

Every one will imagine that I have paid affliction her utmost demand, the pains of imprisonment, the separation from my children, the keen sorrow occasioned by the death of a butchered father, and the severe grief arising from my husband's death, will amount to a sum, perhaps, unequalled. But still my family must be doomed to further and severe persecutions, from the savages. In the commencement of the summer of 1760, my brother in law, Mr. Joseph Willard, son of the Rev. Mr. Willard of Rutland, who was killed by the Indians in Lovell's war with his wife and five children, who lived but two miles distant from me, were taken by a party of Indians. They were carried much the same rout that I was to Montreal. Their journey of fourteen days through the wilderness, was a series of miseries, unknown to any but those who have suffered Indian Captivity, they lost two children, whose deaths were owing to savage barbarity. The history of their captivity would almost equal my own, but the reader's commiseration and pity must now be exhausted. No more of anguish, no more of anguish, no more of sufferings.

They arrived at Montreal a few days before the French surrendered it to the English; and after four month's absence, returned home, and brought my daughter Susanna to my arms; while I rejoiced at again