

the bloody heathen ready to knock us on the head if we stirred out. Now might we hear mothers and children crying out for themselves, and one another, *Lord what shall we do!* Then I took my children (and one of my sisters heirs) to go forth and leave the house: But as soon as we came to the door, and appeared, the Indians shot so thick that the bullets rattled against the house, as if one had taken a handful of stones and threw them so that we were forced to give back. We had six stout dogs belonging to our garrison, but none of them would stir, though another time, if an Indian had come to the door, they were ready to fly upon him and tear him down. The Lord hereby would make us the more to acknowledge his hand, and to see that our help is always in him. But out we must go, the fire increasing, and coming along behind us, roaring, and the Indians gaping before us with their guns, spears, and hatchets to devour us. No sooner were we out of the house, but my brother in law (being before wounded in defending the house, in or near the throat) fell down dead, whereat the Indians scornfully shouted, and halloed, and were presently upon him, stripping off his cloaths. The bullets flying thick, one went through my side, and the same (as would seem) through the bowels and hand of my poor child in my arms. One of my elder sisters children