

that he believed it was a Devil. The Frenchman said no, but the Child is ordered for longer Life; and it hath pleased God to preserve it to Admiration. My Master answered, No, that was not the Case; but that it was a Devil, and he believed it would not die, unless they took a Hatchet and knocked out its Brains.

I had then been about five Months among the *Indians*, and one Month with the *French*, when my dear Husband, to my unspeakable Joy and Comfort, came to me. He was much concern'd for the Redemption of his Children; two of our Daughters, and the Servant-maid, being still in the Hands of the *Indians*; and only myself and the two little ones redeemed.

Accordingly, after much Difficulty and Trouble, he recovered our younger Daughter, and the Maid; but we could by no Means obtain our eldest from them. For the Squaw to whom she was given, had a Son; and she intended a Match between my Daughter and him, hoping in Time to prevail upon her to comply: for the *Indians* are seldom guilty of any indecent Carriage towards their captive Women, unless much overtaken in Liquor. The Affection they had for my Daughter made them refuse all Offers and Terms of Ransom; so that, after my Husband had waited, and used his utmost Endeavours to obtain our Child, we were obliged to depart homewards, and leave our Daughter, to our great Grief, amongst the *Indians*.

We accordingly set forward over the Lake, with three of our Children and Servant, in Company with several others; and, by the Kindness of Providence, got well home, on the first of the seventh Month, called *September*, in the Year 1725, from which it appears, that I had been from home, amongst the *Indians*