

cumstances. I must premise however, that previous to her leaving Bennington, the only knowledge she possessed of the Indians, had been acquired by reading the accounts of Indian wars, and from similar sources. In her youthful mind were consequently associated, with the name of *Indians*, all the shocking forms of barbarism and cruelty, torture and blood. She had never contemplated them in a state of peace, and knew not that they were ever found in that state. She had read of them surprising the unsuspecting settler in the midst of his slumbers, stealing upon him under the cover of darkness, or watching their opportunity, when the men were absent, to murder, scalp, and shockingly mangle the remains of the helpless women and children, and that it was their nature to do so. With such notions she arrived in Canada as before stated. Not many weeks after her arrival, her father and mother, with all the older members of the family, on a Sabbath morning, repaired to a place of worship, and left her in charge of an infant sister two years old. As it was more than thirty miles to the nearest Indian settlement, none were expected there. But as she was amusing herself with her little sister, suddenly looking up she saw standing before her an Indian of gigantic stature, and of peculiarly fierce and threatening aspect. His long bushy hair curiously knotted with birds' feathers, his dusky painted visage, his gun upon his shoulder, his naked brawny limbs, his blood red leggings, and above all his naked tomahawk and scalping knife, stuck in his girdle:—all these terrific objects presenting themselves at once to her view, were well calculated to overwhelm her with terror and dismay. And indeed this effect was well nigh produced. But with singular presence of mind, she reasoned with herself, that to appear alarmed would but increase her danger. She therefore assumed all the composure she could possibly command. The Savage addressed her in a course growling tone of voice, but she knew not what he said; she guessed, however, that he asked for some food. Though nearly sinking with dread, she hastened to spread the table, and to place upon it whatever was good and desirable in the house; cakes and pies, sweetmeats and preserves, together with the more solid articles of food, were collected and displayed. Lastly she placed a chair for the savage in such a position, that he must needs sit with his back towards the door. As she most certainly expected that one chief object of his visit was murder, the moment in which she intimated to him that the repast was ready, was one of her deepest anxiety. She thought it probable that he would satisfy his appetite before proceeding to that sanguinary work; yet as she had observed that he

had followed her wherever she went with his piercing eye. she feared he would close and perhaps fasten the door, (which had all the while stood open,) before he sat down. She therefore, watched his motions with the deepest anxiety, and was much relieved when she saw him quietly seat himself in the chair she had placed for him. She now silently slipped out of the door and began to skim across the field like a bird, feeling that every step she took lessened her danger, till at length she began to look upon herself as having quite escaped. At that moment the thought of her little sister came rushing into her mind, and with it a flood of the deepest agony. "What shall I do?" she exclaimed. The struggle though severe, was short. It was a struggle between fear and duty, between love of herself, (perhaps love of life,) and love of her sister. The latter, however, triumphed. "No, my dear Julia," cried she "I will not abandon you. If I do my duty I may possibly save you. I will try; and if I fail we shall perish together." Having formed this resolution, she instantly returned. She now feared that the savage would have discovered her flight, and would hasten to revenge it upon her defenceless sister. She almost expected to hear her dying shrieks. But as she approached the door, which was still open, all remained silent. She looked in,—the savage was still at the table where she left him, his tomahawk and scalping knife being prominent points in his picture, as he then sat. On the opposite side of the room, and in a line directly beyond him, sat the unconscious Julia playing with her toys. Here her former struggle with herself returned. She saw that she was still undiscovered and might escape; but to rescue her sister she must stand before the savage. She however hesitated but for a moment, with a trembling heart she passed across the room to her sister, enticed her to the door, and watching the moment when she was not observed, caught her in her arms and fled. Her sister was a large heavy girl two years old; and though she was but nine herself and of a slight and delicate make, yet she managed to bear her precious burden with unabated speed for more than half a mile, which was the distance to the nearest house: but her extraordinary strength had passed away with the occasion that gave rise to it. She fell exhausted on the floor, and it was long before she could give any account of the cause of her extraordinary agitation and alarm.

In order truly to estimate the heroism and the merit of this transaction, we must look upon all the circumstances as she viewed them;—we must contemplate the savage as really hostile in his intentions, and in short, make all the imaginary dangers real. By