

beauty, sprightliness, and forlorn condition among the children of the wilderness, that he owed his redemption from captivity.

The Indians had brought him to Wa-wa-o-te-nong, (Detroit,) and while roaming about the streets, the little captive attracted the attention of the lady of the late Commodore Grant. Commodore Grant commanded the British Government vessels on the lakes; and before the surrender of the country to the United States in 1796, under Jay's treaty, he owned and resided on the farm where George Moran, Esq., now lives, at Grosse Pointe; and I think continued to reside there until his death, in about the year 1815. He was a kind hearted old sailor, and his wife was one of the excellent of the earth. As they were riding out one day, she discovered the little blue-eyed prisoner among the savages, and his condition aroused all the sympathies of a mother's heart. She pointed him out to her husband, and asked him to buy the boy. The old tar was ever ready when a good deed was to be done, and, dismounting from his carriage, he went among the Indians, and finding the owner, he gave him a hundred dollars for the little Che-mo-ka-mun,* and carried him home, gave him the name of John Grant—though he had a son of the same name, at the time.

The little captive was a great favorite of the Commodore, who raised him to manhood; and he well repaid the kindness shown him, by his unremitting care and attention to the interest of his benefactor.

Capt. Grant, as he grew up to manhood, understood that he was a native of the United States, and never, for a moment, wavered in his allegiance, though as the adopted son of a British officer, it might have been supposed that he would have acted differently.

He says that at the time General Wayne fought and beat

*Indian name for *white people*.