

with her. In relating the frightful events of the day Mrs. Rowlandson wrote thus:—"It was the dolefullest day that ever mine eyes saw. Some in our house were fighting for their lives; others were covered with blood; the house was on fire over our heads, and the cruel heathen were standing ready to kill us if we stirred out. I took my children to go forth, but the Indians shot so thick, that the bullets rattled against the house."

The bullets flying thick, one went through the hand and body of the poor infant that she carried in her arms. The slain were stript of their clothes, and left naked in the streets; and the work of destruction being completed, the Indians retired to a hill in the neighbourhood of the town, where they held a great feast in consequence of their victory, triumphing with all the excess of savage exultation.

The next day they began their march, taking with them their prisoners and their spoil. Mrs. Rowlandson, though wounded, was obliged to walk and carry her poor child who was still more severely wounded than herself. At length, when she fell from complete exhaustion, she was permitted to ride, but there was no saddle on the horse, and she soon fell from its back. On the approach of night a snow-storm set in, and as she had no covering for herself or children except the clothes they usually wore in the house, they must have perished, had she not been allowed to make a fire. The Indians *encamped* for the night; and Mrs. Rowlandson gathered a few sticks, kindled a fire, and sat by it, with one babe on her lap, and the other little ones around her, till the next morning, when her children were taken from her, as she then believed to be killed. But her own words are best:—

"There remained nothing to me but one poor wounded babe. Down I must sit in the snow, with my sick child, the picture of death, in my lap. Not a crumb of refreshing came within our mouths from Wednesday night till Saturday night, except only a little cold water.....One Indian, and then a second, and then

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