

We were always out of hopes of being returned before winter, the season proving so cold in the latter end of September, and were praying to God to prepare our hearts with an holy submission to his will, to glorify his holy name in a way of passive obedience, in the winter. For my own part, I was informed by several who came from the city, that the Lord intendant said, if *More* returned and brought word that *Battis* was in prison, he would put me in prison, and lay me in irons. They would not permit me to go into the city, saying, I always did harm when I came to the city. And if at any time I was at the city, they would persuade the Governor to send me back again.

In the beginning of last June, the superior of the Priests came to the parish where I was, and told me, he saw I wanted my friend Captain *de Beauville*, and that I was ragged. But says he, your obstinacy against our religion, discourages from providing better cloaths. I told him, it was better going in a ragged coat, than with a ragged conscience.

In the beginning of last June, went out an army of five hundred Macquas and Indians, with an intention to have fallen on some English towns down *Connecticut* river; but lighting on a *Scatacook* Indian, who ran away in the night, they were discouraged; saying, he would alarm the whole country. About