

The next news came in was that of the loss of Outawan, a fort situated on the Washash, a little below the present town of La Fayette. Gladwin received a letter from his commanding officer Lieutenant Jenkins, informing him that on the first of June, he and some of his men had been made prisoners by stratagem, on which the rest of the garrison surrendered. The Indians, however apologized for their conduct declaring they acted contrary to their own inclinations and were compelled by the surrounding tribes to take up the hatchet. Their subsequent conduct proved the truth of their assertions, and in this case the English were indebted to the Canadians. M. M. Maisongville and Lorraine for the forbearance with which they were treated.

Close upon these tidings came the news that Fort Miami was taken. This post standing on Maumee River was commanded by Ensign Holmes, who suspected the intentions of the Indians, and was therefore on his guard. On the 27th May, a young Indian girl who lived with him, came to tell him that a squaw lay dangerously ill in a wigwam near the fort, and urged him to come to her relief; Holmes having confidence in the girl followed her out of the Fort. At the edge of a meadow, hidden from view by an intervening spur of wood-land, stood a great number of Indian wigwams. His treacherous conduct pointed out that in which the sick woman lay; he approached without suspicion, but as he drew near, the guns flashed from behind the hut, and stretched him lifeless on the grass. The shots were heard at the fort, and the sergeant went out to know the reason of the firing. He was immediately seized amid exulting yells and whoopings; the soldiers climbed upon the palisades to look out, when Godefroy, a Canadian, together with two other white men made his appearance and advised them to surrender. The men being without a leader soon threw open the gates and gave themselves up as prisoners.

Rumors of the loss of Presqu' Isle reached Detroit on the 20th June, and two days after, the war whoop which told of scalps and prisoners was heard by the garrison. Indians were seen passing in large numbers along the opposite bank of the river, leading several English prisoners who proved to be Ensign Christie the commanding officer and surviving soldiers of the garrison.

If courage and good conduct could have saved Presqu' Isle, it would never have been captured. Some of the most desperate fighting which this war had witnessed took place before it. The fort stood near the site of the present town of Erie on the south shore of the Lake, which bears the same name. At one of its angles was a large block house two stories in height solidly built of massive timber, the upper story projecting over the lower, so as to enable the defenders to fire through apertures in the flooring on any one assailing the walls of the lower story. The roof was covered with shingles but was protected from being set on fire by an arrangement on the top, which permitted water to be poured over it. It stood on a projecting point of land between the Lake and a small brook which entered it at nearly right angles, but had been so placed, that the steep bank of the brook afforded cover for assailants within forty yards, while the bank of the lake afforded similar facilities in another face.

At dawn, on the 15th June, the garrison were aware of the enemy's presence, and at

sunrise, saw themselves surrounded by two hundred Indians chiefly from Detroit. At the first alarm they abandoned the fort and posted themselves in the block house. The Indians crowding themselves in great numbers under cover of rising ground, kept up a severe and rattling fire, not only sending their bullets in every loop hole and crevice but shot fire arms and threw balls of burning pitch against the walls. The building was several times on fire, but the flames were as often extinguished. The Indians now rolled logs to the top of the ridges and constructed strong breastworks, and some of them tried to make a lodgement in the ditch, but were all killed or wounded.

Behind the breastworks they endeavored to undermine the block house by regular approaches, but the besieged had a little leisure to reflect on this peril, for the water was expended and none within reach. They instantly commenced to dig a well in the block house, and although it was set on fire several times during this tedious operation, the daring individuals always averted the danger, and the well was completed during the night.

The enemy had pushed their approaches as far as the house of the commanding officer, which stood close to the block-house, and immediately set it on fire, but though nearly stifled with the heat the gallant soldiers refused to be conquered by this calamity, passing up water from below they kept the block-house free from fire till the other building became a heap of ashes.

The firing on both sides continued throughout the day and did not cease till midnight, at that hour a voice in French hailed the garrison, warning them that farther resistance was useless, that preparations were made for setting the block-house on fire above and below at once. Christie demanded if there were any among them who spoke English, upon which a man in the dress of an Indian came out from behind the breast-work. He was a soldier who having been made prisoner early in the French war had lived amongst the savages ever since, and now espoused their cause fighting with them against his own countrymen. He said if they yielded their lives would be spared, but if they fought longer they would be burnt alive. Christie resolved to hold out as long as a shadow of hope remained, answered they must wait till morning, to this they assented and ceased firing. When morning came Christie sent two of the soldiers as if to treat, but in reality to learn the truth of what they saw respecting their preparation to burn the block-house. On reaching the breast-work the soldiers made a signal by which his worst fears were confirmed—in pursuance of his orders they demanded that two of the principal chiefs should meet Christie midway between the breastwork and block-house. The chiefs appeared accordingly and Christie yielded up the fortress he had so bravely defended, stipulating for the lives of the garrison and that they should be permitted to retire to the nearest post. In spite of the capitulation they were surrounded and seized and having been detained for some time in the neighborhood were sent as prisoners to Detroit, where Christie soon after made his escape and gained the fort in safety.

The neighboring posts of Le Boeuf and Venango shared the fate of Presqu' Isle, while at the forks of the Ohio and Monangahela a host of Delaware and Shawnee warriors were gathering around Fort Pitt (du Quesne) ill prepared to stand a siege, while havoc and desolation reigned along the frontier.

## CLARA PEMBERTON;

OR, EUROPEAN LIFE IN INDIA.

*A Chapter from a new work about to be published by E. W. Forrest, Esq., late of H. M. Indian Army.*

*(Continued from our last.)*

"I say Fortiscue, why the deuce do your people not put a stop to this abominable nuisance," called out my friend Morton, as he passed me, at a smart canter, as I entered the fine road, that led from the native town, across the Esplanade of the Fort and the Appollo Bunder. The abomination alluded to was the long lines of Byrraggees or professional beggars, who regularly every evening took up their position on either side of the road in question, to await the arrival of the rich Baronet Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, whose daily custom it was to ride slowly along, distributing with a bountiful hand to these miserable impostors pice (copper coin). This, certainly was a nuisance, but not more so than many other customs of the rich natives. For instance, if a Banayan wished to entertain his poorer caste men with a dinner, the side of the street near his residence was swept clean, and his friends, in two lines, to the number of several thousand, would seat themselves, or most generally squat on their hunkers in double rows, each having before him a charge plate or mat, made of leaves sewn together. The cooks then came round, and filled each man's plate again and again, until the appetite was appeased. They then rose and departed. No knife, fork or spoon were used. The fingers of the right hand sufficed. For all these, be it remembered, took place in the open street in view of every passer-by, and to European ideas this disgusting exhibition was anything but agreeable. The government, no doubt, had their own reasons for allowing these things to be carried on; and I was not authorized to interfere with them.

It was a beautiful evening, the sun had lost its power, and the Esplanade looked fresh and green. Hundreds of natives of all castes and occupations, were passing and repassing from the Fort, to the several bunders or their homes in the native town. The spires of the churches and the tops of the lofty government buildings in the Fortress, rose above its embattled walls, and stood out in bold relief against the serene and unclouded sky. On one part of the green some regiments of native infantry were going through their evolutions, to the no small amusement of some groups of seamen, belonging either to the Indian Navy or Merchant Marine, who were ashore on liberty for a few hours. The splendid band of the garrison were enlivening the scene with some excellent of the European