

I remained at Elizabethtown, under the protection of my brother-in-law, about eighteen months; a regular portion of which time was devoted to my education, the pursuits of which had been so lamentably suspended by the events already recorded. On the 14th of September, 1794, having completed my fourteenth year, it was judged advisable that I should return to my parents. I accordingly set out on horseback, in company with a gentleman named Crane, and the late General Schenck, then on his first tour to the western States. We performed the journey to Pittsburgh in ten days: our horses were then placed in flat boats, in which we descended the Ohio, and arrived at Columbia about the middle of October. The exultation of my parents, and my own delight, at the never-to-be-forgotten interview which took place, can only be conceived by those who have been in circumstances somewhat similar; the number of which, I trust, is small. I was welcomed with open arms. With what propriety might the language of Scripture be adopted: "This my son was dead, and is alive again; and he that was lost is found!" The day was spent in busy and affectionate inquiries concerning the past. Every event, as with some talismanic touch, furnished materials for comfort. All were wonder, love, and praise; and in the evening we knelt round the family altar, while my pious father offered up supplications and thanksgivings to the Father of Mercies, for all his past goodness,