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Poetry.

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

land may point to yonder pile with pride,
and tell the stranger—who with wondering eyes,
demands for whom these lofty columns rise,
a grace with regal pomp the fair Thames' side—
to who Rodney, Howe, and Nelson led,
warrior my dread thunders on the roving seas,
—ring for me the battle and the breeze,
from the storm a shelter for their head,
as'er may England's sons with spring hand
rudge you the mansion, pricely thought it be,
with your —ars ye wou, ye veteran band!
ere from the perils of the deep set free,
to landmen stare with stores of the main,
fight in peace your battles o'er again."

EPIGRAM.

Poor Melbourne conceived
he had surely received
all our troubles, good sirs, in a trice,
And made the exchequer,
No longer a fable,
taking the duty of Rice!
But, alas! these our troubles
Are no such small bubbles
As he smother'd by imposture daring;
And vastly I fear,
At the end of the year,
His sorrow he'll find them past BARRING!

Author—one that passes questionable paper—
—a Lesson.

WOMAN'S PRIVILEGES.

AN EPIGRAM—FROM MOLLIERE.

Three things to womankind belong,
This universe of ours all over;
And from their use, or right or wrong,
Not all the universe may move her;
The first to tease her faithful lover;
The second, to coquette; the third—
And that which oft'nest we discover—
To argue points the most absurd,
As right or wrong to have the latest word!

ADVENTURES OF AN OFFICER IN THE AMERICAN WAR.

A late visit to the Highlands, and while
sitting with a friend in a secluded situation,
the shores of Loch Ness, the following
narrative, descriptive of the adventures of
an officer in the American war, was related
by one of the young persons of the family.
It appeared so interesting that I immedi-
ately wrote it down, and now present it to
you almost word for word as it was nar-
rated. Charles was a fine, tall, handsome
youth, about nineteen, when he deci-
dedly went into the army; and a commis-
sion was procured for him in the
42d. He left home to join the regiment,
in the course of a few months embarked
for the West Indies, and was ordered to
be shot off for the American pro-
prietors, betwixt which and Great Britain
a war had commenced. Mrs. Grant,
his favourite son Charles, was parted from
him with great regret; but having fortified his
mind with good principles, and the best example,
committed him to the care of Providence.
He had lost his father when he was quite
young, so that he was left entirely to the
care of his mother; and it was fortunate
she had such a son who never to sow the
seed, that produced the fruits that will
live in his adventurous life.

His regiment arrived safe at New York;
and soon as they had recovered from the
fatigue, it was ordered to march into the inter-
ior to join their brethren in arms, as the officer
understood that the Americans had
succeeded upon a tribe of Indians, from Lake
Michigan, to aid them against the British.
The chief of this tribe had become well known
to the Americans, as he and his followers were
in the habit of visiting the frontiers yearly,
to trade their furs, fish, and other products of
the country, for fire-arms, powder and shot,
which were most useful to them; so that the
Americans found it not a difficult matter to en-
gage John and his tribe as an ally
war; and John, who was a man of no
small mind, not only picked up sufficient
English language to make himself intelli-

gible, but he had a powerful mind, and ruled
over his tribe with despotic sway. The In-
dians, who were well acquainted with every
foot of the country, were found by the Ameri-
cans to be invaluable; and an ambuscade was
planned to entrap the 42d ere it could reach its
destination. They were only too successful;
for, in marching through a wood, they were
attacked suddenly, and taken at a great dis-
advantage. From behind the trees the deadly
rifle laid low many a brave fellow; and, fearing
to be cut off to a man, a retreat was sounded,
with the hope of returning to more open
ground; and the dreadful war-whoop of the sa-
vages could hardly fail to strike terror into the
minds of soldiers who had encountered such a
ferocious-looking enemy.

The Americans being aware that the loss of
their officers would render the men a more easy
conquest, took aim accordingly; and Charles,
who nobly stood his ground, was singled out
by the Indian chief, and he fell severely
wounded; and the Indians rushing into the
middle, began to strip the dead and scalp the
dying. Michigan John, who had perceived that
Charles was an officer, from his dress, advanced
to where he lay, and raising his head by the
long hair, he lifted the deadly tomahawk, and
whirling it round, he was on the point of scalp-
ing his victim, when my uncle moved one of
his arms, as if to put his hand upon the wound,
and Indian John, finding he still breathed,
spared his life. Summoning four of his tribe,
they hastily cut down some branches from the
trees, and making a sort of litter, my uncle
having had a bandage tied over his wound, he
was placed in the litter, and by nightfall the
party were on their way to Lake Michigan,
laden with the booty which the Americans and
they had divided. Some days elapsed ere they
reached their home, the poor captive so weak
and exhausted by the loss of blood, that he could
hardly make the smallest exertion, and it re-
quired all the care of the Indian chief to keep
him alive.

The warriors were received with shouts of
triumph by their wives and companions, who
had remained to guard their encampment,
mingled with cries and lamentations for those
who had fallen in battle. My uncle, upon the
arrival of the Indians in the Michigan territory,
was taken to the wigwam of their chief,
and herbs were gathered and applied to his
wound, so that he gradually recovered; and in
the midst of such kind-hearted savages he felt
exceedingly grateful, but above all to the chief.
But one may imagine his horror and dismay,
when John informed him that his life was only
preserved that he might be offered up as a sacri-
fice to the manes of those who had been
killed on the day of the battle. To have met
with death in the field would have been little
compared with the fate that awaited him, and
his entreaties that the chief would at once put
an end to his life were not listened to. John
replied it was the custom of the tribe, and that
he ought not to have invaded the land of the
Red men; and my uncle perceiving that there
existed not the smallest chance of escape for
him, endeavoured to prepare his mind for the
trial that awaited him; and he employed many
hours of the day and in the silent watches of
the night, in praying for fortitude and strength,
to die as a Christian, from the only source at
which it could be found.

With a composure of manner and appear-
ance which even to himself appeared somewhat
unnatural, my uncle saw the preparations that
were taking place, and was relieved in a great
measure by learning that he was not to be put
to torture, but that he was to be shot—a fa-
vour that he did not expect. His manly hear-
ing and amiable manners had softened the
heart in some degree of old John, and he
would gaze with a steadfast and thoughtful
look, when a corner of the wigwam he saw
the young white-skin speaking to the Great
Spirit, and heard the earnest petitions of the
young soldier for his mother, and for forgive-
ness of his own sins; and old John felt how
proud he would have been of such a son to
succeed him as chief of the Michigans.

At length my uncle having recovered, a day
was fixed, and the whole tribe were assembled
in their war-dresses, the women and children

shouting and singing the death-song, as John,
accompanied by his captive, appeared; and
the chief making a short palaver to his follow-
ers, they all followed their leader to the wood
that adjoined their encampment; and a tree
being selected for the purpose, my uncle was
placed against it, John having granted him the
favour that he should not be bound nor his
eyes covered, saying he was not afraid to
look death in the face, and hoping that the
Indian would take so sure an aim as to be fatal
at the moment. John loaded his rifle; and
when the signal was given, he presented it at
his victim. The trigger was pulled, but the
powder flashed in the pan. With an impatient
air John examined his rifle, put in fresh pow-
der, and again presented. Again was the at-
tempt unsuccessful. A third time would surely
finish the affair, for the flint was sharpened,
and fresh priming put in the pan. The rifle
again missed fire. Anxiety, doubt, and con-
sternation, sat upon every face, as the chief
looked round upon his tribe. As if struck by
the thought of the moment, he raised the gun
in his hand, and fired in the air, when it ex-
ploded with a tremendous noise, as the In-
dians gave out cries and shouts of surprise.

After a pause of a few minutes, and silence
had been restored, the chief addressed them.
"My children, it's of no use to kill this white-
skin; he is protected by the Great Spirit.
When did you see the gun of Michigan John
miss fire? The Great Spirit says No. Listen,
my children:—I have no son, and this
young white-skin shall become as one to your
father. When I am old, and go to the land
of my fathers, he shall be your chief. We
shall teach him to hunt and to fish, and he
will be as the son of the Red man."

This address was received with joyful ac-
clamations, and my uncle, like one in a dream,
was carried back to the wigwam upon the
shoulders of Indians, who, bearing him to the
care of his adopted father, spent the day in
mirth and dancing. My uncle, whose life
was thus wonderfully spared, never for a mo-
ment doubted that it was solely by the inter-
position of Providence, and gave thanks where
it was due. A day was soon after appointed
to adopt my uncle as the chief who was to suc-
ceed his father after his death, and he under-
went the ceremonies observed among the
savage tribes of North America. His body
was handsomely tattooed, his ears pierced, and
also his nose, to all of which were appended
ornaments; and his skin being stained, and
his person attired in the full-war-dress of an
Indian chief, with the rifle, the deadly toma-
hawk, and scalping-knife, he was, I am told,
every handsome looking man. The ceremony
concluded by his having the name of John be-
stowed upon him.

Only too grateful to have his life spared,
young John fell into all the customs of his
new friends. He accompanied his father in
the chase, and became an expert huntsman;
and in his roving and exciting occupation became
delightful to him. If he had any ambition,
here it might be gratified; he would at some
future period, preside over a numerous body of
Indians, who felt some degree of awe for one
who was guarded by the Great Spirit. Youth
soon reconciles itself to a situation that is not
uncomfortable upon the whole; and young
John, who was particularly attached to the
chief, seemed to forget that he was not a red
skin from the first. His promotion, although
approved of by the greater number of the tribe,
had raised some envy and jealousy amongst
those who were related to John, and they only
waited an opportunity to do him an injury.
And so it chanced. When some of the tribe,
accompanied by my uncle, were out hunting,
a huge panther was tracked and fired at, and
as the Indians pursued the animal closely, he
looked refuge in a cave, and every attempt to
dislodge him was found to be in vain. It was
now the time for the discontented to endeavour
to get rid of their rival, and with furious
throats they insisted that he should enter the
cave, and drive out the panther. This attempt
he looked upon as certain death, as the cave
was so low that he must have gone in on his
head and knees. But expostulation and remarks
upon the injustice of their conduct, were only

answered by a blow or the tomahawk; and
seeing there was no alternative, he crept in
upon his hands, holding his scalping-knife
between his teeth. The cave was so dark
that some minutes elapsed before he could
discern the animal, which had retreated into
a corner of the den, in the agonies of
death, having been mortally wounded by one
of the Indians. My uncle having advanced
cautiously, drew his knife across the throat of
the panther, and seizing him by the tail drag-
ged him out of the den, and with an air of in-
dignation threw him down before the astonished
savages, who, humbled and crest-fallen,
were convinced that he bore a charmed life,
and that it was fruitless to endeavour to injure
him.

Three years were passed away by my uncle
amongst the Indians; and having accumu-
lated a considerable number of skins, and
other products of their country, John proposed
that a party of the tribe should proceed to the
United States, to exchange them for powder
and shot, which they now stood much in need
of. Accordingly, he with his adopted son,
and seven of the followers proceeded to
Charlestown. Here it was that my uncle re-
cognised one of the officers of the 42d. Home
and all its sweet associations rushed into his
heart, and he went up directly and address-
ed his old companion in arms, who, if possible,
was more astonished at hearing a young In-
dian speak in his own language. It was some
time before he could be brought to acknowledge
his identity. His adopted father was all this
while beside them, his anxious piercing looks
full of anxiety, which was increased when he
found that my uncle intended accompanying
the officer to his quarters, where he followed
them.

A long and interesting conversation took
place, and his friend represented in the strong-
est terms the folly of spending his life amidst a
tribe of savages, and recalled to my uncle the
duty he owed to his parent, king, and his
country; in return, my uncle pleaded all he
owed to his adopted father. His friend did not
press the subject too keenly at the moment,
but having written to the commanding officer
the history of Charles's captivity, an order was
despatched to Charles, claiming him as a Brit-
ish officer, and commanding him to join his
regiment with as little delay as possible.

There was no disputing this order, as it
would be considered a desertion; and he had
the painful duty of explaining this to Michi-
gan John, who was overwhelmed with grief.
He endeavoured by every means in his power
to prevail on my uncle to go home with him.
Return, returns, my son John, with your old
father. Why should you seek again to become
a white skin? Oh, my son John, break not
the heart of your Indian father! Every thing
was done to comfort and console him, but with
little success, until the old chief made up his
mind, that the Good Spirit called his son away
to his own people; and after choosing the best
of the furs, and every thing that he thought
would be valued, he took a last parting fare-
well, and turned his face towards the Lake
Michigan. My uncle proceeded to New York
where his extraordinary adventures had
travelled before him, and every one was anxious
to see the handsome Indian chief. This desir-
e was most strongly felt by the ladies, and a
fair American girl, who heard him relate his
romantic tale with modesty and ingenuousness
showed that she loved him for the dangers he
had passed; and he was too gallant a soldier
not to be flattered by the interest she expres-
sed. And while he gained a step in the 42d,
he lost his heart in New York; and fearing to
be called a heartless man, he had nothing for
it but to agree to an exchange or barter. The
regiment was ordered to England, and Charles
along with it. If his adventures had made a
sensation in New York, he was still a greater
lion in London. And one of his Majesty's minis-
ters wrote my uncle, that it would be agreeable
that he should spend an evening at his house,
and that a certain member of the royal family
would honour the company with his presence,
having a desire to see him, in the Indian cos-
tume, dance the celebrated war dance. All of
these requests my uncle did not consider him-