

ished from it before reaching home, while the most of us were a long time in recovering. The cold was intense upon the water in open boats, and for three days and nights we had nothing to eat save a mess of horse-beef that we much relished and wished for more. At the mouth of Huron river we were turned loose without sufficient clothing to keep us warm, without money, and nothing to eat save one ration sent to us by General Harrison. He would have done more for us, but it was out of his power. From that point we had to find our way home as best we could through an almost friendless country, traveling a very circuitous route to avoid falling in the hands of Indians, each little party of friends taking a different way, agreeing to assist one another, for there were many sick, and some of the sick had to accompany each party. Our little party homeward bound was composed of Robert Simpson, Daniel Carter, George Sherwin and Joseph Franklin. On account of my sickness we had to travel very slowly; in fact, all of us were unable to stand much fatigue. I was so weak much of the time that it was impossible for me to get up, but when lifted upon my feet could manage to walk for several hours by occasionally leaning against something to rest, living much of the time upon slippery elm bark, and begging our way as we slowly advanced towards the Ohio river. We were sometimes refused anything to eat, but as we neared the river we fared better and the sick got occasional chances to ride. Meeting a chance to ride a led horse belonging to a gentleman who was coming several miles in the direction of the river put me so far in advance of my friends that they never overhauled me again before

reaching home. After this I found other opportunities of getting short rides which soon brought me to the banks of the river opposite Maysville then called Limestone. Here a gentleman let me stay all night and finding an opportunity of crossing to the opposite bank early next morning, I met with a strange coincidence, for just as I landed upon the Kentucky shore, I saw my father standing near the water's edge, and looking intently up the stream at a boat descending. He had just arrived and something persuaded him that I was near, perhaps in the boat. So intent was his gaze that he did not see me until I spoke. We were astonished at the strange meeting, both having arrived upon the spot almost simultaneously. I soon arrived home amid the welcoming of many friends, and in much improved health, but so lean that all declared that I had grown at least two inches taller. The girls treated me to cakes and strawberries, the young men introduced me to their sweethearts, and the old gave me much praise, so I got along swimmingly for a few months, when serious notions of returning upon the war path disturbed my dreams for a few weeks. Finding my services were not needed I joyfully gave up the idea, went resolutely to work, and with God's aid have succeeded in making a good provision for my family, and I trust peace with my Maker.

Fellow-soldiers, reiterating with most fervent prayer my greatest desire that God's choicest blessings may descend upon each of you, I bid you a most affectionate good-bye. We may meet again upon earth, but probably our next meeting will be "beyond the river resting in the shade." Good-bye.

THOMAS CHRISTIAN.