

shoot the first Indian that should enter my house against my will!" this, however, so far from intimidating them in the least, seemed to have a contrary effect, inasmuch as that they continued to knock at my door with increased violence, and at the same time to repeat their assurances that they meant me no harm, and had come for no other purpose than to restore to me my child, whose liberation they had, agreeable to my views, providentially effected!—as this was spoken in a tone peculiar only to those of the savage tribe who are *pacifically* disposed, I began to think more favourably of them, and that what they had represented to me to be the fact, might even so prove—and, to guard myself well against the possibility of deception, I told them that nothing but hearing the *voice* of my daughter would satisfy me that they were friends, and my daughter was once more at liberty, and then, one of their number.—Immediately upon which my poor child, (with a voice as loud as her enfeebled health would admit of) declared to me that "it was all positively true, and begged that I would open the door as soon as possible, that she might enjoy the privilege of beholding the faces of her dear parents once more!"—it was my daughter's voice! yes, I could not be deceived!—it was enough! and required no savage assistance now to force back the bolts, or to remove the bars of my doors, with which I had taken the precaution to secure them—no, it was done by myself alone, and in an instant, as if by magic—and at the next, my long lost child was in my arms, when the mingled emotions of joy and grief produced thereby, prevented any other utterance, on the part of either, than the exclamation "my father!" "my child!"—while the savages who accompanied her, stood during the affecting moment, apparently motionless, and grinning, as it were, a ghastly smile!—I had indeed, to my inexpressible joy, recovered my beloved daughter, but, alas, she appeared but the *shadow* of what she once was; and too evident was it by her weak and emaciated appearance, that the three months that she had been in the power of the merciless savages, that she had suffered every thing but death itself, as her tale of woe afterward confirmed! Early the morning ensuing the savages (through whose instrumentality I had been enabled to recover my child,) becoming impatient to return, I paid them their promised reward, in hard money, and they departed, apparently