

savage made a blow, missed, but severed the cord that bound the infant to his back, and it fell. The contest over the child now became warm and fierce and was carried on with knives only. The robust and athletic Morgan at length got the ascendancy; both were badly cut and bled freely, but the stabs of the white man were better and deeper, and the savage soon fell to the earth in death. Morgan hastily took up his child and hurried off.

The Indians in the house, busily engaged in drinking and plundering, were not apprised of the contest in the yard until the one that had been knocked down gave signs of returning life, and called them to the scene of action.—Morgan was discovered, immediately pursued, and a dog put upon his trail. Operated upon by all the feelings of a husband and a father, he moved with all the speed of a hunted stag, and soon outstripped the Indians, but the dog kept in close pursuit. Finding it impossible to outrun or elude the cunning animal, trained to hunts of this kind, he halted and waited until it came within a few yards of him, fired, and brought him down. In a short time he reached the house of his brother, who resided near Bryant's Station, at Lexington, where he left the child, and the two brothers set out for the dwelling.—As they approached, light broke upon his view—his steps quickened, his fears increased, and the most agonizing apprehensions crowded upon his mind.—Emerging from the canebrake, he beheld his house in flames, and almost burnt to the ground. "My wife?" he exclaimed, as he pressed one hand to his forehead, and grasped the fence with the other, to support his tottering frame. He gazed on the ruin and desolation before him, advanced a few paces and fell exhausted to the earth.

Morning came, the luminary of heaven arose, and still found him seated near the almost expiring embers. In his right hand he held a small stick, with which he was tracing the name of

"Eliza" on the ground, and his left hand lay on his favorite dog, that lay by his side, looking first on the ruins, and then on his master, with evident signs of grief. Morgan arose. The two brothers now made search and found some bones burnt to ashes, which they carefully gathered, and silently consigned to the mother earth, beneath the wide spread branches of a venerable oak, consecrated by the purest and holiest recollections.

Several days after this, Morgan was engaged in a desperate battle at the lower Blue Licks. The Indians came off victors, and the surviving whites returned across the Licking pursued by the enemy for a distance of six and thirty miles.

James Morgan was among the last who crossed the river, and was in the rear until the hill was descended. As he beheld the Indians reappear on the ridge, he felt and saw his wrongs, and recollected the lovely object of his affections. He urged his horse and pressed to the front. While in the act of leaping from his saddle, he received a rifle ball in his thigh and fell; an Indian sprang upon him, seized him by the hair, and applied the scalping knife.—At this moment Morgan cast up his eyes and recognized the handkerchief that bound the head of the savage, and which he knew to be his wife's. This added renewed strength to his body, and increased his activity of fury. He quickly threw his left arm around the Indian, and with a death-like grasp hugged him to his bosom, plunged his knife to his side, and he expired in his arms. Releasing himself from the savage, Morgan crawled under a small oak, on an elevated piece of ground, a short distance from him. The scene of action shifted, and he remained undiscovered and unscalped, an anxious spectator of the battle.

It was now midnight. The svago band had, after taking all the scalps they could find, left the battle ground. Morgan was seated at the foot of the