

T H E
Remarkable Captivity
O F T H E
W I F E A N D C H I L D R E N
O F
J O H N H A N S O N.

ON the 27th of the sixth month called August 1725, my husband and all our men-servants being abroad, eleven Indians, armed with tomahawks and guns, who had some time before been skulking about the fields, and watching an opportunity of our mens absence, came furiously into the house. No sooner were they entered, than they murdered one of my children upon the spot; intending, no doubt, by this act of cruelty, to strike the greater degree of terror into the minds of us who survived. After they had thus done, their captain came towards me, with all the appearance of rage and fury it is possible to imagine: nevertheless, upon my earnest request for quarter, I prevailed with him to grant it.