

wife and child, and I being left the only remaining member of my once happy family, I thus early felt a disposition and perfect willingness to retire from the world, and the society of my fellow-creatures, sure as I was, that from that moment I should find little or no comfort in either—I sought a purchaser for my farm then under a good state of cultivation, and disposed of it for the considerable sum of \$1200, paid me in silver and gold, which not then having an immediate use for, I deposited it for safe keeping with a friend—and then shouldering my gun and knapsack (the latter well filled with ammunition) and with no other living companion than my faithful dog, I bent my course to this part of the country, then but very thinly settled, but the woods I found abounding with wild game of almost every kind—and here (thought I) is the place to which providence has directed and marked out for me, as I can here, in the midst of this lonely forest, dwell in peace and quietness, undisturbed by the society of my fellow beings; yes, here in solitude I could indulge in melancholy, and enjoy too that quiet repose which the busy world are so much strangers to—and on this spot I nearly fifty years ago laid the foundation of the log cabin which has ever since been my abiding place.

At the time of my first settlement here, the land was as you may suppose in quite a wild and uncultivated state, there not being at that period any other white inhabitant settled nearer to me (as I could learn) than at the distance of twenty or thirty miles—and it is improbable that at that time the land hereabouts was claimed as the rightful property of any one individual; and I have thought as I have frequently been told by my nearest neighbours, that it justly belongs to me by possession—but in a few years the whites began to make encroachments, and have so continued to do ever since, so that at this time I have neighbours in almost every direction within half a mile of me, and this I find quite too near for my comfort, for I can truly say that since the melancholy moment in which I was bereaved of my family, I have never so well enjoyed life as when I lived at so great a distance from them that it was rare that I beheld the face of a white man oftener than once in three or four months—there were at one time about fifty Indians situated within a few miles of me, who as they informed me were