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THE FEMALE CAPTIVE,

Being a Story of Mrs. Mary Jemison, who was taken Prisoner by a party of French and Indians, when only 12 years of age, and resided with the Indians 78 years, until the time of her death.

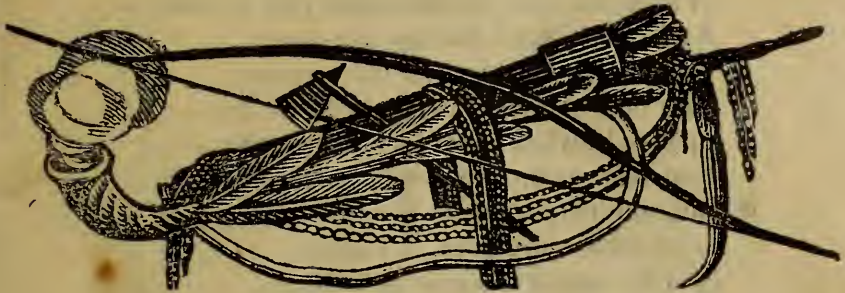
[The following lines are extracted from her own Narrative, which was published in 1841.]

In gone by years, when o'er this smiling land,
A lonely wilderness immense did stand—
When prowling beasts in eager search for prey,
Roam'd unmolested through the night and day,
Then liv'd in peace the tawny Indian race,
Who made these lands their choisest hunting-place—
Their smoking huts and shady council tree,
Gave evidence that they lived happily.
But when our fathers o'er the ocean came,
And left a kingdom great, and stamp'd with fame,
And built their cabins in the forest shade,
And on the red man's rights did much invade.
The dark-eyed savage raised his deadly arm,
And for revenge issued the dread alarm,—
The loud wild whoop throughout the forest rang,
And sullen war-song loud, the council sang.
In these dark early years, from strife remote,
A farmer dwelt in happiness devote,
His cheerful wife and smiling offspring dear,
Liv'd peacefully and undisturbed by fear.
One pleasant morning in the dawn of spring,
When nature smiling gay seem'd every thing,
This little group were at their day's employ,
With willing hands, and hearts that leap'd for joy,

When suddenly was heard the war-whoop sound,
 While painted indians did the house surround,
 A neighbor there the warriors soon did slay,
 And all the rest they captive led away.
 Long was their march, o'er dismal hill and plain—
 Fatigued, and suffering hunger, thirst and pain,
 And when the second day's long march was done,
 The trembling captives all were slain, but one.
 This was a girl of only twelve years old,
 Of whom a tale of sorrow shall be told,—
 Her life was spared, and by them treated mild,
 And in their mode adopted as their child.
 Her hands were taught to plant and harvest corn,
 To pound their meal, and warriors caps adorn.
 At length, she lov'd the Indians' style of life,
 And soon by one, was treasured as a wife,
 She children had, but soon her husband, kind,
 Fell sick, and died, and was to dust consign'd.
 Her grief was great, but slowly wore away,
 And she a second mate did soon obey,—
 Her cares increas'd, she many children had,
 Which grew mature, and caused her moments sad.
 Her eldest son, in quarrel with the rest,
 Butcher'd them coldly, as he would a beast,—
 But he at length received his justice due,
 For like his brothers, he was murdered too.
 Years wore away, and she advanc'd in age,
 But still in daily toils she did engage,—
 Her husband died, and she was left alone,
 But held a tract of land to call her own,—
 And there she liv'd among her tawny kin,
 Secure from harm, and from the battle's din,
 Until the white men came and settled there,
 And welcom'd her unto their willing care:
 But with the red man's race she spent her days,
 But sought the truth of God, and righteous ways,
 And when *fourscore* and *ten* her years were made
 Her mortal body in the tomb was laid.

GENERAL NOTE.—Mrs. Jemison was born in 1743, while her parents were
 on their voyage to America. She was made captive in 1755, while residing

at Marsh Creek in Pennsylvania. She several times came very near falling a victim to the deadly tomahawk and scalping knife while among the savages, but an over-ruling hand protected her from the barbarous cruelty to which she was exposed. She had eight children by her two husbands, of whom five were girls, and her three sons came to their death as described. During her long captivity, she had not forgot her English tongue, although she had perfectly obtained the Indian language. She died at the *Seneca Reservation*, near Buffalo, N. Y., in 1833. A marble stone marks the spot of her grave, bearing an inscription mentioning the most prominent events of her life, in the grave-yard near the Seneca Mission Church.



WAHAWAUGH THE SPIRIT, OR THE INDIAN LEAP, OR GREAT COVE.

A Vision.

TO REV. JAMES NICHOLS OF JENKSVILLE, THE FOLLOWING UNWORTHY LINES ARE HUMBL Y INSCRIBED BY HIS SINCERE FRIEND AND OBEDIENT SERVANT.

FISK.

The "Indian Leap" so called, is situated on the bank of the Chickopee river, a short distance from the smiling village of JENKSVILLE IN LUDLOW, MASS.

POEM.

- 1 The autumn frosts had sear'd the leaf,
And weary peasants stored his sheaf;
And cold December bent his bow,
To shoot the wintry storms of snow.
- 2 'Twas night, the curfew chime had past,
And footsteps traced the sidewalk fast;

- The Moon rode victor of the night,
 And bathed the Village in her light.
- 3 I wander'd forth in thoughtful mood,
 To muse on earth's unequal brood;
 When sad imagination's guide,
 Led me along the river side.
- 4 One special path I chose to trace,
 And in its windings kept my pace,
 Which led o'er mounds from tree to tree,
 And overlooked the CHIC-O-PEE.
- 5 A little *isle* that breaks the stream,
 Pale luna showed me by her gleam;
 I paused awhile, the spot I viewed,
 And then again my course pursued.
- 6 But suddenly beneath my feet,
 A precipice my gaze did meet;
 And far down in the rocky shade,
 The river with the ledges played.
- 7 And from its wild and bold career,
 A voice ascended to my ear;
 That seemed to speak in verbal tone,
 Of tragic days long past and gone.
- 8 Long, long I gazed far down the steep,
 Where foaming waters never sleep;
 Until my brain reeled from its base,
 And caused me to my steps retrace.
- 9 Another path my feet betook,
 That bound a grove by lengthy crook,
 Which I pursued o'er mound and ledge,
 Until I reach'd the river's edge.
- 10 And there beside an ancient tree,
 I sat myself in reverie;
 Watching the ripples of the stream,
 That glisten'd in the moon's pale beam.
- 11 The autumn breeze went sadly by,
 With notes of grief and plaintive sigh;
 And through the branches o'er my head,
 It softly whispered of the dead.
- 12 My thoughts were turned to days of yore,
 When red men trod that very shore;

- And while the truth upon me broke,
I raised my head and thus I spoke:—
- 13 “ O tell me now, thou moaning breeze,
Ye grey old rocks, and ancient trees,
Tell me sad river in thy flow,
Where is that race of red men now.
- 14 Scarce had I spoke when all around,
The cliffs gave echo to the sound,
And whispering spirits flitted by,
And climb'd the ledges wild and high.
- 15 Then on the lucent stream I gazed,
Where meteors fell and faintly blazed,
When I beheld with wonder too,
An Indian in his bark canoe.
- 16 My heart beat quick, then sank with fear,
As he to me his course did steer,
And soon the wielding of his oar,
Brought safe his bark unto the shore.
- 17 Scarce had he reached the river's side,
E'er to its rocks he made a stride,
And with a strong intrepid hand,
He drew his skiff upon the land.
- 18 Then turning, with an air so bold,
That made my very blood run cold,
Towards my seat his steps he bent,
As if on some revenge intent.
- 19 An instant more and at my feet,
The warrior stood in form complete,
His plumes and dress in tatters hung,
His knife was gone and bow unstrung.
- 20 He upward gazed upon the sky,
While lightning darted from his eye,
And at the sight fear from me fled,
And unto him I spake and said—
- 21 O tell me red man whence thou came,
What is thy errand, what thy name,
Where is the race that claims thy bow,
And where are all thy kindred now.
- 22 He turned his eyes, they fell on me,
He spoke and said, Pale face 'tis thee

- That brought me to this rocky shore,
Which often I have trac'd before. [1st]
- 23 I am not mortal, but my name
Was WA-HA-WAUGH 'tis still the same,
And from the land of spirits fair,
I've come with dress I once did wear.
- 24 Here then he paus'd and drop'd his head,
I spoke again to him and said
Immortal red man, if thou art,
A tale I wish thee to impart.
- 25 I've heard of one about yon cove,
Where I this very night did rove,
And since this land is known to you
I ween you'll tell me if 'tis true.
- 26 O tell me of the tawny race,
That once this shore were wont to trace,
And tell me why thy bow's unstrung,
And why thy quiver is unslung.
- 27 'Tis wond'rous strange to see thee here,
At first thou fill'd my soul with fear,
But now I trust thou mean'st no ill,
Then answer me if 'tis thy will.
- 28 He turn'd to me, as was my choice,
And thus began with hollow voice,
While his wild eye flash'd deathly fire,
As if in rage of kindled ire.
- 29 Pale face, thou need'st not harbor fear,
The GREAT HIGH SPIRIT sent me here,
He heard thee long for truth invoke,
And thus to me the SPIRIT spoke.
- 30 "Go red man, Go, thou chieftain brave,
Go tell the pale face of thy grave;
Go tell him one sad tale of yore,
And of the wrongs thy kindred bore.
- 31 At his command I quickly came,
You know my errand and my name,
And now a tragic tale I'll tell,
Of what unto my kin befell.
- 32 When o'er these fields in gone by days,
The wild red deer were wont to graze;

- And oft while sporting free apace,
Fell bleeding by the hunter's chase.
- 33 A mighty race my kindred were,
That roam'd the forest wild and fair,
They built their wigwams thickly round,
And happiness their fire-sides crown'd.
- 34 These pleasant lands were all our own,
And where we chose we made our home, [2d]
No prowling foe our track besought,
Nor cruel wrongs our vengeance taught.
- 35 This eddying river in its flow,
Has often borne the light canoe,
And here the wild duck sporting came,
But floated bleeding by our aim.
- 36 But fleeting years produc'd a change,
O'er winding vale and mountain range,
Our scenes of comfort turned to war,
Which ended life and mark'd a scar.
- 37 The pale men o'er the ocean came,
And left a land of wealth and fame,
We spread our blankets for their bed,
And for their food our venison spread.
- 38 At first they were a little band,
Weak and defenceless in our land,
But soon they strengthen'd in our view,
And to a mighty nation grew.
- 39 They clear'd our forests, kill'd our game,
And built their hamlets on the plain,
They rob'd our streams and spoil'd our chase,
And dealt ungrateful with our race.
- 40 We saw their wrongs and their intent,
And on revenge our hearts were bent,
We bared our knives, our bows we strung,
And on our shoulders quivers hung.
- 41 We burn'd their dwellings in the night,
And scalp'd their young men in the fight,
We bound our captives to the tree,
And seal'd with death their destiny.
- 42 Our council fires that nightly burned,
Were fed with blood when squads returned,

- The victim's cry and dying groan,
 Could only for our wrongs atone.
- 43 But ah the white men were too strong,
 They bravely fought my brothers long,
 They slew our bravest in the field,
 And we at length were forc'd to yield.
- 44 And on the lands that skirt this stream,
 Was witnessed once a tragic scene,
 Here died the remnant of my tribe,
 The end of which I will describe.
- 45 On yonder Island which you saw, [3d]
 My little band once sat in awe,
 Two captives there in terror stood,
 To wait their doom be what it should.
- 46 I scarce had gave the dread command,
 E'er we beheld a pale face band,
 Displaying pomp and martial skill,
 Came rushing down yon rising hill. [4th]
- 47 Fear fill'd our hearts, we seized the ore,
 And darted swiftly to the shore,
 Leaving our captives at the stake,
 Determined our escape to make.
- 48 But Ah! our fate we soon did know,
 For we could not evade the foe,
 With deathly shots my band they drove,
 Until we reached yon fearful cove. [5th]
- 49 And there our doom, our death was sure,
 For no escape could we procure,
 Our fate ill fortune strong did bind,
 With cliff before and foe behind.
- 50 Our choice was giv'n, though seal'd with wo,
 To yield to them, or leap below,
 Which e'er we did was certain death,
 But soon we choose to plunge beneath.
- 51 Within my arm I took my son, [6th]
 And to the awful brink I run,
 Then one wild deathly whoop I gave,
 And cried "Come on, my warriors brave."
- 52 O then what pain my bosom felt,
 I drew the hatchet from my belt,

- And hurl'd it down beneath my feet,
Then headlong plunged my death to meet.
- 53 A moment, and the scene was o'er,
My brothers breathed in life no more,
Each of my tribe, unflinch'd and brave,
Had sought with me a watery grave.
- 54 Save one old squaw by accident,
Escaped the death of her intent,
But soon a bullet from the foe.
Laid her within the river's flow.
- 55 Thus, pale face, we red men died.
By cruel hands that sought for pride,
And by yon cove where whirlpools play,
Our fractured bones in silence lay.
- 56 You ask me why my bow's unstrung,
And why my quiver is unslung,
Alas, the tale too true I've told,
We died defenceless, but were bold. [7th]
- 57 Long years have past since that dread day,
My kin are gone, and where are they?
Ah pale face 'twas thy cruel race,
That drove them from their native place. [8th]
- 58 And now where yonder dwellings rise,
And towering steeple stares the skies,
The red man's hut once quiet stood,
Well lined with furs and stor'd with food.
- 59 But all have gone, go thou pale son,
Go tell thy kin of wrongs they've done,
But now the *Spirit* calls me home,
Farewell, Farewell my tale is done.
- 60 One moment more and he was gone,
I gazed around, I was alone,
A gloomy aspect nature wore,
But that red chief I saw no more.
- 61 I homeward turn'd my strolling feet,
And soon they trac'd the village street,
And when I reached my dwelling door,
The bell peal'd forth the midnight hour.
- 62 I paused, and sadly gaz'd around,
But deathly silence reigned profound,

Save the low wind that sighing came,
 With piercing breath that chill'd my frame.
 63 Gladly I sought my couch to rest,
 While sadness settled in my breast,
 But soon my thoughts were hush'd in sleep,
 And I forgot the *Indian Leap*.

NOTES.

[1st.] This celebrated spot was, as tradition says, a select place of an Indian tribe to hold their dances, &c.

[2nd.] A natural cell is formed in the solid rock where it is said was the residence of a red chief. A small oven is still visible within it, where it is supposed he baked his bread.

[3d.] The island referred to is a most delightful spot, a short distance from the Cove, and was the place where the Indian council met to judge their captives.

[4th] An eminent hill rising from the river that overlooks the beautiful isle, and the surrounding scenery.

[5th.] The tribe being driven by the foe upon this terrific place, could not escape in any direction, and the whites gave them their choice to surrender and be shot, or leap from the ledge into the river below upon the scattered rocks.

[6th] The old chief, after contemplating their situation for a moment, took his little son in his arm, and giving the signal for his band to follow him, he leaped down the horrid cliffs, in an instant, the whole tribe followed their leader, and all were dashed to atoms, save an old squaw, who by accident was caught by a limb of a tree that grew by the side of the ledge; but as soon as a bullet was lodged in her breast, she fell among her mangled companions.

[7th.] Most of the tribe in their haste from the isle left their weapons.

[8th] The race of Indians have since been driven beyond the rocky mountains.

This story of the Great Cove I believe no history contains, but has been handed down from generation to generation, and bears the character of truth. In the fields around this spot are often found the Indian arrows, knives, &c. which gives evidence that the aboriginal tribes formerly occupied the spot. The curious wanderer that visits this place finds himself doubly repaid for his pains. And as the spectator stands upon the dizzy brink, gazing far down upon the foaming waters dashing from rock to rock, the scene awakens in the mind the sublimest thoughts that imagination can produce. A beautiful grave borders its edge, affording a pleasant walk to those that desire it, and which is often enjoyed by the ladies and gentlemen of the neighboring village.





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