journey. Guided by marked trees, we travi elled cautiously through the gloomy forest, where now the well till'd farms occupy each rod of ground; from Ashuelot to Charlestown the passage was opposed, now by "the hill of difficulty," and now by the slough despond. A few solitary inhabitants, who appeared the representatives of wretchedness, were scatter-

ed on the way.

When I approached the town of Charles. town, the first object that met my eyes was a party of Indians holding a war dance; a cask. of rum which the inhabitants had suffered them to partake of, had raised their spirits to all the horrid yells, and feats of distortion which characterize the nation. I was chilled at the sight, and passed tremblingly by. At this time Charlestown contained nine or ten families, who lived in huts not far distant from The Indians were numerous, each other. and associated in a friendly manner with the whites. It was the most northerly settlement on Connecticut River, and the adjacent country was terribly wild. A sawmill was erected, and the first boards were sawed while I was there: the inhabitants commemorated the event with a dance, which took place on the new boards. In those days there was such a mixture on the frontiers, of savages and settlers; without established laws to govern them, that the state of society cannot be easily described,

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