

I had with me a servant-maid and six children; but two of my little ones were at that time playing in the orchard. My youngest child was but fourteen days old; and myself, of consequence, in a poor weak condition, and very unfit to endure the hardships I afterwards met with, as by the sequel will appear.

The next step they took was to rife the house, which they did with much hurry and precipitation; being apprehensive, in all probability, of a surprize. And as it was late in the afternoon, they packed up what linen, woollen, and other things they liked, and forthwith turned us out of the house.

Being now at the door, my two children, who had been playing in the orchard (the one six, the other four years of age) came in sight; and being terrified at the appearance of the naked Indians, they cried aloud. On which one of the Indians ran up to them; and taking one under each arm, brought them to us. My maid prevailed with the biggest to be still; but the other would not be pacified by any means, but continued shrieking and crying very much. Wherefore, to ease themselves of the noise, and prevent the danger of a discovery that might arise from it, they made no more to do, but knocked out its brains before my face.

I bore this as well as the nature of so mournful a circumstance would permit; not daring to discover much of my uneasiness, lest it should provoke them to commit the like