

Indian woman prepared some herbs, and applied them to my feet. This gave me great relief, but still she continued to take no notice of any signs I made to her. The next morning I found I had received so much benefit from the application of the herbs, that for the first half of the day I walked on pretty well, and was a little in advance, when, hearing the chief speak in an angry tone behind me, I turned round, and, to my horror, saw him raise his tomahawk, and strike down the poor Indian woman. I could not refrain from hastening to her; but I had just time to perceive that her skull was cloven, and that she was, as I imagined, dead, when I was dragged away and forced to continue my journey. You may imagine how my blood curdled at this scene, and how great were now my apprehensions for myself. Why I had been carried away I knew not, for I was as ignorant as you were of Percival being alive, and of the Young Otter having been detained at the fort. My idea was, when the chief struck down the Indian woman, that it was to get rid of her, and that I was to replace her. This idea was almost madness, but still I had hope, and I prayed as I walked along to that God who sees the most secret act, and hears the most silent prayer of the heart, and I felt an assurance while praying that I should be rescued. I knew that my absence would be immediately discovered, and that there were those who would risk their lives to rescue me, if I was still in existence; and I therefore used all my efforts to walk on as fast as I could, and not irritate the Indians. But that night I had no one to dress my feet, which were bleeding and very much swelled, and I was very wretched when I lay down alone. I could not drive from my thoughts the poor Indian woman weltering in her blood, and murdered for ne