

planted whole chapters of the good old missionary's labours into his own volume, and this is our only reason for noticing it. The compiler's other assistants are a Doctor Jarvis, of New York, who has furnished him with a paper, half essay, half sermon, both bad of their kind, on the religion of the Indians; and a Mr. Peter Duponceau, of Philadelphia, who has added a dissertation on the languages of the tribes, so profound and abstruse, that we are reduced to confess our utter inability to comprehend any part of it.

The personal narrative of Hunter extends from his earliest recollections to his assumption of the habits of civilized life—a period of sixteen or seventeen years; for he conjectures that when he left the Indians, in 1816, he must have been about twenty years of age. His story is of course given wholly from memory, a circumstance of which he is careful to remind the reader; and he acknowledges that, as his acquaintance with the English language is yet imperfect, he has been assisted by a friend 'with interrogations respecting some of the subject matter, and the revision and arrangement of the manuscript.' There is, however, nothing suspicious in the composition of the narrative, and it wears no appearance of having passed through the hands of a professed book-maker. The style is that of a man unaccustomed to write: not altogether free from embarrassments and vulgarisms; but it is simple and precise, and in the story of his own adventures, warm, animated, and natural.

The first gleams of imperfect recollections of this child of white parentage, who was destined to become thoroughly naturalized among the Indians, are associated with his capture in infancy by a party of Kickapoos. Of this event he can give no definite account; but from frequently reflecting on the subject with intense interest, he declares that he has at times nearly established 'a conviction in his mind, of perfect remembrance.'

'There are moments,' he says, 'when I see the rush of the Indians, hear their war-whoops and terrific yells, and witness the massacre of my parents and connections, the pillage of their property, and the incendiary destruction of their dwellings. But the first incident that made an actual and prominent impression on me, happened while the party were somewhere encamped, no doubt shortly after my capture; it was as follows:—The little girl whom I before mentioned, beginning to cry, was immediately dispatched with the blow of a tomahawk from one of the warriors: the circumstance terrified me very much, more particularly as it was followed with very menacing motions of the same instrument, directed to me, and then pointed to the slaughtered infant, by the same warrior, which I then interpreted to signify, that if I cried he would serve me in the same manner. From this period till the apprehension of personal danger had subsided, I recollect many of the occurrences which took place.'

Hunter's