

a third, would come and tell me, '*Your master will quickly knock your child on the head.*' This was the comfort I had from them: miserable comforters were they all."

For nine days Mrs. Rowlandson held her suffering child in her arms, or in her lap, and during this time it had received nothing but cold water: at the close of the ninth day, death put an end to its sufferings, and it was buried by the Indians.

Until this time she had been the property of the Indian who had seized her when she came out of the garrison at Lancaster; but he now sold her to Quinnopin, a noble Narrhagansett, and one of the chiefs who under King Philip had directed the attack on the town.

This chief had three wives, one of whom, named Weetamoo, was sister to King Philip's wife. With this woman poor Mrs. Rowlandson was now doomed to live as a slave, and the following is the description she gives of her in the narrative of her adventures among the Indians:—

"A severe and proud dame she was, bestowing every day in dressing herself as much time as any of the gentry of the land—powdering her hair, and painting her face, going with her necklaces, and with jewels in her ears, and bracelets upon her hands. Then when she had dressed herself, her work was to make girdles of wampum with beads."

During the time that Mrs. Rowlandson lived with this "proud dame," a party of the Indians went upon some warlike expedition against the settlers, and on their return one of them gave her a Bible which had been taken amongst the plunder. This she says was her greatest consolation and support during her captivity.

The Indians having been informed that a strong body of English was in pursuit of them, decamped suddenly, and marched with the greatest expedition into the county of Hampshire, and thence to the Connecticut river.