

Captives. He allowed me however a little boiled Corn for myself and Child; but looking upon us with a very angry Countenance. he threw a Stick at me, with such Violence as plainly demonstrated, that he grudged us the Food we had received from him.

The poor old Squaw, his Mother in-law, was very kind and tender to me, and, all that Night, would not leave me; but came and laid down at my Feet, signifying her Intention to use her Endeavours to appease his Wrath. For my own Part, I got but little Rest that Night; though my Babe slept sweetly by my Side: but I dreaded the tragical Design of my Master, and looked every Hour when he would enter the Wigwam, to execute his bloody Purpose. But here again kind Providence interposed. For, being weary with hunting, and having toiled in the Woods without Success, he went to Rest, and forgot to put in Practice the horrid Purpose he had formed.

When Flesh was scarce, we were only allowed the Guts and Garbage; but were not permitted to cleanse them any other Way than just by emptying the Dung out of them, and afterwards boiling them together with the Broth of Fowls; which would have been extremely nauseous, had not Hunger compelled us to eat; but in Time this Kind of Food, which often fell to our Lot, became pretty tolerable to a keen Appetite; though, at another Time, I could by no Means have dispensed with it. And this led me to consider, that none are able to say what Hardships they can suffer till the Trial comes upon them. For that, which in Time past I had thought not fit for Food in my own Family, I should now have esteemed a sweet Morfel, and a dainty Dish.

By this Time I was reduced so low, through Fatigue of Spirits, hard Labour, mean Diet, and the frequent