out God, and as the thick pall of moral darkness continued to gather, the great sigh as of one man constantly arose for more light and truth, which was to be in itself the object of their reception. Prophecy and Oracle had done their utmost to satisfy these heart longings, but failing to interpret aright the former, and totally deceived by the latter, man ever led forward to the future with an indistinct and yet inextinguishable hope of deliverance from the mists of error and uncertainty which enshrouded him. A solemn murmur in the soul spoke of a world to be, and a confused cry of oblivious sense, of multitudinous accents, which only infinite wisdom could interpret into a cry for heavenly help. Philosophy also had exerted herself to the utmost, but her greatest achievement was to point out the necessity of a teacher sent from God, without any assurance of his coming.

The first announcement of the Gospel was the awakening of a new life, of a spirit which in its very essence was diffusive, and destined by its thorough adaptation to the great wants of humanity, so long known and felt, to be operative throughout the length and breadth of the world, until, in the language of its author, "the whole shall be leavened."

Altogether in keeping be with its declarations, but in striking contrast with the spirit of the world, was the manner of their promulgation. Not by the exercise of stupendous power was it accomplished; not by the exhibition of magnificent display, the pomp and pageantry to which the great of the world had been long accustomed, and which was considered an essential to any successful achievement. An humble messenger is sent to prepare the Saviour's way, who excites the hopes and expectations of men to a higher degree than ever before, and whilst the words which he has uttered are still ringing in their ears, He who has been so long desired comes. John, anxious that his truthfulness may be attested, sends to Him the oft repeated question of humanity: "Art thou He that should come? Or look we for another?" The Saviour, fully able to satisfy prophecy and prophet, as well as this universal consciousness of need, is prepared with an answer. And what was that preparation? A company of the blind, the deaf, the leprous, the demoniacal, the dying—these were collected round Him, and formed the materials on which He proposed to work. This was the mass of disease and death upon which he designed to breathe new life, in token of that new creation which He had come to work in all. The messenger approached, but, almost before their inquiry could be proposed, they had their answers: He spake, and the deaf heard His voice; He spake again, and the blind opened their eyes; He put forth His hand, and the crimson fever faded at His touch; He looked on the dying, and they arose and were strong; He called on the frenzied demoniac, and madness itself fell down and worshipped Him. Then answering, He said unto them: "Go your way and tell John what things ye have seen and heard; how that the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, *to the poor the Gospel is preached!*" declaring that the Kingdom of God had come, a Kingdom of truth, not merely for some men, but for all—a mighty brotherhood which would leave out none—which would leave no room to call any man common or unclean.

The Saviour's message to John the Baptist is the exponent of Christianity. This impress marks its character to be Divine, and baptized with this spirit the Ministry of Christ have gone forth to the conquest of Sin, regarding it as at once their charter of privileges and their assurance of success; upon this, in a word, had depended, *the influence of the Ministry of Christ.* Let us endeavor to consider briefly the extent of its influence by examining its objects, its theme and its results.

"To the *poor* the Gospel is preached." —We know full well the injurious distinctions made among all nations, at the time of the announcement of the Gospel, by which the poor were made to occupy the lowest positions and were excluded from all participation in whatever advantages might arise from the learning and refinement of the times. The granting of such privileges to them rarely, if ever, suggested itself to those who occupied the seats of learning and of power. The Greek ever left out the barbarian; the freeman, the slave; the philosopher, the simple. And even after the idea was given by Christ they were long in making it their own. Celsus, one of the first bitter opponents of christianity, mocks at the madness of the Gospel, adducing as evidence enough to convince its author of a shallow impracticable enthusiasm, that he should have proposed such a dream as this, that Greeks, and Barbarians, and Lyblans, and all men to the ends of the earth, should be united in the reception of one and the same doctrine. But this dream, destined so soon to become, to them, a startling reality, is that which is declared in the words of our text, and as they have so long been cast off by all, he gives the poor the prominence, designing no exclusion, but undoubtedly intending by implication to convey, that the Gospel, which would henceforth be heralded to the world, would contain the moral feature of being fitted to the poor and the ignorant, as well as the rich and the worldly. He evidently designs by it to convey that all mankind shall receive the Gospel; that as by the offence of one many were made sinners, and judgment came upon all men to condemnation; even so by the righteousness of one the free gift might come upon all men unto justification of life. Regarding the poor also as the representatives of the human family, he could with all propriety give them this prominence, for the mass of mankind is poor. Yes, hear it, ye who spurn from your presence those who have not the treasures of this world, and are destitute of some of those graces which the world deems requisite; and with Pharasaic ardor are ready to exclaim, "these people who know not the law are accursed," the great mass of your fellow-men are poor, and the scene, which this world presents to the All-Seeing Eye of God, is that of a world of poor, and yet he careth for them; and the Redeemer of men not only prepared salvation for them, but stooped to a level with their circumstances, in order that they might the more readily appreciate and appropriate the salvation which he brought. Yes! Jesus, the only name under Heaven whereby we can be saved, in assuming the form of man became so poor that no room could be found for Him, save in a manger in a stable at Bethlehem. Oh, what a commentary upon human pride!. All the gradations of rank were open to Him, but He chose the poorest of them all, and whilst some, who lay much stress upon earthly grandeur, are disposed to be astonished at this, we remember, to use the beautiful language of another: "that his dignity was of an order entirely distinct from earthly pomp, that to him who had already stooped from an infinite height in becoming man, the varieties of earthly rank were as nothing, were only minute degrees of littleness." He brought nothing but the Gospel, that men might not have their attention divided or in the least drawn away from it. And all men to the ends of the earth were to be the subjects of it, for in this declaration, though less fully expressed, we have nothing less than the comprehensive commission of a departing Saviour to his disciples—Go ye therefore and *teach all nations*, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

Fallen man, then, is the object to which all the energies of the ministry of Christ are to be directed, wherever he may be found and however circumstanced. That the Gospel which is to be proclaimed to him, being as well adapted now as ever to its object, remaining amid all the shifting scenes of an ever-changing world, immutably the same, is to be seen broadcast throughout the earth. There is beneceforth neither Greek nor Jew, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free, but all are one in Christ Jesus; and whether upon Fuegia's rock-bound sterile shores, or in the midst of the enlightenment and privileges of our own or other Christian lands, there be a soul yet unredeemed, that soul is to be the object of its efforts; for that soul the Saviour died, and in the survey of the past as well as the present it cannot fail to be regarded as cause for rejoicing that the sympathy of the Redeemer with his servants and with mankind in general has ever been manifesting itself in the preparation of the world for the reception of the Gospel; so that with a great measure of truth it has been said that his servants like the children of Israel entered upon vineyards which they had not planted, that everywhere there have been vessels ready for the new wine of truth, for those who like the Ethiopian chamberlain, find their consciousness of need an easy passport to the Saviour. Nations are thus being born unto God, and not until they shall have experienced the value of the life-giving truths which are entrusted to it, not until all shall have experienced that the only friend of man, the only friend of the poor is Jesus of Nazareth. Can the friends of Christ desist from their undertaking, or can they in any degree lose their importance.

But we notice the character and extent of its influence by means of the truths with which it has been entrusted. The Gospel is preached; good news is proclaimed; but what is this good news? Its great and characteristic feature is that the Gospel is in every way adapted to supply the spiritual wants of man. The great fact that amid all the errors and superstitions which have gained entrance into the world, the existence of a bond between earth and heaven, by means of which blessings of a higher character than earth can afford, are to be bestowed upon man, has been everywhere believed, had been entirely disregarded by those who had undertaken the reformation of man, and either failing to understand his need or totally unacquainted with a remedy, the effort in all ages had been to lop off one after another of the excrescences of sin, until a perfect man should be presented without one blemish—always keeping out of the account the truths, which some would even now have us to regard as worn-out and exploded doctrines—that the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked, and that out of it are the issues of life. But the Gospel, designed to satisfy man's best desires, and to put at rest forever that cry which has ascended to Heaven in all ages in terms more or less distinct, "O! wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death," at once proclaims a kingdom of right, consequently of peace, and declares that Life and Immortality have been brought to light for all who will accept of them; that he who only knows the heart of man, its errors and its tendencies, has promised a means whereby the dross of sin can be speedily and fully removed, "and though it be as scarlet" it shall be made white as snow. Christ, the great sacrifice, whom the world had at best seen but darkly in their numerous oblations, has wrought out an enduring salvation, and by one offering has for ever perfected them that are sanctified. The realization of all antecedent ideas of a Redeemer of the Soul, he satisfied every want and quieted every doubt. He was God that he might save, and man that he might fully sympathize with man, being tempted in all points as we are, yet without sin. And here was the strength of the Gospel, here it is found to be strikingly adapted to the wants of man. We are not led to cold formulas and rules, and bidden to draw from them the peace and comfort which we need, but everywhere in this Gospel are we shown a living, acting Saviour, attesting and reattesting the importance and truthfulness of his mission, and bidding all to come and cast themselves upon a sympathizing heart. And this same life also it infuses into those who appropriate its teachings as their own. Christianity is a life and power; it transforms, it transfigures, it makes new creatures, it does for *all* what others promised to do for a few, and hence the early apologist for Christianity uttered no trifling assertion when in opposition to his heathen adversaries he declared: *we do not say great things, but we live.* Christianity is a life—the life of Holiness, infused into the soul of man, bringing God and man again in sympathy with each other, and re-enthroning him in his heart; thus restoring the original relationship, and filling up the void which Jewish seer and philosophic heathen had so long acknowledged to exist.

But let us notice also the simplicity of the Gospel, and in order to put a proper estimate upon it in this respect we must remember, that it was not sent to merely intellectual beings, but was addressed to man in his moral capacity, as a fallen and depraved creature, and was designed specifically to raise him up to newness of life; and that for the accomplishment of this purpose it designedly omits everything which would lead the heart in any way from it. Many things there are which the inquisitive mind would love to find in the Gospel, and which, being wanting, cause the unregenerate to stumble; but to the same, when quickened by the grace of God it cannot fail to be a cause of rejoicing as well as an evidence of wisdom, that everything which would cause delay in the ways of this world is carefully excluded and the one great point—salvation through a crucified Redeemer—is ever prominent. Christ gave us nothing but the Gospel in all its simplicity, that to the ignorant as well as to the wise the means of salvation might be accessible. All by-paths are closed up in order that we may see clearly to travel in the way of life. And here again do we behold the glory of the Gospel. Its truths are too momentous in their character to allow our minds to be at all abstracted from them, or even to be conducted by circuitous paths whilst in the pursuit of them, and hence the Saviour constantly expresses his teachings in terms so plain, that he who runs may read.

With such a design and such complete adaptation to its design, can it possibly fail of success? No! The triumph of the Gospel is sure. With such a commission its Ministry have not failed of glorious results, and must continue to make achievement after achievement until the kingdoms of this world shall have become the kingdoms of the Lord and his Christ.

Eighteen hundred years have passed since the Saviour's departure, marking a progress in the world before unknown; a new element has been infused into it, and standing as we now do, looking back upon the past, all the mighty influences which are at work seem to concentrate in Christ. "The poor have the Gospel preached to them," and whilst it is mighty with the mightiest, its simplicity adapts it to their comprehension and its benevolence moves their hearts.—From the time of the reception of its great commission the ministry of Christ has continued, and when faithful has enjoyed ever increasing resources, and exhibiting, amidst all the opposition which it has encountered, the superiority of moral goodness over all titled privileges and earthly grandeur, has infused its principles into all the departments of life. The preaching of the Gospel has elevated the domestic and social relations of man by making him cognizant of his higher powers and causing him to look beyond present good. Presenting the simple truth, that the Saviour died, the just for the unjust, to bring us to God, it is lifting man in principle above the low and debasing scenes of vice, and thus giving the best pledge for its suppression. Its universal influence of the truth as it is in Jesus, thus arresting the influence of sin, has given a stimulus to the intellect, and changing man's tastes and desires, the degrading and inhuman practices which are a blot upon almost every page of the history of antiquity, have passed away, and in their stead, wherever the genial influence of a preached Gospel has been felt, upon the hill top and valley, stand the monuments of the grace of God.—The heathen world never knew an asylum or a refuge for the poor and the distressed, for the widow and the orphan; but to the ameliorating influences of the truth freely proclaimed, the blind man with his printed Bible and the deaf and the dumb by persevering benevolence led up to Christ, bear loud attestation.—Places for the subjects of misfortune are everywhere erected, and the criminal formerly yielded to the sterner demands of his fellow-man, and giving over to ignominy and neglect, has now every just means of defence presented to him and is regarded as possessed of an immortal soul. "To the poor the Gospel is preached," and by its inculcation of the wisdom of principle, it is accomplishing its appointed work, the elevation of humanity. The truth is being carried into the by-ways as well as into the thoroughfare and destroying all unreasonable distinctions, ushering the true character of man and constituting all a brotherhood in Christ.

It is publishing principles and not mere ideas, principles drawn from the great starting point of knowledge and is gathering from the masses not only manifested for a social life but those upon whom must depend the stability of our institutions. The Christian ministry has been the safe-guard of our country, and preaching the Gospel in its purity, laid the foundation of that system which is our nation's pride. The declaration that all men are be free and equal, the great corner-stone of American freedom, sublime in theory but still more so in practice, had its origin in Christ and with this basis never dreamed of by the once proud republics of Athens and Rome it cannot fail. The problem of nations has been solved by the Gospel, and, teaching that material progress is impossible without the spread of enlightened ideas by means of an intelligent ministry, it is spreading that enlightenment.

Infusing new life into man's Social relations, and giving stability to national policy it is at the same time establishing a kingdom which shall be everlasting and whose dominion shall endure throughout all generations. Administering the Gospel to the poor and performing man's noblest work, by teaching truth and goodness, it is bringing the creature into a union with the Creator; and treating with men as germs of heaven, it is advancing them to become kings and priests to God. The influence is the extension of the Kingdom of God and the gathering in the outcasts of all nations into the Kingdom of the Redeemer. It is to preach the wisdom which is to salvation, which shall tell in eternity and remain operative forever, wisdom which is not the labored effort of the schools, nor the offspring of reason, but which begins and ends with faith in God. The simple truth that upon one is laid the iniquity of us all, scattered broadcast through its instrumentality, is to restore a world ruined by sin, and cause the waste places to blossom as the rose. The little one shall become a thousand and the small one a great nation, and earth's millions are to be gathered into one fold having Israel's Shepherd for its Keeper. Through its instrumentality, presiding over all with an open Bible, the song of praise is heard on India's ground from many an altar dedicated to the service of the living God, and the gladdening tones of the Sabbath bell are marking the progress of the Kingdom of Christ throughout the extended length of the sea. And when added to his many crowns the Saviour shall receive the crown of all the earth, when her unnumbered millions shall come to sit down in the Kingdom of God, amidst that mighty throng whom no man can number of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, will be found the seals of the ministry on earth.

Such is the glorious work which has been accomplished and which yet remains to be accomplished by the influence of a preached Gospel. These things too, although so glorious, are but in many degree the result of enthusiasm or the figments of the imagination, but the fulfilment of what God has promised, and our highest anticipation cannot transcend the reality of that time when the ransomed of the Lord gathered from all latitudes, kindreds and tongues, shall see eye to eye, and unitedly lift up one song of exultation and praise. The Church of Christ, nurtured by its care, stands even now as a glorious monument to its efficiency and power. Its goodly proportions attract our attention; but its beauty shall not be made to compare in its fullness until all the scaffolding of man's devising shall have been removed; and, every stone set in its place, the voice of Omnipotence shall be heard to declare with more awful import than before, "It is finished." My travel with you has been these things in trust for a little while; they shall most certainly appear. Let us be content to await the fulfilment of this promise. Now confusion and discord may seem to prevail, but then all the now disjointed stones will be seen to fit into their appointed places, giving unity and compactness and symmetry to the whole.

But let us gather some lessons of practical importance from what we have seen. In the consideration of this subject we cannot have failed to see the fulfilment of the promise of the Saviour to His disciples: "Lo! I am with you always—even unto the end of the world;" and ought it not to inspirit us to worthier undertakings than we have ever heretofore attempted? In terms which are not mistakable it declares to us, be like your Master; go preach the Gospel as far as you are able; preach it in your lanes and alleys; preach it by your example; preach it to make men better.

But it presents to us a still more prominent truth. That we should do all in our power to sustain, support and increase the ministers of God's word.—Glorious as is the picture which is presented to us in the contemplation of the past influence which they have exerted, there is aspect in which it is fearful. It is capable of such results, but it is dependent upon the Church of Christ for the perpetuity and enlargement of its influence; shall it increase, or through carelessness diminish, and thus its very success be a cause for condemnation? My brethren, we have all an interest in this matter, not so much as denominations of Christians as one united brotherhood. However widely we may differ on questions involving doctrines that are not fundamental, the great question of the conversion of the world unto God ought to be the clasp, to bind us in one brotherhood. Upon this all our energies should be expended and we should gladly lay hold of every opportunity, of every thing which promises to aid its consummation.

An effort is now being made to form an alumni association of the graduates of Dickinson College. A temporary organization has already been made by the election of Rev. Dr. Durbin as President, and Col. Horatio C. King, of New York, as Secretary.

A True Story of Frontier Life in Pennsylvania.

The following curious paper we extract from a book, now extremely rare, bearing this title:—

"*A Selection of Some of the most Interesting Narratives of Outrages Committed by the Indians in their Wars with the White People. By Archibald Loudon.* CARLISLE: *From the Press of A. Loudon.* 1811."

The descendants of Richard Bard, we believe, still live in the county of Franklin. His wife, who shared his captivity, lived to an advanced age, but suffered, to the last, cruel torments from disease contracted during her exposure among the Indians. The old frontiersman's poetry, if not as artistic and musical as that of more cultivated bards, does honor to the tenderness of his domestic affections, and although it is not distinguished by imagination, it can at least lay claim to close adherence to the homely truth. [ED. ARGUS.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE CAPTIVITY OF RICHARD BARD, ESQUIRE, LATE OF FRANKLIN COUNTY, DECEASED, WITH HIS WIFE AND FAMILY, AND OTHERS, COLLECTED FROM HIS PAPERS BY HIS SON, ARCHIBALD BARD.

My father, Richard Bard, lived in York county, now Adams, and owned the mill now called Marshall's mill, which is called Carroll's Tract, where in the morning of the 13th of April, 1758, his house was invested by a party of nineteen Indians. They were discovered by a little girl called Hannah McBride, who was at the door, and on seeing them screamed, and ran in the house. At this time, there were in the house, my father, mother, and Lieutenant Thomas Potter, (brother of General Potter,) who had come the evening before (being a full cousin,) together with a child of about six months old, and a bound boy. The Indians rushed into the house and one of them with a large cutlass in his hand made a blow at Potter, but he so managed it, as to wrest the sword from the Indian, and return the blow, which would have put an end to his existence, had not the point struck the ceiling, turning the sword round, he severely beat my father with the gun, and almost disabled him from traveling any further. And now reflecting that he could not possibly travel much further, and that if this was the case, he would be immediately put to death, he determined to make his escape that night. Two days before this, the half of my father's head was painted red. This denoted that a council had been held, and that an equal number were for putting him to death, and for keeping him alive, and that another council was to have taken place to determine the question. Being encamped, my parents, who before this had not liberty to speak to one another, were permitted to assist each other in plucking a turkey, and being thus engaged the design of escaping was communicated to my mother. After second day the Indians had late drown, and one of them was amusing the others, with dressing himself with a gown of my mother, my father was called to go for water. He took a quart and emptying it of what water it contained, stept about six rods down to the spring. My mother perceiving this, succeeded so well in confining the attention of the Indians to the gown, that my father had got about one hundred yards, when the Indians from one fire, cried to those of another, *your man is gone.* They ran after him, and one having brought back the quart said, *here is the quart, but no man.* They spent two days in looking after him, while the prisoners were confined in the camp; but after an unsuccessful search, they proceeded down the stream to the Allegheny river, thence to Fort Duquesne, now Pittsburgh, remaining there one night and a day, they went about twenty miles down the Ohio, to an Indian town, on entering which a squaw took a cap off my mother's head, and with many others, severely beat her. Now, almost exhausted with fatigue, she resolved to remain in this place, but was told she might, if she preferred being scalped, to proceeding. They then took her to a town called Cususkey. On arriving at this place, Danie. M'Manimy was detained outside of the town, but my mother, the two boys and girls were taken into the town, at the same time having their hair pulled, faces scratched, and beaten in an unmerciful manner. Here I shall extract from my father's papers the manner and circumstances of M'Manimy's death. This account appears to have been from my mother, shortly after her return, who received it from those who had been eye witnesses of the tragical scene. The Indians formed themselves into a circle, round the prisoner, and commenced by beating him; some with sticks, and some with tomahawks. He was then tied to a post near a large fire, and after having tortured some time with burning coals, they scalped him, and put the scalp on a pole to bleed before his face. A gun barrel was then heated red hot, and passed over his body, and with a hot boyonet they pierced his body with many repetitions. In this manner they continued torturing him, singing and shouting, untill he expired. Shortly after this my mother set out from this place, leaving the two boys and girl, whom she never saw again, until they were liberated. She was now distressed beyond measure; going she knew not where, without a comforter, without a companion, and expecting to share the fate of M'Manimy, in the next town she would reach. In this distressed situation she met a number of Indians, among whom was a captive woman. To her, my mother made known her fears, on which she was informed that her life was not in danger, for that belt of wampum, said she, about your neck, is a certain sign, that you are intended for an adopted relation. They soon after arrived at a town, and being taken into the council house, twosquaws entered in and one stept up, and struck my mother on the side of the head. Perceiving that the other was about to follow this example, she turned her head and received a second blow. The warriors were highly displensed, such acts in a council house being contrary to usage. Here a chief took my mother by the hand, and delivered her to two Indian men, to be in the place of a deceased sister. She was put in charge of a squaw in order to be cleanly clothed. She had remained here, with her adopted friends near a month, when her party began to think of removing to the head waters of Susquehanna, a journey of about two hundred miles.

This was very painful to my mother, having already traveled over two hundred miles over mountains and swamps until her feet and legs were extremely swollen and sore. Fortunately on the day of their setting out, a horse was given to her by her adopted brother; but before they had traveled far, one of the horses in company died, when she was obliged to surrender hers to supply its place. After proceeding on her journey some miles, they were met by a number of Indians, one of whom told her not to be discouraged, as a peace was about to take place shortly, when she would have leave to return home. To this information she was the more disposed to give credit, as it came from one who was a chief councellor in the Delaware nation, with whom she was a prisoner. Having arrived near the end of her journey, to her great surprise, she was met by a captive dead by the road side, having been tomahawked and scalped. She was informed that he had endeavored to escape but was overtaken at this place. On arriving at the place of destination, having in all, traveled near five hundred miles, the fatigue which she had undergone with cold and hunger, brought on a severe fit of sickness which lasted near two months. In this doleful situation, having no person to comfort, or sympathize with her, a blanket was her only covering, and her bed was the cold earth, in a miserable cabin; boiled corn was her only food. She was reduced to so weak a state as to consider herself as approaching the verge of dissolution.—But recovering from her sickness she met with a woman with whom she had been formerly acquainted. This woman had been long in captivity some years, and had an Indian husband by whom she had one child. My mother reproved her for this, but received for answer, that before she had consented, they had tied her to a stake in order to burn her. She added, that as soon as their captive women could speak the Indian tongue, they were obliged to marry some one of them, or be put to death. This information induced her to determine never to learn the Indian language, and she adhered to this determination all the time she remained with them, from the day of her captivity to that of her releasement, a space of two years and five months. She was treated during this time, by her adopted relations with much kindness; even more than she had reason to expect.

I shall now return to the narration of facts respecting my father after he had made his escape from the Indians, as before stated. It is perceived that the following verses were composed by Richard Bard shortly before his wife's releasement, and were not intended for publication, but they contain the most correct statement that can at this day be procured on the subject, it has been thought proper to publish them, omitting all that has a relation to anything previous to his escape—

Bare six score miles now we have mark'd
But fifty doth remain,
Between us and the bloody place
Where standeth Fort Duquane.

At three rods distance from a run,
Encamp'd this night are we,
But when for drink they do me send
No more they do me see.

Alas! for me to go 'tis hard,
Whilst with them is my wife,
Yet 'tis the way that God ordained
For me to save my life.

But after me they quickly run
Not doubting of their prize;
But God turns into foolishness
The wisdom of the wise.

O cruel man! in vain you strive
In vain you follow me,
For since the Lord salmsith I can
No captive be.

Lord the device can disappoint
Of wicked men and wise,
So to perform this I can't always
Lend your great enterprise.

But now although at liberty
Through mercy I am set,
Yet many times I do lie down
For want of food to eat.

O dreadful sore my sufferings were
Which force me to depart,
While no provisions I had got
My life for to support.

O'er hills that's high and swamps that's deep,
I now alone must go,
Travelling as I do forever, very much
From briers poison do.

Unto a hill, I now arrive,
About four miles it's broad,
All o'er this hill the snow doth lye
Though elsewhere it is thaw'd.

Much laurel is upon this hill,
Its leaves are fallen off with snow,
So I must my hands and knees
Under the same must go.

My hands thro' this excessive cold
Extremely swelled are,
Of sufferings I in this place
Abundantly do share.

But 'tis not only in the day
That I have sufferings abound,
For in the night they also do
Encompass me around.

In hollow logs or 'mongst the leaves
A night's time abide,
No better lodgings wet or dry,
Throughout this lonely road.

Three days I've traveled since escape,
But there are days more
In which I have for to lay by,
My foot's so very sore.

Amazingly my foot is swell'd,
With heat is in a flame,
And though I'm in this desert land
Can't walk I am so lame.

Not wholly from me my guided foot
That causes pain to me,
For by not having food to eat,
My weakness I see.

Almost five days I now have been
Without the least supply,
Except bark buds, which I did pull
As I did pass them by.

Though I'm not able now to walk
I creep upon my knees,
To gather herbs that I may eat,
Such my necessities are.

But whilst I'm roving thus about,
A rattle-snake at speed,
I view a running unto me,
This mercy is indeed.

For by this snake I'm supplied
When kill the same I do,
How timeously this mercy came
Now let myself see know.

This rattle-snake both flesh and bone
All but the head I eat,
And though this was a dainty one
Exceeding pleasant meat.

Now ripen'd is my food for me,
Which mightily didake,
I with a hearty relish ate the same
And thereby ease partake.

And lest my foot I further hurt
My breeches tear I do,
And round my legs and feet I do them tye,
That I along might go.

But when to walk I do attempt
Gives me excessive pain,
Yet I must resolve to endure for
Or die and here remain.

So when a few miles I did go,
Into a hill I come,
While on the lofty top thereof
I thought I heard a drum.

And judging people near to be
On them I gave a call,
But sure there was not one to hear
Being weak, conceit was all.

Being now eight days since I escap'd
Into a river came,
Whilst wading it I suffered much
Being so very lame.

But having Juniatta cross'd
To a mountain came,
With cold I suffer so much distress'd
As I was on the same.

For in a night that's very cold
I there my lodging take
And as my clothes were wholly wet
I tremble did and shake.

My hand by this excessive cold
I so benumbed that I
Can't move, no, not a single joint,
Were it a world to buy.

Then I although the night was dark
Did homewards march away,
Least I should perish with the cold
Should I for day light stay.

But on my journey in this night
With joy a sight I see,
This was the strangest providence
That ever happened me.

For when I by the same had staid
Until the light appear,
I see a road just at my hand
Which doth my spirit cheer.

If I had not beheld this fire
This Indian path I'd cross'd
And then from all appearance I
Forever had been lost.

Along this path I went with haste
As much as I could make,
But t'was not fast that I could go
I was so very weak.

Now having been nine days and nights
In a most starving state,
Not having food of any kind
Except four snakes to eat.

But on the evening of this day
I met with Indians three,
Surprised I was and really thought
Them enemies to be;

But they proved kind and brought me to
A place where English dwell,
Forr Littleton, the place by me
Was known exceeding well.

The time since first I captive was
This is the fourteenth day,
Five with the Indians and nine since
From them I ran away.

Thanks to the Lord who did provide
Food in the wilderness
For me, as much as did preserve
My life whilst in distress.

Thanks to the Lord because that he
In deserts, pathless way,
Directed me so that I did
At no time go astray.

And now from bondage though I'm freed,
Yet she that's my belov'd,
Is to a land that's far remote,
By Indians remov'd.

Alas! alas! for my poor wife
That's gone to heathen lands,
There to obey their very hard
And their unjust commands.

By thinking on your misery
Increas'd is my woe;
Yea pained is my aking heart
For what you undergo.

Where all things of this spacious globe
Offered to ease my mind,
Alas! all would abortive prove
Whilst Betty is confined.

The thoughts of you my loving wife
Embitters unto me,
The sweetest comforts that can be
A world produced be.

Oh now I may like to a dove
In her bewildered state,
Bemoan the loss of my dear wife,
My true and loving mate.

Aug. 8th, 1763.

Some time after my father's return home, he went to Fort Pitt, which was then in the hands of the English, and a number of Indians being on the opposite side of the river, about to form a treaty he one evening went over, to make inquiry concerning my mother. My father observed among them several who were present when he was taken prisoner, to these he discovered himself. But they professed not to know him, on which he inquired of them, if they did not recollect having been at the taking of nine persons, referring them to the time and place. They then acknowledged it, and inquired of him how he got home, &c., after which satisfactory enquiry, concerning my mother, but they said they knew nothing of her, but promised to give him some information by the time of his return the next day. He then returned to the fort. Shortly after this, a young man, who had been taken by the Indians in order to apply them to our own purposes, they decided on escape. And so, I fear, in what purports to be his utterances, that mine will be frequently encountered instead. I said he was a strange specimen; and so he was—strange as any in his herbarium. About thirty years of age, slightly over middle height, thin in form, and somewhat careless in apparel; but, "nothing so very odd in all this," you will say. True, and yet there *was* something odd in his countenance, yellow as a pressed rose petal; his stiff, awkward gait, such as one might ascribe to a peanut-bulbed clodhopper; the curious, withered, wrinkling smile, and hands of the color of an oak leaf in autumn. Indeed, it seemed as if the very essence of the dried specimens which it was his delight to gather, had, in revenge for the fate they had received at his hands, taken possession of his body and soul. That is, to a superficial observer; for, when you came to hold closer communion with the heart that beat beneath that unpropossessing exterior, you found it as royal a one as ever pulsed the life-blood leaping and dancing through the veins of the most favored of the sons of earth.—And he was not weak, either, if he was lath-like in proportions. Those wiry sinews had borne the brunt of many a hard tussle with the intricacies of thicket and morass; and where more stout by built limbs would have sunk exhausted on the ground, his had pressed perseveringly onward. He dressed with negligence, but he acted with determination; he could not move with grace but he could with celerity; he would not conform to other's prejudices, whether sanctioned by society or religion; but he would sedulously seek to advance their interests or alleviate their distress. In short, if he was a singular, he was also a clever fellow. Still, though I had long been acquainted with his valuable qualities of heart, I was hardly prepared to recognize in the hero of a love adventure my friend of the "woeful figure" and moistureless flowers.

"No," said he (on the occasion of a visit to my lodgings—not so far as they might be from the Capitol,) as though the same idea had occurred to him, and he were merely continuing his thoughts aloud—"no, I don't suppose you think I am quite the one for a love scrape; but—yes, I knew you would be surprised—I have got into one and pretty deep, too, as I think you will admit before I am done telling *you* about it. You see, I became acquainted last winter with a certain young lady of this city—never mind who, at present. In fact—I suppose there's no use denying it—I fell head and over heels in love, with her, as they say, almost at our first meeting. And, whether it was because she saw I had *some* sense, if I *wasn't* handsome, or whatever was the reason, she did not seem very averse to my attentions, and they naturally came more decided I begin to think a little in vanity and self-confidence. Sometimes a stray glance or a slight mark of preference would convince me that my affections was not altogether wasted. But after a while these were intermixed with indications of precisely the opposite kind, and a joke hint from another of the party would often bring down showers of satire on my defenseless head, which seemed to me equally bewildering and unjustifiable.—Even alone, my delicate intimations of what I as yet dared not openly reveal were sometimes listened to with significant attention, sometimes noticed, if at all, by a momentary expression of scornful indifference, resting like a bird of ill omen upon her face, but gone before you could certainly seize or fix it. In short, Emma, for that was her name, gradually becoming more and more of an enigma to me, which I could neither comprehend nor relinquish, but waited on, longing and doubting, with many a muttered protest against the incomprehensible sex.

"Well, this was the state of affairs when, about mid-summer, an excursion was planned up the river. We were to ride on horseback to the neighborhood of the Great Falls, which are, as you know, some eighteen miles above here; cross to the Virginia side at the ferry, a mile or two lower down, and descend by day to a set place, for which the materials were all plentifully provided. In company with all concerned, I anticipated a glorious time, but luck was against me. Emma was in one of her unaccountable moods, and appeared plainly desirous of showing me that my company was not by any means indispensable. She had purposely avoided accepting me as her escort, alleging a prior engagement with a young man named Alsop, who was of the party, and whose surprise and pleasure at the announcement were equally conspicuous. Perhaps after this she ought to have declined going at all, but I never was good at taking a hint, and besides, there being more gentlemen than ladies of the company, I saw that several others were reduced to the same alternative with myself—of riding on the left side of the saddle in lines three abreast, or making short guerrilla excursions on their own hook, in one direction or another. So I did not leave. But the pleasure of the ride, which was, and always will be, one of extraordinary attractions, was almost spoilt for me by her unreasonable conduct, till at last, on nearing the place where we were to cross, finding myself almost completely excluded from the conversation, I determined to break away, and strike out for myself. It was pretty hard, but I felt that self-respect demanded it. So I made some excuse of desiring to look up a rare plant on the Maryland side, and rode on to the falls. As I did so, I thought I could see a momentary expression of regret and annoyance upon her features, but, like all evidences of feeling wi h her, it was *merely* momentary, and her answer was given with a gay nonchalance, which it was not easy to penetrate.

"'Ah, indeed!' said she. 'Well, I wish you success.'

"For all that, I could not help gazing back to admire the graceful and upright figure that loitered, apparently intentionally, behind the rest, with the coal-black hair that glanced in the sunlight, the trim riding-habit, the full blooming cheek, and the eye that, turning back for an instant, met mine with a seeming presenti