

proper degree of excitement but a song, and this we had. Music has a wonderful effect on these savages; the same that the softer notes (a strange circumstance) are said to have upon the lion. The war-song, chanted by an experienced warrior, will at once and at any time rouse all the dormant energies of an Indian.

The anticipated result attended the rhythmical appeal to their passions. The whole band, the entire camp, were in motion at once, and clamorous to satiate their vengeance. There was every probability of their being permitted to do so. We were brought to within a few feet of the stake, and there held. And now came the moment when if any motive operated to save any one of the prisoners it was declared. 'Teddy's star was still ascendant—he was first respited. A mother, whose son had fallen at the siege of Detroit, two years before, came forward, and after giving him two or three sound knocks upon the head, by way of paying his ransom, cut the thongs with which they had secured his limbs, and he stood free.

"Murther, murther—by the soul of me, what does the ould body mane?" roared Paddy, rubbing the spot upon which his new mistress had laid the purchase-money, and laughing most heartily—by-the-by, he had never ceased laughing since our capture.—"And sure the cratur is ugly enough wid her wicked looks—the murthersome ould sow!, to be letting alone hard knocks, she might, bad luck to her."

"But, Teddy, you are to take no part in yonder horrid spectacle—remember that and be thankful," said I.

"Sure I'm agreeable;—yet the strange ould body might have passed the affront to my head and shouther, she might. And the raps on my knuckles are nothing at all at all like the love-taps we get in Tipperary."

The old woman grew anxious to carry away her property; and Teddy left us with a hearty laugh on his lips, and apparently as happy as if he had been drinking whiskey in an Irish shealing. Uncle Rufus's nephew was also liberated, to supply the place of an Indian husband who had fallen in a recent domestic quarrel. Macgillicuddy, myself, and the Huron, were doomed to the death of fire.

As being first in the scale of being, and the one upon whom they were most desirous to glut their vengeance, and from whom the courage, which alone could afford them