

manity, by making a booth for me. Here the compassionate reader will drop a fresh tear, for my inexpressible distress; fifteen or twenty miles from the abode of any civilized being, in the open wilderness, rendered cold by a rainy day—in one of the most perilous hours, and unsupplied with the least necessary, that could yield convenience in the hazardous moment. My children were crying at a distance, where they were held by their masters, and only my husband and sister to attend me; none but mothers can figure to themselves my unhappy fortune. The Indians kept aloof the whole time. About ten o'clock a daughter was born. They then brought me some articles of clothing for the child, which they had taken from the house. My master looked into the booth, and clapped his hands with joy, crying two monies for me, two monies for me. I was permitted to rest the remainder of
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