

In Midnight Gloom, upon the Cottager

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Fatigu'd with daily Toil, advancing soft,

To his unguarded Heart plunges at once

The deadly Steel : His hapless Family,

To much worse Fate reserv'd; in pathless Woods

Deep dragg'd, or to far unfrequented Wilds

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till tired with the horrid Diversion, their Sachem calls them off, and delivers him to his Master, who has Power over him in every Respect, excepting his Life, which is sacred to the Tribe, and cannot be touched without the unanimous Consent of the Whole. After almost two Years of most unparalleled Wretchedness, he found Means with his Family to escape to *Quebec*; where he resided near two Years longer, became, in Appearance, a bigotted Romanist, and conformed himself so well in every Respect, as entirely to gain the Confidence of the *French*; from whom, together with Captain *Stobo*, (who, by his Means, had gained the Liberty of the Town) his Wife and Daughter, he made his Escape in a Fishing-Boat, fell down the River with a rapid ebb Tide, under the Covert of a dark Night; where, upon the South Shore, and opposite *Green Island*, he seized a small Sloop loaden with Wheat, three of the Crew they destroyed, and set the remaining three ashore on a desolate Island lower down, called *Barnaby*: and thus, in Spite of an armed Vessel, dispatched instantly in the Pursuit, and after a Variety of Adventures, they arrived safely at *Louisburgh*; from whence Mr. *Clerk* was sent in the *Scarborough*, by Governor *Whitmore*, as a Pilot for the River *St. Lawrence*; and in that Ship I received from his own Mouth the above Account. He is a stout well-built Man, about 45, carries now in his Face and Body the Marks of their savage Usage, is very ignorant and illiterate, madly courageous, and very ready for any desperate Attempt; his Bravery was very well known in the Field at *Quebec*, and he had the Honour, in a Skirmish, some Leagues below the Town, to kill the *Canadian* that wounded Colonel *Frazier*.