

content themselves with plunder only, for several houses were burnt to the ground, and the mill shared the same fate.

In 1689, Major Waldron, then eighty years of age, lived in a garrisoned house in Dover. The Indians professed to be at peace with the English, and frequently visited in the Major's house. With every appearance of good faith, a Sachem, or chief named Mesandowit, and two Indian women applied to Major Waldron for permission to lodge in his house which was fortified, giving for a reason that they feared the resentment of some hostile Mohawks whom they had offended. Two squaws had also obtained admittance to the garrisoned house of Mrs. Heard, a widow lady, who was absent on a visit with some of her children to Portsmouth; and under the artful pretence of trading, one or two squaws had contrived to get into every garrisoned house in the village except one whose more cautious inmates would not admit such suspicious guests late in the evening. The Indians were hospitably entertained by Major Waldron, and whilst at supper together, Mesandowit said to him, with an air of familiarity, "Brother Waldron, what would you do if strange Indians were to come and attack you?" to which he replied, laughing, "That he would hold up his little finger and assemble a hundred armed men." And in this security he was about to retire to rest, when one of the squaws stealthily opened the gates, and a body of warriors, as had been preconcerted, immediately rushed in and forced open the door of the room in which the venerable old man lay. He seized his sword and defended himself with great resolution, driving the Indians before him from room to room; but their numbers increased, and one wretch getting behind the poor old soldier knocked him down with his hatchet. Several now fell upon him at once, and before midnight he was cruelly murdered with the rest of the family, and the house set on fire.

Just at this time, Mrs. Heard, with her three sons and a daughter and several other persons in the party, was