

# The Montrose Democrat.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL—DEVOTED TO POLITICS, NEWS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, SCIENCE, AND MORALITY.

Chase & Day, Proprietors.

Montrose, Susquehanna County, Penn'a, Thursday Morning, March 2, 1854.

Volume 11, Number 3.

## Select Poetry.

### The Light in the Window.

BY CHARLES MACKAY, L. L. D.

Late or early home returning,  
In the twilight of the rain,  
I beheld that lonely candle  
Shining from his window-pane.  
Ever o'er his tattered curtain,  
Nightly looking, I could scan  
Aye inditing,  
Writing—writing,  
The pale figure of a man;  
Still discern behind him fall  
The same shadow on the wall.

Far beyond the murky midnight,  
By dim burning of my oil,  
Filling eyes and leading feet,  
I have watched him at his toil;  
Watched his broad and seamy forehead,  
Watched his white industrious hand,  
Ever passing,  
And repeating:

Watched and strove to understand  
What impelled it—gold of fame—  
Bread, or bubble of a name.  
Oh! I've asked debating vainly  
In the silence of my mind,  
What the services he rendered  
To his country or his kind;  
Whether tones of angelic music,  
Or the sound of modern gong,  
Wisdom holy,  
Honors lowly,

Sermon, essay, novel, song,  
Or philosophy sung and sung,  
Filled the measure of his time.

Of the mighty world of London,  
He was portion and part;  
Portion of my life's experience,  
Fused into my memory.

Twilight saw him at his folios;  
Morning saw his fingers run,  
Laboring never,  
Wearing never

Of the task he had begun;  
Placid and content he seemed,  
Like a man that toiled and dreamed.

No one sought him, no one knew him,  
Undistinguished was his name;  
Never had his praise been uttered  
By the strolling minstrel.

Scanty fare and decent raiment,  
Humble lodging, and a fire—  
These he sought for,  
These he sought for;

And he gained his end desire:  
Teaching men by written word,  
Clinging to a hope deferred.

So he lived. At last I missed him,  
Still might I envision twilight fall,  
But no taper lit his lattice—  
No shadow on the wall.

In the winter of his seasons,  
In the midnight of his days,  
Mid his writings,  
Mid his readings,

And inditing,  
Death had beckoned him away,  
Ere the sentence he had planned  
Found completion at his hand.

But this old man, so old and nameless,  
Left behind him no great gain,  
Scenes of progress undeveloped,  
Worthy of a nation's charge;

Noble actions uncompleted,  
Gems of beauty unmanufactured,  
Only reading,  
Kindly feeding;

To have flourished and endured;  
Met reward in golden store,  
To have lived forevermore.

Who shall tell what schemes majestic  
Perish in the active brain?  
What humanity is bobbed of,  
Not to be restored again?

What we lose, because we honor  
Overmuch the mighty dead,  
And dispirit  
Living merit,

Heaping scorn upon a head?  
Or perchance, when under grown,  
Leaving it to die—alone?

## Miscellaneous.

### The Father's Choice.

BY SILVANUS COBB, JR.

Mr. Abel Venzie was President of a wealthy manufacturing company, a situation he had held for many years, and as his interest in the corporation was considerable, he was quite wealthy. By nature he was of an old-fashioned, conservative disposition, and his office—coming in constant contact with the world, with people of all classes and dispositions—had not detracted from his characteristic shrewdness. His family consisted of some half a dozen sons and one daughter.

The boys had all grown to be men, and were engaged in lucrative business, while Lelia, the youngest child, just coming into young womanhood, was the light and joy of the old man's household.

Among Venzie's favorite clerks, there was a young man named Robert Winslow, who had been in the company's office for several years, and who, by his untiring application, and exemplary conduct, had insured for himself a permanent position, but also the confidence and respect of his employer. Young Winslow had a mother and a sister, whom he supported and with whom he lived, and consequently he was obliged to economize with great nicety to keep matters straight.

The fiscal year of the company was drawing to a close, and for nearly three weeks previous to the opening of our story, Robert Winslow had been in attendance at Mr. Venzie's house every week-day evening, engaged in comparing the various accounts and properly arranging them, in view of a contemplated change in the direction of the corporation. Duplicates had to be taken of all the principal papers, and in revising them, the services of Lelia were frequently called upon, for the old man could never be made to understand why even an actress might not make herself useful.

Once or twice only, had Venzie actually called upon his child for her services, and on those occasions she would read off the original accounts while the young clerk revised the duplicates. Lelia read to Robert, anon, when for a time the labor was suspended, she hesitated not to talk. There was none of that formal constraint which fashion imposes upon common visits, for their acquaintance commenced under the easy non-covering auspices of business, and without a thought of aught but business, they waded through pages of the company's journal. Then, when at length they conversed, their thoughts and feelings were free and unrestrained.

The third or fourth time that Robert came

to the house, Lelia offered her services, and while her father looked over her shoulder, she read from the original drafts, the entries, and always when the young man would stop to make a note or margin reference upon the duplicate, she would peep over the top of the large journal, and watch his handsome face as they worked and varied with his varying thoughts.

Thus passed away three weeks. Every evening Lelia was sure to come into her father's study, and she was equally sure to stay there until Robert went away. The old man seemed indeed very blind to the fact, that these meetings were beginning to result in something besides the mere transaction of business.

"Well, Robert," said Mr. Venzie, as the office was about being closed one evening, "you can now have a short respite from the counting house. The affairs of the concern are settled, and we shall not start again under two weeks; so you have that time to yourself to enjoy and improve as you see fit."

"I thank you kindly, sir," returned Robert, "though I must say I would rather make myself busy than loaf so long."

"But you haven't had a resting spell before for four years?"

"True, sir; but my mother and sister need all my time, so I can hardly afford to rest now."

"Well, never fear, Robert you shan't suffer loss."

Venzie never held long arguments; and from his manner on the present occasion Robert knew there was nothing more to be said; so he put on his hat and started homeward.

The next day, or the day or two after that Robert Winslow took a walk over to the city, as he was returning home towards evening, he was accosted in the street by a gentleman whom he had frequently seen at the counting house, transacting business with Mr. Venzie.

"Mr. Winslow, I believe," said the gentleman.

"That is my name, sir."

"You have seen me at your counting house?"

"Yes, sir, I now remember."

"Mr. Venzie tells me you would like to employ your time to some pecuniary advantage during your business vacation."

"Indeed, I should, sir," returned Robert, "while a bright ray of pleasure flashed over his features."

"Then I can offer you a rare chance. I want you to accompany me to Troy, there to assist me in closing up the books of a heavy firm who have failed, and left the matters at loose ends."

"And when do you want me to go?"

"Oh, this very night. Now, in half an hour."

Robert's countenance fell as he heard this, and after a moment's thought, he said, "I want two hours, or postpone the matter till to-morrow, I would like to go."

"That is impossible, Mr. Winslow, for the boat starts in half an hour, and the business admits of no postponement. Venzie tells me that you would be just the man to unravel and straighten out those accounts, some of which have been hanging for years, and are now put into the hands of the creditors in that dubious shape. I will pay your expenses, and ten dollars a day if you will go with me."

"I cannot go," said Robert, in a somewhat disappointed tone, but with decision; "for when I came away this morning, I promised my mother that I would return before dark. My sister is away, and as my mother is quite weak, she would suffer exceedingly in my absence."

"You will have time to drop her a line by the penny post, informing her of the cause of your absence," remarked Dunham.

"The penny-post man does not go near my dwelling after this late hour," returned Robert.

"No, sir," he said, in a decided tone, "I cannot go. I would not leave my mother to suffer in ignorance of my fate this whole night, for a hundred times the amount I might earn by the labor. I thank you kindly for your consideration, and I hope you will not blame me for the result."

"Of course I cannot blame you," answered Dunham, "though I am sorry you cannot go. I thought you needed the money."

"So I do need the money," responded the young man, with a slightly flushed face, "but I cannot take it at the sacrifice of what I consider my filial duty."

"Very well. I can find some one in Troy, who can do the work. Good evening, sir."

Robert responded a "good evening," and then wended his way homeward. The circumstance caused him some uneasiness for a short time, but he soon forgot it, and on the next day he obtained a first-rate job, through the aid of Mr. Venzie, at an insurance office in copying policies.

Again Robert Winslow was at his desk in Venzie's counting room, and there was a fair prospect of a long continuance of it. Nearly a week had passed away, when one afternoon a young gentleman called to see Mr. Venzie, and remained in an earnest, close conversation with the old man for full five minutes, and when he turned to go away, Robert, thought he heard something like an oath drop from his lips.

"Presuming puppy!" muttered Mr. Venzie as he sank into a chair, where his young clerk was writing, and pushed back from his desk some dozen important papers. "Why, Robert, the fellow actually had the presumption to ask me for the hand of my little Lelia; and all her worth in the world is fifteen thousand dollars. Not another bit of real worth does he possess."

"Not particularly," returned Robert, as he wiped his pen and placed it behind his ear.

"I want my own private accounts posted up, and if you will do it, I will amply compensate you for your extra trouble."

"I ask no compensation, sir," he said, "I will bring your books to-morrow, and will take them home and post them with pleasure."

"No, no—you will have to do it at my own house. I don't wish to let my private books go from my sight. It will take but a few evenings to do the whole, and besides you will need some assistance in deciphering the various accounts for some of the entries I have made, and some of them have been made by Lelia."

"I could wish that the labor might be done here, sir," said Robert, in a hesitating manner, while a strangest emotion swept over his countenance.

"Done here, sir?" iterated the old gentleman, with surprise. "I do not understand you. You found no fault when you labored at my house before. What have you found now in the shape of an objection?"

"Do not question me, sir; but pray, grant me the favor I ask. Let me do the writing here."

"This is a strange whim, Robert. No, sir, if you cannot do the work at my house, I must strain my old eyes and do it myself."

"Mr. Venzie, you misunderstand me, indeed you do," uttered Robert, in a painful tone.

"That can hardly be," returned the old gentleman with a quiet smile, "since I have no clew to any understanding at all. But really, I should be under some obligation to you if you would inform me with regard to the cause of this curious affair."

For full two minutes the young man sat with his eyes bent on the floor, but at length he gazed up into the face of his employer, and getting down from his stool, he said, while his eyes glistened with gathering moisture, and his lips trembled.

"Mr. Venzie, you have ever been kind and considerate towards me, and I will not now break the strict frankness and integrity which have thus far marked all my dealings with you. I trust you will not blame me, sir, nor think me presumptuous. I did work for you at your dwelling, and you called your daughter to assist me. Together Lelia and myself examined and compared notes, and then we conversed. Ere long I began to be anxious for the evening to come, that I might be again at her side; and when she came with her joyous smile, and her happy look, and sweet words, I began to count the flying moments as sands of gold. I always prayed that my work might have no end, so that she might ever be my companion in its progress, and when the labor did draw to a close, I felt sad and lonely. Then it was that my heart awoke to the knowledge of its situation. I had begun to love the gentle being who had thus been my associate, and my friend, and my comforter, and my joy, and my life."

"You are honest, at all events," said the old gentleman, without any apparent emotion.

"So I trust I may always be," returned Robert.

"But do you think you are very wise?"

"I could not help my emotions, sir."

"And if they were so pleasant as you have described, I see not why you should have wished such a thing as preventing them."

Robert looked up into the face of the old gentleman, but he made no answer. He could not comprehend his employer's meaning.

Robert Winslow trembled from head to foot. He gazed into the face of his employer, and thought he could detect a kind, meaning smile there. He attempted to speak, but his words came not forth.

"Come, come," uttered Venzie, "let us not beat around the bush any longer. I am not blind, and consequently I failed not to see some things that spoke louder than words. I took note of the gentle love god that danced in your eyes, and read the language that came up from your heart, and stood in living characters upon your varying countenance. Do you suppose I should not have been so utterly regardless of both your own and my child's welfare as to have allowed you to cherish the flower of affection only that I might blight them at their birth? Lelia is a faithful and a loving girl, and if you love her truly, you may confess to her your enormous sin of love!"

"Mr. Venzie," exclaimed Robert, "I cannot comprehend—I do not. No, no, you would not raise such a sweet, such a heavenly hope in my bosom to crush it again."

"Mark ye, Robert," said the old gentleman, as he took his clerk by the hand, "I had I desired to see my child married to a heartless log of gold, I had the chance this afternoon. That man who came here to ask me for the hand of my child, though he has five teen thousand dollars worth of gold is yet steeped in the very dregs of poverty. He has no heart. I have watched your course for the last five years, with interest; and a week ago, when you refused a considerable amount of money, which you much needed, rather than your mother should suffer a single night's uneasiness on your account, you proved yourself to be possessed of a mine of wealth which no log of gold could have brought you; and which could never be poured into your life coffers by speculation. Mr. Dunham brought to me your answer, and when I heard it, I resolved within myself that the son and brother who could so love and honor his mother and sister, could not fail of making a most excellent husband. Now go and tell all Lelia, and if she accepts your hand you shall freely have her in return. There don't cry about it; for you ain't sure she'll have you yet."

Robert Winslow did offer Lelia Venzie his hand and heart, and she smiled a most happy smile as she gave him hers in return.

People wondered much at the affair, and many attributed it to a freak of the old man's oddity. They knew not—and many could not have appreciated it if they had known—the deep principle of paternal care and kindness, which governed him; nor was Mr. Venzie disappointed in his calculations. The same

heart that had cherished such pure and holy filial love, proved a sacred altar for the affections of the husband, and Lelia never had occasion to regret—but always blessed—HER FATHER'S CHOICE.

## A NARRATIVE

OF THE SUFFERINGS OF MRS. JANE ADLER WILSON, DURING HER CAPTIVITY AMONG THE CAMANCHE INDIANS.

I was born in Alton, Illinois, on the 12th day of June, 1837, and am, therefore, in the seventeenth year of my age. My mother's name was William Smith; my mother's maiden name was Jane Cox. I had five brothers and four sisters. I think that it was in the year 1846 that we moved to Missouri, and settled at a boat landing or ferry called Jamestown, on the North Grand River. My father kept the ferry.

About eight years ago we moved from this place to Texas, and settled near Paris, in Lamar county. Here my father and mother died within one day of each other, leaving six orphan children behind them. Three of my brothers had died before the death of my parents. My eldest brother, who was in a ranging company, now came to settle my father's affairs and make provisions for our support. He secured homes for us with different neighbors, but took the youngest sister, out pet with him, to place her with one of our aunts.

One day's journey from the place where he left us, he was attacked by the winter fever, and died in one week. I have three younger brothers than myself. Their names are Elizabeth, Cynthia and Caroline. My brother James and sister Ellen are younger than myself. Ellen was four years old when my parents died. Caroline is a dwarf, and the neighbors thought that the medicine that she took was a dear child, and we all loved her, and she was never treated with excessive civility. I was mounted on a good horse, but being obliged to sit astride the animal, the journey was an exceedingly painful one.

I had a fine head of hair, which I valued very much, but the chief ordered it to be cut off; I was not a little mortified in seeing it decorating the heads of the heartless savages. My head was thus left entirely unprotected from the very intensely hot rays of the sun.

Nothing of interest occurred except repeated acts of inhumanity toward me, until the twelfth day after my capture. At this time we were joined by two Indian men and a squaw. These were all the Indians I saw till after my escape. Up to this time my sufferings had been so severe as to take from me all desire to live, but now they were greatly alleviated, and I was again able to hope. I had expected some compassion, was disappointed by the cause of the new cruelties which I began to experience.

My horse was taken from me, and I was mounted on an unbroken mule without a bridle. I had a saddle, but it was worn out and good for nothing except to torture me. This animal would frequently bite me over the head of its own accord, but not being wild enough to gratify the malice of the Indians, the chief would sometimes shake the Mexican's scalp and throw me upon the ground with great violence. I have been tossed from the mule's back as many as half a dozen times a day, and once I was so stunned that I lay a considerable time before my senses returned.

My repeated falls greatly amused the Indians, whose horrid peals of laughter might have been heard at a great distance.

After remaining three days in the place where I had been taken, the first sign of pity towards me, I made no difference how badly I was hurt, if I did not see immediate relief, and I mounted the animal which had just thrown me, they would apply their riding whips, or gun-sticks, of the end of a lariat, to my unprotected body with the greatest violence. The squaw would also help me to rise by wounding me with the point of a spear which she carried. You may understand one object the Indians had in view in putting me upon this wild animal and causing me to be thrown so often, when I tell you, I expected to become a mother in a few weeks. They understood my situation, but instead of softening their hearts it only made them more inhuman, and subjected me to greater sufferings.

I was obliged to work like a slave while in camp; while there was any service to perform I was not allowed a moment's rest. I compelled to carry large loads of wood on my back, which being destitute of sufficient clothing, was mangled till the blood ran down to my feet. I had to chase the animals through briars and bushes, till what little clothing I had was torn into ribbons. They had to watch them till they were ready to start, and if one more wild than the rest ran off, I must chase and bring him back and then be knocked down by the savage chief for my want of skill. When all were ready to start, I had to catch and saddle my own wild mule without assistance. If the party did not start immediately, I was compelled to pull at the end of a lariat which the Indians would fasten to a bush. They seemed to stony every method of putting me to death by piece-meal.

Exhausted by incessant toil and suffering, and extreme anguish from my wounds, I could not work as fast as the Indians desired and often when scarcely able to stand, and hardly knowing what I was doing, I have been required to do the work of the strongest man. And because of my inability to accomplish my task satisfactorily, I have been whipped till my flesh was raw. Large stones were thrown at me. I was knocked down and stamped upon by the ferocious chief who seemed anxious to crush me like a worm beneath his feet. My head sometimes fell under the horses' feet, and then the Indians would try to make the beasts kick me. After all was ready for the day's journey, I was obliged to travel as fast as the others, riding sometimes over rocks and through bushes, aching and sore from head to foot, and exposed alike to cold and heat, sunshine, and storm.

I have gone two days at a time without tasting food. The Indians depended on hunting for their subsistence, and sometimes had nothing to eat themselves—unless there was an abundance of food. I reserved little of the savings of my game, but fortunately the Indians would tear out the heart, liver, and entrails and eat them raw. I suffered exceedingly from thirst; I was not allowed to drink, except while in camp. We frequently crossed beautiful streams during the day, and I would beg the privilege of dismounting—to quench my thirst. But the Indians would always deny my request with contempt. It was in vain I pointed to my parched tongue and head blistered in the rays of the sun.

Nothing could soften them into pity, and I

As I left I looked back and saw the poor Mexican weeping in his blood and still breathing.

We took a north-east direction, and travelled slowly till sunset, when we encamped. Here the plunder, consisting of blankets, bedding, clothing, bridles, and some money which I had in my pocket, was divided among the Indians. Some articles considered useless were thrown into the fire. My clothing was taken away, except barely enough to cover my person. In the distribution of the captives, the eldest boy, about 12 years of age, was claimed by the chief; I became the property of one of the others, who was a Mexican who had been stolen from the State of Chihuahua when an infant. He was now assaaged as the Indians, and claimed the youngest boy for his prize. The scalp of the Mexican was stretched on a stick and dried by the fire.

After giving us some meat for our supper, the Indians began to secure us for the night. The boys, with their arms fixed tightly behind their backs, were taken under guard by two of the savages. My feet were tied together, and I was obliged to lie between the other two. I did not sleep any during the night for I was afraid of being killed.

The next day we resumed our journey, and travelled in the same direction. The boys were mounted on good animals, and had bows and arrows. Their faces were painted like Indian fashion, and they looked like young men of life, and were never treated with excessive civility. I was mounted on a good horse, but being obliged to sit astride the animal, the journey was an exceedingly painful one.

I had a fine head of hair, which I valued very much, but the chief ordered it to be cut off; I was not a little mortified in seeing it decorating the heads of the heartless savages. My head was thus left entirely unprotected from the very intensely hot rays of the sun.

Nothing of interest occurred except repeated acts of inhumanity toward me, until the twelfth day after my capture. At this time we were joined by two Indian men and a squaw. These were all the Indians I saw till after my escape. Up to this time my sufferings had been so severe as to take from me all desire to live, but now they were greatly alleviated, and I was again able to hope. I had expected some compassion, was disappointed by the cause of the new cruelties which I began to experience.

My horse was taken from me, and I was mounted on an unbroken mule without a bridle. I had a saddle, but it was worn out and good for nothing except to torture me. This animal would frequently bite me over the head of its own accord, but not being wild enough to gratify the malice of the Indians, the chief would sometimes shake the Mexican's scalp and throw me upon the ground with great violence. I have been tossed from the mule's back as many as half a dozen times a day, and once I was so stunned that I lay a considerable time before my senses returned.

My repeated falls greatly amused the Indians, whose horrid peals of laughter might have been heard at a great distance.

After remaining three days in the place where I had been taken, the first sign of pity towards me, I made no difference how badly I was hurt, if I did not see immediate relief, and I mounted the animal which had just thrown me, they would apply their riding whips, or gun-sticks, of the end of a lariat, to my unprotected body with the greatest violence. The squaw would also help me to rise by wounding me with the point of a spear which she carried. You may understand one object the Indians had in view in putting me upon this wild animal and causing me to be thrown so often, when I tell you, I expected to become a mother in a few weeks. They understood my situation, but instead of softening their hearts it only made them more inhuman, and subjected me to greater sufferings.

I was obliged to work like a slave while in camp; while there was any service to perform I was not allowed a moment's rest. I compelled to carry large loads of wood on my back, which being destitute of sufficient clothing, was mangled till the blood ran down to my feet. I had to chase the animals through briars and bushes, till what little clothing I had was torn into ribbons. They had to watch them till they were ready to start, and if one more wild than the rest ran off, I must chase and bring him back and then be knocked down by the savage chief for my want of skill. When all were ready to start, I had to catch and saddle my own wild mule without assistance. If the party did not start immediately, I was compelled to pull at the end of a lariat which the Indians would fasten to a bush. They seemed to stony every method of putting me to death by piece-meal.

Exhausted by incessant toil and suffering, and extreme anguish from my wounds, I could not work as fast as the Indians desired and often when scarcely able to stand, and hardly knowing what I was doing, I have been required to do the work of the strongest man. And because of my inability to accomplish my task satisfactorily, I have been whipped till my flesh was raw. Large stones were thrown at me. I was knocked down and stamped upon by the ferocious chief who seemed anxious to crush me like a worm beneath his feet. My head sometimes fell under the horses' feet, and then the Indians would try to make the beasts kick me. After all was ready for the day's journey, I was obliged to travel as fast as the others, riding sometimes over rocks and through bushes, aching and sore from head to foot, and exposed alike to cold and heat, sunshine, and storm.

I have gone two days at a time without tasting food. The Indians depended on hunting for their subsistence, and sometimes had nothing to eat themselves—unless there was an abundance of food. I reserved little of the savings of my game, but fortunately the Indians would tear out the heart, liver, and entrails and eat them raw. I suffered exceedingly from thirst; I was not allowed to drink, except while in camp. We frequently crossed beautiful streams during the day, and I would beg the privilege of dismounting—to quench my thirst. But the Indians would always deny my request with contempt. It was in vain I pointed to my parched tongue and head blistered in the rays of the sun.

Nothing could soften them into pity, and I

ardently desired death that my torments might come to an end.

Every indignity was offered to my person which the imagination can conceive. And I was at a loss to know how I should have lived through the barbarous treatment which was inflicted upon me. Frequently my feelings were so outraged that I was tempted to kill my inhuman masters. My indignation burned particularly against the chief, and I thought if I could only cut him to pieces I could die content.

We travelled every day—we usually started about four in the evening. The Indians were accustomed to go to the tops of the highest hills and stayed there until the first light. We always spent the night on a hill and were thus exposed to the cold autumn winds; we slept on the ground, generally without covering. When it rained the Indians made a tent of the blankets and wagon sheet that had been stolen from us, but I was not allowed to take shelter in it—I preferred sleeping outside in the storm.

After my mule had become so gentle that I could ride it without being thrown, it was taken from me and I was obliged to travel on foot. The road over which we passed was often very rough and stony, and full of thorns. My feet were wounded, and bruised till they were covered with blood and greatly swollen. But still I was obliged to keep up with the rest of the party, and if I fell behind I was beaten till I was nearly senseless. The Indians often urged me on by attempting to ride their horses over me; many a felle of that road is marked with my blood, and many a hill there has echoed to my useless cries.

I travelled thus on foot some five or six days. After the party was ready to start in the morning, the direction of the route was pointed out to me, and I was required to go before the others in order not to hinder them. They usually overtook me before I reached far. I had always intended to make my escape as soon as I found an opportunity. I never expected to reach any friendly settlement, but I did not wish to give the Indians the pleasure of seeing me die. On the morning of the twenty-fifth day after my capture, I was sent on in advance as usual, but I had not eaten breakfast, and was very weak, but the hope of escape now supported me. I hastened on as fast as I could, and finding a suitable hiding place I turned back and concealed myself in the bushes. After this I saw nothing more of my captors. I found afterwards by the tracks of the animals, that they had searched for me, and probably thought I would die, and therefore took less trouble to find me. I have no doubt the next time they pass that way they will look for my bones.

My situation was now distressing beyond all description; I was alone in an Indian country, some hundreds of miles from the nearest friendly settlements. I was without food, and my feet were so swollen that I could hardly stand. Wild beasts were around me, and savages more wild than beasts roamed on every hand. Winter was coming on, and death in its most terrible forms stared me in the face—I sat down and thought of my lonely and exposed situation. But could I weep; my heart was too full of woe. I remembered the events of the few preceding weeks. The husband of my choice had been murdered, and I was not allowed the melancholy privilege of closing his eyes, and seeing his remains decently interred. My little property had been stolen, and when within a few days' march of sympathizing friends, I was captured by savages, and after three weeks of indescribable sufferings found myself wandering solitary and destitute in the midst of the wild prairies—my cup was filled to overflowing, but I resolved to live in hope, if I died in despair.

After remaining three days in the place where I had been taken, the first sign of pity towards me, I made no difference how badly I was hurt, if I did not see immediate relief, and I mounted the animal which had just thrown me, they would apply their riding whips, or gun-sticks, of the end of a lariat, to my unprotected body with the greatest violence. The squaw would also help me to rise by wounding me with the point of a spear which she carried. You may understand one object the Indians had in view in putting me upon this wild animal and causing me to be thrown so often, when I tell you, I expected to become a mother in a few weeks. They understood my situation, but instead of softening their hearts it only made them more inhuman, and subjected me to greater sufferings.

I was obliged to work like a slave while in camp; while there was any service to perform I was not allowed a moment's rest. I compelled to carry large loads of wood on my back, which being destitute of sufficient clothing, was mangled till the blood ran down to my feet. I had to chase the animals through briars and bushes, till what little clothing I had was torn into ribbons. They had to watch them till they were ready to start, and if one more wild than the rest ran off, I must chase and bring him back and then be knocked down by the savage chief for my want of skill. When all were ready to start, I had to catch and saddle my own wild mule without assistance. If the party did not start immediately, I was compelled to pull at the end of a lariat which the Indians would fasten to a bush. They seemed to stony every method of putting me to death by piece-meal.

Exhausted by incessant toil and suffering, and extreme anguish from my wounds, I could not work as fast as the Indians desired and often when scarcely able to stand, and hardly knowing what I was doing, I have been required to do the work of the strongest man. And because of my inability to accomplish my task satisfactorily, I have been whipped till my flesh was raw. Large stones were thrown at me. I was knocked down and stamped upon by the ferocious chief who seemed anxious to crush me like a worm beneath his feet. My head sometimes fell under the horses' feet, and then the Indians would try to make the beasts kick me. After all was ready for the day's journey, I was obliged to travel as fast as the others, riding sometimes over rocks and through bushes, aching and sore from head to foot, and exposed alike to cold and heat, sunshine, and storm.

I have gone two days at a time without tasting food. The Indians depended on hunting for their subsistence, and sometimes had nothing to eat themselves—unless there was an abundance of food. I reserved little of the savings of my game, but fortunately the Indians would tear out the heart, liver, and entrails and eat them raw. I suffered exceedingly from thirst; I was not allowed to drink, except while in camp. We frequently crossed beautiful streams during the day, and I would beg the privilege of dismounting—to quench my thirst. But the Indians would always deny my request with contempt. It was in vain I pointed to my parched tongue and head blistered in the rays of the sun.

Nothing could soften them into pity, and I

he down on the ground while he covered me with dried grass. I lay here all day, and at night crept forth to quench my almost intolerable thirst. Juan came and brought me some bread, and told me not by any means to leave my hiding place the next day. That day I lagged slowly along, and I could hear the dreaded Camanches passing and repeating and shouting to each other. At night Juan returned, bringing another blanket and several loaves of bread, and told me that I must remain here for seven or eight