

him. At first he slighted the Message, but on second Thoughts went out to meet them; they seeming to him but few in number, and unarmed: However he ordered two or three Sentinels to be ready in case of Danger. Their Voice to him at first seem'd like the Voice of *Jacob*, but their Hands were like the Hands of *Esau*: *With their Tongues they used deceit, and the Poison of Asps was under their Lips*. For no sooner had they saluted him, but with Hatchets under their Mantles they violently assaulted him; having a number that lay in Ambush near them, who shot down one of his Guards: But being a Person of uncommon Strength, as well as Courage, he soon wrested a Hatchet from one of them, with which he did good Execution: Yet if Sergeant *Hook* (with a file of Ten from the Fort) had not speedily succoured him, they would soon have overpowered him. Mr. *Phippeny* and Mr. *Kent*, who accompanied him, were attackt by others, and soon fell by their Fury; for being advanced in Years, they were so infirm, that I might say of them as *Juvenal* did of *Priam*, They had scarce Blood enough left to tinge the Knife of the Sacrifice.

THE Enemy being defeated in this their Design, fell upon the several Cottages which lay round, and destroyed all they could. But the Major on rallying his Men together, seeing nothing but Fire and Smoak, divided them into three parts, which were twelve in each, and interchanged them every two Hours, who thus continued six Days and Nights without the least Intermision; by which time the whole Body of

*Indians*