EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted, is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all.

VOL XIX. EASTON, (MD.) SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 10, 1836. No. 37.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY *Saturday Morning*
BY
Alexander Graham.

TERMS.

TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS Per annum, payable half yearly in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Not exceeding a square inserted three times for ONE DOLLAR; and TWENTY FIVE CENTS for every subsequent insertion.

NEW HAT,



BOOT and SHOE

STORE.

At the old stand lately occupied by John Wright, deceased.

The subscribet, having bought out the entire stock of Boots and Shoes formerly owned by John Wright, dec'd. and having also made large and extensive purchases in Baltimore, respectfully invites the attention of the public to his handsome and complete assortment, consisting of Ladies' Lasting, Morocco and Seal Skin Shoes; Gentlemen's Boots, half boots, shoes and slippers, children's shoes, and servants coarse & fine shoes. Also fine Silk, Fur & Straw hats. He has taken particular care in his selection of Ladies' Shoes, he thinks he can offer the ladies who may honor him with their patronage, the neatest and most fashionable assortment, that has been, for sometime in Easton. Mr. Shepherd, the competent and attentive workmen, so long in the employ of Mr. Wright, will attend to orders for work, and have it executed in his usual, neat and lasting style. That the public generally may favor him with the patronage, he will endeavor to deserve, is the hope of the

Public's obedient servant,
ENNALLS ROSZELL.

Easton, June 25

Easton & Baltimore Packet
THE SPLENDID NEW SLOOP



THOMAS HAYWARD

WILL commence her regular trips between Easton and Baltimore, on Wednesday the 2nd of March, (weather permitting,) leaving Easton Point at 9 o'clock, and returning will leave Baltimore at 9 o'clock on the following Saturday, and continue sailing on these days throughout the season.

The THOMAS HAYWARD has run as a packet, giving general satisfaction as a fine sailer and safe boat She is fitted up in a highly commodious manner for the accommodation of passengers, with State Rooms for Ladies, and comfortable berths, and it is the intention of the subscriber to continue to furnish his table with the best fare that the market affords.

☞Passage $1,00; and 25 cents for each meal.

Freights will be received as usual at the subscriber's granary at Easton Point by Mr. P. Barwick, who will faithfully attend to their reception in the absence of the subscriber; and all orders left at the Drug Store of Thomas H. Dawson & Son, or at the subscriber's residence, will recive his personal attention, as he intends, himself, to take charge of his vessel.

The subscriber has employed Mr. N. Jones, as Skipper, who is well known as a careful and skilfull sailor, unsurpassed in experience and knowledge of the bay.

Thankful for the liberal share of patronage he has hitherto received, he will spare no pains to merit a continuance of the same.

The public's obedient servant,
SAMUEL H. BENNY.

Feb. 27 tf

N. B. Orders for goods, &c. should be accompanied with the cash; those not handed to the subscriber by Tuesday evening, will be received at the Drug Store of Messrs Thomas H. Dawson & Son, where the subscriber will be in waiting until 9 o'clock on Wednesday morning. This request is made in order that the subscriber may be punctual to his hour of sailing.

Persons indebted to the subscriber, are requested to settle by the last day of March, otherwise their accounts will be placed in the hands of an officer, as it is not convenient for me to give that personal attention I have hitherto done, being much absent from the county. S. H.

A Valuable Farm for Sale.

THE Subscriber, wishing to purchase land nearer home, offers a valuable Farm for Sale, situated in Queen Ann's county, well timbered, containing rather more than four hundred acres; and adjoining the farms of Judge Hopper and Mr. Henry Jump. The soil is acknowledged to be of the same quality as the lands of the above named gentlemen, whose farms are known to be productive.

This could not fail to be a profitable investment to a resident of Queen Anns.

For further particulars, a letter addressed to the subscriber, through the Post Office, will receive prompt attention.

ANDREW SKINNER.

Aug. 27.

The Centreville Times will publish the above for three successive weeks, and forward the account to this office.

TO THE PUBLIC.

The subscriber has been informed that there is a report in circulation stating that he has disposed of his possessions on the Choptank, and ceased to keep the Cambridge Ferry. This report was undoubtedly gotten up by some malicious individual with a view of injuring the subscriber, and, if suffered to remain uncontroverted, the aim of its originator would certainly be attained. The subscriber, therefore, takes this method of informing his friends and the public, that there is not the slightest foundation in truth for the above mentioned report; but that, on the contrary, he still keeps the Cambridge Ferry, and expects so to do the remainder of his days. His boats are substantial, safe and in good order, and are under the management of as prompt, active, trusty and experienced hands as those belonging to any boat that has hitherto been, or may hereafter be, stationed on the above named ferry, while he keeps, as usual, good horses and carriages for the accommodation of travellers. He has signals on both sides of the river, which his boat will always answer with the utmost despatch, so that no one shall be kept waiting longer than shall be absolutely necessary.

The subscriber returns his thanks to his friends and the public for the very liberal patronage which he has heretofore received from them; and, as his long experience in the business, and his determination to use his best efforts to please, induce him to hope that he will give general satisfaction, he respectfully solicits a continuance of their favor.

THOS. BOWDLE.

july 16

THE SATURDAY NEWS AND *LITERARY GAZETTE*,
A WEEKLY FAMILY NEWSPAPER

Devoted to Literature, Criticism, the Fine Arts, General Intelligence, News, &c.

Price Two Dollars per annum—payable in advance.

On Saturday, July 2, 1836, the subscribers will commence, in Philadelphia, the publication of a new weekly newspaper under the above title.

The *News* will embrace every variety of light literature, including, Tales, Poetry, Essays, Criticism, Notices of the Fine Arts, the Drama, &c. The original matter will be supplied by writers of the first eminence. A regular correspondence will be maintained with Washington, and the principal Cities of the Union, and arrangements are in progress by which letters from Europe will be constantly furnished.

Attention will be paid to securing at the earliest possible date the choicest productions of the English periodical press. Popular novels will occasionally be given, though they will not be suffered to interfere with a general variety. The latest news, and all items of interesting intelligence will invariably form part of the contents.

The *News* will be printed on a folio sheet of the largest class, and will furnish as large an amount of reading matter as any weekly paper now published in this country. It will be conducted in a spirit of the most fearless independence. All allusion to party politics, or sectarian religion will be carefully avoided.

LOUIS A. GODEY,
JOSEPH C. NEAL,
MORTON McMICHAEL,

Agents of this paper will be allowed the usual commission.

Six copies furnished for ten dollars.

All payments to *made* in advance.

Orders, free of postage, must be addressed to L. A. GODEY, & Co.
No 100 Walnut St. Philadelphia.

June 11

Our editorial friends in the country will oblige us by inserting the above prospectus, and accepting a free exchange.

Talbot County, to wit.

On application to me the subscriber, one of the Justices of the Orphan's Court of the County aforesaid, by petition in writing of James Brown, stating that he is under executions and pressed for debts that he is actually unable to pay, and praying for the benefit of the Act of Assembly, passed at November session, eighteen hundred and five, for the relief of Insolvent Debtors, and the several supplements thereto, on the terms mentioned in the said acts—and the said James Brown having complied with the several requisites required by said acts of Assembly—I do hereby order & adjudge that the satd James Brown be discharged from his imprisonment, & that he be and appear before the Judges of Talbot County Court, on the first Monday of November Term next, and at such other days and times, as the Court shall direct, & the same time is appointed for the creditors of the said James Brown to attend and show cause, if any they have why the said James Brown should not have the benefit of the said acts of Assembly.

Given under my hand this 24d day of May. 1836.

E. N. HAMBLETON.

august 20

PREMIUMS.

The publisher of the *Salmagundi and News of the Day*, prompted by the unexampled and unexpected patronage which this paper has received, offers the following premiums:

For the best original *Comic Tale—Fifty dollars.*

For the best *Original Comic Song—Twenty five Dollars.*

For the best collection of *Original Anecdotes, Jests,* &c., not less than Fifty in number—*Twenty five Dollars*

For the best *Original Comic Design, Sketch* or *Drawing—Twenty five Dollars;* for the *second* best—*Fifteen Dollars;* and for the *third* best—*Ten Dollars.*

Persons entering as competitors, may or may not forward their names agreeably to their own wishes. The premiums will be awarded by competent Judges. All communications on the subject must be addressed—prior to the first of September, 1836.—*postage paid,* to

CHARLES ALEXANDER,
No. 3. Athenian Buildings,
Franklin Place, Philadelphia.

may 14

Editors exchanging with the Salmagundi are respectfully requested to notice this offer.

Talbot County, to wit.

On application to me the subscriber, one of the Justices of the Orphan's Court of the County aforesaid, by petition in writing of Caleb Brown, stating that he is under executions and pressed for debts that he is actually unable to pay, and praying for the benefit of the Act of Assembly, passed at November session, eighteen hundred and five, for the relief of Insolvant Debtors, and the several supplements thereto, on the terms mentioned in the said acts—and the said Caleb Brown having complied with the several requisites required by said acts of Assembly—I do hereby order and adjudge that the said Caleb Brown be released from his confinement, and that he be and appear before the Judges of Talbot County Court, on the first Monday of November Term next, and at such other day and times as the Court shall direct, the same time is appointed for the creditors of the said Caleb Brown to attend and shew cause if any they have, why the said Caleb Brown should not have the benefit of the said acts of Assembly.

Given under my hand the 26th day of July, 1836.

EW'D. N. HAMBLETON.

July 30

MARYLAND,
Talbot County Orphans' Court,
19th day of Aug. A. D. 1836.

On application of James Benny, adm'r. of John Wright, late of Talbot county deceased —It is

ORDERED, That he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate and that he cause the same to be published once in each week for the space of three successive weeks in one of the newspapers printed in the town of Easton, and also in one of the news papers printed in the city of Beltimore.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of proceedings of Talbot county Orphans' Court, I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of my office affixed this 19th day of August in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty six.

SEAL

Test, JAS. PRICE, Register of Wills for Talbot county.

In compliance to the above order
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

That the Subscriber have obtained from the Orphans' court of Talbot county letters of administration on the estate of John Wright, late of said county deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the proper vouchers thereof to the subscriber, on or before the 15th day of June next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 19th day of August, 1836.

JAMES BENNY, Adm'r.
of John Wright, dec'd

aug 20

The Baltimore Chronicle will publish the above once a week for three successive weeks and forward their account to the administrator.

Easton and Baltimore Packet,
SCHOONER



JOHN EDMONDSON
Robson Leonard, Master.

The Subscriber grateful for passed favours of a generous public, begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally, that the above named Schooner, will commence her regular trips between Easton and Baltimore, on Sunday the sixth of March, at 9 o'clock, in the morning, and returning will leave Baltimore on the following Wednesday at 9 o'clock, in the morning, & continue to sail on the above named days during the season. The John Edmondson is now in complete order for the reception of Freight or Passengers; having sailed as a Packet for about six months and proved to be a fine sailer and safe boat, surpassed by no vessel for safety, in the bay. All Freights intended for the John Edmondson will be thankfully received at the Granary at Easton Point, or elsewhere at all times, and all orders left at the Drug Store of Dr. Thomas H. Dawson & Son, or with Robert Leonard, who will attend to all business pertaining to the packet concern, accompanied with the Cash, will meet with prompt attention.

The Public's Ob't Serv't.
JOSHUA E. LEONARD

march 5, 1835.

TO BE RENTED,
for one year or any longer term,



THE UNION TAVERN,

in Easton, Maryland, on Washington street, near the Farmer's Bank, now occupied by Mr. E. McDowell.

A commodious new dining room has been lately finished and by the addition of an adjoining dwelling house and lot, the accommodations are ample as well for a family of the most respectable host as for all travellers and other guests that can be calculated on in the Town of Easton. All necessary repairs and judicious improvements will be made for a tenant likely to be permanent. Apply to

JOHN LEEDS KERR.

Easton, Md.

P. S. I have several Farms to rent, large and small.

aug 13 tf

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to the late firm of Willson & Taylor, are requested to come forward and settle their accounts. The subscriber will be in Easton at the store of Stevens and Rhodes every Tuesday, from the 23d until Tuesday the first of November, after which date, their accounts will be placed in an officers hands for collection according to law.

JACOB C. WILLSON.

aug 20

THE ADVENTURE OF A WESTERN HUNTER.

In "Elkswatawa or the Prophet of the West," we find many amusing tales, related by one of the heroes of the novel, a Kentucky Hunter named Earthquake. He relates the following adventure, on the eve of his election to the Sheriffalty. It is replete with humour:

"Tell us the story and we shall then be able to judge," said an old hunter, who, standing near was leaning on his rifle; "do begin, Earthquake, and make no more preparation; you take as long to git under way, as a man does who breaks a yoke of young steers, or greases a pair of cart wheels, before he set out upon his journey."

'Then I'm off, old man,' said Earthquake, 'but I must take a running start, and begin agin.'

'Well, well, well, well--once upon a time I had taken my old bitch Jupiter, that you have often heard me tell of;--old Jupe was a nice thing,—I had taken her 'long, and gone off upon a bear hunt had been absent two or three weeks, and had wandered very far from home. I was a venturesome lad in those days, and never better satisfied than when alone in the wild woods. I had worked my way down into the fork formed by the emptying of the Cumberland into the Ohio river, and I had worried the bears right badly. I had rare sport. Old Jupe was in a good humor, and she and I was mighty loving, for she had fou't some fights which I can never forgit, and which made me love her like a new flint and she loved me as if I was a bacon bone, for I had helped her out of some of her difficulties, when it would have been a gone case if I hadn't been present; —I say difficulties, for I never did see a dog so tired as she was. I do believe during some of these fights that I am talking about, I saw the bears hug her, until they stretched her out into a long string. Yes, I have seen 'em squeeze her, until she wan't larger than my arm, and at least nine or ten feet long: you might have wound her up into a ball, just as you would have done a hank of yarn,—"

'Then they must have killed her, Earth,' said one of the group.

'You know nothing about it,' said Earth, 'don't interrupt me; but I am good for your vote;' then turning to the crowd, 'ain't it so gentleman, don't he forfeit it for stopping me?'

'Certainly,' was the reply,—

'Then I have already made two votes,' said Earthquake.

'All now cried, 'go on Earth, go on with your story.'

'Well,' said Earth, 'he stopped me something about the bears killing Jupe; —now old Jupe wan't of that breed of dogs at all, for when she was stretched out in a string, or even tangled up in a knot, I would shoot the bear, draw her off one side, throw a little cold water over her, leave her and go to butchering. In an hour, and sometimes it would take longer, she would begin to come together like a jointed snake, and presently she would fetch a yelp, and come streaking it to me, shaped as she ought to be, showing her teeth, and looking as fresh as if she was a new made dog. And then wan't she vig'rous? Yes, who says she wan't? You might have hung a crosscut saw to a swinging limb, and she would have chawed upon it the balance of the day.—or have thrown her a bear's head, and she wouldn't touch the meat, but draw all the teeth out merely for spite. But there was one thing I noticed about old Jupe'—whenever the bears stretched her out into a string, she always lost her appetite for the remainder of the day Well old Jupe and I went down there, and we had been doing pretty much what I have been telling you when one day the bears spun her cut rather longer than usual, and she got out so badly, that we had to rest during the whole of the evening. *I* was sorry for old Jupe, but didn't care much about having to stop myself, for *I* was right tired and wanted rest, having seen hard times that week.

The sun, *I* suppose, was about an hour high, and I was setting down under a big tree, nursing old Jupe, and trying to see if I couldn't see her upon her legs agin, when she raised up her nose, and snuffed the air,—then looked in my face and whined. As she did this, I saw the hair upon her back begin to rise. I knew that there was danger in the wind, and from what old Jupe had told me, I thought the red skins were about. The Indians were not so rife then as they had been;—it was the fall before 'Squire Rolfe came out from the old state; but people had to keep a sharp look out, for they would come down upon the settlements once in a while, and they were mighty apt to take off somebody's hair with them.

Well, as soon as old Jupe spoke to me, I looked about, and seed five coming right along in the direction in which I was. They were well loaded, and I knowed at once that they had been down upon the settlements, and were now making their way to the river, that they might cross over and get clear. Although I saw them, I knew they hadn't seen me; so I gathered up my things to start off, without thinking that old Jupe was so badly cut she could'nt follow.—When I was ready, I looked at old Jupe. —she tried to get up, but could'nt.—my eyes felt watery, for I hated to leave her, and I had'nt a minute to spare — But old Jupe was a sensible dog; yes as I said before, she was a nice thing, for without speaking a word, she poked her nose under the leves, as much as to say, cover me over and leave me. I did so, and getting a tree between me and the Ingens, *I* streaked it, you ought to have seen me run, to know how fast a man ought to move when Ingens are after him. Well, arter streaking it awhile, *I* thought it would never do to go off that way, and know nothing about 'em, so I began to haul in my horns, and back a little. *I* got behind a tree, and kept a sharp look out:--presently *I* seed them all coming stright towards me: so *I* buckled off again and went for some distance, like a bear through a cane brake, and then stopped, and took a stand. *I* had'nt been there long, before *I* seed them coming agin. The reason why *I* saw them so often was, that *I* kept before them, knowing that they were making straight for the river. *I* watched them narrowly, looked at 'em with both eyes wide open, and saw they did'nt seem to have any notion of me, but were putting it down fast and heavy that they might git across. It was now getting dark, and *I* knew that under cover of the night, as they did not suspect any body was near 'em *I* could keep close enough to watch them without their knowing it, and this I determined to do, thinking that by possibility something might happen, to pay me for my trouble. You all know *I* never spare an Ingen; no, there don't breathe one who can say I ever showed him any favor. Well, *I* kept on before em until *I* got down upon the river bank. It was then quite dark, and growing more so every minute; for a fog was rising from the surface of the water. I looked about to see if they had a boat there, thinking if they had one, *I* would take it, and let them git across as they could. I was searching longer than I thought for, and did'nt know how the time passed, for suddenly I heard them coming down to the river, at the very point where I was. I was now skeered, and looked about to see if *I* could get out of the way; but there was no place to hide, and it was too late to escape, either up or down the bank. I'm a gone case, thought I—used up at last, but just at that moment, I saw a large log or tree, which had been lodged by some high freshet; for one end of it still rested on the bank; while the other extended out into the stream. Said I to myself, 'I'll git upon this for it is so dark that they can't see me, and I can then keep a bright look out upon their movements;' so I stepped on it, and crawled along to the far end. I found that the log was floating and getting as near the small end as I could, I straddled it, putting my legs in the water to steady me, and laid my rifle across my lap. 'Oh! that it would but float off,' said I, but it wouldn't.

'Well, down to the water they all came, and stood in about fifteen or twenty feet of me. 'It is all over now,' thought I; 'if discovered, I am used up as fine as salt;—*if* I ain't, there is no bad taste in a rough 'simmon.' Well, there they stood in a good humor, laughing and talking, about I hardly know what, for I couldn't catch many of their words. At last, I heard one of 'em say; in Shawanee, 'where is the canoe? It must be close by. Step upon the log and find it.'

'Hold my gun,' answered one of 'em, and passing it to one of his friends, he stepped upon the log and began to walk right to where I was. Now did'nt I squat low, and feel mean? But hush; he had'nt got far before another must jump on, to help him find the boat. This last one had only walked a few steps, when the log slipped, and splash it came right into the river with the two Ingens.—They both held on, though they both got a little wet, and the first thing I knowed the log was going out into the stream with all three of us on it. It was slanting at first, and slipping, got pushed off Those on the shore set up a loud laugh, and they would'nt hear any thing until it was too late to give any help. But for those on the log, it was no joke; for they were already out in the stream, and going down it with a smart current.—They now hallooed manfully for help, and those on shore seeing how it was, told them to hold on, and that they would find the boat and take them off. Well, I have often told you I had seen hard times, now wa'nt here a predicament? On a log with two Ingens, and floating along at night down the Ohio. Well, sure enough, there I was, and what did I think of? why, of every thing in this world' it rarly made me feel right knotty, and what to do, I didn't know. We had now floated two or three hundred yards, and I was sitting as I told you before, straddled on the small end, and jest as silent as a deer listening for the dogs, thinking how the affair would terminate, when one of the Ingens who was still standing upon the log, stepped off upon the limb, to make room for his companion. His stepping caused the log to creen me in the water, and forgetting where I was, and what I was about, I cried 'stop, stop! you'll turn me over.' 'Oh hell!' said I to myself; 'it is all over now—clean gone this time.' How the Ingens looked, I don't know, for it was so dark I could'nt see their faces, but they must have been worse skeered than I was, for I knew who they were, and they didn't know who or what I was They kept muttering something very fast, and I thought they were going to quit the log and streak it, but arter a few minutes they became silent, and began peeping towards where I was, like a couple of turkies looking for worms. And then one said, 'don't you see something?' 'Yes,' answered the other, 'dark lump; bear perhaps;' and then the one who first spoke, cried out 'who's there?' I didn't answer them, but growed small so fast, trying to squeze myself out of sight, that my skin hung as loose as if it was a big jacket. They kept peeping at me, and I heard one say, 'It is no bear. It is a man, look at his head.' When I heard him say so, I was so mad I wished my head was under the log, but then I thought if it was, I wouldn't be any better off than I was then, so I straightened up; I knowed they had seen me, and I thought twan't worth while to play 'possum any longer. Well, when I straightened up, he cried out agin, 'who's there,' 'I am here,' said I, speaking in his own language. The moment I spoke, he laughed, and said to the other, 'he is a pale face.'

'How could he tell that, Earth,' inquired another of the group, 'you say that it was dark, and a fog was rising.'

'I've got you, Jim,' said Earthquake; then pausing he began to count on his fingers saying, 'that is four, no, three; now don't forget it, Jim.'

'Go on, go on, Earth,' cried half a dozen voices.

'Well, the reason he knowed me so quick, was that he seed I didn't speak the real Ingen. Arter he had told the other that I was a pale face, he turned to me, and said, 'what are you doing there?' sitting down straddle on the small eend, said I. When I said this, they burst out into a laugh; I myself was in no laughing humor, and it didn't sound to me like a laugh, but like a sort of chuckle, and one said to the other, he is a pale face, a lean dog, sleeping on a log, we did catch him good,' and saying this, they put their hands to their mouth, and gave the war whoop. I tell you what, it was an awful sound, and then they told their companions on shore that a pale face was on the log with them, to get the boat and come quick. Those on shore answered them, and ran laughing down the river looking for the boat, and keeping along with the log. I now found that I must go at the old work, and my bristles began to rise.'

'Come here,' said one of 'em, beckoning to me —'Come quick, before the others come; I want your hair.'

'What did he mean by that?' said one who with the most fixed attention had been standing by eagerly devouring all that Earth had been telling.

'Why, he wanted to scalp me; but recollect, if you please, *I* have your vote too,' said Earth, again pausing an instant. 'That is five, no four. Well, when he called me to him to let him have my hair, *I* could'nt stand it any longer, but throwing up my rifle, blazed away; he jumped up like a buck, and fell splash in the water. My rifle made a mighty pretty noise, and *I* heard the report rolling away for miles up and down the river. As soon as *I* fired, the Ingens on the bank also screamed the war whoop, and the fellow on the log cried out to 'em to bring his gun. *I* jumped up and crawled at him, he gathered up an old limb and stood his ground. The first thing I knowed, he come down upon me all in a heap, breaking the old limb into a dozen pieces over my head and shoulders; it was a good thing for me that the limb wa'nt sound. His blow staggered me, but *I* soon rose up and seizing my rifle with both hands brought him a side wipe with the barrel. As I did, he slipped off the log in the water, I then hit him another lick and stooping quickly down seized him by the head, as he tried to crawl up upon the log. I was now upon the log, and he in the water; so I had him at a disadvantage.

'Well, I kept bobbing his head under, when I first did it, the bubbles came up just like you were filling a bottle with water; you know, after the bottle is full; it won't bubble; well, I kept bobbing his head until he would'nt bubble, so I concluded he was full of water and then let him go; he went down to the bottom and I never seed him any more.

'All was now quiet, for both Ingens had sunk, and I was master of *the* log; but I had yet another struggle to make, for I heard the Ingens on shore push off their boat, and seed the waters splash as they darted towards me. It was too late to load, and then I could kill but one; that would'nt do —no the only hope was to hide; so *I* took out a string, and placing my rifle in the water, lashed it to the log. I then threw away my hat, and crawling as far as I could towards the small eend, eased myself gently down into the water, leaving nothing out but my head, and holding on with both hands by a small limb—another minute, and the canoe grated as it run up upon the log. The Ingens looked about and spoke to each other, but could see nothing; they then called their companions by name, but there was no answer. They

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