

ing 13 in number, and then speedily made off, and continued travelling all night; next morning their chief allotted to each man his share, and detached nine of a party to steal horses, from the inhabitants in Clinch. The eleventh day after Mrs. Scott's captivity, the four Indians after having her in charge, stopped at a place fixed on for a rendezvous, and to hunt, being now in great want of provisions. Three went out, and the chief, being an old man, was left to take care of the prisoner, who, by this time, expressed a willingness to proceed to the Indian towns, which seemed to have the desired effect of lessening the keeper's vigilance. In the day time, as the old man was graining a deer skin, the captive pondering on her situation, and anxiously looking for an opportunity to make her escape, took the resolution, and went to the Indian carelessly, asked liberty to go a small distance to a stream of water, to wash the blood off her apron, that had remained befouled since the fatal night of the murder of her little daughter. He told her in the English tongue, "Go along;" she then passed by him, his face being in a contrary direction from that she was going, and he very busy. She after getting to the water, proceeded on without delay, made to a high barren mountain, and travelled till late in the evening, when she came down into the valley, in search of the track she had been taken along; hoping thereby to find the way back, without the risk of being lost, and perishing with hunger in uninhabited parts. On coming across the valley, on the river side, supposed to be the easterly branch of the Kentucky river, she observed in the sand, tracks of two men, that had gone up the river, and had just returned. She concluded these to have been her pursuers, which excited emotions of gratitude and thankfulness to divine providence for so timely a deliverance. Being without any provisions, having no kind of weapon or tool to assist her in getting any, and being almost destitute of clothing; also knowing, that a vast track of rugged high mountains intervened between where she was and the inhabitants eastwardly, and she almost as ignorant as a child of the method of steering through the woods, excited painful sensations. But certainly death, either by hunger or wild beasts, seemed to her better than to be in the power of beings, who had excited in her mind such horror. She addressed Heaven for protection, and taking courage, proceeded onward.

After travelling three days, she nearly met with the Indians, as she supposed, that had been sent to Clinch to steal horses, but providentially hearing their approach, concealed herself among the cane, until the enemy had passed. This giving a fresh alarm, and her mind being filled with consternation, she got lost, proceeding backwards and forwards for several days; at length she came to a river, that seemed to come from the east; concluding it was Sandy river, she accordingly resolved to trace it to its source, which is adjacent to Clinch settlement. After proceeding up the same several days, she came where the river runs through a great laurel mountain, where is a prodigious water fall, and numerous high craggy cliffs along the water edge; that way seemed impassable, the mountain steep and difficult: However, our mournful traveller concluded that the latter way was the best. She therefore ascended for some time, but coming to a range of inaccessible rocks, she turned her course towards the foot of the mountain and the river side; after getting into a deep gully, and passing over several high steep rocks, she reached the river side, where, to her inexpressible affliction, she found that a perpendicular rock, or rather one that hung over, of 15 or 20 feet high, formed the bank. Here a solemn pause took place, she essayed a return; but the height of the steps and rocks she had descended over, prevented her.

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