

C H A P. II.

History of our Journey through the Wilderness, till we came to the waters that enter Lake Champlain.

IN the morning we were roused before sunrise, the Indians struck up a fire, hung on their stolen kettles, and made us some water gruel for breakfast. After a few sips of this meagre fare, I was again put on the horse, with my husband by my side, to hold me on. My two fellow prisoners took the little girls, and we marched sorrowfully on for an hour or two, when a keener distress was added to my multiplied afflictions ;—I was taken with the pangs of childbirth. The Indians signified to us that we must go on to a brook. When we got there, they shewed some humanity,