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THE  
FORT STANWIX CAPTIVE,  
OR  
NEW ENGLAND VOLUNTEER,  
BEING THE  
EXTRAORDINARY LIFE AND ADVENTURES  
OF  
ISAAC HUBBELL  
AMONG THE INDIANS OF CANADA AND THE WEST, IN  
THE WAR OF THE REVOLUTION,  
AND THE  
STORY OF HIS MARRIAGE WITH THE INDIAN PRINCESS,  
NOW FIRST PUBLISHED,  
FROM THE LIPS OF THE HERO HIMSELF.

The herb at Boston, called the East-India Tea,  
Was scarcely tumbled in the Yankee sea,  
When the blood of Hubbell and of millions more  
Went up like angry waves where oceans roar,  
And raged along its course, and burnt amain,  
Made hot by insults and a threatened chain.  
Away, away ! the spreading cry was loud,  
To meet in fight the cruel and the proud.

BY JOSIAH PRIEST,  
Author of several Works, Pamphlets, &c.

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For an explanation of the above engraving see page 35.



# LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF ISAAC HUBBELL,

*Among the Northern and Western Indians, his Marriage with an  
Aboriginal Princess, &c.*

'Tis wonderful to read—'tis also right,  
The story of such men, in fearful light;

How the brave heart and arm, could turn aside  
Beneath the smile of God—the gory tide.

The war-worn hero of the following narrative, who was living at the time these pages were penned, was born at Weston, Fairfield Co. Conn., of respectable parents of the farmer class of society. At the time when the people of Boston, on account of the *tea tax*, and other grievances imposed upon the Americans by the British Parliament, Hubbell was an apprentice at a trade in the town of Fairfield, state aforesaid.

But the bold act of the Bostonians, in throwing a ship load of tea into the ocean, performed by a band of men, disguised as Indians, roused in a moment the slumbering fires of the bosoms of all true patriots, throughout the entire country, and produced the great resolve that America should be free. Among the thousands of young men, and as many boys, Hubbell, though but an apprentice, counted *one* as a volunteer from Fairfield, under Capt. Dennon, of General Worcester's Brigade, who were to march immediately for Boston, in support of what was called by the English and the tories, the rebellion.

The brigade hastened to Hartford, which was the route to Boston, but instead of marching to the east, they were sent south, where, after performing some service, were ordered again to Hartford. At this city, Hubbell enlisted as a regular soldier, with many others, and were ordered northward, crossing the country to Albany, a distance of a hundred miles, then sustaining far more of the wilderness character than at the present time. From Albany they pressed on as far as Ticonderoga, on Lake Champlain, which was another hundred miles, into a country still more wild, and from thence to St. Johns, on the west of the lake above named, not far from the place now known as Plattsburgh.

At this place or near it they were united with General Montgomery, of honorable memory, when they immediately set about the capture of this post, then occupied by the British. It was not an easy matter to take the place by storm, wherefore Montgomery resorted to stratagem, and this was to cut off all supplies, by constantly patrolling the forests, in all directions, by night and day. During this operation, there was much bloody adventure on both sides, between white men and Indians, as there were Indians as well with the British as with the Americans.

At a certain time, there had been sent out a party of some thirty men to scour the woods northward, as from that direction supplies of food by the means of the Indians, were attempted to be thrown into St. Johns, for the support of the troops within.

They had pursued their route in a silent manner, up a small stream that falls into the Saranac, when at a certain point, as the sign which was before agreed on had been given to halt for the purpose of listening, there was heard

the hoot of an owl, a considerable distance off, as it seemed. This, to the ear of a white man, was an occurrence of no moment, as the woods in the place were of the gloomiest and most sombre description, an owl might hoot, therefore, though it was not yet night.

But to an Indian ear, however, there was in that hoot a something which did not exactly meet the ideas of the natives then with the party, who were acute judges of the true sounds of that bird's powers of music. In a few minutes another hoot was heard, but in quite a different direction and seemingly farther off. "This is curious," remarked a white man, "so many owls before night." An Indian, standing close by Hubbell, looking at him, said, after giving a short, deep, guttural grunt, "*ugh!* no owl—no good, Indian yonder," pointing with his hand in the direction where the last hoot was heard. "Indian make sign, me look for him," when he darted off, but not the way the sound last made was heard, the other Indians following in the same trail, eight in number, several remaining with the white men. They had been gone but a quarter of an hour or so, when quite beyond, and farther off than where the owl had hooted for the last time, there was heard rising on the air, the terrific yell of the Indian war cry, several shots following immediately. "Down, quick!" said the Indians, "he come this way; 'merican Indian got 'yond British Indian, he come this way." They had scarcely dropped down among the bushes, in the place, when the sound of a rushing was heard, coming swiftly towards the place where they were hid, evidently aiming to gain the summit of a hill, not far behind the white men, where it was likely they meant to make a stand.

But this was a fatal course, for the moment they came in sight, there fell of their number some eight or ten Indians, and several white men, as afterwards ascertained. This unexpected ambush, which had sprung up, as it were, out of the very earth, had the effect to bring the enemy to a momentary stand, at which time they let fly as many bullets as there were guns in their possession, towards the place from whence they had received the fire; but as every man was behind a tree there was no harm done by the shot, except the slaying of the bark off the trees, and the whistle of the bullets. But before they could reload, the yell of the friendly Indians on their track, was heard behind them, and at the same moment another shot, which brought down several more of the enemy, who now, though but few in number, made another struggle to reach the hill, by filing off in another direction, not yet having seen the ambush which had proved so fatal to them.

At this juncture the ten Indians came up in a great heat, when the whole party pursued on the trail, spreading out as they did so, accord-

ing to the Indian mode of fighting in the woods. But there were no shots of the enemy heard in any direction; on which account it was concluded that they had either scattered and were fleeing each for his own safety, or that they were hid in ambush. The former appeared to be true, as after having very cautiously proceeded on toward the hill, but seeing nothing, losing even their trail, they were sure they had separated and fled.

The party now formed in Indian file, and as it was near dark struck off in a lateral direction from what the enemy appeared to have gone, for the purpose of camping down for the night. They found, after going a mile or so, a place suitable, where they came to a stand, held a council of war, arranged their order for the night, and then proceeded to build a small fire, so situated between and beside some rocks that the light could not be seen two rods in any direction.

Here they cooked their supper, but all in perfect silence; then camped down and slept till morning, all except four sentinels, who were relieved every two hours, by four others.

When their breakfast was over, they repaired to the spot where the skirmish had taken place, to see what had been done. Here they found a dozen or so of Indians and whites, lying dead on the ground, the exact number Hubbell, as he was old, could not remember, but reckoned there was as many as a dozen at least. They stripped them of their clothes, took their guns, hatchets, knives and all that was worth saving, and left their bodies in the brush to feed the wolves.

This party, it appeared, were on their way to St. Johns, who had discovered the Americans, and occasioned the hootings we have spoken of, as a signal given by their outrunners, to warn the main body of their danger. But the friendly Indians getting in their rear, drove them as we have related.

The company now set off for their camp, not having lost as yet a man. But as it happened, Hubbell did not start exactly when the rest did; feeling a desire to moralize over the dreadful fate of several white men who lay there, never to be buried, and withal to see if there might not be among them some one that he had known as a tory—but this he did not discover. A minute or so had been spent in this way, when, as he was moving off, there was something whistled by his head, slightly brushing his cheek, when lo, there quivered a long Indian arrow in a tree just before him. He sprang behind the tree, and peaking carefully out in the direction the arrow had come from, he soon discovered a large Indian high up amid the thick boughs of a bushy hemlock, with his rifle laying on the boughs, tied fast to a limb, to keep it from falling. (See plate.)

His intention was to have killed the lingering white man, by an arrow shot, which made no report, and had aimed at the back of his neck, as he was turning to go away. His rifle he dare not use, as the report would instantly bring the whole party upon him, or Hubbell would have slept his final sleep there with the

rest. After the arrow had flown, and had missed the mark, the Indian's only safety lay in his remaining silent and still, hoping, no doubt, that the white man might take to his heels, from fright, or might not be able to see him among the boughs of the tree. But so it did not turn out; for Hubbell continued to peak about among the tops of the trees until he found his enemy, when a shot was heard to ring loud and long on the still air, the poor Indian tumbling like a wounded panther from his airy grapplings in the tree, dead, to the ground. The report of Hubbell's gun brought the whole company back to the fatal spot very quickly, where they found him busy in disrobing the fallen Indian, and bundling up his rifle, (which he had to climb for,) and other warlike accoutrements, as his own proper effects, taken in battle.

The Indian, no doubt, had lost a relative in the affray, who lay there on the ground; and as he knew well enough the Americans would return to strip them, as soon as it was light, he had posted himself there in the tree, to act as he might think proper, and if possible, to be revenged on some of them for the death of his friend.

Many were the affrays of this description, which happened to the scouting parties, while they were investing St. Johns, which was forty days, before they capitulated. In this place, the whole detachment suffered much, on account of the badness of the place where they were obliged to locate the camp—it being on a low, swampy piece of ground—so that in a short time it became a complete quagmire, from the constant trampling of their feet. From this circumstance, it was ever after referred to as the *muddy* encampment.

The number of men who were taken at this place, by their being starved out, was about seven hundred, who were sent to Hartford, prisoners of war, while Montgomery took possession of the enemy's fort. This was a fortunate circumstance for the Americans, as the fort furnished them with comfortable lodgings, and a shelter from the heavy rains, as well as escape from the mud of their own encampment, where they had to sleep often nearly buried alive in water, as they would find on awaking in the morning.

After this, the taking of St. Johns, until the capture of Montreal, Hubbell was sent out with others, on various service, but always of the most dangerous character—and chiefly performed in the dreadful woods of the Black river country; and is such even at the present time. This great and fearful wilderness, was a vast range of wild and unsettled country, equal in extent to a hundred miles square—the home of wolves, bears, panthers, elk, deer, and moose—a broken, mountainous, rocky region, clothed with a profusion of the heaviest timber, consisting much of pine, hemlock, and spruce, tamarack, balsam, laurel, and brambles; full of streams of water, deep ravines, swamps, and small lakes.

But on these very accounts, and also, because it lay adjacent to Canada, along the St.





To the left is seen the Indian in the top of tree in the act of aiming to kill a man with an arrow, and on the right, the shaft of that arrow is seen in a tree near the head of the white man aimed at. See page 28.

Lawrence, opposite Kingston, in the Upper Province, west of Lake Champlain, running along down quite to Montreal—it was extremely convenient for the British Indians, and the tribes unfriendly to the Americans, to hide in, and to flee to, when they had made any incursions on the back settlements of New York, and along the Mohawk river, which bounded that wilderness on the south.

In this great woods, many were the prisoners who have been tortured to death by fire and mutilation, far away from the succor or sympathies of friends, where they have screamed out the last cry of pain, on the ears of un pitying men and the heedless winds. It was in this hideous country of almost boundless forest, that Hubbell and his soldier comrades were often sent, to watch for the Indians, to see if there could be found any signs of their hands having passed towards our settlements; and if so, then to intercept, and if possible, to destroy them.

At a certain time, there was about fifty men left the fort, on a scout of this description, taking food with them sufficient to sustain them a week or so. After two days travel in a due west course, as silently as possible, they had penetrated the wilderness as far as to one of the head water streams of the Hudson, and lighting on a place, a level plot of ground, on a hill of considerable height, where was a thick growth of dead grass, as it was then in the month of October, offered them a beautiful location to encamp for the night, as it was now nearly sundown.

The closing of this day, as Hubbell could still remember, was of the sweetest description, the sun went down in his majesty, rolling an ocean of the fiery waves of light upon the upper heavens, then shooting from their bosom athwart the saddening disk of the vault above, as the twilight was coming on, the broad but vivid beams of his yellow rays, flung deep and full through all the mountains—changing as by the power of magic, the green foliage of the pine and the hemlock trees for a brief moment, to as many branches and leaves of molten gold, then faded gradually away to the hue of burnished copper, along the whole western range of the lower horizon, ending soon in the darkness of night.

At the finishing of this majestic phenomenon, the song of the woods began. There was heard the gruff whoop of the owl, the lonesome voice of the *saw-whet*, the curious *poo* of the night-hawk, soaring high in the air—the keen, lively, and yet saddening whistle of a thousand whippoorwills, filling the woods with the cry of their three syllabled song—*whippoor-will*, *whippoor-will*. There was the hum of countless bugs and flies, buzzing through the air, on errands of love and war; and the voices of many an unknown creature, whose little dwellings were amid the leaves, the dried grass, and the bark of the trees. There was the howl of many wolves, just awakening from their day sleep, eager for the evening meal, to be taken from the sides of the fallen deer or elk, which were very numerous in these

woods. When they had selected a spot, they took their supper—set the watch, and retired to sleep—each on his arms, with their packs for their pillows, there on the soft grass of the mountain, with no covering but the sky and their blankets.

They had laid thus but a little while, and scarcely began the dream of sleep, when the sentinels descried in a certain direction, not more than a mile or two from them, the fitful flashes of a wood fire; but whether kindled by friends or foes, Indians or white men, they could not tell. But in order to ascertain this, the captain, whose name was *Comstock*, took the spy-glass, as they had brought one with them, and clambered up the body of a thick limbed hemlock growing on the brow of the hill, high enough to get a fair view of the characters of their neighbors.

When he had rested the instrument across a limb of the tree, and got the right direction, he soon discovered that there was a small party of Indians, a dozen or so, who were then in the very act of burning a human being to death; but whether an Indian or a white man, he could not tell at so great a distance.

The whole encampment had risen on the instant the discovery of the fire was first made, and were eagerly questioning their captain in the tree, what he could make out. As soon as they knew what was going on, they fancied they could hear very distinctly both the yells of the Indians, and the cries of the victim.

This sight set their blood in motion, and many were the bitter execrations that passed their gritted teeth, in low mutterings, as they were getting under marching orders for the rescue of the victim, and the destruction of the Indians.

The location of the scene of torture, as it appeared from the top of the tree, was in a gorge of an opposite mountain, a place inspiring dread to the prisoner, as well as affording security to the tormentors. The men were soon under way, in single file, passing on as rapidly and as silently as they could, dreading even the breaking of a dry stick, lest they should be heard. The direction they had to go, led them across an uneven sort of glade, rather swampy in places, which made it difficult; but by means of the noise the Indians made, they had no trouble in keeping the direction, although it was very dark.

It was not long ere they came close to the scene of action. Here they made a halt, holding a council of war in whispers, as they were on the point of having a struggle with a cruel enemy; and how many there might be, they knew not, as the few they saw about the fire was no evidence that there was not many more nearby. Here they concluded to divide their number equally, there being twenty-five men to each party, and to ascend both sides of the gorge at the same time, as the Indians were on a little flat between.

It was agreed on, that not a gun should be fired until the signal, which was to be a sharp whistle the captain was to give, should be made, and responded to by the leader of



the other party—then each man was to let off directly into their midst, taking aim as well as they could. They now separated, passing on up the respective ridges of the gulf, creeping softly, slow, and in silence—all the while the cries of the sufferer were ringing in their ears, as well as the taunting yells of the Indians. By this they knew that the victim was a white man, as an Indian would not cry out so—his education being of a sterner kind than to give way to grief, when dying by inches. The very flesh of the white men, and hair of their heads seemed in motion, at the thought of what was going on within a few rods of them.

But they soon came to a stand, exactly opposite, and above them, not more than six rods off, either way—so that they could see every Indian engaged in the tragedy. Here was a monstrous fire, near which there sat a number of Indians, carelessly smoking their pipes, while there hung to a large stake, the naked body of a man, whose hands were tied, as far above his head as his arms could reach, who was then in the last agonies of death, and had ceased to make any further cries.

It now appeared that there was another stake driven, and that preparations were making for another sacrifice, as there was laying a heap of dry brush and bark near by. This was soon made more evident, as three of the Indians went to a place, which was not in the light of their fire, but back in the shade. Here they stooped down and lifted to his feet the naked body of a man, but alive, and strongly pinioned, both hands and feet. The fastening of his feet they cut away, but left his hands as they were, and led him to the stake. There was no complaint, or sounds of words, which escaped his lips, but once, and these were, "*Oh God!*" as they tied his feet to the stake, and unfastened his hands—carrying them above his head, where they were made fast.

This done, the officiating Indians fell back, when the others arose, who had been smoking their pipes, springing to their feet, as quick as a flash, at the signal of one Indian, who sat apart from all the rest—a chief, no doubt—around whom they were formed in a circle—who gave to each Indian, as it appeared, a drink of liquor from a wooden noggen, (a small one gallon keg.) This manoeuvre brought them very much in a body, and accordingly was the moment of attack, although the man at the stake was in imminent danger; but this was the time for action.

The captain, as was expected, gave the signal: the whistle was heard, and responded to from the opposite side, which rung along the gulf like the hiss of a serpent. In an instant the head of every Indian was thrown in the attitude to listen; but the next instant they were all in eternity—for a full volley of fifty rifles poured each two smooth bullets into their midst. And, so far as having any identity on earth, they were annihilated, as there was not one left alive—being generally completely rid-dled through and through.

The victors now rushed down the declivities from both sides, with the view of dispatching

any who might yet be alive; but all were dead, or in the last agonies of that great change. In a moment the victim was cut down, and the cords taken off, which, from tightness were buried in the flesh; but he was entirely in a state of helplessness, as he had swooned, from the pain occasioned by the pressure of the cords, the want of food, and the terror of being burned alive. But as the cords were removed, and some water thrown on his face, the blood beginning to circulate, he came too, and was able to sit up—as there was given him a little rum and water, which very much and very rapidly invigorated him—carrying into practice what the Scriptures have said on a subject like this, and that is, that men should give *strong drink* to them who are ready to perish.

They immediately gave him some bread soaked in water, and a little soup made from steeping a piece of dried beef in a tin cup, which each man carried to drink from—so that by morning, after a sound sleep, he was able to walk quite well, and went with the party to St. Johns.

In writing the story, we enquired of the aged veteran, this man's name—but he had forgotten it—and yet he thought it was something like Conrod, Conover, Konkey, or something like that; but he could not certainly tell. They now looked among the stuff of the Indians, and soon found not only the clothes of the rescued victim, but also those of the one which was dead. They also found considerable clothing, both male and female, as well as children's, which they had plundered along the Mohawk, as the rescued man informed them; but worse than all, there were several scalps of human beings, the owners of which they had murdered—for which they expected to get eight dollars, a price rather higher than a good beaver skin would fetch when they got to Canada.

The victors now gathered a quantity of dry brush and wood, stripped the dead Indians of their clothes, drew them together in a heap, and built a vast fire over them, where they were consumed to ashes before the sun rose the next morning. They took down what remained of the body of the man they had burnt, and buried him there close under the side of the hill, far enough from the little brook which ran along there, to prevent his being washed out in high water, in the time of hard rains.

The party now returned to the fort, feeling that they had performed a good service, and happy that none of their number were missing.

Hubbell, together with all the troops at the place, were now ordered to proceed to the capture of Montreal, which in a short time was effected.

The next step was to invest Quebec. By this time Montgomery had been killed, and was succeeded by Gen. Arnold, who at that time was not a traitor, as he afterwards unfortunately became. It was in the winter that the troops went down the St. Lawrence from Montreal, effected partly on the ice, and partly by land.

In the attempt upon Quebec, Arnold was wounded in the foot or leg, and as Hubbell was near him at the time, he ran for the surgeon of the army to dress the wound, which soon got well. Here the troops remained till spring, when Burgoyne came on with a mighty force, giving the Americans then in Canada the choice of being captured, or of making good their escape; who made choice of the latter as being greatly the least evil. The Americans made good their escape, by hastening on up the river, then across the country to Lake Champlain, arriving at Ticonderoga safe and sound; and from thence almost immediately went to Fort George, on Lake George, in New York.

At this place Hubbell remained during the summer and the coming winter, being in many skirmishes, in various scouting parties, with the Indians, as well as with the outposts of the advancing army of Burgoyne. He was in a battle with a division of the British army at Fort Edward, in which he was in great danger of being killed, as there fell of his comrades in arms all around him, whose very brains bespattered his clothes; yet he was not hurt. But at this very time, when Burgoyne was advancing, flush with the hope of opening his way from Canada to New-York, making Albany in his imagination a midway rendezvous, Hubbell, with a company of volunteers, were sent with great speed to assist Gen. Herkimer, who had just been much cut to pieces near Fort Stanwix, (now the village of Rome, in New York) by a strong British force.

This was supposed to be a dangerous service, on which account it was left to the soldiers to volunteer, or not to go at all, and Hubbell was one of these. Away they went through the wilderness, and arrived at Fort Stanwix soon enough to rally and gather the scattered forces of Herkimer, and to overtake the victorious British, who, fleeing before the recruited Americans, left all their baggage and plunder to the owners, while the Yankees drove them down to Lake Ontario, having taken all their cannon, with every munition of war, the English escaping naked, and barely with their lives, without making the least resistance. It was an entire and complete flight.

On achieving this feat of war, they were ordered instantly back to the North River, to assist in checking the progress of Burgoyne, who was still pressing his way towards Albany, as they were informed by their Indian runners. Hubbell with the rest had gone on their way as far as to the city of Schenectady, where the news was received that Burgoyne was taken.

This was a joyful event. All was clamor and haste to go to Albany, to witness the spectacle of the fallen and disarmed foe, and to luxuriate in the common joy of so great a victory, in favor of American independence.

It was an imposing, as well as an affecting sight, to see that mighty host, a whole British army, who nothing doubting a few days before, but they could march through the entire country, compelling submission wherever they set a foot; but now in deep humility, without arms, except a few of the officers, slowly

moving through the city, with folded arms and eyes cast to the ground, thus brought down by the God of battles, who nerved the arms and the hearts of the brave Americans in the fight of Saratoga, was indeed an affecting spectacle. There was no tongue which moved in derision of the vast host of discomfited *red coats*, which strongly marked the forbearance of the magnanimous conquerors. But had Providence ordained that Burgoyne should have triumphed, he would have rioted in the victory, bestowing every degrading and insulting epithet, such as rebels, villains, damned Yankees, and so on, upon the Americans, marching the captured soldiery to the tune of Yankee Doodle or the Rogue's March from Saratoga to New York, there to be imprisoned, and probably starved to death or poisoned in their drink, as was the fact with thousands who fell into their hands on Long Island.

This spectacle over, Hubbell with the company to which he belonged, with all the regular troops of the north, were ordered south, passing down the Hudson by water, to unite with Washington in the struggle with the enemy in New Jersey. Hubbell was in nearly every battle in that quarter of the country. But in the great and decisive fight of Monmouth, his duty became rather a singular as well as a dangerous one. It was his fortune to be placed as a *bait* to the enemy, by which, in the policy of Washington, they were lured on to the battle, which otherwise they would have avoided.

The armies were posted very near each other—not above a mile or so—but on account of the form of the ground were not in each other's sight. Washington was eager for the battle, as he well knew that he should never have a stronger force, nor a better chance for victory. He therefore said on the eve of the conflict, as it has been rumored, that if that battle should be lost, *all* was lost.

But as the British showed no signs of coming on, Washington selected Hubbell, as he knew him to be one of those fear-naught kind of men, having a share of ready wit, as well as great activity of limbs, and enquired of him if he was willing to tempt the British to fight. He said he was, if the General would show him how. Then, my dear fellow soldier, said Washington, jump into that wagon, with the two empty hogsheads, and drive rapidly towards the enemy, as if you are going to desert to them; but as soon as you come in sight of their outposts on the road, turn as quick as possible, and flee. Fear not, Hubbell, said the General, as already a battalion under Col. Butler are posted in ambush behind the fences and brushwood of the fields, in such a place on both sides of the road, and have been there since some time before day light.

Away went Hubbell on the adventure, which was one of imminent danger, as there could be but small doubt of his being killed or taken prisoner; either of these events affording but little for the imagination to dwell happily upon. He had gone but a little way—a half a mile or so—beyond where the ambush lay, when he found himself within sight of a heavy detach-



ment of horse, who, the moment they saw the wagoner, spurred on quickly to know who and what he was, having no doubt but that the man either desired to come to them or had made a fatal mistake; either way the wagoner must be a prize. But the moment Hubbell saw them he turned the horses as quick as he could, and put on the lash for life. Here now was a race, one wagoner chased by a whole troop of British light-horse: By the time the officers of the squad had come nearly up with Hubbell, they hallooed to know if he wished to join the British; he answered, no. Stop, then, you damned rebel, or we shall fire upon you. Fire if you will, replied Hubbell, but it is God who will direct the shot. But whether they fired or not Hubbell said he never knew, as at that instant the ambush rose from their hiding place, and the whole troop nearly to a man were rolling, horse and rider, in the dust of the road.

Hubbell never stopped, but made the best of his way on the back track, till he came near the old meeting house in Monmouth, where he was immediately placed in care of two hogs-heads of rum in another wagon, with four horses harnessed thereto, with orders to refresh the men in case of a battle, as they should have opportunity to reach the wagon, or to flee with it in case of danger of being taken. But Hubbell was no man for fleeing, if he could help it.

But no sooner had the loud crash of arms which annihilated the troop, struck on the ear of the van of the British army, than it pushed on to the rescue, as there could be no doubt there was a skirmish taking place, from the tremendous report of small arms heard in the direction the wagoner had fled, and of Washington's rebel camp. In a few minutes, therefore, the troops of Butler fired their hands full, who let in upon the advancing enemy's solid columns, cutting down whole winnows of them. By this time the patriot army were hastening to meet the advancing foe, as Washington, by means of his out runners, o'er field and brake, knew that the whole forces of the enemy were beginning to move upon him, all drawn out by the means of an old wagon.

Thus the fight was fairly begun, as Washington had desired, and early in the morning too—a good beginning for a good day's work. It was but a little while now when both powers were in a univereal struggle for victory, with man to man, horse to horse, cannon to cannon, sword to sword, bayonet to bayonet, skill opposed to skill, stratagem to stratagem, with courage, daring and death every where. During that long day's fight, if the British were not actually cut to pieces and taken en masse, they were compelled to retreat, fleeing to Long Island, leaving the ground to God, to Washington, the lovers of liberty, and the eagle of victory.

It was during this battle, when the British General Henry Clinton, who had stationed himself under a certain sand bank, out of the reach of danger, to give orders and to direct the battle, that he came near being killed in his hiding place. By some means the eagle eye of Washington had found out this position of

the British General, when he ordered a large *bomb mortar* to be instantly placed in *such a position*, which he elevated with his *own hand*. Fire, said Washington, when away went the messenger of death, like a comet, boding war and ruin to the nations, falling nearly on the very head of Clinton, who by springing off on one side and falling flat to the ground while the terrible thing should explode, which it did, tearing out a deep hole in the sand and filling the air with chain shot and bullets—thus making his escape. Ah, said Clinton, I must remove from this, for depend on't the hand of the *old tobacco planter* has been at work here.

During this day's fight, it was the fortune of Hubbell to have no harder service than to deal out rum from the wagon, as the men by accident came near where he was posted, all red and foaming with heat, like so many mowers striving for the mastery, and did as much good in this way as if he had been in the battle with a gun, saving many a man from being melted, as the day was extremely hot, it being in the heat of summer. Washington was not alone, that day, for there was *Van Schaick, Butler, Lee*, and *Old Put*, as he was sometimes called, with many other hearts of gold, all brave sons of liberty.

It was a fearful sight, said Hubbell to the writer, to see so many human beings in deadly conflict, to hear the roar of thunder from the cannon's mouth, which sounds much sharper and more *spiteful* when fired with a *ball*, than with mere powder, to witness the crash of whole battalions of small arms let off at once, streaking the smokey air with a long line of red light, like the sudden twinkle of lightning, on the edges of the tempest cloud, mingled ever and anon with the strong claps of heaven's artillery, higher up on the black vault above. It was fearful, while to the heart there was added unconquerable vigor, to hear the rough whiz of the passing bullet, both of cannon and small guns, to see the dash of those powerful ministers of carnage, the cannon shot, as they ploughed the earth wherever they struck; to witness the fierce but short struggle between man and man, armed with the bayonet, as well as all the circumstances of horrid war, amid smoke, the dust of the field, and the stifled cries and groans of the wounded. It was piteous to see the innocent horse astray in the battle without a rider, dripping with blood from many a horrid gash, hamstringed and struggling onward in the fight. Such were the sights of the battle of Monmouth, witnessed by Hubbell from the top of his wagon.

The day following, Hubbell was selected as one of a party of three hundred horse under Colonel Butler, to accompany him to the White Plains, with the view of cutting off a certain band of *red coats*, who it was ascertained were about to go in that direction, out from the city of New York, then in the possession of the British, to plunder, to reward and encourage the Tories and the *cow boys*. They passed through New Jersey by the way of Patterson, coming out on the North river at a place called *Nyack* on the west side of the Hudson, opposite *Tarry-*

town, in the neighborhood of Tappan Bay. Here they crossed over, and immediately made for the woods and high grounds back of Tarrytown. Here he lay hid six days, doing nothing, except keeping a sharp look out. But on the seventh day, as Butler himself had ridden out before daylight on the road toward New York, he ascertained from an eminence by the sense of hearing, that a party of light horse were rapidly nearing him, which he doubted not were the company expected from below.

In a moment the gallant Colonel was on the back track, to inform his men of the certain approach of a large force, as it appeared to him, on horseback, and an immediate attempt must be made to ascertain their character, and if enemies to kill them. It was pretty certain now, said Hubbell to the writer, that we were about to have a skirmish, a thing we were all longing for, having been inactive a whole week, hid in the woods.

Let every man see that his gun is right, the flint in order, and that the girths are tight, said Colonel Butler, and to horse every man. At this moment there came running a farmer, living not far off, who was a Yankee whig, saying in breathless haste, that at least a hundred British troop with twice that number of infantry, were close upon them on the road, as they had passed his house, and that he had cut across lots to let them know it.

Here Butler discovered that they were probably twice as strong as he was, and that of necessity he must either resort to stratagem, be captured, or run away. Choosing, however, the former, as he desired much to get a hack at the lordly enemy, who had come out to plunder the country, as well as to give countenance and courage to the Tories and cowboys, who abounded along the Westchester country.

The plan of Butler, as projected on the spur of the moment, was if possible, to get in between the infantry and the horse, and thus do the job for the former if he could; then to turn upon the latter. In order to produce this effect he ordered about twenty of his number to make instantly for the road ahead of them, and the moment they were discovered by the enemy to put spur to their horses and flee, which would doubtless tempt the British light horse to follow hard after them, which would separate them from the infantry, while with the residue Butler intended to bolt in between them, and thus by getting them into confusion, be able to bring them down.

Away went the little detachment, while Butler took measures to drop in between, when the opportunity should offer. He had barely taken a position in a thick wood, which was considerably ahead on the road of the twenty who were sent as a lure, when on came the thunder of a hundred horsemen, in full pursuit of the flying squad, having got a mile or more ahead of the infantry.

This was the moment to strike, when he rushed upon them from both sides of the way—the flying twenty turning at the same time, when they found themselves surrounded, by a number not exceeding their own. Of this fact it is

not likely the troop were apprised, or they might not have surrendered so readily as they did, the only resistance that was made being that of but *one man*. This one man, it appeared, was determined to break through the American phalanx, but found it too hard a task. Even after he had an arm broke he continued to fight, and actually so wounded a man that his jaw fell down upon his bosom, a horrid sight to look upon. This conduct being so very singular, seeing his comrades had given up, and were being disarmed and dismounted, and still continuing to slash and cut on every hand, struggling to make his escape; Butler found it necessary to have him shot, as he would not give up.

Hubbell being near was ordered to fire, but as there was no charge in his carbine he could not obey. The Colonel then said to a man by the name of Potter, shoot him. Potter took the requisite aim, touched the trigger, but the piece missed fire. He then ordered a third man to let him have it, as he still persisted in trying to break through and escape. This man's shot took effect, and tumbled the poor Hessian from his horse, dead in the road. It was found out in a few minutes that the whole troop were Hessians. Hubbell was now ordered to dismount and take the dead man's arms, but not his clothes, which order he obeyed, being happy that it was not himself who had killed the seemingly heroic man.

FEAR, however, after all, may have been the reason of that man's singular behavior, for the British had told the Hessians that the Americans were cannibals, and devoured all persons taken prisoners. On this very account as it was supposed, there were several, who on seeing the fate of the troop, fled toward the river, (the Hudson,) and being closely pursued, actually plunged in and were drowned, rather than to be eat alive.

All this was done in less time than it has taken to write the above trait. As it respects the infantry, as soon as they knew what had taken place, they turned and fled, nothing doubting but the Americans were in much greater force than they really were, seeing they had done up the job so readily for the Hessian troop.

Soon after this adventure, and Hubbell had again united with his company, who were called the *Flying Rangers*, they were again sent northward, passing through Albany destined for *Fort Stanwix*, where, as we have already related, he had assisted to recover General Herkimer's defeat, and to drive the British out of that region.

At this time there was at Onondaga, a tribe of Indians called *Onondagas*, who were enemies to the Americans, and were powerful auxiliaries to the English. Situated as they were, in the very neighborhood of the back settlements of the state of New York, from whence they, with the Mohawks, the Senecas, the Caughnawagas from Canada, and others who were under the direction of *Brant*, the educated Indian, made dreadful havoc among the back settlements at that period.

The Onondagas had a castle, or rather a



town, at the place now called *Salina*, and is the great salt *mart* of the west. To destroy this place, called Onondaga Castle, was of considerable importance, as from this point, it was an easy matter for the Onondagas to form a war party, and in the course of two days to reach some unprotected back settlement. Orders, therefore, at a certain time were issued by General Van Schaick of Albany, who then had the command of all the western troops, that three hundred men, out of the force then at Fort Stanwix, should proceed to Onondaga, rout and destroy these Indians if possible. Among the three hundred troops thus drawn out was Hubbell and the Flying Rangers.

The distance from Fort Stanwix to the place of destination, Onondaga Castle, was about fifty miles. It was in the morning of the day, in one of the winter months, that all was ready for the expedition, each man with his haversack, his gun, powder, balls, tomahawk and knife. Although there was a fearlessness of action, and an evident eagerness of these men thus destined to the adventure, yet they were solemn, as no man could know that *himself* should ever return alive, for the Indians to be attacked were a watchful, as well as a ferocious enemy. They left the fort with the good wishes, and even with the prayers of those left to protect the place, which they did not hesitate to utter aloud, calling on the Divine being to give them success and a safe return.

During the day they came within some twenty miles of the place of destination, although the snow was of considerable depth, camping down in a thick clump of low hemlocks, growing at the bottom of a deep ravine, as soon as it was dark. During the next day's operation, which was carried forward with much greater caution, as they were nearing the neighborhood of the Onondagas, and therefore much slower, they had by the time they camped down the second night, not more than two miles or so to proceed before the fate of one or other of the hostile powers would be known, whether of victory or defeat.

This night, as the night before, they selected a thicket in a deep and hidden position, toward which as they had approached, there was seen no tracks of Indians in the snow, on which account they felt the more secure. Their plan was to reach the town before day light in the morning, and thus if possible to surprise the Indians in their sleep. Accordingly, by three o'clock they were up from their bed of hemlock boughs, had taken their breakfast, and were under way. During this night, it snowed furiously, on which account it was difficult for them to get but slowly along, as it was very dark, there being at the time no moon, except in the fore part of the evening. But this circumstance, the snow storm, greatly aided their design, as at such a time the Indians would be less on their guard, and probably without any guard at all. It was some time before daylight, when they came within the immediate neighborhood of Onondaga Castle, separated therefrom by Onondaga creek. This creek they were compelled to wade, which was about

three rods over. To perform this duty was rather a dismal job, as the water came nearly up to the chins of the shortest of the men, rendering it very difficult to preserve their arms from the water, and besides this the stream was full of what is commonly called *sposh* or floating snow, causing the water to be as cold as ice itself.

When this was accomplished and the water had dripped a little from their clothes, they hastened forward, amid the tempest and the darkness of the night, one behind the other, a kind of military order of pure Indian origin and practice, determining to breakfast not till they had destroyed the Indians, or should be placed in that condition where food could do them no good. So silent was their approach to the place of expected conflict, that not a dog was roused, till they had entered the circle of the town and began to set fire to the wigwams, log houses and huts. But the moment this work began, that moment the dogs pealed forth a cry, which in the next instant roused the whole Indian multitude, men women and children, who as they rushed out from their burning houses or huts, yelled dreadfully, the warriors with the war cry, the women with fright, and the children in the natural way, so that the dogs, Indians, women, children, and the voices of three hundred white men, with the roar of the fire, and the angry crash of flames, made altogether a dreadful uproar there, amidst the tempest and the morning twilight.

The savages, on seeing such a host of men in arms, and that escape was impossible, gave themselves immediately up without the least resistance, except in one case. This exception took place while Hubbell was tying the hands of a person who had surrendered to him, and was occasioned by the interference of an old Indian rushing to the rescue of the conquered victim, who was probably his son. The native was determined, and had lifted the tomahawk to give the fatal blow, when the eye of Hubbell saw the motion, and with his gun arrested the descending arm, so that the hatchet was knocked far into the air, and at the same moment the bayonet opened a passage to the heart of the courageous aboriginal.

On the part of the whites there was not a man lost, as the Indians made no resistance, who were all, squaws and poppooses together, taken to Fort Stanwix, and from thence were sent to Albany, prisoners of war. Thus ended the power of the *Onondagas*, a fierce tribe of the aborigines, who acted in concert with the cruel Mohawks, Senecas, and Caughnawagas, under the direction of the British in Canada, against the Americans, in the war of the Revolution, headed chiefly by the educated and full blooded native *Brant*, who in the *Indian* tongue was called *Ti-ha-du-naga*, with the meaning of which we are not acquainted.

After the capture and ruin of Onondaga Castle, Hubbell still remained at Fort Stanwix, going out with scouting parties, keeping a lookout for the British and the Indians of Canada, stationed about Fort Niagara, from whence

they were continually swarming and marauding along the western and northern parts of New York, then a universal wilderness. On one of these dangerous enterprizes, which at the time the incident we are about to relate took place, they were sent out into that region of the wilderness, north of Fort Stanwix, about the head waters of Black river, which empties into Lake Ontario at the place now called Sacket's Harbor, but then a perfect wild. It was in the time of Summer, the woods and the earth being covered with verdure, rendered the wilderness both to the rays of the sun and the sight of the eye, nearly impervious. On this account an enemy could the more securely resort to these almost interminable forests, which during that war were not overlooked; a condition of things in the mind of an Indian, of the utmost importance, as their spirits delight in the ambush, and to fall suddenly upon an enemy while wending their way in some tangled woods, or are resting in the security of unsuspecting sleep.

On this occasion, the captain of the party, after a fatiguing day's march, had found a place, as the sun was but an hour high, or thereabouts, so formed by nature as afforded a place of encampment for the night, of the most secure description. On one hand there ran along a very high range of perpendicular rocks, bold and smooth, with but little forest trees growing on the heights. On the other hand there was a swamp of considerable magnitude, seeming to range along on a parallel with the ledge, giving rise to a brook, which no doubt ran into the Black River. Between the rocks and the swale there was a strip of ground so elevated as to render it dry and comfortable, a fit position for the encampment.

There were of the men about forty in number, all brave and keen-eyed riflemen, fearing nothing, yet ever on the look out for the enemy. But during that day's march they had seen neither the persons nor the trail of Indians, yet they slackened not the accustomed security of setting a watch, who were placed both above and below the place selected to sleep, as well as on the side of the swamp. Here against the rocks they now kindled a fire, where they cooked their supper, and ate it as the twilight was deepening into darkness through the wilderness, having on their minds no apprehension of danger, as during the day they had seen nothing to move or excite suspicion.

Nevertheless, at that very moment the wily Indians were on the trail of the white man, and had been for several hours, who, being unwilling to attack the pale faces in open day, lushed in the depths of their ferocious spirits the cravings of blood-thirstiness, till the darkness of the night should afford them a secure opportunity to revel in the spouting gore, and the death cry of the victims. The Indians had even counted the number of the whites, and made out the amount their scalps would fetch at eight dollars apiece in Montreal. He, therefore, who could take the most scalps during the night, would get the most money, as well as the most honor from their associate murder-

ers, the *cruel* English, which we cannot forbear to call them.

The Indians had sent forward on the trail of the Americans, as the night was setting in, a savage warrior, to note the place where they had halted for the night, which he did from the top of the ledge, at the base of which the party had lain down to rest. This Indian now hastened back, informing the leader that the prey was ready, and in a position to be taken without the semblance of danger to themselves. But Providence had not willed that the Indians should carry their design into execution, as by the ministration of a mere pebble-stone warning was given to the sleepers below. This was done by the means of the Indian spy. While busy in looking over the ledge to see the exact position of the whites, his foot having, as he rose from a recumbent position, displaced a small round stone, which rolled down the ledge and was heard in its descent by the sentinel who stood nearest the rocks.

No sooner did the sentinel discover this (for the stone fell just at his feet) than he picked it up, which he found to be about the size of a partridge's egg. On holding the pebble to the light of the waning fire, he discovered that one side of it had been embedded in the ground, and that the other side was weather colored. This circumstance aroused the fears of the sentinel, leading him to suppose that there was some animal overhead, possibly a panther, or it might be that an Indian was on their trail.

This occurrence was instantly communicated to the sentinels, who did not hesitate a moment to arouse the whole company, and to relate the occurrence. The opinion was, that the falling of a mere pebble from the top of the ledge could not be a very alarming affair, and yet there could be no danger should they refrain awhile from the sweetness of sleep and rest, and see what might further happen to prove the presence of living beings in the woods, as neither Indians nor panthers were very acceptable neighbors.

If there were Indians, they were determined not to be out-generalled, and accordingly each man took his pack, his gun and all, and retired into the wood: in the edge of the swamp, which was thick and dense, and but a few rods from the place of their fire, which had now died entirely away, except the buried embers. Each man, as the captain had directed, but only in whispers, betook himself to a tree, with his gun loaded, and ready for the adventure, whatever it might turn out to be.

Here planted, like so many statues, they had remained an hour or more, during which time the excitement had gone down, and shame, or rather impatience, began to take its place; but as their captain had ordered that not a man was to move till he should give the token, they still remained silent. But at this juncture of time, to their utmost surprise as well as consternation, while they were gazing at the place of their fire, and feeling strong inclinations to return to their sleep, there was seen the body of an Indian, standing on his knees and stirring the embers of the fire, so that a little light was



Capture of Hubbell and the Mowers, in a meadow. On the left is seen the Indians rushing to the attack. Beneath the trees are seen the mowers and their guard taking refreshments, while far to the right is seen Fort Stanwix, &c.



shed around, far enough to aid him in looking very keenly about, and listening the mean time with a motionless attention; but in a minute or so he disappeared, crawling away on his belly, as he had come. In a short time after this, there were seen two such forms, who also soon disappeared.

From these signs, the party were sure that a game of craft was being played, and that a fray was ahead, renewing, but in a ten fold degree, the first excitement, mingled with alarm enough to keep them awake, and endure them with patience to wait for the captain's signal. From the time of the disappearance of the two Indians, contrary to expectation, there elapsed full two hours before they were again heard from, who, after waiting that length of time, became well assured that the whites had left their sleeping ground, and were gone farther down the brook.

From this conclusion, the Indians, who were about twenty in number, were seen, one after another, emerging from the woods above the place of encampment, gathering along by the fire and stirring it up, so that their persons were easily perceived.

Now was the time for the whites, as the Indians appeared to be inclined to camp down until morning, when they meant to renew their pursuit of the party, and to get some if not all their scalps, as before calculated. At this moment the voice of the captain was heard, who was stationed about in the centre of his line, speaking in a quick sharp voice, "Take aim, fire!"—no long speech. In an instant the blaze of forty rifles formed a streak of light in the rear of the Indians, on the brow of darkness, like some unexpected flash of lightning, when the thoughts are otherwise employed, the report of which rolled back from the face of the rocks far in the darkness, with short and rapid echoes.

Nearly the whole band were cut down on the spot, as the whites could see from their position; yet they moved not till they had reloaded, a precaution of the utmost propriety. On coming to the place, they found them nearly all in the agonies of death, three or four only remaining unhurt, who, being taken so unexpectedly, were in a maze, and instead of flying, called out for *quartee, quartee*, which was granted them.

This was a narrow escape, and managed with skill on both sides. The residue of that night was spent in rejoicing, in stripping the dead of their arms, clothing, &c., where in the morning they were left in their long sleep, beneath the shade of the wilds.

This band of savages were on their way to the Mohawk for scalps, but having discovered the party of white scouters, were hanging on their trail to surprise them, as we have already shown, but fell into their own trap.

It was but a little while after this adventure, that Hubbell, who thus far during the war had been extremely fortunate, was captured by the Indians, and carried off by the Caughnawagas to the wilds of Canada. The occasion was as follows:

Near the place of Fort Stanwix there was a meadow, the grass of which it was desirable to preserve, on which account there was sent out a posse of men to mow it. But as much as possible to protect the mowers, there was posted around them about thirty men, under arms. Now while in this employment, in the middle of the afternoon, just as both the mowers and the guard had come together to refresh themselves beneath a shade there was in the meadow, their guns laying on the ground, there was seen full three hundred Indians, leaping the fence nearest them, with each a rifle in his hand, and the fearful tomahawk and scalping knife bound to the waist by a belt.

As swift as vultures to the prey, the whole three hundred were upon them before they could resume their arms; and even had they done this, their fate would have been the same, as the disparity of numbers was too great, there being about nine Indians to every white man. In a twinkling, the guard, mowers and all, were taken, and their right hands tied behind them with a rope, which also was passed around the waist of each individual, giving off a length of about ten feet, forming a halter, by which they were to be led or driven, like so many horses.

This feat, on the part of Indians, was executed without the least noise, except the sound of their feet as they came running. Not a yell was uttered nor a gun fired, for they dreaded the cannon of Fort Stanwix. Silence and haste, therefore, was the order of the onset. But notwithstanding the silence of the operation, it was seen from the fort, when the cannon's roar was soon heard booming over the wilderness, but not directed towards the Indians, for fear of killing their own men, who were mingled everywhere among the enemy. This was done as a feint, merely to try to frighten them into an abandonment of the prisoners, but without effect, for the Indians knew they would not fire upon them, so as to endanger their own brothers, as they would call them.

In a twinkling they were under way, with four Indians to a man, one on the right hand and another on the left, with one behind, while the fourth had the halter, and took the lead. Thus they were hastened to the woods on a full run, while the tomahawk was flashing in the rays of the sun about their heads, in fair view of the men of the garrison, who were unable to rescue them, as the movements of the Indians were too rapid to be acted upon; and besides, they were soon scattered and lost in the wilderness. Surely this was a brave and daring feat of the Indians.

The direction they took was towards the foot of Lake Ontario, plunging deeper and deeper into the gloomy woods, through which Hubbell had frequently passed before, but not a captive, as now. The Indians fled with great speed, as they feared a pursuit from the fort, on which account, as Hubbell was exerting himself at the end of his halter to keep up with his leader, which was very difficult on account of one of his hands being tied, his master gave him a severe blow with the handle of his hatch-



et on the side of his head, about the region of the ear, which made all ring again, crying out as he did so, "*Waugh! Waugh!*" the meaning of which Hubbell said he did not know.

In this manner they kept on till it began to be toward sundown, when they halted for the night, and made preparations for their supper and a place to sleep. When this was over, they set to cutting with their hatchets as many poles or strong stakes as equaled the number of the prisoners. This operation was watched with considerable emotion by the captives, as they began to fear the cutting of those poles were the awful premonitions of their being burnt at the stake. Of this the Indians took notice, and accordingly used horrid gesticulations & fierce looks, while they shook their tomahawks at them, pointing at the fire and writhing their bodies one way and another, as they would do while being burned alive. But when the stakes were driven, it turned out, that they were intended to be no more than so many posts to fasten the prisoner to during the night. When this was done the Indians camped down in three circles, beginning the first circle near to the posts of the prisoners, and then on the outside of this a second, and a third row, till all were accommodated except the sentinels. By this arrangement it was impossible for any of the prisoners to make their escape, even if they had not been tied.

Thus the first night of their captivity was passed, having been tied to their respective stakes, without the least attention to comfort, or the position of their limbs. By the time light appeared, the Indians were up and cooking their morning meal. But before they set off again they were observed to be in council. What the subject was which occupied their minds, the prisoners could not know, till they saw that two of their number, a couple of aged men, by name GROSS and MUNADA, Germans, their given names Hubbell had forgotten, were untied and led out from among their fellows. As this was done by two strong Indians to one prisoner, there stepped behind them two other Indians, with each a hatchet in their hands, who at the same moment sunk them deep into their grey heads. They had been two of the mowers; they fell at the same instant dead to the ground.

The two hatchet men, almost in a twinkling, circled the heads of the fallen victims with one long and continued gash, but a little above the temples, when with their teeth they rent off their scalps with a yell, sagging back as they did it, as a dog would do, in tearing off the flesh of a dead horse. This was done because it was found that the two prisoners were too old and feeble to keep up with the rest, and was an awful sight to behold; but as the deed was done at one blow of the hatchet, sunk deep into the brains of each, they did not know what had hurt them, passing to a world of spirits without a knowledge of pain.

On the second day at night they came to the lake, when they took to their canoes, which had been hidden there till their return, and on the morning of the third day paddled over to the

Canada shore, in the neighborhood of the *Six Nations*. From this place they went down the St. Lawrence to the location of the *Caughnawagas*, where the journey of the Indians ended.

Here were great rejoicings among the natives, signified by their yells, as soon as they came within hearing of their camp, giving notice of the number of the prisoners taken, by the same amount of the prisoner yell, given off on the listering air by the whole three hundred Indians at once, all distinct and free from confusion. This brought out the great Chief himself, the Sachem of the Caughnawagas, a most majestic personage, being not only an Indian of great size, but was almost covered with wampum and silver broaches. The prisoners now expected to be compelled to run that race of shame and danger, called the *Indian gauntlet*; but for reasons unknown it was omitted, and they were marched directly into the great circle of the Caughnawaga village, of huts and wigwams.

Here they remained one night, tied to stakes and laid flat out on the ground, as they had been every night from the time they were taken, and surrounded by the ever watchful Indians, who slept upon the cords which were tied around the waists of the prisoners and ran along under the bodies of several Indians, so that the least motion of the captives would rouse some one of the guard.

On the next day the whole tribe had a grand *pow-wow* around the prisoners, who consisted of nearly forty men, the warriors taking the lead of the dance. During this terrific performance, all kinds of horrid gestures were put into requisition, such as glaring into the eyes of the prisoners, accompanied with screeches, such as men would make while being tortured by fire and burning embers. The tomahawk was shaken over their heads quite around the whole circle all at once, and appeared as if they were environed round by the fiends of hell let loose in the shapes of all the frightened imagination could conceive of, and armed with red hot knives ready to carve them into mince meat in a moment. Sudden springs and leaps of the Indians over the heads of the prisoners, as they sat tied and flat on the ground, seizing them by the hair of their heads, as if they would scalp them, very much frightened some of the white men. During these antics, all the yells of which the Indian education is master of, and used in time of war, were howled over their heads. The prisoner yell, the scalp yell, the war yell, the battle yell, the hunter's yell, the victor's yell, the fire yell, the ambush yell, and the death or torture yell, which was the most awful of all the rest, being uttered in quick, short screeches, drawn out to a low, dying cadence, but renewed again and again with more violent signs of agony, as would be exhibited by a victim in the midst of being burnt, cut, torn, and mangled all at once.

What the end of all this hubbub would be the prisoners knew not, but they dreaded the worst, as they knew how often some poor wretch was passed through fire and suffering

to eternity, to appease the *manes* of departed warriors, according to Indian lore. When this was over, two Indians to one white man seized them all by the shoulders and jerked them to their feet, with the exclamation *waugh*, uttered short but deep, and were put upon a run, with an Indian at the end of every halter as from the first, and several following behind with yells and the brandished tomahawk. In this manner they were taken to Montreal and given over to the British, prisoners of war.

But Hubbell was not among them; the Indians had detained him, and as he feared in his heart for the worst that he could dread, as he had been guilty as he supposed of a very great indiscretion during the awful pow wow above spoken of. While that terrific pantomime of tragedy was enacting, there was one big headed, bare headed, broad mouthed, short, squat formed Indian, most hideously painted with red, black, and blue, who with a tomahawk in one hand, and a scalping knife in the other, seemed to have singled out Hubbell in particular, to vex and frighten. He at first came close to him, glared him in the face, gave a long protracted yell, and then sprang back as if he would throw his hatchet at his head, making all the requisite motions for such an act. Then he would leap off in some other direction, passing behind the other Indians, and then again he would come at him, with all the antics, grimaces and gesticulations possible to the Indian face, accompanied with yells corresponding. These kind of capers being continued and directed pointedly against Hubbell, roused his anger, so that forgetting himself he attempted to spring to his feet to go at the Indian, but was held back by his rope, which on coming the extent of it twitched him backward so that he fell against his stake, where he sat shaking his fist at the native, and making mouths back again. The Indians all saw this, and thought the white man was mad, when they gave a long, queer kind of a yell, followed with whoops and much laughter, so that the squat or short Indian was soon missing, as he found the white man despised him and the Indians were laughing at him.

For this indiscretion Hubbell feared he was detained to be put to death. But the result showed that far otherwise was to be his fate, as we shall now relate.

There was in the Caughnawaga camp an Indian woman of noble blood, according to Indian estimation, for she was a sister of the great sachem himself. This squaw had lost in the war an only son, on which account she had a right, according to Indian jurisprudence, to make choice of any male prisoner, and adopt him as her own son. By this law, even a prisoner bound to the stake might be rescued, so sacred is this privilege held by the Indians, influenced no doubt by some supposed connection such a choice may have with the destiny of the departed spirit. Among all the prisoners who had been brought to the camp of the Caughnawagas, the bereaved mother had seen none towards whom the feelings of *that* squaw had been moved till she saw *this* Hubbell, and

his dauntless bearing when the grotesque Indian in the pow wow had provoked him.

This determination of hers she had signified to her brother, the great chief, who had ordered the Indians to leave that prisoner with him, pointing to Hubbell. Nature had been generous in the formation of this man, as he was very handsome, had a loud rapid manner of speaking, as well as being of exceeding energetic action, quick tempered, violent and vindictive; all of which qualities the noble squaw had noticed and admired, which, in her estimation was the very counterpart of her departed son, and no doubt influenced her choice of this man.

But of all this Hubbell knew nothing till he saw the woman rushing towards him, with all the eagerness she would have manifested if her own son had just returned to her arms. She took him by the hand and immediately led him to her lodge, caressing and making a world of him as they went along.

It was now made known to Hubbell, by an Indian who could speak English, that he had become the son of the sister of the chief, and that it was the desire of the Indians to know whether it suited him. To this he immediately replied *yes*, when there was a great yell set up among the Indians, who came around him, shaking hands and saying *me brother, me brother*.

In this transaction, Hubbell was peculiarly fortunate. He had passed the *Rubicon* on the right side, and at the right time; for if he had said *no*, instead of *yes*, when he was questioned whether he would be the adopted child of the Indian mother, it would have sealed his death, as it would have become her prerogative as well as her duty, according to Indian divinity, to have had him sacrificed for the sake of her departed son.

Hubbell was now considered as being on an equal footing with the Indians, and partook in all their sports, their dances, hunting parties, &c., although as yet he could understand but few of their words, except by an interpreter. In their hunting parties, they soon found that Hubbell was equal to their best shots with the rifle, and could as easily bring down a deer at a great distance as any of themselves.

In their dances and other *peculiar* customs, such as giving the various yells, he was rather awkward, making much sport for the Indians. But this did not discourage him, for no matter what was going on among them in the line of recreation, Hubbell would have a hand in it. In this way he gained rapidly the good will, of not only the Indians, but of the squaws also; and besides, he had a strong desire to become expert in their customs, and to remain with them for life, as by it he foresaw, from the position he was likely to occupy among them, that he could acquire riches.

Hubbell had been with the Indians about a month, when on a certain day, among other recreations such as Indians delight in, they made a foot race, in which many an Indian, under the eye of the chief, and the great warriors of the nation, strove for the victory over



each other. Now when all who pretended to any speed had taken their turn, there was one Indian who outran all the rest, and was therefore considered the chief of the runners. When this was done, and the sports were coming to a close, nothing would do but the white man must run with the Indians. Accordingly he put on a pair of moccasins, tightened his belt, and tied a handkerchief round his head, ready for the race, as it would not do for him to decline, or he would have been called a coward.

The Indians had no doubt but their poorest runners could easily outrun the white man; but in this they were much mistaken, as Hubbell knew not his fellow among the ranks of his regiment, in the foot race, prior to his being carried to Canada.

That their brother; the white Indian, was to try his speed in the race, was soon whispered about among the lodges—so that the squaws, with whom Hubbell was beginning to be a favorite, came out to see the sport. Even the wife of the chief, and his three most beautiful daughters, and the mother of the newly made Indian, could not refrain to gratify their curiosity.

Hubbell had narrowly watched and estimated the strength, speed and wind, of every runner on the ground, so that he knew the utmost any of them could do, even the one who had beat them all. His confidence, therefore, in his own prowess, furnished him with the necessary presence of mind on this highly important occasion, where chiefs, warriors, and the noble squaws of the tribe were to be spectators.

It was not the intention of the great hero of the race to run with the white man at all, as in his mind any of the Indians could outrun him. Accordingly, one of the natives who was considered scarcely a medium, or but a common runner, was selected to make the first race, which they had no doubt would be the last one, as they had calculated that beating him once would be sufficient. The distance was about thirty rods which they were to run, and lay along on a perfectly level grassy lawn, a little without the circle of their lodges, the lines being marked about six feet apart, by the frequency of the footsteps of the sporting Indians, and were drawn as straight as the flight of a well directed arrow.

The two racers were soon brought to the mark, when the chief sachem himself stood by to give the word go, which he did in the Indian tongue, and was *tantee*, signifying *run*, uttered in a quick, strong, loud voice, with the whole emphasis on the last syllable, as *tantee*. Away they sprang with a light foot, the Indian straining every nerve to reach the mark first, Hubbell taking care to keep even with his antagonist until they should near the goal, when he let out a *link* or two, and gained the race.

This was an unlooked for event, and surprised the Indians somewhat; but as he had beaten but a few inches, they thought it must have been by accident. Accordingly, another runner, swifter than the first, was brought to the mark, while Hubbell was allowed to

breathe a little. But in a minute or two the word *tantee* was given—the race was soon run, and lo! the white man had beat again, but a few inches only, as before. On seeing this, the Indians looked at each other with surprise, and evident discontent, as they do not like to be outdone.

But Hubbell's Indian mother was in ecstasies; as her son had now beat twice, he was getting to be a *brave*, as a *racer*, as well as a *shooter*. The great chief also seemed much delighted, and patting Hubbell on the shoulder said in the Indian tongue, brave—brave white Indian; bring fire-water—white Indian must drink. Hubbell had made now two races in succession, and began to be a little heated, and flush in the face, but in no wise out of breath.

In a short time a third runner, second only to the swiftest Indian the tribe could boast of was led to the mark beside the white man. The Chief was there; all was ready; *tantee*, was the cry which passed his dusky lips, when away they went with amazing velocity; the Indian putting forth all his speed, as if it was for his life. Hubbell soon found in this racer, that he had a strong and swift man to contend with who was not easily to be outrun. Between them the struggle was severe, on the part of the Indian, every nerve was put in requisition, and yet the white man was before him nearly half his length, coming out farther ahead of this, than he had of the other two runners, when the goal was reached.

This was strange. The Indians began to look a little mad, except the Chief, his daughters, and Hubbell's tawny mother, who were evidently highly pleased. There was but one more for Hubbell to out run, when he would become the chief of the runners. This Indian began now to look upon the white man as a fit competitor for himself to contend with, as his eye was seen to brighten, with sudden flashes of light. He was seen to tighten the strings of his moccasins and belt, and to adjust his costume in general, as well as to leap with quick and fitful springs here and there, as if to supple his limbs for the struggle, while the fire of his countenance denoted desperation.

By this time the Indians had become so much excited by the running of their new brother, that they formed two rows along the whole course of the race ground, in order to witness by the closest scrutiny the manner of his running.

All being ready, both toeing the mark, the word *tantee* rang along the course from the lips of the chief, when away they went, like two arrows shot from two strong bows, their eyes keenly bent on the distant stake, which was crowned by a lofty tuft of rich red feathers, at the end of the race. All was silence, except the sound of the runners' feet; every eye was fixed, and every attitude bespoke intensity of feeling among the concourse. It seemed to the beholders that the runners would fain grasp the distance at a leap, and as if they were beings with natures between mortals and spirits, so exceedingly swift was their way over the





On the right is seen the chief, and his three daughters; the one nearest the sachem, was the one chosen by Hubbell, who is seen on the left, as she was the smallest of the three.



ground. But the distance was not more than two thirds passed, when it was seen that the white man was ahead of his competitor. In the Indian's countenance was marked dismay, even to distortion, while on the face of Hubbell there were the signs of victory. Security sat on his brow, and hope played in a smile on his lips, as he found himself passing the Indian.

In a moment more the race was won; Hubbell came out ahead a foot or two, of the great runner of the Caughnawagas, when there was set up such a yelling and ca-whooping, as was seldom heard in the camp of these Indians, their sulkings passing entirely away, (except the out-ran native) in amazement of the great white runner, every one saying in their tongue, "great brave, much brave white man."

The sports of this day were ended with a feast of dog meat, bear and deer, and a general *pow-wow* in the evening, or great dance, in which Hubbell took his part as well as he could, pleasing the Indians as well as the squaws by his mistakes and Yankee capers, although he had become an Indian.

In those dances the natives made use of various chaunts, or songs, which doubtless were historical, or traditional, celebrating their own great deeds, their origin, the powers of the *Manitous*, both good and evil, the remembrance of departed warriors and chiefs of their nation, with whatsoever an Indian loves and venerates. As reported by Hubbell, while writing the story from his lips, one of their songs or chaunts, which they often repeated over and over with great glee and uproar, in full chorus, in their *pow-wows*, ran thus—

Cat-a-la-taw, Cat-a-la-taw,  
Can-che-naw, Can-che-naw,  
Haw-aw-ne-he, haw-aw-ne-haw,  
Caw-che-naw, Che-aw-ne-haw;

always ending with three merry yells, scientifically given, according to Indian logic.

But we are now approaching a point in the story of Hubbell's adventures among the Indians of Canada, which was of a far more romantic character than the narrative of his capture in the meadow of Fort Stanwix, or any other point of his history, from the time of his entering the service at Fairfield, in Conn. to the time of his discharge by the pen of Washington, at *Snake Hill*, in Orange Co. N. Y. on the Hudson river, and was as follows:

On the next day after the race, as Hubbell was walking up and down the great circle of the lodges of the Caughnawaga encampment, or town, he was accosted by the interpreter Indian, who said to him, "the chief wishes to have you marry one of his three daughters, and to become his son, and a chief of the tribe. At this moment, there came out of the royal tent, the great Sachem, with his three peerless daughters, all dressed in the gaudy manner of rich Indian females. Their persons, from the shoulders down far below the waist, were mantled with fine, glossy, bright blue cloth shawls or blankets, almost covered with large silver brooches. Their foreheads were bound round with a narrow list of white wampum, of the

richest description, contrasting sweetly with the long black tresses of their heads—the olive hue of their complexion, and their eyes of jet, which sparkled like so many stars, lit up by the ever burning fires of youth and wild vivacity, as well as with instinctive intelligence. Their teeth, when they laughed, appeared like rows of alabaster, and the forms of their faces such as even a white man would look upon with rapture. The high prominent cheek was not there, nor the flattened nose; these were of the fairest Grecian or Circassian forms. Their eyes were not small and fiery, like the serpent's eye, as Indians' generally are, but large, brilliant and lustrous, seeming to float in a fountain of delight, except when angered; then wrath, it is true, cast over the contour of their faces a sterner touch; and yet it may be said it was but a heightening of their beauty—not so lovely, but equally to be admired—exciting awe, rather than the softer emotions of the heart.

Their heights, though there was a shade's difference between them, was beneath, rather than above mediocrity, but were elegantly formed, slender at the waist, small ankles and small feet. Their motions and gestures were free, easy and flowing, fair specimens of the *artless* education of *nature*, like those of the swan, while breasting the pelucid plain of some deep lake, or the agile and undulating motions of the leopard on the Syrian mountains. Their feet were covered with moccasins of the doe skin, gaily wrought with a variety of colored beads, and the quills of the porcupine, while their ankle dress, reaching to the knee, was of the finest red broadcloth, and the short, scanty petticoat of blue like their blankets, richly trimmed or flounced with stripes of red, green and yellow ribbons, as well also as was the lower edges of their cloaks, presenting to the wondering eyes of Hubbell, a group of the gentler sex, who might well be looked upon as the *Hebes* of the wilderness, or the *houris* of the fabled heaven of Mahomet. (See plate.)

Hubbell was now requested to approach, when the interpreter again said, "the great Sagamore wishes you to marry one of his daughters, and offers you the choice of one among the three."

By this abrupt manoeuvre of the Chief, it is evident that he knew nothing of the inexpressible workings of the heart—the fancy and mutations of circumstances which go before an avowal of love, when the sexes give themselves away to each other; all he seemed to be capable of was to leap into the very midst and merits of the case, at one bound, as he would do in battle in times of war.

This unlooked for honor, the proffer of the hand of one of the Sachem's daughters, who, among the Indians were looked upon as high in rank and dignity, as are the children of a king, among white men, very much disconcerted Hubbell in relation to a suitable answer to be returned to the mighty Indian, the father of the young princesses. An *immediate* answer, however, must be forth coming, or it would argue indifference or dislike, both in the eyes of the Chief and his daughters, which for his life he



must not allow to take place. And further, though he should make choice of *one*, and thereby please the Sachem, yet the two girls not so chosen, would feel themselves slighted by the white man, and their vengeance might work his ruin. He therefore answered cunningly, that he loved them all alike, and therefore could not make a choice. When this answer was reported, it became the Chief's turn to be thrown into a quandary, as the answer flattered his pride, but made no choice of either of his daughters to be the white man's wife.

We wish here to notify the reader, that the answer of Hubbell was not exactly true, about his inability to make choice of one of his daughters, for already, but unknown to any but themselves, they had loved and exchanged hearts, far away from the lodge of her father, and had become the object of each other's adoration. The story of when and how this was done, is as follows; The reader has not forgotten the four Indians whom Hubbell outran, on the day of the races, and especially the great runner, whose name was *Weeokee* or the swift. In the minds of these savages, the remembrance of their defeat was not to be extinguished without due *revenge*, the *heaven* of the darkened spirit of the wild aboriginal man. But in the true Indian character, they kept the secret of their vengeful feelings among themselves, feeding and cherishing this fire of hell, from every new instance of the Chief's favors bestowed on Hubbell. But there was *one* of the Sachem's daughters, the youngest, who had from the beginning loved the white man, as she saw in him the numerous advantages his superior education and knowledge gave him over the mere Indians; and besides, his daring spirit, his great beauty of form and countenance, with the little but decided attentions he had in the most tender as well as in the most secret manner bestowed upon her, had won her heart; though Hubbell knew it not. This girl, whose name was *Estaloe*, or the white lily, had narrowly watched the gloomy demeanor of the four crest-fallen racers, and knew that ere long some fell stratagem would be resorted to, in order to compass the death of the white man, as without this their spirits could not rest. About this time, there was a great hunt to be entered upon, in order to recruit their now almost exhausted store of venison and bear meat; of which party Hubbell was to number one. In getting ready for this important adventure, it was noticed by *Estaloe* that the four sulky Indians, were now remarkably bland and talkative toward the white man, which led him to believe that they had forgotten their chagrin, occasioned by his out running them.

But not so with *Estaloe*. She better understood those traits of character in her brothers of the forest. She knew that beneath fair speeches and their kindly behaviour, smouldered the hot rudiments of torture and death. On this account, when the party had been gone but an hour or so, *Estaloe*, having furnished herself with some dried venison and parched corn, a small fusee and a knife, set off, but unknown to any one, on the trail of the party.

The course the hunters took was northwest of their encampment, on the north side of the river St. Lawrence, leading off into the interminable wilderness of Canada. It was not difficult for the heroic girl to follow the trail of so large a company, which she did, till the night of their first encampment, taking great care not to be discovered by the hunters; sleeping herself, the first night, but a little way from them, in the crevice of a ledge, convenient for the purpose, where doubtless many a panther and wolf had slept before. In the morning she soon found, that the parties were dividing their numbers, in order more effectually to encircle a certain tract of country, for the purpose of concentrating the game. In this operation she soon found that neither her *eye* nor *ear* had deceived her, in the matter of her apprehensions about the safety of the white man she loved so well, for she saw that the identical four Indians who had been outran by Hubbell, were keeping close company with him, as well as three or four others, friends and relations to the four defeated Indians. So adroitly had the enemies of the white man managed, that he was placed in their midst in the position of the march. They made haste on their way in the Indian file, and over ground with which *Estaloe* was well acquainted; it being along on a level place, adjoining to a tremendous precipice, between which and the place they were then passing over, there was a sudden elevation of ground, some twenty feet high, making the brow of the awful descent beneath. They had ascended this ridge to the very summit, when all of a sudden the four Indians who were defeated by Hubbell in the race gave a smothered yell, dropped their guns on the ground, and seized him by the shoulders, arms, legs and feet, and were evidently dragging him forward to cast him headlong down the mountain to the yawning gulf beneath.

But the intentions of these murderous villains, though not anticipated by the confiding white man, had been fully comprehended by the instinctive foresight of the faithful hearted child of nature, whose love of the doomed pale face had shot itself nearly out of the pale of human capabilities, and mingled with the *intuitive* powers of spirits.

By this light, the strong promptings of love, her knowledge of the character of her race, and the horrors of the precipice toward which they were silently moving, prior to their act of violence, *Estaloe* had darted to the summit of the ridge. Here, as she stood above them, hidden by a clump of laurels, her eye was upon them, as they let fall their guns, and were seizing upon the unsuspecting white man. In a moment the fusee of the princess, by a well directed shot, laid one of the assailants dead, while the bullets with which her piece was loaded, broke the arm of another. Emboldened by the sharp ring of the shot of her own hand, she sprang like a young panther from her ambush, and letting fly the hatchet, it cleft the skull of a third Indian, who fell dead to the ground. By this time Hubbell had recovered his feet, as the fourth villain let go his hold and fled, leaving



his gun on the ground, and giving one dreadful yell of fear, as he saw what had taken place, and by whose hand.

At this juncture, the girl, though the child of a savage, and educated in the wild customs of the woods, fell at the feet of Hubbell, in a deep, long swoon, from the mere force of terror, not for herself, but for the white man.

Hubbell knew her in a moment, and forgetting the other Indians, who were confederate with the four who had made the attack, took her up in his arms, and fled to a marshy spot of ground, over which he had passed but a few moments before, and scooping up with his hand the water which was standing among the bogs of the swail, which he sprinkled over her bare head and bosom. By this means she slowly recovered, finding herself in the arms of the very man whose life she had saved, and who was fondly kissing her forehead, cheeks and lips, as if there was no danger near.

By these signs, she knew that she was loved in return, and the bright Indian maid was happier far than the anticipations of a flowery lodge in the heaven of the happy hunting grounds, in the kingdom of the great Manitou, could make her. The other Indians, who had conspired to take the life of the brave white man, fled, and were never after heard of, as they knew the Chief would have them shot, were they to return to the camp, on the evidence of his daughter against them.

That night, the lovers, as we may now term them, kept watch from the point of a lofty mountain summit, beneath an overhanging ledge, where by signs and tender words, they expressed their feelings of fondness for each other, which were innocently reciprocated, though their respective languages were not understood by either. In the morning, they bent their way toward the Caughnawaga camp, each armed cap-a-pie, subsisting on the food they had prepared for the journey, previous to starting on the hunt.

When they had come within a mile or two of the home of the young Indian, they contrived by signs and gestures to make each other understand that they would not go together, but that Estaloece should go first and report to her father that she had been on a visit to a relation not far off, while Hubbell was not to return in a day or two. This stratagem was resorted to, that it should not be known that the daughter of the Chief and the white man had seen each other in the woods, or that she had been out on the trail of the hunters.

At length the party returned, laden with meat and skins; but no one knew what had become of the eight Indians, as Hubbell had taken the precaution to drag the bodies of the dead to the edge of a deep ravine or fissure in the mountain, and to tumble them deep into its bowels, guns and all, so that no traces of them ever appeared; while the other four or five went off to some other tribe.

Thus we have seen the manner in which Estaloece, one of the Chief's daughters, and Hubbell the white man, had become enamored of

each other; yet unknown to any one of all the tribe but themselves.

But to return to the condition of the Chief's mind, who we left musing on the answer of the white man—which was, that he loved all his daughters alike. This state of the case was not of very long continuance; for almost in a moment after Hubbell's answer was heard by the fond Estaloece, from the lips of the interpreter, she sprang with the ardor and eagerness of a child, into his arms, fondly kissing her lover.

In this condition Hubbell scarcely knew how to demean himself, though once or twice it was seen that he returned the caresses of the guileless beauty, yet he did not know but it was at his peril, as all the Indians were looking on. From all fear, however, on that account, he was soon relieved, by the Chief's giving a great ca-whoop, and the whole tribe following with screams and yells of laughter, crying out in the Indian language, "much good, much big good, brave pale face."

When this fit had subsided, the Chief made a very singular request, as he saw that the white man loved his daughter; and this was, that Hubbell should court Estaloece, in the same way that white men courted the girls they intended to marry. Our hero now finding that his gallantry was to be tested in a very curious way, in the sight of all the Indians and squaws, determined to gratify them in the most ludicrous way, with a view of raising another laugh. Accordingly, he sprang to his feet, and by a quick motion, threw the girl on his back, holding her by the wrists over his shoulders, while her feet hung down behind. In this position, he set off on a run for a little way, then laid her down on the ground, and jumped over her; but from this position the girl as quick as the twang of a bow-string, sprung to her feet, and would have fled, but as Hubbell was as supple as she, he caught her up in his arms, and folding her tight to his bosom, returned to the place he started from, kissing and fondling her as he went in the most rapturous manner; talking all the while, in English, a lingo of nonserse, expressive of his love of Estaloece, very well understood by the interpreter.

On seeing this caper of the white man over his daughter, the Chief as well as the Indians, fell into renewed fits of laughter, crying out, "*Yenarly, yenarly! augh, yenarly! augh, yenarly!*" which signified, "good, very much good!" and so on.

But as to the young princess, Estaloece, we are not to suppose that during all this time she remained passive on the back and in the arms of Hubbell. Oh, no—far from this; for she was kicking, wringing and flouncing nobly to get away, and screaming, "*a ugh, yonktaw! yenarly, yonktaw! yonktaw, augh yenarly, yonktaw!*" which signified, "no good, no good, much bad, very bad white man!" and yet Hubbell held her firmly, and would not let her go.

Now when the Indians had pleased themselves a minute or two in this way, the great Sagamore rose up, stepped majestically for-

ward, and made a sign, by a quick motion of the hand, that a circle should be formed around the couple; in which position, the Sachem pronounced a long harangue over them, which was, as he was told by the interpreter, the marriage ceremony, and that he was the husband of Estaloe, and the king's son-in-law. No sooner was this ceremony ended, than the Chief cast over the shoulders of Hubbell a rich blue cloth blanket, bespangled with silver brooches, surmounting the whole with a taudry belt of wampum, so that in a twinkling he had passed from the condition of a plebian, to that of a belted Sachem.

Having now become an Indian noble, by marriage, he was ready and qualified to devote his attentions to his adventurous, heroic and beautiful bride of the forest, who was as proud as a queen, and as happy as she could be in her new and delightful character—that of the wife of the brave white man.

Hubbell, as he informed the writer, had now made up his mind to remain for life among the Indians, as he saw from the position he had acquired among them that he could possess himself of wealth and importance; and besides that he loved Estaloe as he had never loved before, and that he had settled his mind to remain forever with the Caughnawagas. In this happy and contented state of feelings, he went with his adored little warrior wife, and took possession of the new lodge or wigwam the Chief had erected on purpose, as the dwelling of his white, and highly esteemed son. It was fashioned after the royal manner, lined with the skins of the bear, wolf and buffalo, as well as festooned with ribbons, suited in its gay adornments to the joys of the first bridal month, or till the moon should have waxed and waned her course once through the heavens.

This happy month, to the newly married pair (of all nations and tribes) was commenced by feasting, dances and pow-wows, the Indians furnishing fowls, deer and bears from the wilderness, and fish from the waters; while Hubbell and his Sachem queen, wandered where they would, among the interminable forests, making themselves happy in each other's company: the husband striving hard to learn from the lips of his wife, her mother tongue, while Estaloe as eagerly watched to catch the sound of the English from the voice of her lord. Thus passed the happy days and nights, till nearly two weeks of the *honey moon* had spun her course aloft, when this dream of happiness was broken in upon, and its spirit changed as by the magic of some hell-born ghost.

That there was such a man as Hubbell taken prisoner at Fort Stanwix, and then left among the Caughnawagas, was not known to the English at Montreal, till found out from the accidental talk of a straggling intoxicated Indian of the tribe. Immediately there was ordered out a posse of twenty men, of the infantry, commanded by a lieutenant, who was sent to the camp of the Caughnawagas, but nine miles distant, with orders to bring the prisoner, Hubbell, from thence to the garrison at Montreal.

On the morning of this day, which bid fair to

be clear and bright, Estaloe awoke from the bosom of her husband with a dreadful scream, springing at the same time quite from their sleeping couch to the very midst of the lodge, her small foot pressing naked upon the furs of the floor, where she stood in an attitude of horror, as if her eyes were gazing on some dreadful spectre, invisible to all but herself.

In a moment Hubbell was by her side; and taking the trembler in his arms, eagerly desired in broken Indian to know what had so disturbed her imagination. She then stepped out of the tent, and in a moment portrayed on the ground, with the end of a stick, a monstrous serpent—pointing at the same time to some red cloth, to show that it was red; and then she fled before it to show that it chased her. By this it was understood that she had seen the serpent in a dream. Hubbell laughed, and tried to soothe her; but she shook her head and refused to be comforted.

This scene had scarcely passed over, when there was heard far in the woods, towards Montreal, the yell of an Indian, indicating the coming of strangers, a yell fully understood by all the natives, as well as by Hubbell. The sound of this cry had barely made its last echo on the air, when there was seen through the green foliage, the gleaming of the red coats of the British, and their burnished guns and bayonets, rapidly hastening toward the encampment.

In a moment, the heart of Estaloe took alarm, as if instinctively assured that some evil was pending over the head of her *sannop* or husband; and accordingly made signs that he should hide. But this idea did not suit the warrior notions of Hubbell; who accordingly stood his ground, holding the hand of his bride, in the face of the serpent marked on the ground, till the British had entered the camp.

Immediately the Chief was inquired of, respecting the captive, and informed that in the name of the king he was sent for, and must be hastened to Montreal. It was in vain that the Chief remonstrated, by stating that the prisoner had been adopted into the tribe and had become his son by marriage; as they immediately took him by force and hurried him away, paying no attention to the cries of the young woman he had married.

In doing this, they did not take from him his Indian dress and signs of his noble standing among the natives; but made him wear them quite to Montreal, calling him all the way the Yankee Sagamore.

When they had got him within their encampment, the soldiers made a ring about him, and in imitation of the Indians, had a mock pow-wow, calling him all sorts of low and abusive names, as "Yankee rebel," "a white Indian," &c., giving him sundry kicks, blows and cuffs on the ear. All these indignities Hubbell bore very patiently till the cuff on his ear took place; when his temper gave way, and clutching the fellow who gave it, he fastened his teeth to one of his ears, as a dog would do, and at the same time, right and left with both fists, gave him such a pounding as nearly killed the man, before the enraged Yankee could



be torn loose from his prey, which, as they effected, rent the ear of the fellow to strings.

But as might be expected, the wife of our hero, her mother, and even the Chief himself, followed him quite to Montreal, with the hope of procuring his release, by showing that the prisoner, according to an ancient Indian custom, had become one of their race. All this, however, was to no purpose; the commandant remained inexorable.

As soon as the fight was over, they took from him the insignia of his nobility among the Indians, and gave them to Estaloe. They now tied Hubbell's hands behind him, and led him off to the prison; the Indian girl following as far as she could, weeping piteously. On coming to the door, she sprang round his neck, and could scarcely be separated from him. This was an affecting sight, as even her mother wrung her hands for grief and anger, as she looked upon the young white man as her real son. On parting, he tore from his head a handful of its locks, as his hands were now untied, and gave them to his wife as a remembrancer, when with a parting kiss he was separated from his sobbing bride, to see her, in all probability, no more.

Hubbell was confined in this place but a few days, when, with many other fellow sufferers, he was put on board a prison-ship and sent to Quebec; where they were shut up in close quarters, in the upper barracks of that city, under bars and bolts, prisoners of war.

A month or so had passed away in this condition, when Hubbell and his companions, nine in number, were taken out of prison and set to work in a certain place, where it was impossible to escape without assistance. The work they were to perform was the making of posts for fence; probably hired of the commandant to do this labor, by some farmer—and thus prisoners of war were speculated upon, by compelling them to work like so many slaves. During the hours of labor, the prisoners were not idle in devising modes of escape, notwithstanding the sentinel was always in sight, and most of the time in hearing.

Several weeks had passed away, and as there appeared no symptoms of discontent among the prisoners, or designs of trying to get away, the sentinel became considerably remiss in his duty, indulging in his own ways, while he was supposed to be faithfully guarding the prisoners.

At this time there were in Quebec a great many Frenchmen, who were friendly to the American Revolution, and of course to the American prisoners in Canada. That the Americans were thus employed in that particular place, soon became known to the French in Quebec, who, after consulting on the subject of aiding the prisoners to escape, set a man to watch a favorable opportunity of communicating with them in the absence of the sentinel. It was just along the shore of the St. Lawrence where they were at work, and as the river was deep and wide, there was no fear of the prisoners attempting to swim off, especially as the sentinel was often in sight; and even if there

had been no sentinel, the thing was wholly impossible.

But the guard soon became remiss, which was noticed for some time by the man who had been set to watch, and to communicate, if possible, with the Americans. This was a French fisherman, and the appearance of his canoe, off and on, along the shore, was a matter of no suspicion. This canoe man now narrowly watched the movements of the sentinel, and soon found that at a certain time each day, immediately after the dining hour, the man went his way, and did not return but once during the whole afternoon. At the time the fisherman intended to make his first attempt to talk with the nine prisoners, he had purposely altered his position, and paddled out of the range of a view of them. But the instant the time of the sentinel's afternoon visit had gone by, the canoe-man slowly dipped his paddle in the water and was gliding imperceptibly toward the desired position. He had but touched the shore, pushing his canoe into a little ravine, occasioned by a run of water into the St. Lawrence, when the manoeuvre was seen by the prisoners.

They kept on at their work, while the man laying down on his belly crept slowly toward the men as they were at work. As soon as he saw that he was near enough to speak to them, he said in a low voice, "God bless your noble hearts, is it your wish to escape?" One of the men replied without looking that way, and said, "God be praised that we have found a friend, who dare to ask us such a question: It is our ardent desire to escape." "Then it shall be done, as the means are ready. When shall I come to take you off?" "As soon as the sentinel has been with us the last time this afternoon, which will be at the hour of five o'clock."

The fisherman said no more, but slid to his canoe as he came, and disappeared. At the appointed moment the guard was with the prisoners, and observing that they had worked well, he praised them much, adding that he hoped they would not be such fools as to labor in that way much longer, as he could not believe but they would ere long be wise enough to enlist in the king's service. To this they replied that they had already been thinking of doing so, as what odds would it make to them a hundred years hence whether America should become independent or not. These encouraging remarks brought on a long string of curses against Washington and his rebels, while he magnified the glory of king George beyond all bounds, promising the prisoners great advantages if they would but enlist in the royal army. To all this they listened with great attention and sobriety of countenance.

The sentinel now went his way, saying as he left them, that they must not labor too hard, and that they could go to their quarters when they got ready. Twenty minutes or so were allowed to pass by, while they kept on with their work, ere the canoe man made his appearance again, running his craft into the same ravine. In a moment they dropped their tools and darted with the speed of so many arrows to the edge of the water, leaped into the canoe

and were off. In order to screen the fisherman from all suspicion, the men laid flat down on the bottom of the canoe, while the wily Frenchman covered them over with some old canvass he had in his boat. Being thus secured the hero of their escape paddled leisurely away, bearing the Americans, whose hearts could almost be heard to beat on the bottom of the canoe, straight to the American side of the St. Lawrence.

Prior to this there had been a meeting of a few of the more wealthy Frenchmen, who had provided them with guns, ammunition, knapsacks, knives, hatchets, each a tinder box, and as much provision as they could carry, besides such clothing as they needed, a compass, and fishing lines and hooks; so that in case their ammunition should fail, they might resort to the waters of such streams and lakes, as might fall in their way, to prevent starvation. Thus provided for they had nothing to do but to be happy an hour or two with their deliverers, and away, though late in the fore part of the night to the wilderness. The course they took was toward what is now called, as well as then, the Upper Cawas country, in the northern parts of the state of Maine. There was a man among their number who said he knew the way through, on which account they set off without fear into the depths of the woods, though nearly the hour of midnight, intending to travel till morning, as they very much feared a pursuit of the Indians, knowing the moment it should be found they were missing, these bounds of the British would be let loose on their trail.

By the time daylight appeared, they had progressed some six or eight miles into the forest when they came to a halt, took their breakfast, lay down and slept awhile, then pursued their journey, making as little noise as possible in its prosecution.

Without delaying the narrative to relate every particular incident which befel them on their way, we shall pass over the interim of three weeks, toward the close of which they had become lost. This was occasioned by the compass being wet in the long rains that fell, which had rusted the needle so that it would not traverse. By this time their ammunition began to grow short, as they had been but scantily furnished at the outset, and besides they were a little profuse in its expenditure, wherefore they began to be alarmed, lest they should never find their way through, and finally starve in the woods. On these accounts six of the nine men came to a resolution to *return*, and endeavor to find their way back to Quebec and give themselves up to the enemy, but were heard of no more.

Hubbell was not of the number; his resolution to escape could not be overcome by the fear of dying in the woods. Being now left with but two of his fellows, and evidently lost, they pushed on in the direction which seemed to be the right one, while the others did the same, though taking an opposite course, and to meet no more.

They had traveled on several days after the separation, feeling gloomy and dejected, as

their powder had become alarmingly short, and hunger had begun to make its inroads on their happiness. In this state of feeling, while groping their way slowly through the bushes, in all the uncertainty of bewildered minds, they heard in a deep hollow below them, the tread of some heavy animal. In a moment they dropt to the ground, and in a listening posture recognized the same sounds again. Hubbell now crept like a cat with his gun in his hand, near and nearer to the place from whence the rustling of the leaves and steps of some creature had come, and soon got his eye on a noble *Moose*, a creature much larger than a middling sized horse, having immense palmleaved horns, and feet cloven like the ox, an animal which may well be termed the king of the deer, or elk species. At this discovery the pulse of Hubbell rose full 50 per cent, hoping he might bring the creature down by a shot, as by this means a supply of provisions would be secured for several days. He now placed his gun across the limb of a tree, took a steady aim at the heart of the moose, as the creature stood with one of its sides towards him, touched the trigger of his piece when the animal dropt to its knees, gave a flounder forward, accompanied with one loud bawl resembling an ox when led to the slaughter, and fell dead where it was. In a moment his two friends were at his side, when there was great joy among the three wanderers. On dressing the moose they found the ball had passed directly through the creature's heart; a noble shot, as it was full twelve rods distant, with the difficulty of considerable underbrush to intercept the ball.

Here they built a fire and broiled of the flesh as much as they would, remaining the rest of the day on the spot, as well as during the night! It was toward evening when this took place; and by the time they had taken their supper the sun had gone down, when it was soon dark there in the woods. They now set to fixing a place to sleep in, by driving down two forked posts into the ground and laying a pole from one to the other, over which they spread bark, the boughs of tree tops and brush, placing pretty tight.

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was their manner every night. They had scarcely laid down in their hunter's bed, when the howl of the wolf as well as the scream of the panther was heard in most fearful proximity to their little camp, or brush-heap house; and had they not frequently let off their guns, they would have made havoc with the moose meat before morning, as they smelt the blood.

The firing of their guns was a waste of their powder, which they deeply regretted, but as it was necessary there was no other alternative. When the morning came they cut away as much of the moose as they could carry, having sprinkled it with salt which they had brought with them, as well as smoked it awhile over their fire. Thus furnished they set off again with renewed zeal, leaving the residue of the animal for the wolves and panthers to banquet on as best they could agree among themselves.



Several days had now passed by since the adventure of the moose-shot, yet no signs of inhabitants appeared, and their supply of food was now expended again, yet they pressed on not knowing where they were, being completely lost and bewildered, killing such small game as fell in their way.

But at length the last charge of powder was placed in the gun, and the last ball ready to be fired at any creature which might come near enough to be hit. In this condition they still rambled onward, till very weak from hunger, near the close of a certain day, all of a sudden, they heard the rushing of some animal coming down the side of a mountain on a full run. They stood still and soon saw that it was a deer, in rapid flight as if chased by a wolf, or had been frightened. It was the gun of Hubbell which contained the last shot, who as the deer was bounding through the woods, took aim, but the ball struck a limb of a tree, and turning it aside, missed its mark, while the deer went on. This shot was their last hope, unless they could fall in with some stream, lake or pond in which to catch fish; but as yet they had found none of any size. Two days after this, as they were wandering along, eating such buds, leaves, and barks as they could find, they heard the yelp of a dog at some distance, and in a minute or so the animal came up, seeming overjoyed at falling in with them.

On this discovery, they had not a doubt but they should soon find the dog's owner, and thus be conducted to some human habitation. Accordingly they shouted, hallooed and screamed, but there came no response. This they continued to do the remaining part of the day, from time to time, but without making any discovery, relative to the dog's master, on which account they concluded the animal was lost as well as themselves. On the coming of night, and being faint and ravenous, they could not refrain from killing the poor animal, and of dressing it for their supper, although it had taken refuge under their protection; which discourtesy nothing but extreme hunger could very well excuse, as the similarity between the dog's condition, and that of the three men, was very similar, all being lost, and nearly starved to death.

This provision served them a couple of days, during which time they pushed on hard, aiming to get into the upper *Cawas* country, where they knew there were inhabitants, though extremely few, who lived by hunting in that vast region of wilderness. But in this, as yet, they were disappointed still, and soon found themselves sinking again with hunger and fatigue; compelling them to resort to the browse of the trees, and the herbage of the ground, while they still continued to pass on,

Over mountain crags and vallies deep,  
With hunger keen, and restless sleep,  
Still hoping, as the wilds they cross'd,  
They soon should see the lov'd *Cawas*.

In this condition they wandered on for several days longer, sinking more and more, as such roots, buds and leaves as grew in that cold spruce and hemlock country, were not

found in sufficient quantities to prevent the approach of extreme famine, and of final death. They now soon became so weak and feeble that they could carry their guns no farther, and as they were of no use, they, having found a tree that was hollow, with an opening on one side, placed them within it, where, doubtless, the guns are remaining to this day; as much of that great wilderness is, as it was, and will be to the end of time, a wild mountainous, cold and dreary region.

In a day or two after this, carrying nothing in their hands but their hatchets, they came to a small but rapid stream of water, holding themselves up, as they groped along, by the bushes and small trees. This stream they would have crossed, but as it was rapid, though not deep, they dared not undertake it, lest they might fall down, and thus terminate their lives by drowning. On this account they concluded to follow on up the brook, hoping to find a more narrow place, or perhaps a fallen tree, where they could get over. But as they did not find any such place, and still continuing to go on up the stream, they came, ere they were aware of it to the origin of this brook, which was a small, deep lake, some twenty acres in size, surrounded by high rocks and ledges, with ascending ground beyond. Here, as they found no place where they could cross the brook, they crawled in beneath an over hanging cleft, quite near the edge of the lake, where they lay down to die, as they had no further hopes of ever getting through to the *Cawas* country, nor of finding any thing more to eat.

But in this last idea, where all hope seemed to have forever forsaken them, they were happily mistaken; for as they lay there on the ground, bemoaning their condition, they soon discovered that the water along the shore was alive with green frogs, of the largest sizes. In a moment their strength seemed renewed, and prompted by the fierceness of hunger, they laid hold on some sticks of the water beach, growing just by them, and cutting each of them a long rod, they crept slyly to the brink of the water, where, among the weeds and grass of the shore, they soon sufficed a dozen or two of the frogs, so that they got hold of them with their hands.

Their next business was to raise a fire, which was easily effected, by means of their tinder-boxes; and gathering dry limbs and brush, they soon had a fire roaring there beneath the mountain. In a trice, their frogs were dressed as they had seen them dressed by the French people, cutting off and reserving only the hinder parts; these having sprinkled with salt, which they still had in their empty packs and pockets, and placing them on the points of sharpened sticks, they soon had cooked a meal of the most delicious kind.

On examining the lake and character of the water, by casting a look over its surface, they were at once almost assured that it must contain fish; if so, then their fortunes were made, as they had hooks and lines of the best description in their pockets. Immediately, they cut themselves poles from the thicket, fastened the

lines thereon, and baiting the hooks with pieces of the frogs, they cast them far out into the deep water, when lo, the bait had scarcely begun to sink below the surface, when the water was seen to be violently and suddenly agitated, and their hooks taken swiftly down into its depths. As was natural, they gave each of them a pull upward, and to their great joy each of them had on his hook a rousing salmon trout. In a short time they had caught far more than they needed. These they set to and dressed, cooking them by the fire.

They now had an abundance of this most delicious kind of food, by which means they rapidly gained strength, having water to drink at hand of the sweetest description. In this position they remained eleven days; during which time they had caught and dried in the smoke, as much salmon trout as would sustain them in another attempt to find their way to the Cawas country.

But to return for a moment in the narrative. As soon as the British had found that the nine prisoners were missing, every method to discover where they were was set on foot, as they believed they must be secreted in the city, by the aid of friends, and unfaithful subjects of the crown; and they had no doubt but these were the French. But as they could not be found, the Indians were sent out after them; having the promise of a *golden guinea* for every man they should catch and bring in alive. The Indians knew well enough that the Yankees must have some way got across the St. Lawrence, and made off toward the states, and accordingly a small party of five of the natives ascended the outlet of the lake Memphremagog, which empties into the St. Lawrence from the south, or highlands between Lower Canada and the state of Maine; and coasting along the shores of this lake, they entered the little stream of which we have spoken, running out of the small lake where the fugitives were then catching trout and getting ready for another attempt to reach their country. On coming to this small run, they left their canoe, and ascended it on foot, carefully looking as they went, both for game and the runaway white men.

They soon fell in with the signs that somebody had passed along up this brook, which was but a mile or so in length. Carefully following on, they came to the little lake which was the real head waters of the great Memphremagog, as well as the small river running out of it into the St. Lawrence.

It was not long after they had come to this lake, where these Indians had often been before, when they found the very spot where the white men had their camp, and where their dried fish was hanging, but there was nobody there. In a few moments, however, the wary eyes of the Indians, who were silent as the grave, got sight of the owners of the camp, who were out a fishing, and darting off into a thicket, awaited their return. But as they did not come as soon as they desired, for the Indians were very hungry, one of them set up a squalling, like a wild-cat, or a young panther. This manoeuvre alarmed the fishermen for the safety of

their dried salmon, as the creature appeared to be exactly where their camp was. Accordingly they hastened to the spot, where, instead of finding a wild-cat, they found themselves in the power of five armed Indians, who cried out, in broken English, "*you prisoner, you go back Quebec.*"

At this awful discovery, and dreadful announcement, their hearts sunk within them; as they had much rather have met a panther in their camp than these horrible Indians. They did their best to persuade the savages to pilot them through the woods to some settlement, where they promised to reward them far more liberally than the British had promised if they brought the runaways to Quebec. Among the number there was one Indian who told Hubbell, apart from the rest, that if he did not fear the other Indians who were with him, he would willingly take him through to the Cawas settlements, as it was not more than fifteen miles to a place where white men lived.

The Indians now took all their dried trout, as well as the owners, and passing down the brook, placed them in the canoe, and set out on their return. In this attempt, they were all in great danger of being lost on the lake, from the violence of the winds and great rains which fell upon them during the passage; but as the Indians managed to hug the shore pretty closely, they made out to get safely along, and passing down the outlet, they entered the St. Lawrence, and so to Fort Chamblee, where the prisoners were given over to the military.

Here they were put into the custody of one Sargent Bennet, who was a first cousin of Hubbell, and being a tory, had joined the British, and then belonged to a body of troops called the Queen's Rangers. This man Bennet, as singular as it may appear, was very cruel to his cousin Hubbell, calling him and the two men who were with him, by all kinds of low and degrading names, showing how much worse an apostate from his country in time of war and danger is, than are the citizens of an opposing power; and all from the servile hope of applause and reward; a principle far enough removed from true patriotism.

This Bennet went so far in his mockeries and cruelty, on their way down from Chamblee to Quebec, as to put irons on the hands of his cousin and the two others, merely because they were too weak, from their late sufferings, to aid in rowing the boat. He used toward them much taunting language, when they replied to his orders that they were unable. He would say that perhaps they were *gentlemen*, and far too delicate to labor; that their hands were too soft to touch an oar, and that perhaps *ruffles*, meaning *handcuffs*, would please them better. Accordingly, in order to treat them as their dignity required, he actually put irons on their hands and feet.

In this condition, Bennet carried them to Quebec, and gave them over to one Captain Prentice, a very humane and excellent character, though exceedingly rough in manners. This captain swore terribly at Bennet, for his having ironed the poor starved wretches, and



compelled him to take off the shackles and hand-cuffs with his own hands, as in the case he did not obey, they should be put on his own abominable limbs. Thus they had, in a measure, their revenge upon the unfeeling fool, in seeing him deeply mortified, when he expected praise.

They were now put in prison, but as they were well treated, they soon recruited and recovered their health. In this condition, Hubbell, with many others, remained two years, having only a back yard behind the prison to exercise in. Here they passed away their time in listlessness, telling stories, singing songs, and in acting over all the nonsense they could think of or invent. It is true they had their times of deep melancholy, on account of their country, as well as for their own personal liberty; hoping, waiting and despairing, alternately.

Now when two years had been nearly consumed, there happened to be appointed a woman whom they called *High Dutch Bet*, a very handsome German girl, to sweep and keep clean the rooms of the prison, as well as to do the washing of the prisoners. It also happened that this woman had a suitor, a British soldier, who was cultivating her good wishes toward himself, as was supposed, with a view to marriage. This man, the British soldier, wishing to have the friendship and countenance of the prisoners, in his visits to High Dutch Bet, as it was somewhat difficult to avoid their knowledge of his purposes, he sometimes brought a bottle of spirits, not only to regale himself and sweet-heart, but the inmates of the prison also. In this way he bribed them to keep the subject of his visits a secret from the officers of the jail, who had they known it, would doubtless have cut the courtship short, or at least that part of it which sometimes took place in the precincts of the house of durance vile.

Matters were in this condition, when on a certain day, towards night, Hubbell was walking in the said rearward court, while High Dutch Bet was busy here and there with her work, when there was heard a low voice calling the woman, "Betsy, Betsy, open the gate, open the gate; come quick now." But as Hubbell was in hearing of all this, the woman felt her delicacies about letting her lover in just then; and to make believe that she had no knowledge of what the man wanted, said, "*Mishter Hupples, do runs to dat cates, and shee vat it ish dat shom potty vants; and dakes dish keys mit you, and make believes to open de cates—but den you mush not do dat—oh nane, not vor de worlds; only make p'lieve, and say dat Petsey ish not dare, den comes mit de keys right away wid it to me, Mishter Hupples.*" "Oh, yes, madam, with all my heart," said Hubbell, "it shall be done."

At this gate, which was behind the prison, and close to the brink of the waters of the St. Lawrence, there was stationed no sentinel, as it was a gate of great strength, and so near the deep waters of the river, it was thought not necessary. The inside of the gate was fastened with a powerful padlock, the key of which was

entrusted to High Dutch Betsy. Hubbell received the key, saying, "No, no, Mistress Betsy," in the blandest tone possible for him to assume, "*I won't let him.*" On receiving the key, the fatal instrument of the prisoner's confinement, the thought, like a flash of lightning, passed the mind of this ready witted man, that he would now prepare a way for his own and his fellow prisoners' escape, if possible, by actually unlocking the gate, and of leaving it thus. Hubbell went to the gate, and after fumbling awhile, as if he was trying to unlock it, cried out to the person on the outside that the lock was out of order, and that he could not get it open.

Here the lover of Betsy found that he was like to be disappointed; and not understanding how the key came in the possession of a *man*, instead of Betsy, made off with himself, supposing that the man was the keeper of the prison, or some one he had entrusted with it. Our hero now returned the key with all honesty to Betsy, saying that he guessed the fellow was cheated for once, any how. "*Dat ish coot, Mishter Hupples, dat ish werry coot; let hims go to de depples mit himselluff.*"

Hubbell now with a light step, and a heart which beat rapidly, went to his room; as the hour for calling the prisoners' roll, and for locking up for the night was near. When this had been accomplished, and the time for retiring to rest had come, and all was still, Hubbell, with a serious and determined countenance, said to his fellows of the prison, "*gentlemen*, I have something to communicate, which relates to our happiness, in offering us a chance of escape from this infernal abode, and the clutches of the red coats." Here he recited his adventure with High Dutch Bet, as above, adding, "and now, my good fellows, who among you will assist in breaking down that door, with the view of getting out and going to our own country and dear friends?"

This news, to some of their number, was of very joyful import, while to others, it was a matter of dread and terror, as they feared the failure of the attempt, and might subject them to punishment. On this account, there were found but six out of thirty, who dare undertake it. When the six had pledged their word, each to the other, to go ahead with the enterprise, the query was, how they could get the door open without tools.

But this difficulty was soon mastered, as with an old case-knife they commenced digging out the bar of iron, which supported the chimney, over the fire-place of the room where they were, and soon effected their purpose. With this instrument they pryed the posts to which the door was fastened, by lock and hinges, out of the wall, so that it fell with a crash, making far more noise than they intended it should, though they caught hold of it as it was falling. This occasioned the guard below to awake, and to cry out, "*silence there, you d—d rebels, or you shall be put in irons!*"

On hearing this, the six confederates stood aghast; but as the sound of footsteps ascending the stairway fell not on their ears, they soon

took hope again. But deeming it prudent, they waited a full hour, giving time for the sleepy guard to resume their slumbers, ere they again attempted to go on with their designs. Being well assured that the *somniferous god* had regained his rule, in relation to the sentinels below, they began anew to bestir themselves, respecting their contemplated escape from Canada.

Their next move was to uncord one of their beds, for the sake of the *rope*, which, as they now had free access to the upper hall of the stairway, they made fast to the bannister, and lifting the window that lighted the place, they cast the other end of the bed-cord out into the court-yard below. By this means it was but a minute or two ere the six adventurers were all landed on the terra firma of the common earth. "To the gate, my boys," whispered Hubbell, who was the captain in this affair, "as discovery at this point of our history will prove extremely annoying to our present calculations." In a moment they were there, and finding it as Hubbell had reported, unlocked, and ready to open for their departure, they slid out as readily as so much quicksilver would have descended on an inclined plane, shutting the gate after them as they would a door to a house in stormy weather, merely to show their good breeding, and that they had been used to *doors* in their fathers' houses.

Here they found themselves close to the edge of the river, with no means of escape, either across, up or down the St. Lawrence, as there was no boat in sight, except the glimpse of one they hoped they saw floating at the stern of a man of war some twenty rods out in the stream. Here their hearts began to fail them, as they were groping about between the wall and the river, a space scarcely wide enough for a man to turn round upon, and especially at a time when they could barely see their hands before them, landward, and but a little more when they looked out on the waters. This was a predicament of absolute despair. They saw no alternative, but to return to the prison to be laughed at, and to be punished in the morning for breaking down the door of the jail and attempting to escape.

But in the midst of this distressing dilemma the spirit of Hubbell was not thus to be baffled, who, to the surprise of the rest of his fellows, began to strip off his clothes, although it was cold, as it was the month of November, when the snow begins to fall in Canada, and stepping silently into the water, he laid his breast to the waves of the St. Lawrence, and swam out to the man of war. Whether there was a sentinel on the deck of the ship or not, he was not distinguished, for so silently did he glide through the waters, that even his trembling companions on shore did not discern whether he had sunk or was afloat on the tide; and consequently there was no stir occasioned by his movements on board the vessel. On coming along side of the boat, he soon found the painter which fastened it to the ship, and loosening it, he took the rope (or painter) between his teeth, and swam safely to the shore.

The craft proved to be of considerable size, having two small masts, and was used by the crew of the ship as a convenient vehicle for the transportation of light articles and of passengers to and from the ship and the shore. Having got into the boat, they flung abroad her sails, and giving her a proper direction by means of the helm, they were soon far enough below the city. Having come ashore at a place where some French fishermen lived, they run the craft into a hidden cove, which put up some way from the river into the country, and there made her fast to the roots of some trees growing at the place.

Here it soon became known that the jail had been broken, and that some of the Yankee prisoners had made their escape, and were then on shore in the cove. This news soon brought a number of the French to the spot, who were their friends, and who immediately set about procuring the runaways a change of clothes, as well as provisions, to aid them in their desire to escape down the river. In addition to this, they furnished them with four long sweeps, or oars, so that if becalmed, they might help themselves to get ashore, if pursued.

All things being ready, the six men launched away, besides one woman, whom Hubbell supposed to be the wife of one of their number, a Capt. William Stewart, of the island of Martha's Vineyard, but as was afterwards ascertained to have been the wife of a French fisherman, whom this Stewart had seduced, in the absence of her husband on a fishing trip to the banks of Newfoundland.

This Stewart was not a prisoner of war, but had been put in jail with the Yankee captives, for *debt* only, as he also was a Yankee. The fisherman's wife was an uncommon handsome woman, and withal had in her keeping all the money her husband had on earth. Stewart having won her affections became possessed of the money, which was in gold, as well as of her person, and the amount the household goods sold for, and was making off by means of this opportunity, to go to Halifax, with the view of going into trade there, by the aid of his ill-gotten gain. In the mean time, the honest fisherman arrived in Quebec, and burning with desire, made haste to his house for love of his wife; but found that silence reigned where he expected joy and gladness, and withal that his house was empty. The neighbors told him who had done it, and that his wife was gone with Stewart; whereupon the poor man fell into fits, and for a season lost his senses; but whose story we leave for a short time, and return to that of Hubbell and his companions.

It was not till about ten o'clock in the morning, when the boat of the man of war was missed from the ship. Hereupon a search was commenced all along the shore, and the wharves of the city, the captain of the vessel supposing that some fisherman had stolen, or had borrowed the craft. But directly it was known to the garrison that the prison had been broken, and that a number of the prisoners had fled, and doubtless as was conjectured, had taken the boat with them. On this persuasion, the sloop



*Harlequin*, a swift sailing vessel, was sent in chase of the fugitives, for it had been ascertained that the runaway rebels had fled down the St. Lawrence. But as it happened that day there was a fine wind blowing from the west, before which the shallop scudded away, like a swallow on the brow of a tempest, ever and anon casting an eye to the windward in search of the pursuer, but saw it not. In the mean time, the glass of the look out man, from the mast head of the *Harlequin* was peering along the deep, to get sight of the fugitives, as one would look for a floating egg-shell, on the waves. The heavens had more than half dismissed her glory in the going down of the sun, and at the same time a tempest from the west came booming up, when the dippings of the scudding smack were taken in the glass of the look out from the rattlings of the *Harlequin*.

On this discovery the sloop let off a heavy gun, the roar of which leaping from billow to billow, passed heavily over the little boat, dying away in the distance. This was done to intimidate the forlorn inmates of the shallop, but without effect, as she still held on her way, clinging nearer and still nearer to the southern shore of the St. Lawrence. By this time the sun had gone down, but the tempest had risen higher and was coming rapidly on, while darkness was covering the deep, shrouding the pursuer and the pursued in its rayless folds. By this means the *Harlequin* lost sight of her object, and passing on down the river they were seen no more.

But the tempest had now become a furious gale mingled with sleet and snow, tumbling the waters into fearful billows, so that it was expected by the inmates of the boat that she would upset before they could reach the land. Several of the men, including the woman and her lover, betook themselves to prayer, verily believing that their end had come and that they should never reach the shore. But contrary to all expectations, in a very short time in the midst of the storm and the darkness of the night they drove ashore. Now there was joy among them, and seeing a light not far off, one of the party felt his way toward it, and hallooing with all his might soon brought a man to him from the house he was approaching. As was natural, the man who had a lanthorn with him had many questions to ask, as who he was and from whence they had come, while he held the light to the face of the dripping stranger, as they were nearing the boat now made fast to the shore. Here, by enquiries made of the man with the lanthorn, they soon found themselves within the power of the enemy, for they had been driven into a harbor, the name of which Hubbell, as he is now very aged, could not remember, where the English had a small garrison.

On making this most horrid discovery all hopes of escape forsook them, as they expected to be put, in irons and sent again to Quebec—Stewart, his lady-love, and all. But when the commandant of the place came to learn that the strangers had broken jail at

Quebec, and that they had stolen the beautiful barge or boat from a man of war, worth at least four hundred dollars, instead of proceeding to put them in irons made them a proposition of aiding them to escape. The proposition was as follows: that if Hubbell, who acted as captain, would give him the boat, that he on his part would give him twenty-five dollars, and pilot him and his men in another boat still farther down the St. Lawrence, to a small place called *Mattias*, on the south side of the river, which proposition it is almost useless to say, was most readily accepted.

From this transaction it was far more evident that the king's officers were more patriotic for their pockets than for the success of the war, at least at that post or with that commandant. There were but few men stationed there, five or six only, who it is likely shared the booty among themselves, caring little what should become of the Yankee runaways.

But before we proceed farther with the story of Hubbell and his fellows, it may be the reader would like to know what became of Stewart and the fisherman's beautiful wife. As soon as it was morning after their being driven on shore at the fort, it turned out that the lady was known to the officer, as well as her husband. In consequence of this, the money, as well as the runaway wife were taken from Stewart, under the pretext of sending both her and the gold back again to Quebec, to the lawful owner. But the man who could detain the property of his country and appropriate it to his own use, could not be expected to be quite so virtuous as honestly to send a young and handsome woman with some six hundred dollars in gold again to the poor fisherman, Scot free. Accordingly, as it was afterwards heard from a man who deserted from that very post, that the very officer who had bought the shallop from Hubbell, kept the woman, her gold and all, and fled to some unknown part in the very boat he bought. It was necessary he should do this, as there was a strong probability of his being detected and brought to punishment for his unfaithfulness in the king's affairs.

As to the fate of *Stewart*, it was surmised that *foul play* had placed him where he could never relate what he knew against the officer, respecting the boat, the woman, and the gold. Stewart's fate was a fate he richly deserved. That Stewart was so bad a man was unknown to Hubbell, although he had been in jail with him and the others some time for debts he owed in Quebec. But in the affair, and at the place above alluded to, his character came out, and far worse than was suspected; for in the fray, in taking the money from Stewart, which had to be done by force, Hubbell lending a hand, it came out that Stewart's plan was to have betrayed and given up Hubbell and his fellows to the first British vessel they should meet with in going down the St. Lawrence, in expectation of reward—so thoroughly was this man steeped in his wicked and unprincipled ways, richly deserving all that was believed to have happened to him.

But to return to Hubbell's narrative. The

officer of the little fort proceeded to do as he had agreed—which was to send them further down the coast of the St. Lawrence to the place called *Mattias*, situated on the southern shore of that river.

But in this he proved partly false, as when the boat had run half the way or thereabouts, the men were put on shore at a place where all was wilderness, there being no habitation of man as far as the eye could range along the shore. Hubbell and his fellows, four in number besides himself, remonstrated against this breach of faith. But they were told that such were their orders, as they did not consider it safe to be seen landing men at *Mattias*,—for which they might, ere long, be compelled to give an unwilling account. They now disembarked, having their guns, ammunition, knives, hatchets, &c., which was given them by the friendly French fisherman at Quebec, as well as a suit of common clothes, such as the French of the poorer class wore at that time. Thus equipped, they put off into the woods, aiming to arrive at the place called *Mattias*, a kind of neutral ground between the contending powers.

It was nearly night when they were thus set ashore, and going a little way into the woods they had the good luck to kill a deer and several partridges. They camped down for the night, building themselves a hut of poles stuck in the ground, and covered over with boughs of the hemlock and pine, so that they were screened from the winds and weather quite comfortably. Here they cooked their evening meal, consisting wholly of the venison of the deer, (as they thought it too much trouble to dress the partridges,) boiling it in a kettle they had brought with them in the boat from Quebec, and seasoning it with the salt they had with them. They had also bread, which was given them at Quebec, as well as pepper and other little notions of comfort.

When their supper was over, they laid down to rest, and soon fell asleep, with their feet towards the fire they had cooked their supper by, having no fear of Indians so far down the river and so far from Quebec. But in this calculation they were sadly mistaken, as before they had been asleep more than an hour or two they were awoken by the yell of Indians, who, having secured their guns, stood over their intended victims when their appalling screams first rung in their frightened ears. Here every man sprung to his feet, but found himself in the grasp of three or four Indians to a man, and of necessity had to submit to be bound. They were now led off farther into the woods, a half mile or so, where these Indians had their camp, and consisted of several lodges. These were not Caughnawagas, but a branch of the *Tuscaroras*. In the morning, Hubbell saw that there were among them several squaws as well as papooses, who, it appeared, had come with their husbands on a hunting expedition. It was not long ere he saw come out of one of the huts a very beautiful squaw, attired in far different costume than was worn by the other women, and was adorned with the signs of superiority—a star on her breast, and her blanket nearly covered

with brooches, with fine moccasins, red leggings, &c. This squaw was leading a little boy of some fifteen months old, who, the moment she came near enough, he saw was *Estaloe*, his precious Indian wife, the daughter of the Caughnawaga chief, his father-in-law. This faithful woman, from the time Hubbell was put in the jail of Montreal, had not failed to come very often and inquire if he was there; but was not allowed to see him, for fear of her assisting him to get away. But of all this Hubbell knew nothing.

Now when she was told that her white husband had got away, and had been caught again and was sent to Quebec, and there placed in prison, she, but without the knowledge of even her own Indians or the English, identified herself with the *Tuscaroras*, whose hunting grounds were along the region of Lower Canada, between the St. Lawrence and the mountains, bordering on the northern parts of Maine and the west of New Brunswick. By this means she could go often to Quebec, when the other Indians went to that city, and thus, as she hoped, be the more likely to see the man of her heart, and the father of her child; but had never been so happy as to accomplish her desire.

Now, when Hubbell saw that it was *Estaloe*, his first impulse, notwithstanding his being bound, was to spring into her arms, and to claim her as his wife, and protection on her account. But prudence forbade it, as he did not know what her disposition might be towards him, and whether she had not entirely forgotten him, or perchance she might be married again. However, he kept his eye upon her, who, he saw, was coming directly towards where the prisoners lay bound, with the view of looking at them to find out who and what they were. Hubbell continued to look steadily upon her face, which she soon noticed, and gazing intently for a moment upon the countenance of the manacled pale face, she gave one loud and piercing shriek, as she sprung into his arms, and was lifeless to all appearance; but had only fainted.

This incident attracted the immediate notice of the Indians, when Hubbell cried out that she was his squaw. It was not long when *Estaloe* revived, the tears rolling down her bright olive features, as she retailed to the Indians the story of her marriage, and how long she had been looking for him. Their wonder was greatly excited at the story of the female sachem of the Caughnawagas, who offered to ransom the white man, to be paid in money on the spot. The offer was accepted, and consisted of ten crowns, when Hubbell was untied, who immediately took his wife to his arms, as well as the dark-eyed boy—returning to her bosom in full measure the love she had bestowed upon him in her long and continued faithfulness.

Hubbell now made intercession for the release of the other prisoners, his fellows, (but found it all in vain,) who were detained, either to be tortured or given up to the British for the reward. What became of them he never knew. But as Hubbell was ransomed by the powerful as well as beautiful princess of the Caughnawagas, he was allowed to depart with his wife whither they would—the Indians returning him his gun, hatchet and knife, with as much ammunition as his powder horn and bullet pouch could contain, besides a pack full of



dried meat and parched corn. Thus equipped, he, with Estaloe, who took her boy on her back, after the manner of the Indians, set off for the tribe of her father, happy in having found her husband.

But such was not the purpose of Hubbell, who dare not return to the Caughnawagas, although he knew he should be welcome, as he dreaded the English and feared being taken again and put in prison. By this time Estaloe had learned to speak the English tongue quite well, by which means she could relate all that had passed since they were parted by the ruthless red coats, at her father's encampment, as well as the story of her sorrows from the dread of never finding her husband again, and of seeing him caress their beautiful boy.

Hubbell now disclosed to his wife the dread he had of returning to her father's, and his plan of trying to reach some American settlement—of his desire to go to the place called Mattias, and of his hopes of seeing some vessel there which would carry them to Boston.

Against this plan Estaloe could object nothing, and yet there was seen coming over her sweet features a slight shadow, as when a cloud intervenes between the sun and some flowery nook of the wilderness, for the thought of going among strangers who were of another race and people, troubled her.

Against such forebodings, Hubbell could oppose no greater argument than the ardor of his feelings for his fair and most precious Estaloe, and their boy, with promises of eternal constancy and faith. To such arguments she yielded, as what else could she do, and her lofty spirit was calmed with hope and fond assurance.

They now made all possible haste to reach the place above named, as the weather was getting cold and the nights tempestuous, for it was November, the time when winter was almost setting in so far north. They camped out but one night ere they reached Mattias, which was just as the sun was going down on the second day. In a moment, to the very great joy of Hubbell, what should he discover, on casting his eye over the broad waters of the St. Lawrence, but the flag of an American privateer waving over the deck of a heavy mettle ship, riding at anchor, ready to sail for Boston.

Hubbell greatly desired to be put on board that very night, as he had much rather go to rest in the hammock of an American ship, than to sleep in the best inn the town of Mattias could afford. Just at the moment, as he stood looking at the noble craft, he saw a canoe in the act of putting off, laden with potatoes and other vegetables for the use of the crew on board, when he hailed the man who had possession of the canoe, and told his desires.

The man consented, and taking Hubbell, with Estaloe and the child, into his totlish craft, seated them in such a manner as best to preserve the trim of the canoe, for their mutual safety, and was in the act of pushing off; but just at this moment there came running very swiftly a man, who begged to be taken on board, as he said he was a deserter from the English, stating that he had passed through incredible hardships and dangers, in effecting his escape, and did not wish to fail now that he was so near the end of his fears. Hubbell and the canoe man consented to his wish, although it was far from prudent to do so, as the waters were rough, and a canoe was then, as now, but a fickle kind of vessel, at the best.

They now left the shore, paddling away for the

ship, and had come within a hundred yards or so of the place where she was riding, when the stranger happened to make an unlucky step, in order to preserve his balance, as the motion of the canoe had staggered him a little, when over went the craft, and was soon floating bottom side up.

Of necessity, all were in the deep, each struggling for the precious life. Hubbell saw no more of his much loved Indian bride and forest boy, for it was dark or in the gloom of twilight, and it snowed at the time, so that when he rose to the surface, he saw nothing but the canoe, all else had disappeared. He now clung to the deceitful apology for a boat, and by adroit management contrived to get astride of her bottom, clinging his legs in under the edges of the canoe, thus holding himself on as well as he could. At this time, the tide was running out rapidly, and soon swept him so far toward the ocean, as that his voice, when he hallooed with all his might, was lost on the roar of the winds.

That night was a night of dreadful suffering to Hubbell, for the reason that it was cold, and snowed furiously, being obliged to sit in the most uneasy position, with his legs deep in the weltering waves, which tossed him hither and thither at their will, putting him in imminent danger of being shaken from his hold of the canoe; which most certainly would have been the case, had he not taken the hatchet from his belt and struck it deep into her bottom, thus holding on to the handle. That night was a night of suffering, not only from the above causes, but from other fearful circumstances; such as the danger of being destroyed by sharks, or other monsters of the deep, of being run over by any passing vessel, floating timbers, or ice drifting from the north, besides the horrors of the darkness, and howling of the winds and the sea.

It was a night of suffering to Hubbell not only from the above causes, but more especially and more dreadfully from the loss of his heroic wife and beautiful child. All night his sighs and wailings, as well as tears, were mingling with the tempest; for he knew that Estaloe and her child were then being dashed one way and another by the relentless waves; whose souls were gone to the world of spirits, and that he should see them no more, even should he escape a watery grave; which was every where gaping around him.

In this condition, astride of a capsized canoe, he remained till the next day, when, about ten o'clock in the morning, the ship having got under way, happened to espy him, and immediately was brought too, a boat sent out, and the sufferer rescued. He was found to be perfectly helpless, and retaining, after he was taken from the canoe, the shape for some time that he was in while on the boat. They now, after hoisting him on board, took him to the cabin, stripped off his clothes, and bathed him with rum, rubbing him with their hands and woollen cloths, giving him, at the same time, some to drink. In this way, after an hour's incessant application, he was in a good measure restored to comparative activity again. He now made every enquiry respecting the fate of the hapless crew, and found that the deserter had swam to the ship and was saved, while the canoe man had not been heard of, nor the Indian woman and her child.

Thus terminated the life of one who, though but a maid of the forest, had loved the pale face with all the intensity the passion can inspire; ending only with her life, when crushed beneath the weltering horrors of the sea.

Before we close the adventurous history it were

as well, perhaps, to inform the reader, that the privateer above alluded to was watching the return of a vessel from Novascotia, there in the St. Lawrence. The captain's name was *Ayres*, whose own brother was also the captain of the expected vessel, which was laden with grindstones. It was the intention of Captain Ayres to cruise about the gulf till the said vessel should heave in sight, and then if he could to capture her. Accordingly the privateer continued to cruise about the mouth of the St. Lawrence a few days after Hubbell had been taken on board of her, when the merchantman was seen heaving up on the wind, toward her destination, which was the city of Quebec. The two vessels ran pretty near each other, when according to custom the flags of the respective ships went up to their mast heads, one being the American Eagle, stripes and stars, while the other was the Lion of England. On making this discovery, in a moment the privateer sent a heavy shot ahead of the merchantman as a summons to surrender. The vessel immediately lowered her flag, when Ayres took possession of the prize and run her into Mattias, where she was sold with all the ship contained for some thousands of dollars, the two brothers sharing alike in the adventure, and was no doubt a concerted plan, a kind of game often played by both parties in that war.

On board the vessel Hubbell was not required to do any work; his sufferings had been so much and so long, that the captain told him he should be paid the same as the other hands, till they should reach Boston, and from the time he was hauled on board from his drifting canoe. The voyage was of but short duration, when they anchored in the bay of Boston, where the captain not only paid him his wages but presented him with thirty dollars, amounting in all to a sufficient sum not only to carry him across the country to the North river, which he performed on foot, but also to get him a suit of new clothes. This was a journey of some two hundred miles, coming out at Newburgh, at a place to this day called *Snake Hill*, a place a mile or two back of the above named town, where he joined his regi-

ment, then commanded by *Gansevoort Van Schaick*. Here the hero of these pages was received by his fellows, and greeted with shouts of the soldiery. Washington was there at the time, and bestowed upon Hubbell marked and particular attentions, giving orders that the brave soldier should do no duty, but remain at his leisure, till the army should be disbanded, receiving his rations as the rest received theirs in his regiment. From the time of his arrival at Snake Hill, it was but about three weeks when, from the hand of Washington himself, as well as all the rest, he received an honorable discharge from the glorious war of the Revolution.

Hubbell now returned to old Fairfield, Con., where he was married and remained till the commencement of the last war, 1812, when he again enlisted, being full of the old fire of the war of Independence, although then nearly sixty years old. His first move was to march to Hartford, Con., going over the very ground in his old age that he had gone over once in his youth, and for the very same purpose, namely, to resist the common oppressor and hater of America, the *British*.

From Hartford he was sent to the barracks at Greenbush, opposite the city of Albany, where having met with a blow on his head from an overbearing upstart of an officer, who took offence at the old man's stories about his deeds in the Revolution, and nearly killed him, as the blow was made with a heavy hard wood cane. In consequence of this blow, Hubbell was honorably discharged, after having received the humble acknowledgments of the ruthless envious fool, who was compelled by his commander to ask the old man's pardon before all the troops stationed at the barracks at the time, which Hubbell granted, and then retired forever from the field of strife, who is yet living in Weston, Con., a monument of heroism and courage, such as wrenched the prey from the rending paw and teeth of the hungry lion of England, at a time when America was weak and but few in number—for it was the battle of God against the oppressor.

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Who does not love to hear the hunter tell  
His wond'rous fetes o'er mountain range and dell,  
The fights he had with panther, wolf or bear,  
Or of his shots at elk, the moose, or deer?

And who the sailor, in the deep hour of grief,  
Driven headlong by a storm on craggy reef;  
Does not love to hear the story of the sea,  
The sounding of the waves, where weltring horrors be!

The fearless soldier, too, who in the furious fray  
Hew'd for himself and all his own victorious way,  
And amid the white man's fight, all hack'd and gory,  
Or with the Indians, who will not hear the story?



