

they were strange Indians who shot him, and that he was sorry for it : My Father replied, that he was a dying Man, and wanted no Favour of them, but to Pray with his Children ; which being granted, he recommended us to the Protection and Blessing of GOD Almighty ; then gave us the best Advice, and took his leave for this Life, hoping in GOD that we should meet in a better. He parted with a chearful Voice, but looked very pale by reason of his great loss of Blood, which boild out of his Shoes :--- the Indians lead him aside--- !--- I heard the blows of the Hatcher, but neither Shriek nor Groan ! [ I afterwards heard that he had five or seven Shot-holes, thro' his Waistcoat or Jacker, and that the Indians covered him with some Boughs ]

The Indians lead us their Captives, on the East side of the Secr. II. River, toward the Fort ; and when we came within a Mile Of their town and half of the Fort and Town, and could see the Fort, we saw Firing & Smoke on all sides : Here we made a short King Penna- and Fort. stop, and then we moved within or near the distance of three quarters of a Mile from the Fort, into a thick Swamp. ...OF Mr. Gold's Family in particular. There I saw my Mother and my two little Sisters, and many other Captives taken from the Town. My Mother asked me of my Father, I told her, that he was Kill'd, but could say no more for Grief ; she burst into Tears, and the Indians moved me a little further off, and seiz'd me to a Tree.

The Indians came to *New-Harbour*, and sent Spies ...OF the Town and Fort to see several Days to observe how and where the People were employed &c. who found that the Men were generally at Fort to see Work at Noon, and left about their Houses only Women and Children : therefore the Indians divided themselves into several Parties, some Ambushing the Way between the Fort and the Houses, as likewise between them and the distant Fields ; and then alarming the farthest off first, they kill'd and took the People, as they moved toward the Town and Fort, at their Pleasure : so that very few escaped to the Fort. Mr. *Pateshall* was taken and kill'd as he lay with his Sloop near the *Barbican*. On the first stir about the Fort my youngest Brother was at Play near the same, and ran in, and so by God's Goodness was preserved. Capt. *Woods* with great Courage & Resolution defended the weak