

of whom he immediately hastened, vainly seeking a club or some other weapon to defend himself as he ran—when within a few rods of his family, his unfortunate wife perceiving him approaching, cried out and begged him to make his escape—at which instant, an Indian, (who it was supposed with several others had lain in ambush,) ran up and attempted to shoot him, but his gun missing fire, Mr. Corbly succeeded in making his escape—the Indians immediately thereupon commenced a murderous attack on his defenceless family! His wife was first shot and scalped by the Indian who had attempted to shoot him (Mr. C.) and a small infant which she carried in her arms shared no better fate!—his little son six years of age, they next dispatched, mangling his body in a shocking manner with their tomahawks, as they did his little daughter still younger.—During the dreadful slaughter his oldest child (a daughter) attempted to escape by concealing herself in a hollow tree a few rods from the scene of action, and observing the Indians retiring (as she supposed) she deliberately crept from the place of her concealment, when one of the Indians who still remained on the ground espying her, knocked her down with his tomahawk and scalped her.¹³ This was but one of the many instances of savage barbarity exercised toward the defenceless white inhabitants, and it was supposed, by one and the same party of Indians on their return to Canada.

As we could obtain no tidings of our daughter (as I observe^d) and three months had passed since the fatal night that the cruel savages conveyed her away, we began almost to despair of being ever again permitted to meet her on earth—but, while our apprehensions were at the greatest height, that such would be our misfortune, we were, in the dead of night, suddenly awakened by the well known yell of savages, who immediately thereupon commenced knocking at my door with their clubs and tomahawks, and in broken English requesting admittance, as they “had brought home my captive child!”—but believing this to be too good news to be true, and that it was nothing more or less than a stratagem of the treacherous savages to gain admittance, and perhaps for no other purpose than to take our scalps, I at first paid no other attention thereto than to put myself in the best possible state of defence, and to call out to them, and assure them that “I would