

David, whom every one that knew him allowed to be the handsomest and most agreeable Indian they had ever seen; he died about two years ago, and, what would be deemed very hard by many, the son does not succeed to the honours and titles of the family, but they go in the female line to his aunt's son. Captain Brant did all he could to get the son, who seems worthy of his gallant and amiable father, to enjoy the titles, but it would not do; the ancient laws, customs, and manners of the nation could not be departed from. This young Indian was the best scholar at the university of Cambridge, in New England, when he was there. He writes a remarkably fine hand, both in the Roman characters and German text, a specimen of which he gave me, and I now have in my custody. I remarked of the Indians in this part of the Continent, that they never speak in a hasty or rapid manner, but in a soft, musical, and harmonious voice. I am charmed with the mildness of their manners when friendly, but when enemies their ferocity has no bounds. Dinner was just going on the table in the same elegant stile as the preceding night, when I returned to Captain Brant's house, the servants dressed in their best apparel. Two slaves attended the table,

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