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d but a her innts and indeed ver; at roots: s; but of the it some ch they en they killed

killed a beaver, we lived high while it lasted, as their custom was to allow me the guts and garbage for myself and children; but they would by no means fuffer us to wash and cleanse them, which occasioned this kind of diet to be very loathsome; and indeed nothing but pining hunger would have made it in the

least degree tolerable.

My distresses did not all center here. I had vet another affliction no less severe than the former; and this was it. By daily travel and hard living, my milk was almost dried up; and how to preferve my poor babe's life, was a matter of no little concern to me, having many times no other sustenance for it than cold water, which I took into my mouth, and dropped on my breast for it to suck in when I gave it the teat, with what little milk it could draw from thence. At other times, when I could procure any broth of beaver's guts, I fed it with that; by which means, and keeping it as warm as I could, its life was preserved till I came to Canada, where I met with better food.

When we were pretty far advanced in our journey, the Indians divided; and, to our great forrow, divided us amongst them. My eldest daughter was taken away first, and carried to another part of the country, far distant from And we had not travelled far, before they parted again, and took from me my fecond daughter, and my servant-maid; so that I had now only the babe at my breast, and my little boy of fix years old. We three remained with the captain; but my daughter and servant underwent very great sufferings after they were