

“ For they that carried us away captive, required of us a song ; and they that wasted us, required of us mirth.”

When my poor child had given me this account, it affected me greatly, and my heart was filled with sorrow. Yet, on her account, I rejoiced that she had so good an inclination ; which she still further manifested, by wishing for a Bible, that we might have the comfort of reading the Holy Text at leisure times, for our spiritual consolation under the afflictions we then suffered.

Next to the difficulty of crossing the rivers, were the prodigious swamps and thickets, which were very hard to pass through. But here also my master would sometimes lend me his hand ; and as they passed thro' quickly one after the other, it became pretty tolerable for the hindmost. But the greatest difficulty of all, and which deserves first to be named, was our want of proper sustenance ; for we were now reduced to very great extremity ; having often nothing to eat but pieces of old beaver skin match-coats, which the Indians, in their journey to our settlement, had concealed (for they came to us naked, as I said before) but now in their return, took along with them. They were used more for food than raiment, being cut out in long narrow straps, of which they gave us some little pieces. These, after their example, we laid upon the fire till the fur was singed off, and then ate them as dainty