

4th of July, with great spirit and animation. I had the honour on the occasion to be presented to my distant relative, the late Governor Bloomfield, who was highly gratified by a brief recital of my captivity, including several notices of Indian customs and manners. The next day, the love of privacy, which I desired to cultivate, was terminated, or rather invaded, by a notice which Governor Bloomfield inserted in Kollock's "New-Jersey Journal," in which the public were informed that "on the 3d instant, there had arrived at this place, by way of Detroit, Niagara, and New-York, the only son of Colonel Oliver Spencer, late a captive among the Indians, with whom he remained about eight months, acquiring considerable knowledge of their language and general habits." In addition to these particulars, something, if I correctly remember, was said in allusion to my look and behaviour, both of which, it was alleged were of decidedly Indian cast.

There are, I believe, persons to be found in every part of the world, and in modern as well as ancient time, whose restless curiosity ever prompts them to inquire for something new. That the good town of Elizabeth had its due share of these mercurial folk, is therefore not at all wonderful. I had, as a new and rather nondescript arrival, visitors of all sorts, and of every age, from six to sixty. Some of these calls were no doubt founded on real regard for the son of an old friend; but by far the greater part consisted of persons excited solely