

log that covered her. Colonel Campbell was absent from home at the time but the father of Mrs. Campbell, who was in her house, attempted almost single-handed to oppose the advance of the savage enemy, and notwithstanding that resistance was madness the brave Irishman refused to yield till he was wounded and overpowered. Imagination alone can depict the terror and anguish of the mother trembling for her children in the midst of this scene of strife and carnage, the shrieks of slaughtered victims and the yells of their savage foes. They were dragged away as prisoners by the triumphant Indians, and the house was soon in flames. The husband and father, who had hastened homeward on the alarm of a cannon fired at the fort, arrived only to witness the destruction of his property, and was unable to learn what became of his wife and children.

Leaving behind them a scene of desolation, the enemy departed that night with their prisoners, of whom there were between thirty and forty. That night of wretchedness was passed in a valley a few miles from the fort. A large fire was kindled, around which they were collected with no shelter, not even, in most cases, an outer garment to protect them from the storm. There might be seen the old and infirm, and the middle aged of both sexes, and "shivering childhood, houseless but for a mother's arms, couchless but for a mother's breast." Around them on every side gleamed the watch-fires of the savages, who were engaged in examining and distributing their plunder. Along upon the valley they caught occasional glimpses of the ruins of their dwellings as some sudden gust of wind or falling timbers awoke into new life the decaying flame. What were the thoughts of the poor Irish captives when they awoke next morning to a sense of their painful and hopeless situations, we can hardly venture to describe. In an agony of feeling they knelt upon the ground, and in silence, with uplifted hands, implored the mercy of their God which they dared not expect from man. No word faltered from their tongues, their faces were turned to heaven, but, that that flashed from them showed that their spirits were still unconquered, and

as Christians they were not afraid to die. Jane Campbell clasped her sleeping infant tighter to her breast, and whispering a few words of hope to her aged mother by her side, resigned herself to her fate. But she was not destined then to die. The position which her husband held in the "rebel" ranks, and the eminent services which he had rendered the cause of independence, made him to be peculiarly obnoxious to the enemy. The Indians well knew that Jane had constantly aided her father and husband in their efforts against the English Government, and had been of great service to the friends of liberty in Cherry Valley. Both were marked for vengeance, and hence Jane and her children were considered as important captives. While other women and children were released in a day or two, after being ransomed by their friends, no such mercy was extended to the Campbell's. The Indians after a long consultation, approached Jane, and told her that she and her children must accompany them to the land of the Senecas. Her mother, the aged and infirm wife of Captain Cannon, felt conscious that she never would be able to perform the journey. Jane endeavoured to tranquilize her mind and sustain her spirit, though she herself felt little hope. On the second day of their journey, her mother became fatigued, and while Jane was endeavoring to aid her faltering steps and encouraging her to exert her utmost strength, an Indian approached and struck her down with his tomahawk. Her murdered parent fell by her side, and the same Indian with his bloody weapon threatened the life of poor Jane if she for one moment stopped or relaxed her speed. Without being allowed to close her dying mother's eyes, or receive her last sigh, she was hurried onward by her foes. She carried in her arms an infant eighteen months old, and for the sake of her helpless little ones dragged on her weary steps in spite of her failing strength, until the evening shadows covered the forest and the savages rested for the night. The journey was a long, arduous and melancholy one. The captives were taken down the valley of the Susquehanna to its junction with the Tioga, and thence into the western part of New York, to the Indian