

whoop with his first bound, and, before they had sufficiently recovered from their surprise to commence their persecutions, he had cleared the whole line without sustaining the least injury. His ready wit and fleetness of foot gained him much admiration, and caused his captors to esteem him as a great man. Few, however, were so fortunate as to escape without receiving very many and severe blows.

The pow-wow being over, the Indians prepared to depart from the camp, and, forming themselves into two bands, divided the prisoners between them. With dismay, our captives now discovered that they were to be separated from each other—Mrs. Jones and the wounded boy being consigned to one band, and Abigail to the other.

This separation seemed the climax of their woes. Abigail's own physical suffering had been great, but she had endeavored to forget herself in her efforts to alleviate the distress of her companions. Now, even this sad solace was to be denied her. As she looked upon the poor boy, his wounds, fevered by the fatigues of the long march, still unhealed, and also suffering from the fresh injuries inflicted while running the gauntlet—the wailing babe that she might no more sooth by her caresses—its unhappy mother, overwhelmed with sorrow and suffering—that friend for whose sake she had left father, home, and kindred—her heroic fortitude well nigh forsook her. But her grim guards were not to be delayed for sentiment. She was obliged to turn away, and never more saw or heard from her companions in tribulation.

The band whose prisoner Abigail was went up the lake as far as a place afterwards named Brownstown. Here she was given to an old Indian woman, who had but recently lost a daughter about Abigail's age. After she was regularly initiated into the Indian household, it became her duty to serve her new mother, and be subject to her in all things. This was no easy task, the savage dame's requirements often being quite beyond the poor girl's capabilities, hence she was frequently cruelly beaten.

The Indians having settled down for a time at their planting-grounds, her employment became laborious. An axe and a band were given to her. With the axe she was required to furnish fuel for the camp fire; the band being to bind up the burdens, which she was obliged to carry upon her head and shoulders. The poor girl's slavery was indeed abject, being "a hewer of wood and a drawer of water," as well as a bearer of burdens, for she was compelled to carry in the game killed by the lords of the forest, as well as to attend to the continual commands of her Indian mother. She was closely watched, and, when sent after her burdens, was always accompanied by an Indian woman or young girl.

Though there were several other white captives held by the band, they were not allowed to hold any communication with each other, except in the presence of the Indians, and in their language. If at any time she ventured, as she sometimes did, to speak to one of them in English, and the attendant squaw reported it, she was "beaten with many stripes."

Autumn brought no abatement of her toils, she being now obliged to gather and husk the corn, and make the necessary preparations for winter. Summer and autumn were gone, and the rigors of winter were upon the fair captive, with very insufficient protection against the pitiless blasts and pelting snows. A suit of the ordinary Indian costume—and that not the thickest or warmest—constituted her entire wardrobe while compelled to perform all the exhausting drudgery of the lodge. How sadly she contrasted her present destitution with the tender paternal solicitude for her comfort to which she had been accustomed, and from which her disobedience had removed her. She tried, however, to submit as gracefully as possible to the hardships of her lot, anxious to lead the Indians to suppose that she had ceased to long for a return to her own race, though she was constantly on the watch for an opportunity to escape.

Gladly she hailed the vernal season, as