

leave my employment; relinquish all those objects of enterprise, peculiar to the juvenile age, and forced to enter the ranks of a savage band, and travel into an enemy's country. Thus were all my expectations cut off. My hopes were blasted, and my youthful prospects darkened! "I was not in safety, neither had I rest, neither was I quiet; yet trouble came. O that my grief were thoroughly weighed, and my calamity laid in the balances together."

When I survey my mis'ries o'er,
The recollection wounds my heart;
When all my steps were trac'd in gore,
And I was doom'd to feel the smart.

When sore oppress'd by wicked hands,
Annoy'd with hunger, rack'd with pain,
My limbs confin'd with iron bands,
To die, I well might count my gain.

When filthy vermin broke my rest,
And fed upon my languid frame;
What pains were felt within my breast!
But men were deaf to pity's claim.

When I was buried in the deep,
And waters o'er my head did roll,
My hope was strong that Christ would keep,
And kindly save my guilty soul.

Notwithstanding that inhumanity and cruelty which characterized the conduct of the savages, yet, I think that the barbarous treatment we received from the impious commanders of