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slain, and parents saw their little ones butchered before their eyes.

One house still remains, as a painful memento to posterity. The front door was hacked and hewn with hatchets, until the savages had cut a hole through it; through this hole they fired into the house; this door, which still bears its ancient wounds, and the hole, (closed only by a board, tacked on within,) remains now, as the savages left it, and is a most interesting monument.

Through the windows they also fired, and one bullet killed the female head of the family, sitting up in bed, and the mark of that bullet, as well as of four others, is visible in the room; in one of the holes in a joist, another bullet remains to this day. This family was all killed, or carried into captivity.

In the same attack, the clergyman of the place, the Rev. John Williams, and his family, shared a similar fate. Two of the children were killed at the door, Mrs. Williams, their mother, in the meadows, a little way out of town, and Mr. Williams, and the rest of the family, were carried prisoners to Canada.

We saw in the museum, in Deerfield academy, the pistol which he snapped at the Indians, when they rushed into his bed room.

Mr. Williams* lived many years after his return, and I saw his grave, and that of his murdered wife.

* The house of public worship, in which Mr. Williams used to preach, is still standing in Deerfield.