

tially caught by the belt, on the pointed limb of a tree, where he hung, concealed by the foliage, from the lynx-eyed search of the Indians, who despatched every thing they could find, that had life — until the return of night and stillness, convinced him the foe had retired, when he cautiously descended, and groped his toilsome way to Fort Niagara, which place he reached, with the first intelligence of the fate of his party.

It is but a few years since, bones, bits of broken wagons, and many other relics of this fearful catastrophe, were to be seen at the bottom of the gulf; but they are now concealed beneath the rubbish, swept away by the stream, or returned to dust.

The Indians held Mr. Steadman in great respect, ever after his so narrow and fortunate escape, believing that he was a "Great Medicine," and gifted with magical powers. They gave him, it was said, all the land he had encompassed in his flight, which would include all between the river and a line from the Devil's Hole to Fort Schlosser. His heirs set up a claim to this tract in after years, but as they could prove no formal grant, and of course establish no title, it was denied.