

I have been travelling to and fro about this immense city for a week,—and I have seen neither the beginning nor end. I have sought the end in long rides in Omnibuses, but wherever they carried me, all was city, city—one perpetual glittering of shops,—one continued trampling of feet, one endless rattling over the pavements. Not yet have I been over the Thames, and there is a great city over there. Not yet have I seen a single show, and yet I have run about till I was wearied and flushed with sights and novelties innumerable. In all other cities that I have been, one can find at least a place for the beginning of an observation,—but there seems to be none here. The very magnitude of the distance to be run over deters one from attempting it at all. There is so much to see that one does not know where to begin to see it. Six New Yorks would make but one London. The whole of Maine crowded upon one continuous territory, and then multiplied by four would not make one London,

I gazed with surprize on the massive bridges of stone over the now smoked and dirty Thames. I fell upon St. James's Park, and indeed I thought I was in a paradise. Here in the heart of a city is the *rus in urbe*,—a charming Lake, artificial though it is—the most beautiful lawn I ever saw, walks as delightful as fancy can desire,—trees of magnificent foliage—a little wilderness even of wild bushes, 'aye all the fascinations of country life, and this too, open to the public in the heart of a city! You have but to wander a short way from the turbulence of the Strand, or the bustle of Pall Mall, or *Pell Mell*, as they call it here,—and you are all alone, with the wild birds, chirping most merrily over your head, the lamb frisking about you, and the fish with his shining sides in the lake at your feet.

#### ABDUCTION BY AN INDIAN.

Previous to the Revolution, when a few ordinary looking buildings occupied the present site of the pleasant village of Exeter; it is well known that the country around, was generally a wilderness, inhabited by numerous tribes of Indians. The intercourse between them and the earlier settlers, was frequent, though not always of a friendly nature. The natives, improvident, indolent and idle, were continually begging or stealing from their more frugal and industrious neighbours. As the benefit of such an intercourse, was all on one side, and to the serious inconvenience of and injury of the other, it was suffered to continue by the whites, only because they were the weaker party, and did not possess the power to discontinue it.

At this time an elderly farmer, by the name of Rowe, lived on the South bank of Exeter river, a short distance below the falls and near the present site of Capt. Fernald's

tannery. Among the numerous natives that used to frequent his house, was a young Indian from the borders of the Cocheco river. Mr. Rowe had a daughter by the name of Caroline, a comely lass of seventeen, to whom this young Indian became much attached; and wished to take her home with him, and make her his squaw. The young lady treated all his overtures with scorn and derision; for she had no particular fancy for the Indian character, or his precarious mode of life. Whether the Indian was capable of the most refined and delicate sensations of love, it is not necessary to determine; but it is certain, he exhibited all the frenzy of some of our modern lovers, on being so decidedly rejected and forbidden the hospitalities of the house. — Finding intreaties in vain, he did not give up to despair; but formed the resolution, forcibly to possess himself of the object of his wishes, willing or unwilling. This was a bold and hazardous undertaking, and in which, if detected, his life would be the forfeit, but his ungovernable feelings prompted him forward at all hazards.

One day, at early dawn, he glided up the river in his canoe, unperceived, and to prevent giving an alarm, hid it on the opposite side of the river, swam across and concealed himself near the house of Mr. Rowe. The family had not yet risen; and he waited there sometime, in breathless anxiety, for a favourable opportunity to seize his intended victim. At length he heard the family stirring in the house; and soon after saw Mr. Rowe come out of the door, and pass on to his rude built barn, to feed his cattle. When he was fairly out of sight, the Indian rushed into the kitchen, and to his great joy, found Miss Caroline there alone. He did not stop to parley, but folded her in his arms at once, and notwithstanding her screams and resistance, he triumphantly bore her to the river, and with her, plunged into the stream.—Her father heard her cries, seized his pitchfork, the only weapon he had at hand, and pursued the Indian. but he only arrived on the bank, just as they leaped into the water. The father being unequal to the task of swimming across, ran some distance up the stream for a boat, he luckily found one, jumped into it, and started on in pursuit. Meanwhile the Indian swam across the river, with his fair one, to his bark canoe, put her into it and paddled off down stream, as fast as he could. The father, as he turned round the bend of the river, came in full view of the fugitives, and paddled after them with all his strength.—There was an interesting aquatic race: and the light boats glided along on the surface of the water, with the swiftness of an arrow. The Indian laboured under some disadvantages—he had two in his canoe, and propelled it with the paddle—the old gentleman was alone in his boat, had row locks, and two good oars; and would, beyond ques-

tion; shortly have won the race, had not the Indian bolted. His keen eye soon perceived that the other boat neared him fast, in spite of all his efforts, and that he must soon be caught if he continued on the water. He found a small creek, on the west side of the river, run his boat into it, and trusted to the swiftness of his feet, and the dense forest of trees, to elude his pursuit.—The father followed on, but after trying the forest awhile, he found it was now a losing race to him.—He lost sight of the fugitives; but as he found no difficulty in tracing their foot steps in the frost, and in the occasional patches of snow, he resolutely pushed forward.

The pursuit had continued for some hours—the day was far spent—the father was an elderly man, and somewhat infirm—he became weary, and began to falter. There seemed to be no prospect of his overtaking the Indian, or of rescuing his daughter; but as he could not think of returning without her, he still continued on, even against hope.

At this critical juncture of severe trial, and deep despondency, the welcome form of a youthful hunter met his eye. He was on his return home, from a short excursion in the woods. To him he unfolded his tale of woe, and the vigorous youth fired at the outrage committed by a son of the forest, upon the peace & dignity of a daughter of civilized life started off with zeal in the pursuit. Night had already commenced its reign; but the moon wheeled its broad disk in the sky, and shone almost as bright as day. He could follow the trail without much difficulty; and a few hours of active pursuit, brought him in sight of them. The Indian kept a good look out, and was aware of his approach; but was artful enough to make the young lady his shield of defence. He made her walk between him and the hunter, so that he could not fire without endangering her life. The hunter followed on at a distance for some time; but the vigilance of the Indian thwarted every attempt to attack him.

At length the young hunter, determined at all events to secure the young lady, hit upon an expedient which proved successful. He lingered behind, as though he had become fatigued, and let the Indian pass on out of sight. He then took a sweep round the line of their march, as fast as he could, came out a head on their route, concealed himself behind a tree, and shot the Indian through the head as he passed along. They were then in what is now the town of Madbury: but they had travelled a long distance, as the Indian took a circuitous route in order to elude the pursuers.

Thus the young lady was rescued, and relieved at once, from her tedious flight, and from her fearful apprehensions of a life of wretchedness and woe, among the natives of the forest, and thus, the rash and passionate Indian, rightfully paid the forfeit of his life,