

Castle, the capital of the Seneca nation, near the site of the present town of Geneva. Here it terminated. "The whole region," says the author of *The Women of the American Revolution*, "was then an unbroken wilderness, with here and there an Indian settlement, and the journey was performed by Mrs. Campbell on foot with her baby in her arms. Her other children were separated from her on the way, being given to Indians of different tribes, on her arrival at the village her infant also—the last link that visibly bound her to home and family and civilization—was taken from her. This, to the mother's heart, was the severest trial, and she often spoke of it in after years as the most cruel of all sufferings. The helpless babe clung to her when torn away by savage hands, and she could hear its piercing cries till they were lost in the distance.

A fierce and dreary winter followed, and in the long gloomy nights when sleep brooded over the children of the forest, and the chilly blast of the North swept through the leafless trees, the lonely captive sat in her wigwam communing with her own thoughts, thinking of her lost husband and children, of her father and her friends, knowing not whether they were dead or alive, yet always trusting in the mercies of her Saviour, and hoping for the best. At times, as she afterward observed when restored to home and family, her mind reverted back to the days and scenes of her childhood, and she, in fancy, would conjure up before her the green fields and meadows where in infancy she played, the thatched school-house which she attended, and the brown mountains which bounded her Irish home. The Giant's Causeway, with all its weird and mysterious pillars, was present in her imagination, and she could fancy the breaking of the angry surf against its rocky sides. Thus dreaming of home and friends, the tedious winter passed away.

Jane was placed in an Indian family; composed of females with the exception of one aged man. With the tact which always distinguished her she made herself useful and agreeable to the Indian maidens and soon secured their confidence. One day an Indian visited her,

and observing the cap she wore, said he had one like it and would give it to her. He invited her to his cabin, and pulled from behind a beam a cap of a smoky color and handed it to her, saying that he had taken it from a woman in Cherry Valley. It had a cut in the crown made by a tomahawk, and was spotted with blood. She recognized it as having belonged to the unfortunate Jane Wells. She shrank with horror from the murderer of her friend.

In the meantime Col. Campbell was making every exertion in his power to recover his wife and children from the Senecas. He sent messengers to all the tribes to ascertain their fate, and negotiate measures for the release of those who might still be alive. He proposed an exchange of Mrs. Campbell and children for the wife and sons of Col. John Butler, the noted partisan leader, which was agreed upon by Governor Clinton and General Schuyler. Early in the Spring Col. Campbell dispatched an Indian messenger to Col. Butler at Niagara. With some difficulty the exchange was agreed upon, for Mrs. Campbell had so endeared herself to the savages that they were loath to part with her. At length in June 1779, an Indian came to her cabin and told her she was free. She was sent to Fort Niagara, where many persons took refuge, preparations being made for an expected attack by General Sullivan. Among them came Katrine Montour, or Queen Hester, as she was called by the savages, a fury who had figured in the horrors of Wyoming. This bloodthirsty female had murdered with her own hand more than a dozen patriot prisoners, captured in the battle. One of her sons having taken prisoner Captain Cannon in the fight of Cherry Valley and brought him to the Indian country, it may be conceived what were the feelings of his daughter Jane on hearing her reproach the savages for not having killed him at once, and to avoid the incumbrance of an old and feeble man,

For one year Mrs. Campbell remained at the fort with her children, all except one, who was still a captive among the Indians. Through the instrumentality of Butler they had been restored to her. In the Summer of 1780, she received the first letter from her husband sent by