

## Some Comments

On February 20, 1676, the original Richard Wheeler, then living with his family in Lancaster, Massachusetts, was killed by the Indians outside his block house. Details of the Indian raid were observed by Mrs. Mary Rowlandson, wife of the local minister, who was captured and removed from her home for twenty days before being ransomed by her husband and released. Her observations were recorded in a book written shortly thereafter. No copy of the first edition of this book remains today. One or two copies of a Second Edition printed in 1682 do exist. In 1903, Henry Nourse and John Thayer, photographically reproduced this narrative from the Second Edition along with an anonymous preface believed to have been written by Increase Mather. Nourse and Thayer also included an introduction, notes, and a bibliography to accompany the narrative. Also included were the last sermon of Mary Rowlandson's husband, Joseph Rowlandson, with some descriptive notes of that sermon.

Because of the relevance to my ancestor Richard Wheeler and my interest in the history of the times I have digitized the introduction, preface, narrative, notes, and bibliography. I have retained the phonetic spelling and stress marks of Mrs. Rowlandson because it lends an authenticity to the text. I have replaced the "long s" or "ſ" used in colonial times with the modern "s" since the "long s" went out of use around 1800 and can be confusing to modern readers. In addition, I have "translated" a letter, reproduced in the notes, written by the survivors of the raid to the colonial authorities - it is just too difficult to read otherwise.

I have included some footnotes to the preface used by Sarah F. McMahon of the Bowdoin College Department of History. I have also included a few footnotes of my own. Ms. McMahon's notes can be found at:

<https://www.bowdoin.edu/faculty/s/mcmahon/courses/hist249/readingguide/files/rowlandson.preface.pdf>

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The Narrative  
OF THE  
**Captivity and Restoration**  
OF  
**M<sup>rs</sup> Mary Rowlandson**

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FIRST PRINTED in 1682 at Cambridge,  
*Massachusetts*, & London, *England*.  
Now reprinted in *Fac-simile*

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Whereunto are annexed  
*A Map of her Removes, Biographical & Historical*  
*Notes*, and the last *Sermon* of her husband  
R<sup>ev</sup> JOSEPH ROWLANDSON



LANCASTER, *Massachusetts*  
M DCCC C III

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# P R E F A C E

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THE corporate life of Lancaster, Massachusetts, dates from May 28, 1653. Now that its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary draws near, it is thought a fitting time for the republication of the famous Narrative of Captivity written by Mary Rowlandson, the devout helpmate of Lancaster's first ordained minister. Our plea of reasonableness is supported not alone by the fact that her simply told tale was the earliest literary composition by a citizen of the town to win the distinction of print; it is also an invaluable contribution to early New England history; it is an authentic and graphic contemporary delineation of the manners and customs of the primitive children of the soil, from whom our ancestors relentlessly wrested their beautiful and beloved heritage, in order to enrich us and our posterity; it is an eloquently pathetic record of grave perils bravely encountered, and terrible sufferings patiently borne with an unswerving faith in the wisdom and mercy of an overruling Providence. First issued from the press in 1682, it at once commanded attention in Old as well as New England. No book of its period in America can boast equal evidence of enduring public favor with this work of a comparatively uneducated Lancaster goodwife; and very few books in any age or tongue, if we except the imaginative masterpieces of inspired genius, have been distinguished with more editions. At least thirty reprints attest the popular interest in this modest story of personal experience. Even a copy of one of the many cheap pamphlet editions is now so rare that it brings a great price in the book auctions.

The publishers of the various reprints of the book have wantonly mutilated the original text by their emendations. The second edition of 1682, the earliest of which an example is known to survive, is here reproduced, by photographic process, from the rudely printed and badly damaged copy once belonging to John Cotton, now preserved in the Prince Collection of the Boston Public Library. To James Lyman Whitney, A.M., Librarian, our thanks are due for the generous facilities afforded in making this facsimile. To George Parker Winship, A.M., Librarian of the John Carter Brown Library, Providence, Rhode Island, we owe the favor of reproducing the titlepage of the London edition of 1682, and to the courtesy of the Librarian of the British Museum the privilege of photographing that of 1720.

The Rowlandson sermon is found bound with the copy of the Narrative in the Prince Library, and was reprinted with the first English edition. It is therefore appropriately included here. It is hoped that the Map of Removes and the copious annotations appended may be welcomed by students of our local history.

HENRY STEDMAN NOURSE  
JOHN ELIOT THAYER

LANCASTER, 1903

THE  
*Sovereignty & Goodness*

OF  
**G O D**

Together,  
With the Faithfulness of His Promises  
Displayed;  
Being a

**NARRATIVE**

*Of the Captivity and Restoration of*  
*Mrs. Mary Rowlandson.*

Commended by her, to all that desires to  
know the Lords doings to, and  
dealings with Her.

*Especially to her dear Children and Relations,*

---

The second Addition Corrected and amended.

---

Written by Her own Hand for Her private Use, and now  
made Publick at the earnest Desire of some Friends,  
and for the benefit of the Afflicted.

---

*Deut. 32. 29. See now that I, even I am he, and there is no  
God with me: I kill and I make alive, I wound and I heal  
neither is there any that can deliver out of my hand.*

---

C. A. M. B. R. I. D. G. E.,  
Printed by Samuel Green, 1682.

The Sovereignty and Goodness of GOD, Together With the Faithfulness of his Promises Displayed, Being a NARRATIVE Of the Captivity and Restoration of Mrs. Mary Rowlandson, Commended by her, to all that desires to know the Lord's doings to, and dealings with her.

Especially to her dear Children and Relations.

The second Addition Corrected and amended.

Written by Her own Hand for Her private Use, and now made Public at the earnest Desire of some Friends, and for the benefit of the Afflicted.

Deut. 32.39. See now that I, even I am he, and there is no god with me, I kill and I make alive, I wound and I heal, neither is there any can deliver out of my hand.

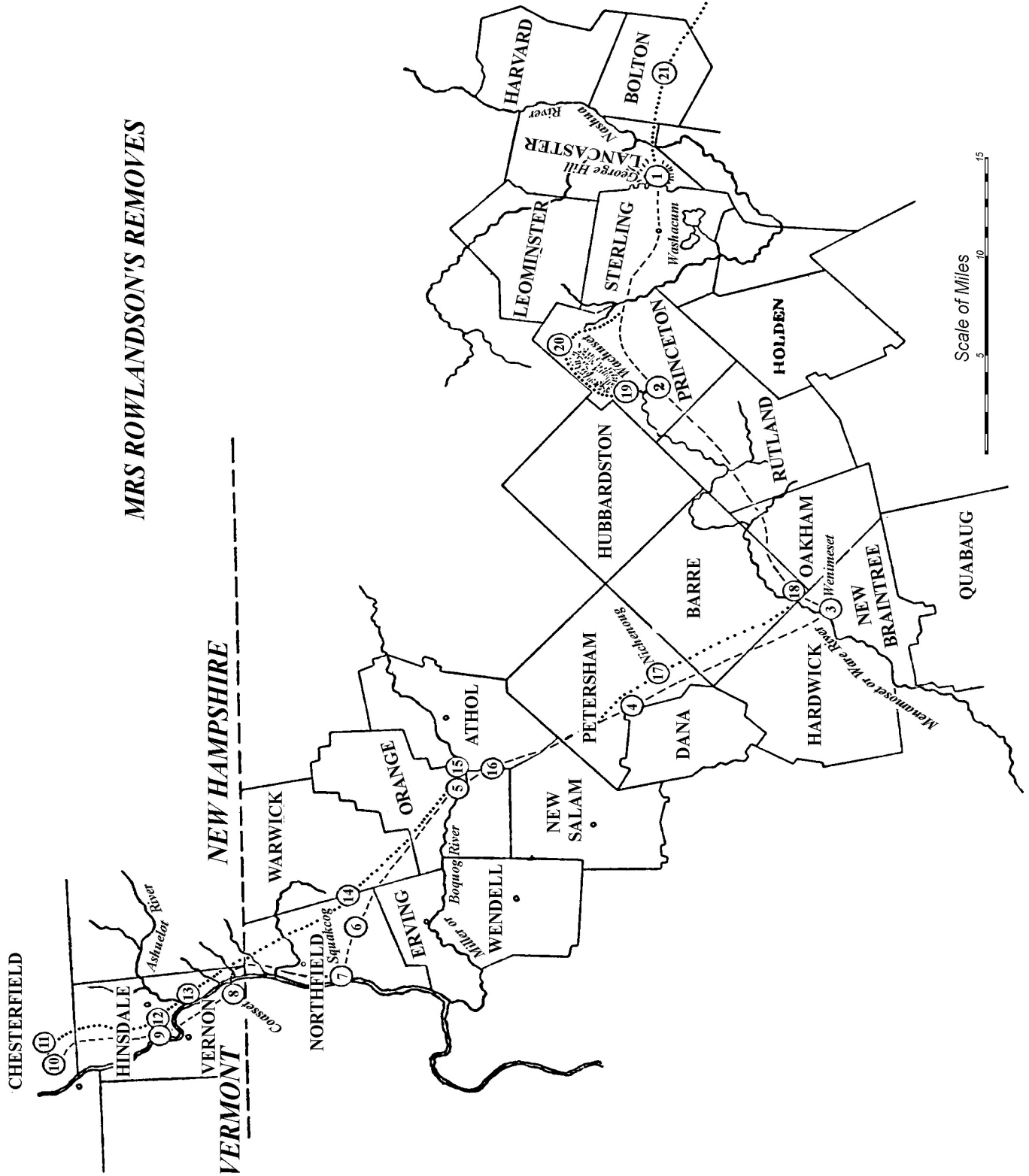
CAMBRIDGE

Printed by Sanuel Green, 1682

*T Prince Boston  
The Gift of Mrs Deborah Burnit*

This Book belongs to  
**The NEW-ENGLAND-Library,**  
Begun to be collected by THOMAS PRINCE,  
upon his entring *Harvard-College*, July 6,  
1703; and was given by said Prince in  
*his Last Will Oct. 2. 1758. to remain in  
said Library forever*

# MRS ROWLANDSON'S REMOVES



## The Preface to the R E A D E R .

It was on Tuesday, Feb. 1, 1675,<sup>1</sup> in the afternoon, when the *Narrhagansets* quarters (in or toward the *Nipmug* Country, whither they are now retired for fear of the *English* Army lying in their own Country) were the second time beaten up, by the Forces of the United Colonies,<sup>2</sup> who thereupon soon betook themselves to flight, and were all the next day pursued by the *English*, some overtaken and destroyed. But on *Thursday*, Feb. 3<sup>rd</sup>, the *English* having now been six dayes on their march, from their headquarters, at *Wickford*, in the *Narrhaganset* Country, toward, and after the Enemy, and provision grown exceeding short, insomuch that they were fain<sup>3</sup> to kill some Horses for the supply, especially of their *Indian* friends, they were necessitated to consider what was best to be done. And about noon (having hitherto followed the chase as hard as they might) a Councill was called, and though some few were of another mind, yet it was concluded by far the greater part of the Councill of War, that the Army should desist the pursuit, and retire: the Forces of *Plimoth* and the *Bay* to the next *Town* of the *Bay*<sup>4</sup>, and *Connecticut* Forces to their own next Towns; which determination was immediately put in execution. The consequent whereof, as it was not difficult to be foreseen by those that knew the causeless enmity of there *Barbarians*, against the *English*, and the malicious and revengeful spirit of there Heathen: so it soon proved dismal.

The *Narrhagansets* were now driven quite from their own Country, and all their provisions there hoarded up, to which they durst not at present return, and being so numerous as they were, soon devoured those to whom they went,<sup>5</sup> whereby both the one and other were now reduced to extream straits, and so necessitated to take the first and best opportunity for supply, and very glad, no doubt, of such an opportunity as this, to provide for themselves, and make spoil of the *English* at once; and seeing themselves thus discharged of their pursuers, and a little refreshed after their flight, the very next week on *Thurseday*, Feb. 10, they fell with mighty force and fury upon *Lancaster*: which small Town, remote from aid of others, and not being Gerisoned as it might, the Army being now come in, and as the time indeed required (the design of the *Indians*

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against that place being known to the *English* some time before)<sup>6</sup> was not able to make effectual resistance: but notwithstanding utmost endeavor of the Inhabitants, most of the buildings were turned into ashes; many People (Men, Women and Children) slain, and others captivated. The most solemn and remarkable part of this Trajedy, may that justly be reputed, which fell upon the Family of that Reverend Servant of God, Mr. *Joseph Rolandson*, the faithful Pastor of Christ in that place, who being gone down to the Councill of the *Massachusetts* to seek aid for the defense of the place, at his return found the *Town* in flames, or smoke, his own house being set on fire by the Enemy, through the disadvantage of a defective Fortification, and all in it consumed: his precious yokefellow, and dear Children, wounded and captivated (as the issue evidenced, and following Narrative declares) by these cruel and barbarous salvages. A sad Catestrophe! Thus all things come alike to all: None knows either love or hatred by all that is before him. It is no new thing for Gods precious ones to drink as deep as others, of the Cup of common Calamity:



Take just Lot (yet captivated) for instance beside others.<sup>7</sup> But it is not my business to dilate on these things, but only in few works introductively to preface to the following script, which is a Narrative of the wonderfully awfull, wise, holy, powerful, and gracious providence of God, towards that worthy and precious Gentlewoman, the dear Consort of the said Reverend Mr. *Rowlandson*, and her Children with her, as in casting of her into such a waterless pit, so in preserving, supporting, and carrying throw so many such extream hazards, unspeakable difficulties and disconsolateness, and at last delivering her out of them all, and her Surviving Children also. It was a strange and amazing dispensation, that the Lord should so afflict his precious Servant, and Hand maid. It was as strange, if not more, that he should so bear up the spirits of his Servant under such bereavements and of his handmaid under such captivity, travels and hardships (much too hard for flesh and blood) as he did, and at length deliver and restore. But he was their Saviour, who hath said, *when thou passeth through the Waters, I will be with thee, and through the Rivers, they shall not over, flow thee: When thou walkesh through the fire; thou shall not be burnt, nor shall the flame kindle upon thee*, Isa. 43. ver. 2. and again, *He woundeth and his hands make whole. He shall deliver thee in six troubles, yea in seven there shall no evil touch thee. In Famine he shall redeem thee from Death, and in War from the power of the sword.* Job 5 : 18, 19, 20. Methinks this dispensation doth bear some resemblance to those of *Joseph, David and Daniel*; yea, and of the three Children too,<sup>8</sup> the Stories whereof do represent us with the excellent textures of divine Providence, curious pieces of divine work: and truly so doth this, and therefore not to be forgotten, but worthy to be exhibited to, and viewed, and pondered by all, that disdain not to consider the operation of his hands.

The works of the Lord (not only of Creation, but of Providence also, especially those that do

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more peculiarly concern his dear ones, that are as the Apple of his Eye, as the Signet upon His Hand, the Delight of his Eyes, and the Object of his tenderest Care) [are] great, sought out of all those that have pleasure therein. And of these verily this is none of the least.

This Narrative was penned by the Gentlewoman her self, to be to her a memorandum of Gods dealing with her, that she might never forget, but remember the same, and the severall circumstances thereof, all the days of her life. A pious scope which deserves both commendation and imitation. Some friends having obtained a sight of it, could not but be so much affected with the many passages of working providence discovered therein, as to judge it worthy of publick view, and altogether unmeet that such works of God should be hid from present and future Generations: And therefore though this Gentlewomans modesty would not thrust it into the Press, yet her gratitude unto God made her not hardly perswadable to let it pass, that God might have his due glory, and others benefit by it as well as her self. I hope by this time none will cast any reflection upon this Gentlewoman, on the score of this publication of her affliction and deliverance. If any should, doubtless they may be reckoned with the nine lepers, of whom it is said, *were there not ten cleansed, where are the nine? but one returning to give God thanks.*<sup>9</sup> Let such further know that this was a dispensation of publick note, and of universall concernment, and so much the more, by how much the nearer this Gentlewoman stood related to that faithful Servant of God, whose capacity and employment was public in the house of God, and his name on that account of a very sweet savor in the Churches of Christ, who, is there of a true Christian spirit, that did not look upon himself much concerned in this bereavment, this Captivity in the time thereof, and in his [this] deliverance when it came, yea

more then in many others; and how many are there, to whom so concerned, it will doubtless be a very acceptable thing to see the way of God with this Gentlewoman in the aforesaid dispensation, thus laid out and pourtrayed before their eyes.

To conclude: whatever any coy phantasies may deem, yet it highly concerns those that have so deeply tasted, how good the Lord is, to enquire with *David, what shall I render the Lord for all his benefits to me. Psal. 116. 12.* He things nothing too great; yea, being sensible of his own disproportion to the due praises of God he calls in help. *Oh, magnify the Lord with me, let us exalt his Name together, Psal. 34.3* And it is but reason, that our praises should hold proportion with our prayers: and that as many hath helped together by prayer for the obtaining of his Mercy, so praises should be returned by many on this behalf; And forasmuch as not the generall but particular knowledge of things makes deepest impression upon the affections, this Narrative particularizing the several passages of this providence will not a little conduce thereunto. And therefore holy *David* in order to the attainment of that end, accounts himself concerned to

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declare what God had done for his soul, *Psal. 66. 16. Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what God hath done for my soul, i. e. for his life, see v. 9, 10. He holdeth our soul in life, and suffers not our feet to be moved, for thou our God hast proved us, thou hast tried us, as silver is tried.* Life mercies, are heart affecting mercies, of great impression and force, to enlarge pious hearts, in the praises of God, so that such know not how but to talk of Gods acts, and to speak of and publish his wonderful works. Deep troubles, when the waters come in unto thy soul, are wont to produce vows: vows must be paid. *It is better not vow, than vow and not to pay.*<sup>10</sup> I may say, that as none knows what it is to fight and pursue such an enemy as this, but they that have fought and pursued them: so none can imagine what it is to be captivated and enslaved to such atheistical, proud, wild, cruel, barbarous brutish (in one word) diabolical creatures as these, the worst of the heathen; nor what difficulties, hardships, hazards, sorrows, anxieties and perplexities do unavoidably wait upon such a condition, but those that have tried it. No serious spirit then (especially knowing any thing of this Gentlewomans piety) can imagine but that the vows of God are upon her. Excuse her then if she come thus into publick, to pay, those vows, come and hear what she hath to say..

*I am confident that no Friend of divine providence will ever repent his time and pains spent in reading over these sheets, but will judge them worth perusing again and again.*

Hear *Reader*, you may see an instance of the Sovereignty of God, who doth what he will with his own as well as others; and who may say to him, *What dost thou?*<sup>11</sup> Here you may see an instance of the faith and patience of the Saints, under the most heart-sinking tryals; here you may see, the promises are breasts full of consolation, when all the world besides is empty, and gives nothing but sorrow. That God is indeed the supream Lord of the world, ruling the most unruly, weakening the most cruel and salvage, granting his People mercy in the sight of the unmerciful, curbing the lusts of the most filthy, holding the hands of the violent, delivering the prey from the mighty, *and gathering together the out casts of Israel.* Once and again you have heard, but hear you may see, *that power belongeth unto God;* that our God is the God of Salvation, and to him belong the issues from Death. That our God is in the heavens, and doth whatever pleases him. Here you have *Sampsons* Riddle exemplified, and that great promise, *Rom. 8. 28, verified, Out of the Eater comes forth meat, and sweetness out of the strong;*<sup>12</sup> The worst of evils working together for the best good. How evident is it that the Lord hath made this Gentlewoman a gainer

by all this affliction, that she can say, *'tis good for her yea better that she hath been, then that she should not have been thus afflicted.*

*Oh how doth God shine forth in such things as these!*

*Reader*, if thou gettest no good by such a Declaration as this, the fault must needs be thine own. Read therefore, Peruse, Ponder, and from hence lay by something from the experience of another against thine own turn comes, that so thou also through patience and consolation of the Scripture mayest have hope.

TER AMICUM<sup>13</sup>

<sup>1</sup>By the modern Gregorian calendar (already used everywhere in Europe outside the British Isles) the date was February 11, 1676. Until the mid-eighteenth century, England observed the Julian Calendar, in which the year began on March 25 instead of January 1 and which reckoned dates ten days earlier than the Gregorian calendar.

<sup>2</sup>The United Colonies of New England was a loose confederation consisting of the Puritan-dominated colonies of Massachusetts Bay, Connecticut, and Plymouth. It pointedly excluded religiously tolerant Rhode Island. Each colony - Plymouth Plantation, Massachusetts Bay, and Connecticut - had their own forces in the conflict.

King Philip's War was instigated by the Wampanoag chief Metacom (known by New Englanders as King Philip) in 1675 to resist the spreading power of New Englanders through the countryside. Enlisting the assistance of the Nipmucks and Narragansetts, the Wampanoags surprised the settlers with a broad scale assault, destroying several towns, and instigating a crisis that the New England forces had difficulty countering. Mary Rowlandson, the most significant captive in native hands, was seized during the high tide of Native military success. The period of her captivity coincided with the turn in fortunes in the war, when Native lack of food caused the insurrection to falter

<sup>3</sup> Compelled.

<sup>4</sup> The Colony of Massachusetts Bay.

<sup>5</sup> Meaning that the Narragansett refugees quickly depleted their Nipmuck hosts' food supply.

<sup>6</sup> This is a reference to the report by a Nipmuck, James Quanapohit or Quannapaquait, which appears of p. 119.

<sup>7</sup> See Genesis 14, esp. 12-16.

<sup>8</sup> See Daniel 3.

<sup>9</sup> See Luke 17:18-19.

<sup>10</sup> See Ecclesiastes 5:5

<sup>11</sup> Job 9:12.

<sup>12</sup> Although Romans 8:28 refers to a promise by God, Samsons riddle and the passage quoted are found in Judges 14:14.

<sup>13</sup> The approximate translation of this phrase is "thy three-fold friend" but subsequent editions corrected it to read *per amicum*, "by a friend," probably the rendering intended here. The friend is thought to be Increase Mather. Increase Mather and his son Cotton Mather throughout the last decades of the seventeenth century were engaged in various efforts to collect illustrious providences - accounts of miracles and events that signaled God's intentions toward New Englanders. Rowlandson's narrative may have been written in response to Increase Mather's general call for accounts that would result in *An Essay for the Recording of Illustrious Providence*.



*A Narrative of the*  
*CAPTIVITY*  
*AND*  
*RESTORATION*  
*OF*  
*Mrs. Mary Rowlandson*

On the tenth of *February* 1675, came the *Indians* with great numbers upon *Lancaster*: their first coming was about Sun-rising; hearing the noise of some Guns, we looked out; several Houses were burning, and the Smoke ascending to Heaven. There were five persons taken in one house; the Father, and the Mother and a sucking Child, they knockt on the head; the other two they took and carried away alive. There were two others, who being out of their Garrison upon some occasion were set upon; one was knockt on the head, the other escaped; another there was who running along was shot and wounded, and fell down; he begged of them his life, promising them Money (as they told me) but they would not hearken to him but knockt

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him in head, and stript him naked, and split open his Bowels. Another, seeing many of the *Indians* about his barn, ventured and went out, but was quickly shot down. There were three others belonging to the same Garrison who were killed; the *Indians* getting up upon the roof of the barn, had advantage to shoot down upon them over their Fortification. Thus these murderous wretches went on, burning, and destroying before them.

At length they came and beset our own house, and quickly it was the dolefullest day that ever mine eyes saw. The House stood upon the edge of a hill; some of the *Indians* got behind the hill, others into the Barn, and others behind anything that could shelter them; from all which places they shot against the House, so that the Bullets seemed to fly like hail; and quickly they wounded one man among us, then another, and then a third. About two hours (according to my observation, in that amazing time) they had been about the house before they prevailed to fire it

(which they did with Flax and Hemp, which they brought out of the Barn, and there being no defense about the House, only two Flankers at two opposite corners and one of them not finished); they fired it once and one ventured out and quenched it, but they quickly fired it again, and that took. Now is the dreadful hour come, that I have often heard of (in time of War, as it was the case of others), but now mine eyes see it. Some in our house were fighting for their

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lives, others wallowing in their blood, the House on fire over our heads, and the bloody heathen ready to knock us on the head, if we stirred out. Now might we hear Mothers and Children crying out for themselves, and one another, "*Lord, what shall we do?*" Then I took my Children (and one of my sisters', hers) to go forth and leave the house: but as soon as we came to the door and appeared, the Indians shot so thick that the bullets rattled against the House, as if one had taken an handful of stones and threw them, so that we were fain to give back. We had six stout Dogs belonging to our Garrison, but none of them would stir, though another time, if any *Indian* had come to the door, they were ready to fly upon him and tear him down. The Lord hereby would make us the more acknowledge His hand, and to see that our help is always in Him. But out we must go, the fire increasing, and coming along behind us, roaring, and the Indians gaping before us with their guns, Spears, and Hatchets to devour us. No sooner were we out of the House, but my Brother-in-Law (being before wounded, in defending the house, in or near the throat) fell down dead, whereat the *Indians* scornfully shouted, and hallowed, and were presently upon him, stripping off his clothes, the bullets flying thick, one went through my side, and the same (as would seem) through the bowels and hand of my dear Child in my arms. One of my elder Sisters' Children, named *William*, had then his leg broken, which the *Indians* perceiving,

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they knockt him on [his] head. Thus were we butchered by those merciless Heathen, standing amazed, with the blood running down to our heels. My eldest Sister being yet in the House, and seeing those woeful sights, the Infidels hauling Mothers one way, and Children another, and some wallowing in their blood: and her elder Son telling her that her Son *William* was dead, and myself was wounded, she said, "*And Lord, let me die with them,*" which was no sooner said, but she was struck with a Bullet, and fell down dead over the threshold. I hope she is reaping the fruit of her good labors, being faithful to the service of God in her place. In her younger years she lay under much trouble upon spiritual accounts, till it pleased God to make that precious Scripture take hold of her heart, "*And he said unto me, my Grace is sufficient for thee*" (2 Cor 12:9). More than twenty years after, I have heard her tell how sweet and comfortable that place was to her. But to return: the *Indians* laid hold of us, pulling me one way, and the Children another, and said, "*Come go along with us*"; I told them they would kill me: they answered, *If I were willing to go along with them, they would not hurt me.*

Oh the doleful sight that now was to behold at this House! "*Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations he has made in the earth.*" Of thirty-seven persons who were in this one House, none escaped either present death, or a bitter captivity, save only one, who might say as he, "*And I only am escaped alone to tell the News*" (Job 1.15). There were twelve killed, some

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shot, some stabbed with their Spears, some knocked down with their hatchets. When we are in prosperity, Oh the little that we think of such dreadful sights, and to see our dear Friends, and Relations lie bleeding out their heart-blood upon the ground. There was one who was chopt into the head with a Hatchet, and stript naked, and yet was crawling up and down. It is a solemn sight to see so many Christians lying in their blood, some here, and some there, like a company of Sheep torn by Wolves, all of them stripped naked by a company of hell-hounds, roaring, singing, ranting, and insulting, as if they would have torn our very hearts out; yet the Lord by His almighty power preserved a number of us from death, for there were twenty-four of us taken alive and carried Captive.

*I had often before this said that if the Indians should come, I should choose rather to be killed by them than taken alive, but when it came to the tryal my mind changed; their glittering weapons so daunted my spirit, that I chose rather to go along with those (as I may say) ravenous Beasts, than that moment to end my days; and that I may the better declare what happened to me during that grievous Captivity, I shall particularly speak of the several Removes we had up and down the Wilderness.*

### ***The first Remove***

Now away we must go with those Barbarous creatures, with our bodies wounded and bleeding,

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and our hearts no less than our bodies. About a mile we went that night, up upon a hill within sight of the Town, where they intended to lodge. There was hard by a vacant house (deserted by the *English* before, for fear of the *Indians*). I asked them whether I might not lodge in the house that night, to which they answered, "What, will you love *English men* still?" This was the dolefullest night that ever my eyes saw. Oh the roaring, and singing and dancing, and yelling of those black creatures in the night, which made the place a lively resemblance of hell. And as miserable was the waste that was there made of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Swine, Calves, Lambs, Roasting Pigs, and Fowl (which they had plundered in the Town), some roasting, some lying and burning, and some boiling to feed our merciless enemies; who were joyful enough, though we were disconsolate. To add to the dolefulness of the former day, and the dismalness of the present night, my thoughts ran upon my losses and sad bereaved condition. All was gone, my Husband gone (at least separated from me, he being in the *Bay*; and to add to my grief, the *Indians* told me they would kill him as he came homeward), my Children gone, my Relations and Friends gone, our House and home and all our comforts—within door and without—all was gone (except my life), and I knew not but the next moment that might go too.

There remained nothing to me but one poor wounded Babe, and it seemed at present worse

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than death that it was in such a pitiful condition, bespeaking Compassion, and I had no refreshing for it, nor suitable things to revive it. Little do many think what is the savageness and brutishness of this barbarous Enemy, Ay, even those that seem to profess more than others among them, when the *English* have fallen into their hands.

Those seven that were killed at *Lancaster* the summer before upon a Sabbath day, and the

one that was afterward killed upon a weekday, were slain and mangled in a barbarous manner, by one-eyed *John*, and *Marlborough's Praying Indians*, which Capt. *Mosely* brought to *Boston*, as the *Indians* told me.

### ***The second Remove***

*But now, the next morning, I must turn my back upon the town, and travel with them into the vast and desolate wilderness, I knew not whither.* It is not my tongue, or pen, can express the sorrows of my heart, and bitterness of my spirit that I had at this departure: but God was with me in a wonderful manner, carrying me along, and bearing up my spirit, that it did not quite fail. One of the *Indians* carried my poor wounded Babe upon a horse; it went moaning all along, "*I shall die, I shall die.*" I went on foot after it, with sorrow that cannot be expressed. At length I took it off the horse, and carried it in my arms till my strength failed, and I fell down with it.

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Then they set me upon a horse with my wounded Child in my lap, and there being no furniture upon the horse's back, as we were going down a steep hill we both fell over the horse's head, at which they, like inhumane creatures, laughed, and rejoiced to see it, though I thought we should there have ended our dayes, as overcome with so many difficulties. But the Lord renewed my strength still, and carried me along, that I might see more of his Power; yea, so much that I could never have thought of, had I not experienced it.

*After this it quickly began to snow, and when night came on, they stopped, and now down I must sit in the snow, by a little fire, and a few boughs behind me, with my sick Child in my lap; and calling much for water, being now (through the wound) fallen into a violent Fever.* My own wound also growing so stiff that I could scarce sit down or rise up; yet so it must be, that I must sit all this cold winter night upon the cold snowy ground, with my sick Child in my arms, looking that every hour would be the last of its life; and having no Christian friend near me, either to comfort or help me. *Oh, I may see the wonderful power of God, that my Spirit did not utterly sink under my affliction: still the Lord upheld me with His gracious and merciful spirit, and we were both alive to see the light of the next morning.*

### ***The third Remove***

*The morning being come, they prepared to go on their way. One of the Indians got up upon*

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*a horse, and they set me up behind him, with my poor sick babe in my lap.* A very wearisome and tedious day I had of it; what with my own wound, and my Childs being so exceeding sick, and in a lamentable condition with her wound. It may be easily judged what a poor feeble condition we were in, there being not the least crumb of refreshing that came within either of our mouths from *Wednesday* night to *Saturday* night, except only a little cold water. This day in the afternoon, about an hour by sun, we came to the place where they intended, viz. an *Indian* town, called *Wenimesset*, northward of *Quabaug*. When we were come, Oh the number of *pagans* (now merciless enemies) that there came about me, that I may say as *David*, "*I had fainted,*

*unless I had believed, etc" (Psal. 27.13). The next day was the Sabbath. I then remembered how careless I had been of God's holy time; how many Sabbaths I had lost and misspent, and how evilly I had walked in God's sight; which lay so close unto my spirit, that it was easy for me to see how righteous it was with God to cut off the thread of my life and cast me out of his presence forever. Yet the Lord still showed mercy to me, and upheld me; and as He wounded me with one hand, so he healed me with the other. This day there came to me one *Robert Pepper* (a man belonging to *Roxbury*) who was taken in Captain *Beers's* fight, and had been now a considerable time with the *Indians*; and up with them almost as far as *Albany*, to see King*

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*Philip*, as he told me, and was now very lately come into these parts. Hearing, I say, that I was in this *Indian Town*, he obtained leave to come and see me. He told me he himself was wounded in the leg at Captain *Beer's* his fight; and was not able some time to go, but as they carried him, and as he took Oaken leaves and laid to his wound, and through the blessing of God he was able to travel again. Then I took Oaken leaves and laid to my side, and with the blessing of God it cured me also; yet before the cure was wrought, I may say, as it is in *Psal. 38:5,6* "*My wounds stink and are corrupt, I am troubled, I am bowed down greatly, I go mourning all the day long.*" I sat much alone with a poor wounded Child in my lap, which moaned night and day, having nothing to revive the body, or cheer the spirits of her, but instead of that, sometimes one *Indian* would come and tell me one hour that "your Master will knock your Child in the head," and then a second, and then a third, "your Master will quickly knock your Child in the head."

*This was the comfort I had from them, miserable comforters are ye all, as he said.* Thus nine days I sat upon my knees, with my Babe in my lap, till my flesh was raw again; my Child being even ready to depart this sorrowful world, they bade me carry it out to another Wigwam (I suppose because they would not be troubled with such spectacles) Whither I went with a very heavy heart, and down I sat with the picture of death in my lap. About two hours in the night,

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my sweet Babe, like a lamb departed this life on *Feb. 18, 1675*. It being about *six years*, and *five months* old. It was *nine* days from the first wounding, in this miserable condition, without any refreshing of one nature or other, except a little cold water. I cannot but take notice how at another time I could not bear to be in the room where any dead person was, but now the case is changed; I must and could ly down by my dead Babe, side by side all the night after. I have thought since of the wonderful goodness of God to me in preserving me in the use of my reason and senses in that distressed time, that I did not use wicked and violent means to end my own miserable life. In the morning, when they understood that my child was dead they sent for me home to my Master's Wigwam (by my Master in this writing, must be understood *Quinnapin*, who was a *Sagamore*, and married *King Philip's* wife's Sister; not that he first took me, but I was sold to him by another *Narragansett Indian*, who took me when first I came out of the *Garison*). I went to take up my dead child in my arms to carry it with me, but they bid me let it alone; there was no resisting, but go I must and leave it. When I had been at my master's wigwam, I took the first opportunity I could get to go look after my dead child. When I came I asked them what they had done with it; then they told me it was upon the hill. Then they went and showed me where it



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was, where I saw the ground was newly digged, and there they told me they had buried it. *There I left that Child in the wilderness, and must commit it, and myself also in this wilderness condition, to Him who is above all.* God having taken away this dear child, I went to see my daughter *Mary*, who was at this same *Indian Town*, at a Wigwam not very far off, though we had little liberty or opportunity to see one another. She was about ten years old, and taken from the door at first by a praying *Indian* and afterward sold for a gun. When I came in sight, she would fall a weeping; at which they were provoked, and would not let me come near her, but bade me be gone; which was a heart-cutting word to me. I had one Child dead, another in the Wilderness, I knew not where, the third they would not let me come near to: "*Me (as he said) have ye bereaved of my Children, Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin also, all these things are against me.*" I could not sit still in this condition, but kept walking from one place to another. And as I was going along, my heart was even overwhelmed with the thoughts of my condition, and that I should have Children, *and a Nation which I knew not, ruled over them.* Whereupon I earnestly entreated the Lord, that He would consider my low estate, and show me a token for good, and if it were His blessed will, some sign and hope of some relief. And indeed quickly the Lord answered, in some measure, my poor prayers; for as I was going up

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and down mourning and lamenting my condition, my Son came to me, and asked me how I did. I had not seen him before, since the destruction of the Town, and I knew not where he was, till I was informed by himself, that he was amongst a smaller parcel of *Indians*, whose place was about six miles off. With tears in his eyes, he asked me whether his Sister *Sarah* was dead; and told me he had seen his Sister *Mary*; and prayed me, that I would not be troubled in reference to himself. The occasion of his coming to see me at this time, was this: *There was, as I said, about six miles from us, a small Plantation of Indians, where it seems he had been during his Captivity; and at this time, there were some Forces of the Indians gathered out of our company, and some also from them (among whom was my Sons master) to go to assault and burn Medfield. In this time of the absence of his master, his dame brought him to see me.* I took this to be some gracious answer to my earnest and unfeigned desire. The next day, *viz.* to this, the *Indians* returned from *Medfield*, all the company, for those that belonged to the other small company, came through the town that now we were at. But before they came to us, Oh! the outrageous roaring and hooping that there was. They began their din about a mile before they came to us. By their noise and hooping they signified how many they had destroyed (which was at that time twenty-three). Those that were with us at home were gathered together as soon as

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they heard the hooping, and every time that the other went over their number, these at home gave a shout, that the very earth rung again. And thus they continued till those that had been upon the expedition were come up to the *Sagamore's wigwam*; and then, Oh, the hideous insulting and triumphing that there was over some *Englishmens* scalps that they had taken (as their manner is) and brought with them. I cannot but take notice of the wonderful mercy of God to me in those afflictions, in sending me a *Bible*. One of the *Indians* that came from *Medfield* fight, had brought some plunder, came to me, and asked me, if I would have a *Bible*, he had got one in his Basket. I was glad of it, and asked him, whether he thought the *Indians* would let me

read? He answered, yes. So I took the *Bible*, and in that melancholy time, it came into my mind to read first the 28 *Chap.* of *Deuteronomy*, which I did, and when I had read it, my dark heart wrought on this manner: *that there was no mercy for me, that the blessings were gone, and the curses come in their room, and that I had lost my opportunity.* But the Lord helped me still to go on reading till I came to *Chap.* 30, the seven first verses, where I found, *there was mercy promised again, if we would return to Him by repentance; and though we were scattered from one end of the earth to the other, yet the Lord would gather us together, and turn all those curses upon our enemies.* I do not desire to live to forget this Scripture, and what comfort it was to me.

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*Now the Indian began to talk of removing from this place, some one way, and some another.* There were now besides myself nine *English* Captives in this place (all of them Children, except one Woman). I got an opportunity to go and take my leave of them. They being to go one way, and I another, *I asked them whether they were earnest with God for deliverance.* They told me they did as they were able, and it was some comfort to me, that the Lord stirred up *children to look to Him.* The woman, *viz.* goodwife *Joslin*, told me she should never see me again, and that she could find in her heart to run away. I wished her not to run away by any means, for we were near *thirty miles* from any *English Town*, and she very big with Child, and had but one week to reckon, and another Child in her arms, two years old, and bad Rivers there were to go over, and we were feeble, with our poor and coarse entertainment. I had my Bible with me, I pulled it out, and asked her whether she would read. We opened the Bible and lighted on *Psal.* 27, in which Psalm we especially took notice of that, ver. ult., "*Wait on the Lord, Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine Heart, wait I say on the Lord.*"

### ***The fourth Remove***

*And now I must part with that little company I had.* Here I parted from my daughter *Mary* (whom I never saw again till I saw her in *Dorchester*, returned from Captivity), and from four little Cousins and Neighbors, some of which I never saw afterward: the Lord only knows the end

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of them. Amongst them also was that poor Woman before mentioned, who came to a sad end, as some of the company told me in my travel: she having much grief upon her Spirit about her miserable condition, being so near her time, she would be often asking the *Indians* to let her go home; they not being willing to that, and yet vexed with her importunity, gathered a great company together about her and stript her naked, and set her in the midst of them, and when they had sung and danced about her (in their hellish manner) as long as they pleased they knockt her on head, and the child in her arms with her. When they had done that they made a fire and put them both into it, and told the other Children that were with them that if they attempted to go home, they would serve them in like manner. The Children said she did not shed one tear, but prayed all the while. But to return to my own journey, we traveled about half a day or little more, and came to a desolate place in the Wilderness, where there were no *Wigwams* or *Inhabitants* before; we came about the middle of the afternoon to this place, cold and wet, and snowy, and hungry, and weary, and no refreshing for man but the cold ground to sit on, and our

poor *Indian cheer*.

*Heart-aking thoughts here I had about my poor Children, who were scattered up and down*

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*among the wild beasts of the forest*. My head was light and dizzy (either through hunger or hard lodging, or trouble or all together), my knees feeble, my body raw by sitting double night and day, that I cannot express to man the affliction that lay upon my Spirit, but the Lord helped me at that time to express it to Himself. I opened my Bible to read, and the Lord brought that precious Scripture to me. "*Thus saith the Lord, refrain thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from tears, for thy work shall be rewarded, and they shall come again from the land of the enemy*" (Jer 31.16). This was a sweet Cordial to me when I was ready to faint; many and many a time have I sat down and wept sweetly over this Scripture. At this place we continued about four dayes.

*The fifth Remove*

*The occasion (as I thought) of their moving at this time was the English Army, it being near and following them*. For they went as if they had gone for their lives, for some considerable way, and then they made a stop, and chose some of their stoutest men, and sent them back to hold the *English Army* in play whilst the rest escaped. And then, like Jehu, *they marched on furiously, with their old and with their young: some carried their old decrepit mothers, some carried one, and some another*. Four of them carried a great *Indian* upon a Bier; but going through a thick Wood with him, they were hindered, and could make no hast, whereupon they took him upon

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their backs, and carried him, one at a time, till they came to *Banquaug* river. Upon a *Friday*, a little after noon, we came to this River. When all the company was come up, and were gathered together, I thought to count the number of them, but they were so many, and being somewhat in motion, it was beyond my skil. In this travel, because of my wound, I was somewhat favored in my load; I carried only my knitting work and two quarts of parched meal. Being very faint I asked my mistress to give me one spoonful of the meal, but she would not give me a taste. They quickly fell to cutting dry trees, to make Rafts to carry them over the river: and soon my turn came to go over. By the advantage of some brush which they had laid upon the Raft to sit upon, I did not wet my foot (which many of themselves at the other end were mid-leg deep) which cannot but be acknowledged as a favor of God to my weakened body, it being a very cold time. I was not before acquainted with such kind of doings or dangers. "*When thou passeth through the waters I will be with thee, and through the Rivers they shall not overflow thee*" (Isai. 43.2). A certain number of us got over the River that night, but it was the night after the Sabbath before all the company was got over. On the Saturday they boiled an old Horses leg which they had got, and so we drank of the broth, as soon as they thought it was ready, and when it was almost all gone, they filled it up again.

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*The first week of my being among them I hardly ate any thing; the second week I found my stomach grow very faint for want of something; and yet it was very hard to get down their filthy trash; but the third week, though I could think how formerly my stomach would turn against this*

*or that, and I could starve and die before I could eat such things, yet they were sweet and savory to my taste.* I was at this time knitting a pair of white cotton stockings for my mistress; and had not yet wrought upon a Sabbath day. When the Sabbath came they bade me go to work. I told them it was the Sabbath day, and desired them to let me rest, and told them I would do as much more tomorrow; to which they answered me they would break my face. And here I cannot but take notice of the strange providence of God in preserving the heathen. They were many hundreds, old and young, some sick, and some lame; many had Papooses at their backs. The greatest number at this time with us were Squaws, and they traveled with all they had, bag and baggage, and yet they got over this River aforesaid; and on Munday they set their *Wigwams* on fire, and away they went. On that very day came the *English* army after them to this River, and saw the smoke of their *Wigwams*, and yet this river put a stop to them. God did not give them courage or activity to go over after us. We were not ready for so great a mercy as victory and deliverance. If we had been God would have found out a way for the *English* to have passed this

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river, as well as for the *Indians* with their *Squaws* and *Children*, and all their *Luggage*. "*Oh that my People had hearkened to me, and Israel had walked in my ways, I should soon have subdued their Enemies, and turned my hand against their Adversaries*" (*Psal.* 81.13–14).

### **The sixth Remove**

On Munday (as I said) they set their *Wigwams* on fire and went away. It was a cold morning, and before us there was a great Brook with ice on it; some waded through it, up to the knees and higher, but others went till they came to a Beaver dam, and I amongst them, where through the good providence of God, I did not wet my foot. I went along that day mourning and lamenting, leaving farther my own Country, and traveling into a vast and howling *Wilderness*, and I understood something of Lot's Wife's Temptation, when she looked back. We came that day to a great Swamp, by the side of which we took up our lodging that night. When I came to the brow of the hill, that looked toward the Swamp, I thought we had been come to a great *Indian Town* (though there were none but our own company). The *Indians* were as thick as the trees: it seemed as if there had been a thousand Hatchets going at once. If one looked before one there was nothing but *Indians*, and behind one, nothing but *Indians*, and so on either hand, I myself in the midst, and no Christian soul near me, *and yet how hath the Lord preserved me in safety? Oh*

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*the experience that I have had of the goodness of God, to me and mine!*

### **The seventh Remove**

*After a restless and hungry night there, we had a wearisome time of it the next day.* The Swamp by which we lay was, as it were, a deep Dungeon, and an exceeding high and steep hill before it. Before I got to the top of the hill, I thought my heart and legs, and all would have broken, and failed me. What, through faintness and soreness of body, it was a grievous day of travel to me. *As we went along, I saw a place where English Cattle had been. That was comfort*

to me, such as it was. Quickly after that we came to an English Path, which so took with me, that I thought I could have freely lyin down and dyed. That day, a little after noon, we came to *Squakeag*, where the *Indians* quickly spread themselves over the deserted *English Fields*, gleaning what they could find. Some picked up ears of Wheat that were crickled down; some found ears of *Indian Corn*; some found Ground nuts, and others sheaves of Wheat that were frozen together in the shock, and went to threshing of them out. Myself got two ears of *Indian Corn*, and whilst I did but turn my back, one of them was stolen from me, which much troubled me. There came an *Indian* to them at that time with a basket of Horse liver. I asked him to give me a piece. "What," says he, "can you eat Horse liver?" I told him, I would try, if he would

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give a piece, which he did, and I laid it on the coals to roast. But before it was half ready they got half of it away from me, so that I was fain to take the rest and eat it as it was, with the blood about my mouth, and yet a savory bit it was to me: "For to the hungry Soul every bitter thing is sweet." A solemn sight methought it was, to see Fields of wheat and *Indian Corn* forsaken and spoiled and the remainders of them to be food for our merciless Enemies. That night we had a mess of wheat for our supper.

## The eighth Remove

On the morrow morning we must go over the River, i.e. *Connecticut*, to meet with King *Philip*. Two *Cannoos* full they had carried over; the next Turn I myself was to go. But as my foot was upon the *Cannoo* to step in there was a sudden outcry among them, and I must step back, and instead of going over the River, I must go four or five miles up the River farther Northward. Some of the *Indians* ran one way, and some another. The cause of this rout was, as I thought, their espying some *English Scouts*, who were thereabout. In this travel up the River about noon the Company made a stop, and sat down; some to eat, and others to rest them. As I sat amongst them, musing of things past, my Son *Joseph* unexpectedly came to me. We asked of each other's welfare, bemoaning our doleful condition, and the change that had come upon us.

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We had Husbands and Father, and Children, and Sisters, and Friends, and Relations, and House, and Home, and many Comforts of this Life: but now we may say, as Job, "Naked came I out of my Mother's Womb, and naked shall I return: the Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away, Blessed be the Name of the Lord." I asked him whether he would read. He told me he earnestly desired it, I gave him my Bible, and he lighted upon that comfortable Scripture "I shall not die but live, and declare the works of the Lord: the Lord hath chastened me sore yet he hath not given me over to death" (*Psal.* 118.17–18). "Look here, Mother," says he, "did you read this?" And here I may take occasion to mention one principall ground of my setting forth these Lines: even as the Psalmist says, to declare the Works of the Lord, and His wonderful power in carrying us along, preserving us in the *Wilderness*, while under the Enemy's hand, and returning of us in safety again. And His goodness in bringing to my hand so many comfortable and suitable Scriptures in my distress. But to Return, we traveled on till night; and in the morning, we must go over the River to *Philip's* Crew. When I was in the *cannoo* I could not but be amazed at the numerous crew of Pagans that were on the Bank on the other side. When I came ashore, they gathered all

about me, I sitting alone in the midst. I observed they asked one another questions, and laughed, and rejoiced over their Gains and Victories. Then my heart began to fail: and I fell a weeping,

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which was the first time to my remembrance, that I wept before them. Although I had met with so much Affliction, and my heart was many times ready to break, yet could I not shed one tear in their sight; but rather had been all this while in a maze, and like one astonished. But now I may say as *Psal. 137.1*, "*By the Rivers of Babylon, there we sate down: yea, we wept when we remembered Zion.*" There one of them asked me why I wept. I could hardly tell what to say: Yet I answered, they would kill me. "No," said he, "none will hurt you." Then came one of them and gave me two spoonfuls of Meal to comfort me, and another gave me half a pint of pease; which was more worth than many Bushels at another time. Then I went to see King *Philip*. He bade me come in and sit down, and asked me whether I would smoke it (a usual Compliment nowadays amongst Saints and Sinners) but this no way suited me. For though I had formerly used tobacco, yet I had left it ever since I was first taken. *It seems to be a Bait the Devil lays to make men lose their precious time.* I remember with shame how formerly, when I had taken two or three pipes, I was presently ready for another, such a bewitching thing it is. But I thank God, He has now given me power over it; surely there are many who may be better employed than to lie sucking a Stinking tobacco-pipe.

Now the *Indians* gather their forces to go against *North-Hampton*. Over night one went about

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yelling and hooting to give notice of the design. Whereupon they fell to boyling of Ground nuts, and parching of Corn (as many as had it) for their Provision; and in the morning away they went. *During my abode in this place, Philip spake to me to make a shirt for his boy, which I did, for which he gave me a shilling. I offered the money to my master, but he bade me keep it; and with it I bought a piece of Horse flesh.* Afterwards he asked me to make a Cap for his boy, for which he invited me to Dinner. I went, and he gave me a Pancake, about as big as two fingers. It was made of parched wheat, beaten, and fried in Bears grease, but I thought I never tasted pleasanter meat in my life. There was a *Squaw* who spake to me to make a shirt for her *Sannup*, for which she gave me a piece of Bear. Another asked me to knit a pair of stockings, for which she gave me a quart of Pease. I boiled my Pease and Bear together, and invited my master and mistress to dinner; but the proud Gossip, because I served them both in one Dish, would eat nothing, except one bit that he gave her upon the point of his knife. Hearing that my son was come to this place, I went to see him, and found him lying flat upon the ground. I asked him how he could sleep so? He answered me *that he was not asleep, but at Prayer*; and lay so, that they might not observe what he was doing. I pray God he may remember these things now he is returned in safety. At

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this Place (the Sun now getting higher) what with the beams and heat of the Sun, and the smoke of the *Wigwams*, I thought I should have been blind. I could scarce discern one *Wigwam* from another. There was here one *Mary Thurston* of *Medfield*, who seeing how it was with me, lent me a Hat to wear; but as soon as I was gone, the *Squaw* (who owned that *Mary Thurston*) came running after me, and got it away again. *Here was the Squaw that gave me one spoonful of Meal.* I put it in my Pocket to keep it safe. Yet notwithstanding, somebody stole it, but put five

*Indian* Corns in the room of it; which Corns were the greatest Provisions I had in my travel for one day.

The *Indians* returning from North-Hampton, brought with them some Horses, and Sheep, and other things which they had taken; I desired them that they would carry me to *Albany* upon one of those Horses, and sell me for Powder: for so they had sometimes discoursed. I was utterly hopeless of getting home on foot, the way that I came. I could hardly bear to think of the many weary steps I had taken, to come to this place.

## The ninth Remove

But instead of going either to *Albany* or homeward, we must go five miles up the river, and then go over it. Here we abode a while. Here lived a sorry *Indian*, who spoke to me to make him a shirt. When I had done it, he would pay me nothing. But he living by the River side, where I

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often went to fetch water, I would often be putting of him in mind, and calling for my pay: At last he told me if I would make another shirt, for a *papoos* not yet born, he would give me a knife, which he did when I had done it. I carried the knife in, and my master asked me to give it him, and I was not a little glad that I had anything that they would accept of, and be pleased with. When we were at this place, my Master's maid came home; she had been gone *three weeks* into the *Narrhaganset* country to fetch Corn, where they had stored up some in the ground. She brought home about a peck and half of Corn. This was about the time that their great Captain, *Naananto*, was killed in the *Narrhaganset* Country. *My Son being now about a mile from me, I asked liberty to go and see him; they bade me go, and away I went; but quickly lost myself, traveling over Hills and through Swamps, and could not find the way to him.* And I cannot but admire at the wonderful power and goodness of God to me, in that, though I was gone from home, and met with all sorts of *Indians*, and those I had no knowledge of, and there being no Christian soul near me; yet not one of them offered the least imaginable miscarriage to me. I turned homeward again, and met with my master. He showed me the way to my Son. When I came to him I found him not well: and withall he had a boyl on his side, which much troubled

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him. We bemoaned one another a while, as the Lord helped us, and then I returned again. When I was returned, I found myself as unsatisfied as I was before. I went up and down mourning and lamenting; and my spirit was ready to sink with the thoughts of my poor Children. My Son was ill, and I could not but think of his mournful looks, and no Christian Friend was near him, to do any office of love for him, either for Soul or Body. And my poor Girl, I knew not where she was, nor whether she was sick, or well, or alive, or dead. I repaired under these thoughts to my Bible (my great comfort in that time) and that Scripture came to my hand, "*Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee*" (*Psal.* 55.22).

But I was fain to go and look after something to satisfy my hunger, and going among the *Wigwams*, I went into one and there found a *Squaw* who showed herself very kind to me, and gave me a piece of Bear. I put it into my pocket, and came home, but could not find an opportunity to broil it, for fear they would get it from me, and there it lay all that day and night in my stinking pocket. In the morning I went to the same *Squaw*, who had a Kettle of Ground

nuts boyling. I asked her to let me boil my piece of Bear in her Kettle, which she did, and gave me some Ground nuts to eat with it: and I cannot but think how pleasant it was to me. I have sometime seen Bear baked very handsomely among the *English*, and some like it, but the thought that it was bear made me tremble. But now that was savory to me that one would think

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was enough to turn the stomach of a brute creature.

*One bitter cold day I could find no room to sit down before the fire. I went out, and could not tell what to do, but I went in to another Wigwam, where they were also sitting round the fire, but the Squaw laid a skin for me, and bid me sit down, and gave me some Ground nuts, and bade me come again; and told me they would buy me, if they were able, and yet these were strangers to me that I never saw before.*

### **The tenth Remove**

*That day a small part of the Company removed about three-quarters of a mile, intending further the next day. When they came to the place where they intended to lodge, and had pitched their wigwams, being hungry, I went again back to the place we were before at, to get something to eat, being encouraged by the Squaws kindness, who bade me come again. When I was there, there came an Indian to look after me, who when he had found me, kicked me all along. I went home and found Venison roasting that night, but they would not give me one bit of it. Sometimes I met with favor, and sometimes with nothing but frowns.*

### **The eleventh Remove**

*The next day in the morning they took their Travel, intending a day's journey up the River. I*

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*took my load at my back, and quickly we came to wade over the River; and passed over tiresome and wearisome hills. One hill was so steep that I was fain to creep up upon my knees, and to hold by the twigs and bushes to keep myself from falling backward. My head also was so light that I usually reeled as I went; but I hope all these wearisome steps that I have taken, are but a forewarning to me of the heavenly rest: "I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me" (Psal. 119.75).*

### **The twelfth Remove**

*It was upon a Sabbath-day-morning, that they prepared for their travel. This morning I asked my master whether he would sell me to my Husband. He answered me "Nux," which did much rejoice my spirit. My mistress, before we went, was gone to the burial of a *Papoos*, and returning, she found me sitting and reading in my Bible; she snatched it hastily out of my hand, and threw it out of doors. I ran out and caught it up, and put it into my pocket, and never let her see it afterward. Then they packed up their things to be gone, and gave me my load. I complained it was too heavy, whereupon she gave me a slap in the face, and bade me go; I lifted*



up my heart to God, hoping the Redemption was not far off; and the rather because their insolency grew worse and worse.

*But the thoughts of my going homeward (for so we bent our course) much cheered my Spirit,*

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*and made my burden seem light, and almost nothing at all.* But (to my amazement and great perplexity) the scale was soon turned; for when we had gone a little way, on a sudden my mistress gives out; she would go no further, but turn back again, and said I must go back again with her, and she called her *Sannup*, and would have had him gone back also, but he would not, but said *He would go on, and come to us again in three dayes.* My spirit was, upon this, I confess, very impatient, and almost outrageous. I thought I could as well have dyed as went back; I cannot declare the trouble that I was in about it; but yet back again I must go. As soon as I had the opportunity, I took my Bible to read, and that quieting Scripture came to my hand, "*Be still, and know that I am God*" (*Psal.* 46.10). Which stilled my spirit for the present. But a sore time of tryal, I concluded, I had to go through, my master being gone, who seemed to me the best friend that I had of an *Indian*, both in cold and hunger, and quickly so it proved. Down I sat, with my heart as full as it could hold, and yet so hungry that I could not sit neither; but going out to see what I could find, and walking among the *Trees*, I found six *Acorns*, and two *Chest-nuts*, which were some refreshment to me. Towards Night I gathered some sticks for my own comfort, that I might not lie a-cold; but when we came to ly down they bade me to go out, and ly somewhere else, for they had company (they said) come in more than their own. I told them, I

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could not tell where to go, they bade me go look; I told them, if I went to another *Wigwam* they would be angry, and send me home again. Then one of the Company drew his sword, and told me he would run me through if I did not go presently. Then was I fain to stoop to this rude fellow, and to go out in the night, I knew not whither. *Mine eyes have seen that fellow afterwards walking up and down Boston, under the appearance of a Friend Indian, and several others of the like cut.* I went to one *Wigwam*, and they told me they had no room. Then I went to another, and they said the same; at last an old *Indian* bade me to come to him, and his *Squaw* gave me some Ground-nuts; she gave me also something to lay under my head, and a good fire we had; and through the good providence of God, I had a comfortable lodging that night. In the morning, another *Indian* bade me come at night, and he would give me six Ground nuts, which I did. We were at this place and time about two miles from [the] *Connecticut River*. We went in the morning to gather Ground nuts, to the River, and went back again that night. I went with a good load at my back (for they when they went, though but a little way, would carry all their trumpery with them). I told them the skin was off my back, but I had no other comforting answer from them than this: *That it would be no matter if my head were off too.*

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### **The thirteenth Remove**

*Instead of going toward the Bay, which was that I desired, I must go with them five or six miles down the River into a mighty Thicket of Brush; where we abode almost a fortnight.* Here one asked me to make a shirt for her *Papoos*, for which she gave me a mess of Broth, which was

thickened with meal made of the Bark of a Tree, and to make it the better, she had put into it about a handful of *Pease*, and a few roasted *Ground-nuts*. I had not seen my son a pretty while, and here was an *Indian* of whom I made inquiry after him, and asked him when he saw him. He answered me that such a time his master roasted him, and that himself did eat a piece of him, as big as his two fingers, and that he was very good meat. *But the Lord upheld my Spirit, under this discouragement; and I considered their horrible addictedness to lying, and that there is not one of them that makes the least conscience of speaking of truth.* In this place, on a cold night, as I lay by the fire, I removed a stick that kept the heat from me. A *Squaw* moved it down again, at which I looked up, and she threw a handful of ashes in mine eyes. I thought I should have been quite blinded, and have never seen more, but lying down, the water run out of my eyes, and carried the dirt with it, that by the morning I recovered my sight again. Yet upon this, and the like occasions, I hope it is not too much to say with Job, "*Have pity upon me, O ye my Friends,*

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*for the Hand of the Lord has touched me.*" And here I cannot but remember how many times sitting in their *Wigwams*, and musing on things past, I should suddenly leap up and run out, as if I had been at home, forgetting where I was, and what my condition was; but when I was without, and saw nothing but *Wilderness*, and *Woods*, and a company of barbarous heathens, my mind quickly returned to me, which made me think of that, spoken concerning *Sampson*, who said, "*I will go out and shake myself as at other times, but he wist not that the Lord was departed from him.*" About this time I began to think that all my hopes of Restoration would come to nothing. I thought of the *English* army, and hoped for their coming, and being taken by them, but that failed. I hoped to be carried to *Albany*, as the *Indians* had discoursed before, but that failed also. I thought of being sold to my Husband, as my master spake, but instead of that, my master himself was gone, and I left behind, so that my Spirit was now quite ready to sink. I asked them to let me go out and pick up some sticks, that I might get alone, *and pour out my heart unto the Lord.* Then also I took my Bible to read, but I found no comfort here neither, which many times I was wont to find. *So easy a thing it is with God to dry up the Streams of Scripture comfort from us.* Yet I can say, that in all my sorrows and afflictions, God did not leave me to have my impatience work towards Himself, as if His wayes were unrighteous. *But I knew that He laid*

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*upon me less than I deserved.* Afterward, before this doleful time ended with me, I was turning the leaves of my Bible, and the Lord brought to me some Scriptures, which did a little revive me, as that [in] *Isai.* 55.8: "*For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.*" And also that [in] *Psal.* 37.5: "*Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.*" About this time they came yelping from *Hadley*, where they had killed three *Englishmen*, and brought one captive with them, *viz. Thomas Read.* They all gathered about the poor Man, asking him many Questions. I desired also to go and see him; and when I came, he was crying bitterly, supposing they would quickly kill him. Whereupon I asked one of them, whether they intended to kill him; he answered me, they would not. He being a little cheered with that, I asked him about the welfare of my Husband. He told me he saw him such a time in the *Bay*, and he was well, but very melancholy. By which I certainly understood (*though I suspected it before*) that whatsoever the *Indians* told me respecting him was vanity and lies. Some of them told me he was dead, and they had killed him; some said he was Married

again, and that the Governour wished him to marry; and told him he should have his choice, and that all persuaded I was dead. So like were these barbarous creatures to him who was a liar from the beginning.

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As I was sitting once in the *Wigwam* here, *Philips Maid* came in with the Child in her arms, and asked me to give her a piece of my Apron, to make a flap for it . I told her I would not. Then my Mistress bade me give it, but still I said no. The maid told me if I would not give her a piece, she would tear a piece off it. I told her I would tear her coat then. With that my Mistress rises up, and take up a stick big enough to have killed me, and struck at me with it. But I stepped out, and she struck the stick into the Mat of the *Wigwam*. But while she was pulling of it out I ran to the Maid and gave her all my Apron, and so that storm went over.

Hearing that my Son was come to this place, I went to see him, and told him his Father was well, but melancholy. He told me he was as much grieved for his Father as for himself. I wondered at his speech, for I thought I had enough upon my spirit in reference to myself, to make me mindless of my Husband and everyone else; they being safe among their Friends. He told me also, that awhile before, his Master (together with other *Indians*) were going to the *French* for Powder; but by the way the *Mohawks* met with them, and killed four of their Company, which made the rest turn back again, for it might have been worse with him, had he been sold to the *French*, than it proved to be in his remaining with the *Indians*.

I went to see an *English Youth* in this place, one *John Gilbert* of *Springfield*. I found him

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lying without doors, upon the ground. I asked him how he did? He told me he was very sick of a flux, with eating so much blood. They had turned him out of the *Wigwam*, and with him an *Indian Papoos*, almost dead (whose Parents had been killed), in a bitter cold day, without fire or clothes. The young man himself had nothing on but his shirt and waistcoat. This sight was enough to melt a heart of flint. There they lay quivering in the Cold, the youth round like a dog, the *papoos* stretched out with his eyes and nose and mouth full of dirt, and yet alive, and groaning. I advised John to go and get to some fire. He told me he could not stand, but I persuaded him still, lest he should lie there and die. And with much ado I got him to a fire, and went myself home. As soon as I was got home his Master's Daughter came after me, to know what I had done with the *Englishman*. I told her I had got him to a fire in such a place. Now had I need to pray Paul's Prayer "*That we may be delivered from unreasonable and wicked men*" (2 *Thess.* 3.2). For her satisfaction I went along with her, and brought her to him; but before I got home again it was noised about that I was running away and getting the *English youth*, along with me; that as soon as I came in they began to rant and domineer, asking me where I had been, and what I had been doing? and saying they would knock him on the head. I told them I had

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been seeing the *English youth*, and that I would not run away. They told me I lyed, and taking up a Hatchet, they came to me, and said they would knock me down if I stirred out again, and so confined me to the *Wigwam*. Now may I say with *David*, "*I am in a great strait*" (2 *Sam.* 24.14). If I keep in, I must dy with hunger, and if I go out, I must be knockt in head. This distressed condition held that day, and half the next. *And then the Lord remembered me, whose mercies*

are great . Then came an *Indian* to me with a pair of stockings that were too big for him, and he would have me ravel them out, and knit them fit for him. I showed myself willing, and bid him ask my mistress if I might go along with him a little way; she said yes, I might, but I was not a little refreshed with that news, that I had my liberty again. Then I went along with him, and he gave me some roasted *Ground-nuts*, which did again revive my feeble stomach.

Being got out of her sight, I had time and liberty again to look into my Bible; *which was my Guide by day, and my Pillow by night*. Now that comfortable Scripture presented itself to me, "*For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee*" (*Isai. 54.7*). Thus the Lord carried me along from one time to another, and made good to me this precious promise, and many others. *Then my son came to see me*, and I asked his master to let him stay

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awhile with me, that I might comb his head, and look over him, for he was almost overcome with lice. He told me, when I had done, that he was very hungry, but I had nothing to relieve him, but bid him go into the *Wigwams* as he went along, and see if he could get any thing among them. Which he did, and it seems tarried a little too long; for his Master was angry with him, and beat him, and then sold him. Then he came running to tell me he had a new Master, and that he had given him some *Ground nuts* already. Then I went along with him to his new Master who told me he loved him, and he should not want. So his Master carried him away, and I never saw him afterward, till I saw him at *Piscataqua* in *Portsmouth*.

That night they bade me go out of the *Wigwam* again. My Mistress's papoos was sick, and it died that night, and there was one benefit in it—that there was more room. I went to a *Wigwam*, and they bade me come in, and gave me a skin to lie upon, and a mess of *Venison* and *Ground-nuts*, which was a choice Dish among them. On the morrow they buried the *Papoos*, and afterward, both morning and evening, there came a company to mourn and howle with her; though I confess I could not much condole with them. Many sorrowful dayes I had in this place, often getting alone. "*Like a Crane, or a Swallow, so did I chatter; I did mourn as a Dove, mine eyes ail with looking upward. Oh, Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me*" (*Isai. 38.14*). I could

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tell the Lord, as *Hezekiah*, "*Remember now O Lord, I beseech thee, how I have walked before thee in truth.*" Now had I time to examine all my wayes: my Conscience did not accuse me of unrighteousness toward one or other; yet I saw how in my walk with God, I had been a careless creature. As *David* said, "*Against thee, thee only have I sinned*": and I might say with the poor *Publican*, "*God be merciful unto me a sinner.*" On the *Sabbath* days, I could look upon the *Sun* and think how *People* were going to the house of God, to have their *Souls* refresht; and then home, and their bodies also; but I was destitute of both; and might say as the poor *Prodigal*, "*He would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the Swine did eat, and no man gave unto him*" (*Luke 15.16*). For I must say with him, "*Father, I have sinned against Heaven and in thy sight.*" I remembered how on the night before and after the *Sabbath*, when my *Family* was about me, and *Relations* and *Neighbors* with us, we could pray and sing, and then refresh our bodies with the good creatures of God; and then have a comfortable *Bed* to ly down on; but instead of all this, I had only a little *Swill* for the body and then, like a *Swine*, must ly down on the ground. I cannot express to man the sorrow that lay upon my *Spirit*; the Lord knows it. Yet that comfortable Scripture would often come to mind, "*For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but*

*with great mercies will I gather thee."*

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### **The fourteenth Remove**

Now must we pack up and be gone from this thicket, bending our course toward the Bay-towns; I having nothing to eat by the way this day, but a few crumbs of Cake, that an *Indian* gave my girl the same day we were taken. She gave it me, and I put it in my pocket; there it lay, till it was so moldy (for want of good baking) that one could not tell what it was made of; it fell all to crumbs, and grew so dry and hard, that it was like little flints; and this refreshed me many times, when I was ready to faint. It was in my thoughts when I put it into my mouth, that if ever I returned, I would tell the World what a blessing the Lord gave to such mean food. As we went along they killed a *Deer*, with a young one in her, they gave me a piece of the *Fawn*, and it was so young and tender, that one might eat the bones as well as the flesh, and yet I thought it very good. When night came on we sat down; it rained, but they quickly got up a Bark Wigwam, where I lay dry that night. I looked out in the morning, and many of them had lain in the rain all night, I saw by their Reeking. Thus the Lord dealt mercifully with me many times, and I fared better than many of them. In the morning they took the blood of the *Deer*, and put it into the Paunch, and so boiled it. I could eat nothing of that, though they ate it sweetly. And yet they

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were so nice in other things, that when I had fetched Water, and had put the Dish I dipped the water with into the Kettle of water which I brought, they would say they would knock me down; for they said, it was a sluttish trick.

### **The fifteenth Remove**

We went on our Travel. I having got one handful of Ground-nuts, for my support that day, they gave me my load, and I went on cheerfully (with the thoughts of going homeward), having my burden more on my back than my spirit. We came to *Banquang River* again that day, near which we abode a few days. Sometimes one of them would give me a Pipe, another a little Tobacco, another a little Salt: which I would change for a little Victuals. I cannot but think what a Wolvish appetite persons have in a starving condition; for many times when they gave me that which was hot, I was so greedy, that I should burn my mouth, that it would trouble me hours after, and yet I should quickly do the same again. And after I was thoroughly hungry, I was never again satisfied. For though sometimes it fell out, that I got enough, and did eat till I could eat no more, yet I was as unsatisfied as I was when I began. And now could I see that Scripture verified (there being many Scriptures which we do not take notice of, or understand till we are afflicted) "*Thou shalt eat and not be satisfied*" (*Mic. 6.14*). Now might I see more than ever

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before, the miseries that sin hath brought upon us. Many times I should be ready to run against the heathen, but the Scripture would quiet me again, "*Shall there be evil in a City and the Lord*

*hath not done it?" (Amos 3.6). The Lord help me to make a right improvement of His Word, and that I might learn that great lesson: "He hath showed thee (Oh Man) what is good, and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God? Hear ye the rod, and who hath appointed it" (Mic. 6.8–9).*

## **The sixteenth Removal**

*We began this remove with wading over Banquang River: the water was up to the knees, and the stream very swift, and so cold that I thought it would have cut me in sunder. I was so weak and feeble, that I reeled as I went along, and thought there I must end my dayes at last, after my bearing and getting through so many difficulties. The Indians stood laughing to see me staggering along; but in my distress the Lord gave me experience of the truth, and goodness of that promise, "When thou passest through the Waters, I will be with thee; and through the Rivers, they shall not overflow thee" (Isai. 43.2). Then I sat down to put on my stockings and shoes, with the tears running down mine eyes, and sorrowful thoughts in my heart, but I got up to go along with them. Quickly there came up to us an Indian, who informed them that I must go to Wachusett to my master, for there was a Letter come from the council to the Saggamores,*

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about redeeming the Captives, and that there would be another in fourteen days, and that I must be there ready. My heart was so heavy before that I could scarce speak or go in the path; and yet now so light, that I could run. My strength seemed to come again, and recruit my feeble knees, and aching heart. Yet it pleased them to go but one mile that night, and there we stayed two dayes. In that time came a company of Indians to us, near thirty, all on horseback. My heart skippt within me, thinking they had been Englishmen at the first sight of them, for they were dressed in English Apparel, with Hats, white Neckcloths, and Sashes about their waists; and Ribbons upon their shoulders; but when they came near, there was a vast difference between the lovely faces of Christians, and foul looks of those Heathens, which much damped my spirit again.

## **The seventeenth Remove**

*A comfortable Remove it was to me, because of my hopes. They gave me a pack, and along we went cheerfully; but quickly my will proved more than my strength; having little or no refreshing, my strength failed me, and my spirits were almost quite gone. Now may I say with David "I am poor and needy, and my heart is wounded within me. I am gone like the shadow when it declineth: I am tossed up and down like the locust; my knees are weak through fasting,*

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*and my flesh faileth of fatness" (Psal. 119.22–24). At night we came to an Indian Town, and the Indians sat down by a Wigwam discoursing, but I was almost spent, and could scarce speak. I laid down my load, and went into the Wigwam, and there sat an Indian boiling of horses feet (they being wont to eat the flesh first, and when the feet were old and dried, and they had nothing else, they would cut off the feet and use them). I asked him to give me a little of his*

Broth, or Water they were boiling in; he took a dish, and gave me one spoonful of samp, and bid me take as much of the broth as I would. Then I put some of the hot water to the Samp, and drank it up, and my spirit came again. He gave me also a piece of the Ruff or Ridding of the small Guts, and I broiled it on the coals; and now may I say with *Jonathan*, "*See, I pray you, how mine eyes have been enlightened, because I tasted a little of this honey*" (1 Sam. 14.29). Now is my Spirit revived again; though means be never so inconsiderable, yet if the Lord bestow His blessing upon them, they shall refresh both Soul and Body.

## The eighteenth Remove

*We took up our packs and along we went, but a wearisome day I had of it.* As we went along I saw an *Englishman* strippt naked, and lying dead upon the ground, but knew not who it was. Then we came to another *Indian Town*, where we stayed all night. In this Town there were four *English Children*, Captives; and one of them my own Sister's. I went to see how she did, and she

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was well, considering her Captive condition. I would have tarried that night with her, but they that owned her would not suffer it. Then I went into another *Wigwam*, where they were boiling Corn and Beans, which was a lovely sight to see, but I could not get a taste thereof. Then I went to another *Wigwam*, where there were two of the *English Children*; the *Squaw* was boiling *Horses Feet*; then she cut me off a little piece, and gave one of the *English Children* a piece also. Being very hungry I had quickly eat up mine, but the Child could not bite it, it was so tough and sinewy, but lay sucking, gnawing, chewing and slabbering of it in the mouth and hand. Then I took it of the Child, and eat it myself, and savory it was to my taste. Then I may say as *Job* 6.7, "*The things that my soul refused to touch are as my sorrowful meat.*" Thus the Lord made that pleasant refreshing, which another time would have been an abomination. Then I went home to my mistress's *Wigwam*; and they told me I disgraced my master with begging, and if I did so any more, they would knock me in the head. I told them, they had as good knock me in head as starve me to death.

## The nineteenth Remove

*They said, when we went out, that we must travel to Wachusett this day.* But a bitter weary day I had of it, traveling now three dayes together, without resting any day between. At last,

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after many weary steps, I saw *Wachusett* hills, but many miles off. Then we came to a great *Swamp*, through which we traveled, up to the knees in mud and water, which was heavy going to one tyred before. Being almost spent, I thought I should have sunk down at last, and never got out; but I may say, as in *Psal.* 94.18, "*When my foot slipped, thy mercy, O Lord, held me up.*" Going along, having indeed my life, but little spirit, *Philip*, who was in the ompany, came up and took me by the hand, and said, *Two weeks more and you shall be Mistress again.* I asked him, if he spake true? He answered, "*Yes, and quickly you shal come to your master again; who had been gone from us three weeks.*" After many weary steps we came to *Wachusett*, where he was:

and glad I was to see him. He asked me, *when I washed me?* I told him not this month. Then he fetched me some water himself, and bid me wash, and gave me the Glass to see how I looked; and bid his *Squaw* give me something to eat. So she gave me a mess of Beans and meat, and a little Ground-nut Cake. I was wonderfully revived with this favor showed me: "*He made them also to be pitied of all those that carried them captives*" (Psal. 106.46).

*My master had three Squaws, living sometimes with one, and sometimes with another one, this old Squaw, at whose Wigwam I was, and with whom my master had been those three weeks. Another was Wettimore with whom I had lived and served all this while. A severe and proud*

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Dame she was, bestowing every day in dressing herself neat as much time as any of the Gentry of the land: powdering her hair, and painting her face, going with Necklaces, with Jewels in her ears, and Bracelets upon her hands. When she had dressed herself, her work was to make Girdles of *Wampum* and *Beads*. The third *Squaw* was a younger one, by whom he had two *Papooses*. By the time I was refreshed by the old *Squaw*, with whom my master was, *Wettimore's* maid came to call me home, at which I fell a weeping. Then the old *Squaw* told me, to encourage me, that if I wanted victuals, I should come to her, and that I should lie there in her *Wigwam*. Then I went with the maid, and quickly came again and lodged there. The *Squaw* laid a Mat under me, and a good Rugg over me; the first time I had any such kindness showed me. I understood that *Wettimore* thought that if she should let me go and serve with the old *Squaw*, she would be in danger to lose not only my service, but the redemption pay also. And I was not a little glad to hear this; being by it raised in my hopes, that in God's due time there would be an end of this sorrowful hour. Then came an *Indian*, and asked me to knit him three pair of Stockins, for which I had a Hat, and a silk Handkerchief. Then another asked me to make her a shift, for which she gave me an Apron.

*Then came Tom and Peter, with the second Letter from the Council, about the Captives. Though they were Indians, I got them by the hand, and burst out into tears. My heart was so full*

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that I could not speak to them; but recovering myself, I asked them how my husband did, and all my friends and acquaintance? They said, "*They are all very well but melancholy.*" They brought me two Biskets, and a pound of Tobacco. The Tobacco I quickly gave away. When it was all gone, one asked me to give him a pipe of Tobacco. I told him it was all gone. *Then began he to rant and threaten.* I told him when my husband came I would give him some. *Hang him Rogue (says he) I will knock out his brains, if he comes here.* And then again, in the same breath they would say *that if there should come an hundred without Guns, they would do them no hurt.* So unstable and like madmen they were. So that fearing the worst, I durst not send to my Husband, though there were some thoughts of his coming to Redeem and fetch me, not knowing what might follow. *For there was little more trust to them than to the master they served.* When the letter was come, the *Saggamores* met to consult about the Captives, and called me to them to inquire how much my husband would give to redeem me. When I came I sat down among them, as I was wont to do, as their manner is. *Then they bade me stand up, and said they were the General Court. They bid me speak what I thought he would give.* Now knowing that all we had was destroyed by the *Indians*, I was in a great strait. I thought if I should speak of but a little it would be slighted, and hinder the matter; if of a great sum, I knew



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not where it would be procured. Yet at a venture I said "*Twenty pounds*," yet desired them to take less. But they would not hear of that, but sent that message to *Boston*, that for *Twenty pounds* I should be redeemed. It was a *Praying Indian* that wrote their Letter for them. There was another *Praying Indian*, who told me, that he had a brother, that would not eat Horse; his conscience was so tender and scrupulous (though as large as hell, for the destruction of poor *Christians*). Then he said, he read that Scripture to him, "*There was a famine in Samaria, and behold they besieged it, until an Ass's head was sold for four-score pieces of silver, and the fourth part of a Cab of Dove's dung for five pieces of silver*" (2 Kings 6.25). He expounded this place to his brother, and showed him that it was lawful to eat that in a Famine which is not at another time. And now, says he, he will eat Horse with any *Indian of them all*. There was another *Praying Indian*, who when he had done all the mischief that he could, betrayed his own Father into the *English* hands, thereby to purchase his own life. Another *Praying Indian* was at *Sudbury fight*, though, as he deserved, he was afterward hanged for it. There was another *Praying Indian*, so wicked and cruel, as to wear a string about his neck, strung with *Christians* fingers. Another *Praying Indian*, when they went to *Sudbury fight*, went with them, and his

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*Squaw* also with him, with her *Papoos* at her back. Before they went to that fight they got a company together to *powow*. The manner was as followeth: there was one that kneeled upon a *Deer-skin*, with the company round him in a ring who kneeled, and striking upon the ground with their hands, and with sticks, and muttering or humming with their mouths. Besides him who kneeled in the ring, there also stood one with a Gun in his hand. Then he on the *Deer-skin* made a speech, and all manifested assent to it; and so they did many times together. Then they bade him with the Gun go out of the ring, which he did. But when he was out, they called him in again; but he seemed to make a stand; then they called the more earnestly, till he returned again. Then they all sang. Then they gave him two Guns, in either hand one. And so he on the *Deer-skin* began again; and at the end of every sentence in his speaking, they all assented, humming or muttering with their mouths, and striking upon the ground with their hands. Then they bade him with the two Guns go out of the ring again; which he did, a little way. Then they called him in again, but he made a stand. So they called him with greater earnestness; but he stood reeling and wavering as if he knew not whither he should stand or fall, or which way to go. Then they called him with exceeding great vehemency, all of them, one and another. After a little while he turned in, staggering as he went, with his Armes stretched out, in either hand a

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Gun. As soon as he came in they all sang and rejoiced exceedingly a while. And then he opened the *Deer-skin*, made another speech unto which they all assented in a rejoicing manner. And so they ended their business, and forthwith went to *Sudbury fight*. To my thinking they went without any scruple, but that they should prosper, and gain the victory. And they went out not so rejoicing, but they came home with as great a Victory. For they said they had killed two Captains and almost an hundred men. One *English-man* they brought along with them: and he said, it was too true, for they had made sad work at *Sudbury*, as indeed it proved. Yet they came home without that rejoicing and triumphing over their victory which they were wont to show at

other times; but rather like Dogs (as they say) which have lost their ears. Yet I could not perceive that it was for their own loss of men. They said they had not lost above five or six; and I missed none, except in one *Wigwam*. When they went, they acted as if the Devil had told them that they should gain the victory; and now they acted as if the Devil had told them they should have a fall. Whither it were so or no, I cannot tell, but so it proved, for quickly they began to fall, and so held on that Summer, till they came to utter ruin. They came home on a Sabbath day, and the *Powow* that kneeled upon the *Deer-skin* came home (I may say, without abuse) as

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black as the Devil. When my master came home, he came to me and bid me make a shirt for his **Papoos**, of a holland-laced Pillowbeet. About that time there came an *Indian* to me and bid me come to his *Wigwam* at night, and he would give me some Pork and Ground-nuts. Which I did, and as I was eating, another *Indian* said to me, he seems to be your good friend, but he killed two *Englishmen* at *Sudbury*, and there ly their Clothes behind you: I looked behind me, and there I saw bloody Clothes, with Bullet-holes in them. Yet the Lord suffered not this wretch to do me any hurt. Yea, instead of that, he many times refreshed me; five or six times did he and his *Squaw* refresh my feeble carcass. If I went to their *Wigwam* at any time, they would always give me something, and yet they were strangers that I never saw before. Another *Squaw* gave me a piece of fresh Pork, and a little Salt with it, and lent me her Pan to Fry it in; and I cannot but remember what a sweet, pleasant and delightful relish that bit had to me, to this day. So little do we prize common mercies when we have them to the full.

## The twentieth Remove

*It was their usual manner to remove, when they had done any mischief, lest they should be found out; and so they did at this time.* We went about three or four miles, and there they built a great *Wigwam*, big enough to hold an hundred *Indians*, which they did in preparation to a great

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day of Dancing. They would say now amongst themselves, that the *Governor* would be so angry for his loss at *Sudbury*, that he would send no more about the Captives, which made me grieve and tremble. My Sister being not far from the place where we now were, and hearing that I was here, desired her master to let her come and see me, and he was willing to it, and would go with her; but she being ready before him, told him she would go before, and was come within a Mile or two of the place. Then he overtook her, and began to rant as if he had been mad, and made her go back again in the Rain; so that I never saw her till I saw her in *Charlestown*. But the Lord requited many of their ill doings, for this *Indian* her Master, was hanged afterward at *Boston*. The *Indians* now began to come from all quarters, against their merry dancing day. Among some of them came one *goodwife Kettle*. I told her my heart was so heavy that it was ready to break. "So is mine too," said she, but yet said, "I hope we shall hear some good news shortly." I could hear how earnestly my Sister desired to see me, and I as earnestly desired to see her; and yet neither of us could get an opportunity. My Daughter was also now about a mile off, and I had not seen her in nine or ten weeks, as I had not seen my Sister since our first taking. I earnestly desired them to let me go and see them: yea, I entreated, begged, and persuaded them, but to let me see my Daughter; and yet so hard-hearted were they, that they would not suffer it. They

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made use of their tyrannical power whilst they had it; but through the Lord's wonderful mercy, their time was now but short.

*On a Sabbath day, the sun being about an hour high in the afternoon, came Mr. John Hoar (the council permitting him, and his own forward spirit inclining him), together with the two forementioned Indians, Tom and Peter, with their third Letter from the council. When they came near, I was abroad. Though I saw them not, they presently called me in, and bade me sit down and not stir. Then they caught up their Guns, and away they ran, as if an Enemy had been at hand, and the Guns went off apace. I manifested some great trouble, and they asked me what was the matter? I told them I thought they had killed the English-man (for they had in the meantime informed me that an Englishman was come). They said, no. They shot over his Horse and under and before his Horse, and they pushed him this way and that way, at their pleasure, showing what they could do. Then they let them come to their Wigwams. I begged of them to let me see the English-man, but they would not. But there was I fain to sit their pleasure. When they had talked their fill with him, they suffered me to go to him. We asked each other of our welfare, and how my Husband did, and all my Friends? He told me they were all well, and would be glad to see me. Amongst other things which my Husband sent me, there came a pound of Tobacco, which I sold for nine shillings in Money; for many of the Indians for want of*

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*Tobacco, smoked Hemlock, and Ground-ivy. It was a great mistake in any, who thought I sent for Tobacco; for through the favor of God, that desire was overcome. I now asked them whether I should go home with Mr. Hoar? They answered No, one and another of them, and it being night, we lay down with that answer. In the morning Mr. Hoar invited the Saggamores to Dinner; but when we went to get it ready we found that they had stolen the greatest part of the Provision Mr. Hoar had brought, out of his Bags, in the night. And we may see the wonderful power of God, in that one passage, in that when there was such a great number of the Indians together, and so greedy of a little good food, and no English there but Mr. Hoar and myself, that there they did not knock us in the head, and take what we had, there being not only Some Provision, but also Trading-cloth, a part of the twenty pounds agreed upon. But instead of doing us any mischief, they seemed to be ashamed of the fact, and said, it were some Matchit Indian that did it. Oh, that we could believe that there is nothing too hard for God! God showed His power over the Heathen in this, as He did over the hungry Lyons when Daniel was cast into the Den. Mr. Hoar called them betime to dinner, but they ate very little, they being so busy in dressing themselves, and getting ready for their Dance, which was carried on by eight of them,*

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*four Men and four Squaws. My master and mistress being two. He was dressed in his Holland shirt, with great Laces sewed at the tail of it; he had his silver Buttons, his white Stockings, his Garters were hung round with Shillings, and he had Girdles of Wampum upon his head and shoulders. She had a Kersey Coat, and covered with Girdles of Wampum from the loins upward. Her arms from her elbows to her hands were covered with Bracelets; there were handfuls of Neck-laces about her neck, and several sorts of Jewels in her ears. She had fine red Stockings, and white Shoes, her hair powdered and face painted Red, that was always before Black. And*

all the Dancers were after the same manner. There were two others singing and knocking on a Kettle for their musick. They kept hopping up and down one after another, with a Kettle of water in the midst, standing warm upon some Embers, to drink of when they were dry. They held on till it was almost night, throwing out *Wampum* to the standers by. At night I asked them again, if I should go home? They all as one said No, except my Husband would come for me. When we were lain down, my Master went out of the *Wigwam*, and by and by sent in an *Indian* called *James the Printer*, who told Mr. *Hoar*, that my Master would let me go home tomorrow, if he would let him have one pint of Liquors. Then Mr. *Hoar* called his own *Indians*, *Tom* and *Peter*, and bid them go and see whether he would promise it before them three; and if he would,

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he should have it; which he did, and he had it. Then *Philip* smelling the business called me to him, and asked me what I would give him, to tell me some good news, and speak a good word for me. I told him *I could not tell what to give him. I would [give him] anything I had, and asked him what he would have?* He said two Coats and twenty shillings in mony, and half a bushel of seed Corn, and some Tobacco. I thanked him for his love; but I knew the good news as well as the crafty *Fox*. My Master after he had had his drink, quickly came ranting into the *Wigwam* again, and called for Mr. *Hoar*, drinking to him, and saying, *He was a good man*, and then again he would say, *"Hang him Rogue."* Being almost drunk, he would drink to him, and yet presently say he should be hanged. Then he called for me. I trembled to hear him, yet I was fain to go to him, and he drank to me, showing no incivility. He was the first *Indian* I saw drunk all the while that I was amongst them. At last his *Squaw* ran out, and he after her, round the *Wigwam*, with his money jingling at his knees. But she escaped him. But having an old *Squaw* he ran to her; and so through the Lord's mercy, we were no more troubled that night. *Yet I had not a comfortable night's rest; for I think I can say, I did not sleep for three nights together.* The night before the Letter came from the Council, I could not rest, I was so full of fears and troubles, God many times leaving us most in the dark, when deliverance is nearest. Yea, at this

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time I could not rest night nor day. The next night I was overjoyed, Mr. *Hoar* being come, and that with such good tidings. The third night I was even swallowed up with the thoughts of things, *viz.* that ever I should go home again; and that I must go, leaving my Children behind me in the *Wilderness*; so that sleep was now almost departed from mine eyes.

On *Tuesday morning* they called their *General court* (as they call it) to consult and determine, whether I should go home or no. And they all as one man did seemingly consent to it, that I should go home; except *Philip*, who would not come among them.

But before I go any further, I would take leave to mention a few remarkable passages of providence, which I took special notice of in my afflicted time.

1. *Of the fair opportunity lost in the long March, a little after the Fort-fight, when our English Army was so numerous, and in pursuit of the Enemy, and so near as to take several and destroy them, and the Enemy in such distress for food that our men might track them by their rooting in the earth for Ground-nuts, whilst they were flying for their lives.* I say, that then our Army should want Provision, and be forced to leave their pursuit and return homeward; and the very next week the *Enemy* came upon our *Town*, like Bears bereft of their whelps, or so many ravenous Wolves, rending us and our Lambs to death. But what shall I say? God seemed to

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leave his People to themselves, and order all things for His own holy ends. *Shal there be evil in the City and the Lord hath not done it? They are not grieved for the affliction of Joseph, therefore shall they go Captive, with the first that go Captive.* It is the Lord's doing, and it should be marvelous in our eyes.

2. I cannot but remember how the *Indians* derided the slowness, and dullness of the *English* army, in its setting out. For after the desolations at *Lancaster* and *Medfield*, as I went along with them, they asked me when I thought the *English* Army would come after them? I told them I could not tell. "It may be they will come in *May*," said they. Thus did they scoff at us, as if the *English* would be a quarter of a year getting ready.

3. *Which also I have hinted before, when the English Army with new supplies were sent forth to pursue after the enemy, and they understanding it, fled before them till they came to Banquang River, where they forthwith went over safely; that that River should be impassable to the English.* I can but admire to see the wonderful providence of God in preserving the heathen for further affliction to our poor country. They could go in great numbers over, but the *English* must stop. God had an over-ruling hand in all those things.

4. *It was thought, if their Corn were cut down, they would starve and die with hunger, and*

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*all their Corn that could be found, was destroyed, and they driven from that little they had in store, into the Woods in the midst of Winter; and yet how to admiration did the Lord preserve them for His holy ends, and the destruction of many still amongst the English! strangely did the Lord provide for them; that I did not see (all the time I was among them) one Man, Woman, or Child, die with hunger.*

Though many times they would eat that, that a Hog or a Dog would hardly touch; yet by that God strengthened them to be a scourge to His people.

*The chief and commonest food was ground-nuts. They eat also Nuts and Acorns, Harty-choaks, Lilly roots, Ground-beans, and several other weeds and roots, that I know not.*

*They would pick up old bones, and cut them to pieces at the joynts, and if they were full of wormes and magots, they would scald them over the fire to make the vermine come out, and then boile them, and drink up the Liquor, and then beat the great ends of them in a Mortar, and so eat them.* They would eat Horse's guts, and ears, and all sorts of wild Birds which they could catch; also Bear, Venison, Beaver, Tortoise, Frogs, Squirrels, Dogs, Skunks, Rattle-snakes; yea, the very Bark of Trees; besides all sorts of creatures, and provision which they plundered from the *English*. I can but stand in admiration to see the wonderful power of God in providing for such a

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vast number of our enemies in the *Wilderness*, where there was nothing to be seen, but from hand to mouth. Many times in a morning, the generality of them would eat up all they had, and yet have some further supply against they wanted. It is said, "*Oh, that my People had hearkened to me, and Israel had walked in my ways, I should soon have subdued their Enemies, and turned my hand against their Adversaries*" (*Psal.* 81.13–14). But now our perverse and evil carriages in the sight of the Lord, have so offended Him, that instead of turning His hand against them, the Lord feeds and nourishes them up to be a scourge to the whole Land.

5. *Another thing that I would observe is the strange providence of God, in turning things about when the Indians was at the highest, and the English at the lowest.* I was with the Enemy eleven weeks and five days, and not one Week passed without the fury of the Enemy, and some desolation by fire and sword upon one place or other. They mourned (with their black faces) for their own losses, yet triumphed and rejoiced in their inhumane, and many times devilish cruelty to the *English*. They would boast much of their Victories; saying that in two hours time they had destroyed such a *Captain* and his *Company* at such a place; and boast how many *Towns* they had destroyed, and then scoff, and say *They had done them a good turn to send them to Heaven so*

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*soon. Again, they would say This Summer that they would knock all the Rogues in the head, or drive them into the Sea, or make them flee the Country; thinking surely, Agag-like, The bitterness of Death is past.* Now the Heathen begins to think all is their own, and the poor Christians' hopes to fail (as to man) and now their eyes are more to God, and their hearts sigh heaven-ward; and to say in good earnest, "*Help Lord, or we perish.*" When the Lord had brought His people to this, that they saw no help in anything but Himself; then He takes the quarrel into His own hand; and though they had made a pit, in their own imaginations, as deep as hell for the Christians that Summer, yet the Lord hurled themselves into it. And the Lord had not so many ways before to preserve them, but now He hath as many to destroy them.

*But to return again to my going home, where we may see a remarkable change of providence.* At first they were all against it, except my Husband would come for me, but afterwards they assented to it, and seemed much to rejoyce in it; some asked me to send them some Bread, others some Tobacco, others shaking me by the hand, offering me a Hood and Scarfe to ride in; not one moving hand or tongue against it. Thus hath the Lord answered my poor desire, and the many earnest requests of others put up unto God for me. In my travels an *Indian* came to me and told me, if I were willing, he and his *Squaw* would run away, and go

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home along with me. I told him No: I was not willing to run away, but desired to wait God's time, that I might go home quietly, and without fear. And now God hath granted me my desire. O the wonderful power of God that I have seen, and the experience that I have had. *I have been in the midst of those roaring Lyons, and Savage bears, that feared neither God, nor Man, nor the Devil, by night and day, alone and in company, sleeping all sorts together, and yet not one of them ever offered me the least abuse of unchastity to me, in word or action.* Though some are ready to say I speak it for my own credit; *but I speak it in the presence of God, and to His Glory.* God's Power is as great now, and as sufficient to save, as when He preserved *Daniel* in the Lion's Den; or the three *Children* in the fiery Furnace. I may well say as his *Psal.* 107.12 "*Oh give thanks unto the Lord for he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever.*" Let the Redeemed of the Lord say so, whom He hath redeemed from the hand of the Enemy, especially that I should come away in the midst of so many hundreds of Enemies quietly and peaceably, and not a Dog moving his tongue. So I took my leave of them, and in coming along my heart melted into tears, more than all the while I was with them, and I was almost swallowed up with the thoughts that ever I should go home again. About the Sun going down, Mr. *Hoar*, and myself, and the two *Indians*

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came to *Lancaster*, and a solemn sight it was to me. There had I lived many comfortable years amongst my Relations and Neighbors, and now not one *Christian* to be seen, nor one house left standing. We went on to a Farm house that was yet standing, where we lay all night, and a comfortable lodging we had, though nothing but straw to ly on. The Lord preserved us in safety that night, and raised us up again in the morning, and carried us along, that before noon, we came to *Concord*. Now was I full of joy, and yet not without sorrow; joy to see such a lovely sight, so many *Christians* together, and some of them my Neighbors. There I met with my Brother, and my Brother in Law, who asked me, if I knew where his Wife was? Poor heart! he had helped to bury her, and knew it not. She being shot down by the house was partly burnt, so that those who were at *Boston* at the desolation of the *Town*, and came back afterward, and buried the dead, did not know her. Yet I was not without sorrow, to think how many were looking and longing, and my own Children amongst the rest, to enjoy that deliverance that I had now received, and I did not know whether ever I should see them again. Being recruited with food and raiment we went to *Boston* that day, where I met with my dear Husband, but the thoughts of our dear Children, one being dead, and the other we could not tell where, abated our

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comfort each to other. I was not before so much hemmed in with the merciless and cruel Heathen, but now as much with pitiful, tender-hearted and compassionate Christians. In that poor, and distressed, and beggarly condition I was received in; I was kindly entertained in several Houses. So much love I received from several (some of whom I knew, and others I knew not) that I am not capable to declare it. But the Lord knows them all by name. *The Lord reward them sevenfold into their bosoms of His spirituals, for their temporals.* The twenty pounds, the price of my redemption, was raised by some *Boston* gentlemen, and Mrs. *Usher*, whose bounty and religious charity, I would not forget to make mention of. Then Mr. *Thomas Shepard of Charlestown* received us into his House, where we continued eleven weeks; and a Father and Mother they were to us. And many more tender-hearted friends we met with in that place. We were now in the midst of love, yet not without much and frequent heaviness of heart for our poor Children, and other Relations, who were still in affliction. The week following, after my coming in, the Governor and Council sent forth to the *Indians* again; and that not without success; for they brought in my Sister, and Good-wife *Kettle*. Their not knowing where our Children were was a sore tryal to us still, and yet we were not without secret hopes that we should see them again. That which was dead lay heavier upon my spirit, than those which were alive and

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amongst the Heathen: thinking how it suffered with its wounds, and I was no way able to relieve it; and how it was buried by the Heathen in the *Wilderness* from among all Christians. We were hurried up and down in our thoughts, sometime we should hear a report that they were gone this way, and sometimes that; and that they were come in, in this place or that. We kept inquiring and listening to hear concerning them, but no certain news as yet. About this time the Council had ordered a day of publick *Thanks-giving*. Though I thought I had still cause of mourning, and being unsettled in our minds, we thought we would ride toward the *Eastward*, to see if we could hear anything concerning our Children. And as we were riding along (God is the wise disposer of all things) between *Ipswich* and *Rowley* we met with Mr. *William Hubbard*, who told us that our Son *Joseph* was come in to Major *Waldrons*, and another with him, which was my Sister's

Son. I asked him how he knew it? He said the Major himself told him so. So along we went till we came to *Newbury*; and their Minister being absent, they desired my Husband to Preach the *Thanksgiving* for them; but he was not willing to stay there that night, but would go over to *Salisbury*, to hear further, and come again in the morning, which he did, and *preached* there that day. At night, when he had done, one came and told him that his daughter was come in at

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*Providence*. Here was mercy on both hands. Now hath God fulfilled that precious Scripture which was such a comfort to me in my distressed condition. When my heart was ready to sink into the Earth (my Children being gone, I could not tell whither) and my knees trembling under me, *and I was walking through the valley of the shadow of Death*; then the Lord brought, and now has fulfilled that reviving word unto me: Thus saith the Lord, *Refrain thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from tears, for thy Work shall be rewarded, saith the Lord, and they shall come again from the Land of the Enemy*. Now we were between them, the one on the *East*, and the other on the *West*. Our Son being nearest, we went to him first, to *Portsmouth*, where we met with him, and with the Major also, who told us he had done what he could, but could not redeem him under *seven pounds*, which the good people thereabouts were pleased to pay. The Lord reward the Major, and all the rest, though unknown to me, for their labor of Love. My Sisters Son was redeemed for four pounds, which the Council gave order for the payment of. Having now received one of our Children, we hastened toward the other. Going back through *Newbury* my Husband Preached there on the Sabbath day; for which they rewarded him many fold.

*On Monday we came to Charlstown, where we heard that the Governour of Road-Island had sent over for our Daughter, to take care of her, being now within his jurisdiction; which should*

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*not pass without our acknowledgments*. But she being nearer *Rehoboth* than *Road-Island*, Mr. *Newman* went over, and took care of her and brought her to his own House. And the goodness of God was admirable to us in our low estate, in that He raised up passionate Friends on every side to us, when we had nothing to recompense any for their love. The *Indians* were now gone that way, that it was apprehended dangerous to go to her. But the Carts which carried Provision to the *English Army*, being guarded, brought her with them to *Dorchester*, where we received her safe. Blessed be the Lord for it, *For great is his Power, and He can do whatsoever seemeth Him good*. Her coming in was after this manner: she was traveling one day with the *Indians*, with her basket at her back; the company of *Indians* were got before her, and gone out of sight, all except one *Squaw*; she followed the *Squaw* till night, and then both of them lay down, having nothing over them but the heavens and under them but the earth. Thus she traveled three days together, not knowing whither she was going; having nothing to eat or drink but water, and green *Hirtle-berries*. At last they came into *Providence*, where she was kindly entertained by several of that *Town*. The *Indians* often said that I should never have her under *twenty pounds*. But now the Lord hath brought her in upon free-cost, and given her to me the second time. The Lord

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make us a blessing indeed, each to others. Now have I seen that Scripture also fulfilled, *If any of thine be driven out to the outmost parts of heaven, from thence will the Lord thy God gather*



*thee, and from thence will he fetch thee. And the Lord thy God will put all these curses upon thine enemies, and on them which hate thee, which persecuted thee* (Deuteronomy 30.4–7). Thus hath the Lord brought me and mine out of that horrible pit, and hath set us in the midst of tender-hearted and compassionate Christians. It is the desire of my soul that we may walk worthy of the mercies received, and which we are receiving.

*Our Family being now gathered together (those of us that were living), the South Church in Boston hired an House for us. Then we removed from Mr. Shepards, those cordial Friends, and went to Boston, where we continued about three-quarters of a year. Still the Lord went along with us, and provided graciously for us.* I thought it somewhat strange to set up House-keeping with bare walls; but as *Solomon* says, *Money answers all things*; and that we had through the benevolence of Christian friends, some in this *Town*, and some in that, and others; and some from *England*; that in a little time we might look, and see the House furnished with love. The Lord hath been exceeding good to us in our low estate, in that when we had neither house nor home, nor other necessaries, the Lord so moved the hearts of these and those towards us, that we

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wanted neither food, nor raiment for ourselves or ours: *There is a Friend which sticketh closer than a Brothe* (Prov. 18.24). And how many such friends have we found, and now living amongst? And truly such a Friend have we found him to be unto us, in whose house we lived, viz. *Mr. James Whitcomb*, a friend unto us near hand, and afar off.

*I can remember the time when I used to sleep quietly without workings in my thoughts, whole nights together, but now it is other ways with me.* When all are fast about me, and no eye open, but His who ever waketh, my thoughts are upon things past, upon the awful dispensation of the Lord towards us, upon His wonderful power and might, in carrying of us through so many difficulties, in returning us in safety, and suffering none to hurt us. I remember in the night season, how the other day I was in the midst of thousands of enemies, and nothing but death before me. It is then hard work to persuade myself, that ever I should be satisfied with bread again. But now we are fed with the finest of the Wheat, and, as I may say, *with honey out of the rock*. Instead of the Husk, we have the fatted Calf. The thoughts of these things in the particulars of them, and of the love and goodness of God towards us, make it true of me, what *David* said of himself, *I watered my Couch with my tears* (Psal. 6.6). Oh! the wonderful power of God that

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mine eyes have seen, affording matter enough for my thoughts to run in, that when others are sleeping mine eyes are weeping.

*I have seen the extreme vanity of this World*: One hour I have been in health, and wealthy, wanting nothing. But the next hour in sickness and wounds, and death, having nothing but sorrow and affliction.

*Before I knew what affliction meant, I was ready sometimes to wish for it.* When I lived in prosperity, having the comforts of the World about me, my relations by me, my Heart chearfull, and taking little care for anything, and yet seeing many, whom I preferred before myself, under many tryals and afflictions, in sickness, weakness, poverty, losses, crosses, and cares of the World, I should be sometimes jealous lest I should have my portion in this life, and that Scripture would come to my mind, *For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every Son whom he receiveth* (Heb. 12.6). But now I see the Lord had His time to scourge and

chasten me. The portion of some is to have their afflictions by drops, now one drop and then another; but the Dregs of the cup, the Wine of astonishment, like a sweeping rain that leaveth no food, did the Lord prepare to be my portion. Affliction I wanted, and affliction I had, full measure (I thought), pressed down and running over. Yet I see, when God calls a Person to

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anything, and through never so many difficulties, yet He is fully able to carry them through and make them see, and say they have been gainers thereby. And I hope I can say in some measure, as *David* did, *It is good for me that I have been afflicted*. The Lord hath shewed me the vanity of these outward things. That they are the *Vanity of vanities, and vexation of spirit*, that they are but a Shadow, a blast, a bubble, and things of no continuance. That we must rely on God Himself, and our whole dependance must be upon Him. If trouble from smaller matters begin to arise in me, I have something at hand to check myself with, and say, why am I troubled? It was but the other day that if I had had the world, I would have given it for my freedom, or to have been a Servant to a Christian. I have learned to look beyond present and smaller troubles, and to be quieted under them. As *Moses* said, *Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord (Exod. 14.13)*.

FINIS.

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## Notes to the Narrative

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Page 1. "*February 10, 1675/76*" (February 20, 1676, New Style), fell upon Thursday.

"*There were five persons,*" etc. This was the family of John Ball, the tailor. His home was on the slope of the George Hill range, but cannot be exactly located.

Page 2. "*three others belonging to the same Garrison.*" This was the garrison of Richard Wheeler, probably on the southern slope of George Hill and certainly in South Lancaster, not on Wataquadock as Joseph Willard and Reverend A. P. Marvin supposed.

"*The House stood upon the edge of a Hill.*" The minister's dwelling was directly west of the  
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northwest corner of the Middle Cemetery and two or three rods down the slope from the present highway. The meeting-house stood upon the highest ground in the cemetery.

Page 3. "*My brother in law.*" Ensign John Divoll commanded the garrison on the day of the massacre, Lieutenant Henry Kerley being absent as before told. Divoll's wife was Hannah, Mrs. Rowlandson's youngest sister.

Page 3. "*My elder sister's children.*" Elizabeth was the wife of Henry Kerley. Her children were: Henry, born 1657; William, 1659; Elizabeth, 1661 (?); Hannah, 1663; Mary, 1666; Joseph, 1669; Martha, 1672.

Page 4. "*Of thirty seven persons,*" etc. The contemporary historian, William Hubbard, gives forty-two as the number in the Rowlandson garrison. Daniel Gookin says "about forty." Other contemporary accounts, the most noteworthy of which is "News from New England," London, 1676, give the total casualties as fifty-five. Mrs. Rowlandson may not have taken into account the soldiers from other places assigned to the garrisons who doubtless suffered loss. According to Treasurer Hull's accounts there were fourteen soldiers serving in the town on January 25.

The following is a list; of victims known: -

### *Killed in Rowlandson Garrison*

Ensign John Divoll  
Josiah Divoll, son of John, aged 7  
Daniel Gains  
Abraham Joslin, aged 26

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John MacLoud

Thomas Rowlandson, nephew of the minister, aged 19  
 Mrs Elizabeth Kerley, wife of Lieutenant Henry  
 William Kerley, son of Lieutenant Henry, aged 17  
 Joseph Kerley, son of Lieutenant Henry, aged 7  
 Mrs Priscilla Roper, wife of Ephraim.

Priscilla Roper, child of Ephraim, aged 3.

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*Carried Captive from Rowlandson Garrison*

Mrs Mary Rowlandson, wife of the minister, ransomed  
 Mary Rowlandson, daughter of the minister, aged 10, ransomed  
 Sarah Rowlandson, daughter of the minister, aged 6, wounded and died Feb 18  
 Joseph Rowlandson, son of the minister, aged 13, ransomed  
 Mrs Hannah Divoll, wife of Ensign John, ransomed  
 John Divoll, son of Ensign John, aged 12, died captive!  
 William Divoll, son of Ensign John, aged 4, ransomed  
 Hannah Divoll, daughter of Ensign John, aged 9, died captive ?  
 Mrs Ann Joslin, wife of Abraham, killed in captivity  
 Beatrice Joslin, daughter of Abraham, killed in captivity  
 Joseph Joslin, brother of Abraham, aged 16.  
 Henry Kerley, son of Lieutenant Henry, aged 18  
 Elizabeth Kerley, daughter of Lieutenant Henry, aged 15 ?  
 Hannah Kerley, daughter of Lieutenant Henry, aged 13  
 Mary Kerley, daughter of Lieutenant Henry, aged 10  
 Martha Kerley, daughter of Lieutenant Henry, aged 4  
 Mrs Elizabeth Kettle, wife of John, ransomed  
 Sarah Kettle, daughter of John, aged 15, escaped  
 Jonathan Kettle, son of John, aged 5  
 A child Kettle, daughter of John

20  
1  
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Reverend Timothy Harrington in his " Century Sermon," 1753, includes John Kettle and two sons among the slain, and this has been so generally accepted as historical that an inscription on a memorial erected by the town of Stow in 1883 endorses it. It is now quite certainly ascertained that Mr. Harrington was misinformed, and that the three Kettles in some way escaped and were living several years later. If there were thirty-seven in the house, five remain unaccounted for; if forty-two, ten. Joseph Willard found some reason for asserting that five soldiers were killed here.

*Killed outside of Rowlandson Garrison, being all of South Lancaster*

John Ball

Mrs. Elizabeth Ball, wife of John  
 An infant child of John Ball  
 Jonas Fairbank  
 Joshua Fairbank, son of Jonas, aged 15  
 Ephraim Sawyer, aged 26, killed at Prescott's garrison  
 Henry Farrar

Richard Wheeler  
 A man mentioned by Mrs. Rowlandson, but not named 9

*Captives*

Two of John Ball's family, names unknown.  $\frac{2}{11}$

If the total casualties numbered fifty-five, twelve are missing; and these lists give but twenty-two of the twenty-four captives. A soldier from Watertown was killed near Prescott's mill a few days later, and John Roper was slain on the day the town was finally abandoned.

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THE FIRST REMOVE. Thursday night, February 10, 1675/6.

Page 6. "*Upon a hill within sight of the town.*" This camp was upon George Hill, the highest elevation in Lancaster, so named by the first planters probably because George Adams as early as 1645 had his home lot of twenty acres upon it adjoining the site of Symonds' and King's trucking house. Upon the summit is a huge granite boulder, rent in twain and half buried, which time-hallowed tradition has honored as the resting place of the captive the night after the sack of the town. The "vacant house" was that originally occupied by John Prescott, built on the trucking-house site. Its location is now covered by the Maplehurst stables. Many curious statements concerning Mrs. Rowlandson's Removes have been printed by local historians, and continue to mislead readers. Some of these go to prove that their authors never saw any of the numerous editions of the Narrative. Thus Rufus C. Torrey in his "History of the Town of Fitchburg," 1836, says: "From her account it appears that she spent the first night of her captivity on a small island in a river. This is supposed to be in Leominster. . . . The second night she passed upon a high hill. . . . There is good foundation for the conjecture that she passed the second night on Rollstone hill." Later annalists of like latitude have repeated this falsification, and one has even ingeniously improved upon it by claiming that Rollstone is a corruption of the original name Rowlandson, and commemorates the night's encampment.

Page 7. "*Those seven that were killed,*" etc. These victims of August 22, 1675, were: George

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Bennett, Jacob Farrar, Jr., Joseph Wheeler, William Flagg, and Mordecai McLoud with his wife Lydia (Lewis) and two young children. Flagg was a soldier belonging to Watertown. The leader of the bloodthirsty horde guilty of these murders was Monoco, alias Apequinash, alias One-eyed John, a Nashaway, one of the most cunning and merciless of the Indian chieftains known to New England history. He was the prominent figure in the tragedies at Brookfield, Medfield, and

Groton, and made the boast that he would carry devastation town by town to the Bay. He finally surrendered at Cocheco, perhaps under some unofficial promise of quarter, and was hung at the town's end, Boston, September 26, 1676. It is useless to conjecture what purpose the savages had in deceiving Mrs. Rowlandson with the false statement that Monoco's band was composed of Christian Indians. Daniel Gookin has recorded the fact that he was accompanied by twenty of Philip's warriors, Wampanoags. The "praying Indians" arrested by the brutal Captain Moseley under suspicion and taken to Boston for trial, although the popular feeling against them was intensely aroused, were easily able to prove an alibi.

SECOND REMOVE. Friday, February 11. The second night's encampment was upon the Indian trail, and probably in the western part of Princeton. This trail ran a little south of Wachusett to the Indian villages on the Menameset (now Ware) River, where it branched to the north and south towards the tribal headquarters of the Pocumtucks and the Quabaugs.

THIRD REMOVE. Saturday, February 12, to Sunday, February 27. "Wenimesset."

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Menameset, or Meminisset, was a swamp stronghold of the Quabaugs in the extreme northern angle of the town of New Braintree.

Page 9. "*Robert Pepper*." Captain Richard Beers of Watertown and thirty-six men, while on their way to reenforce the Northfield garrison, were waylaid by a party of over a hundred warriors led by Sagamore Sam, September 3, 1675, two miles south of their destination, when the leader and nineteen soldiers were slain. Pepper was captured; the rest escaped. This captive's statement respecting Philip is very important, and seems to have been overlooked by many historians. It must be accepted when associated with other contemporary records as a complete confutation of the tradition that Philip led the assault upon Lancaster. William Hubbard gives no authority for this tradition, and the report of the Indian scout, Quanapaug, January 24, 1675/6, tells us that Philip and his forces were in winter quarters "half a day's journey north of Fort Albany." A letter to London dated February 8, 1675/6, states the same fact, and Samuel G. Drake locates his encampment at "Scattacook, about twenty miles north of Albany." In "Documents relative to the Colonial History of New York," III. 255, and in "Connecticut Colonial Records," 11- 397 and 406, the correspondence of Sir Edmund Andros, Governor of New York, confirms these accounts and relates the story of Philip's unsuccessful fight with the Mohawks early in February. The persistent myth presuming his presence in the attacks upon Lancaster and other towns perhaps had its origin in the unhistoric relation of Reverend Timothy Harrington in his "Century Sermon," 1753 : " . . . But Philip with the rest

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confessed by themselves after the peace to be 1500, marched for Lancaster in which there were then about fifty families. And on the 10<sup>th</sup> of February 1676, assaulted in five distinct bodies and places." The Lancaster historians, Joseph Willard, Isaac Goodwin, and Reverend Abijah P. Marvin accepted this story without question. Reverend Peter Whitney, John W. Barber, John Langdon Sibley, and more recently even John Fiske ("*Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America*," II. 60) have perpetrated the error. Philip could not have been within one hundred miles of Lancaster on the day of the assault. Muttaump *alias* Maliompe, sachem of the Quabaugs, was

the senior chieftain present, and Sagamore Sam *alias* Shoshanim and Monoco *alias* One-eyed John of the Nashaways, Matoonas of the Nipmucks, and Quanopin of the Narragansets, were his lieutenants. They led in all about four hundred warriors. Samuel Sewall, in his "Diary," I. 22, says Maliompe was the "General at Lancaster."

Page 12. "*There I left that child.*" Despite this circumstantial account of the burial of her child, Sarah, upon the hill at Menameset, a recent adventurer in historic disquisition has printed the following: "The murder of Mrs. Rowlandson's daughter Grace by the Indians is said to have given her name to Mount Grace in Warwick." A similar misstatement is to be found in the "New England Hand Book."

Page 13. "*Medfield.*" This town, less than twenty miles from Boston, was attacked February 21, when fifty houses were burned and eighteen persons slain.

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THE FOURTH REMOVE. Monday, February 28, to Friday, March 3. This camp was probably within the limits of Petersham, about halfway between the Ware and Miller's rivers, and near the Indian village of Nichewaug.

THE FIFTH REMOVE. Friday, March 3, to March 5. The crossing over the Baquag, or Miller's, river was in Orange, near the Athol line. The "English army" in pursuit was a troop of mounted men and three infantry companies from the Bay towns, with a similar force from Connecticut, all under command of Major Thomas Savage. They reached Quabaug March 2, and, had they not been detained by Indian wiles, the cavalry should have overtaken the retreating mob of savages before they effected their crossing of the swollen Bream.

THE SIXTH REMOVE. Monday, March 6. This night's bivouac was beside the great Northfield Swamp on the trail between Nichewaug and Squakeag.

THE SEVENTH REMOVE. Tuesday, March 7. This night's camp was at Squakeag near Beers' Plain in Northfield.

THE EIGHTH REMOVE. Wednesday, March 8. This encampment, on the west side of the Connecticut river, was at Coasset in South Vernon, Vermont. Here Mrs. Rowlandson, evidently for the first time, met Philip, who had recently reached the valley returning from his winter quarters on the Hudson, whither he went with, as Governor Andros estimated, about a thousand warriors, for the purpose of buying powder and shot of the Dutch, and in the hope of enticing the Mohawks or Canadian Indians into an alliance against the Massachusetts Colonials. At Coasset

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there congregated all the hostile tribes, an assemblage numbering perhaps two thousand fighting men.

Page 26. "*Northampton.*" The assault here mentioned was on March 14, and the town having been recently palisaded the enemy was repulsed, six of the inhabitants being slain and three or four houses burned.

THE NINTH REMOVE. March -. This encampment was in the Ashuelot Valley, New

Hampshire.

Page 27. "*Naananto.*" The King of the Narragansets, better known as Canonchet the son of Miantonimo, was not captured until April 2. He was feared by the English hardly less than Philip; and with better reason, for he was the brains of the savage confederation, the influence and prowess of Philip being much overestimated in history. Canonchet, with a party of about seventy-five, including thirty warriors, visited the Narraganset country to secure a store of feed corn from secret granaries near Seekonk belonging to his people. The corn was obtained and some of it reached the Squakeag encampment, but Canonchet with a small escort was surprised and captured by a scouting party of Mohegans, Pequots, and English under Oneko and Captain George Denison. Canonchet was shot the next day at Stonington, and from that time the alliance of the hostile tribes began to lose coherence.

THE TENTH REMOVE. March -- to April -. Camps in the Ashuelot Valley.

THE ELEVENTH REMOVE. April -. This remove took the captive to the northernmost point reached by her. The encampment was near the Connecticut River in Chesterfield, New Hampshire, or perhaps in Westmoreland. Mrs. Rowlandson's words give no warrant for the

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claim of certain local historians that she was taken as far north as Charleston, which is about forty miles above Coasset, now South Vernon. A "day's journey" for an Indian band including women and children, traveling single file through the wilderness with all their belongings, was rarely much over ten miles, as their itinerary proves.

THE TWELFTH REMOVE. Sunday, April 9. This camp was in the same neighborhood as the last.

THE THIRTEENTH REMOVE. April --. This fortnight's encampment was probably in the south part of Hinsdale, New Hampshire, near the river.

Page 35. "*Came yelping from Hadley.*" This was the return of a scouting party which killed three careless citizens at Hockanum, and captured Read, who escaped May 15. John Gilbert was a youth of seventeen years captured about March 1.

THE FOURTEENTH REMOVE. April-. This move was probably about April 20. When the news of Canonchet's death reached the Indians they became thoroughly disheartened. They were without ammunition, decimated by disease, and threatened with starvation. The western Indians put no trust in Philip's capacity or courage, revolted from his command, and even threatened to send his head to Boston. The Nashaways and Quabaugs left for Wachusett about April 10, and Philip and Quanopin went with them. Their squaws and children remained awhile in the neighborhood of the Connecticut, living precariously upon wild roots and game.

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THE FIFTEENTH REMOVE. April- Camp on Miller's River at the crossing in Orange near the Athol line.



THE SIXTEENTH REMOVE. April-. Camp about one mile south of Miller's river near the Orange and Athol line.

THE SEVENTEENTH REMOVE. April-. Camp probably at the Indian village of Nichewaug in Petersham.

THE EIGHTEENTH REMOVE. April-. Camp at an Indian village near Menameset, probably on Barre Plains.

THE NINETEENTH REMOVE. April ---. Camp on the western side of Wachusett, probably in Princeton.

Page 47. "*My mater had three squaws.*" Quanopin or Quinnapin, Mrs. Rowlandson's purchaser, was a Narraganset and the grandnephew of Canonicus. His oldest squaw was Onux; his second, whom Mrs. Rowlandson served as maid, was Weetamoo, alias Namumpum, Queen of Pocasset and sitter-in-law of Philip; being the sister of his wife and also the widow of his brother Alexander, alias Wamsutta. Quanopin was her third husband. She was drowned in attempting to swim across the river or arm of the sea at Mattapoissett to escape capture. Quanopin was captured, tried at Newport, and shot August 25, 1676.

Page 48. "Then came Tom and Peter." Tom Dublet, alias Nepanet, and Peter Conway, alias Tatatiquinea, were Christian Indians of Nashobah, who, upon repeated petitions from Mr. Rowlandson and other clergymen to the council, were persuaded to serve as messengers to the hostile sachems, seeking the terms upon which they would release the captives. Dublet's first visit to them, which he made alone, was on April 3, when he bore the following letter, which is found copied in Massachusetts Records: -

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For the Indian Sagamores and people that are in warre against us. Intelligence is come to us that you have some Englisli, especially women and children in Captivity among you. We have therefore sent the messenger offering to redeem them either for payment in goods or wampum or by exchange of prisoners. We desire your answer by this our messenger what price you demand for every man woman and child, or if you will exchange for Indians. If you have any among you that can write your answer to this our message, we desire it in writing; and to that end have sent, paper pen and incke by the messenger. If you lett our messenger have free accesse to you, freedome of a safe returne, we are willing to doe the like by any messenger of yours, provided he come unarmed, and carry a white flag upon a staffe, visible to be seene, which we take as a flag of truce, and is used by civilized nations in time of warre, when any messengers are sent in a way of treaty, which we have done by our messenger. In testimony whereof I have set my hand and seal.

JOHN LEVERETT *Gov'*

Boston 31 March 1676. Passed by the Council

EDWARD RAWSON *Secy*

To this he brought back on April 12 this reply: --

We now give answer by this one man, but if you like my answer send one more man besides this one Tom Nepanet, and send with all true heart and with all your mind by two men, because you know and we know your heart great sorrowful with crying for your lost many many hundred men and all your house and all your land, and woman, child and cattle, as all your thing that you have lost and on your backside stand.

SAM Sachem  
KUTQUEN and PETER JETHRO  
QUANO HIT Sagamore Scribe  
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Mr Rowlandson, your wife and all your child is well but one dye, your sister is well and her 3 child. John Kettel your wife and all your child is all well, and all them prisoners taken at Nashua is all well.

Mr. Rolandson se your loving Sister his hand **C** Hanah

And old Kettel wif his hand **T**

Brother Rowlandson, pray send thre pounds of Tobacco for me if you can, my loving husband pray send thre pound of tobacco for me.

This writing by your enemies

SAMUEL USKATTrUHGUN and  
GUNRASHIT. *two Indian Sagamores*

This letter is printed in S. G. Drake's "Biography and History of the Indians of North America." The original has not been discovered.

On his second visit Dublet was accompanied by Peter, bearing a letter from the Council, of which no copy is known to be extant. They brought back on April 27 a reply from the chiefs, written by James Printer, an Indian who had served sixteen years' apprenticeship in Samuel Green's printing office at Cambridge. The original is in the "Hutchinson Papers, II. 282.

*For the Governor and the Council at Boston*

The Indians, Tom Nepennomp and Peter Tatatiqunea hath brought us letter from you about the English Captives, especially for Mrs Rolanson; the answer is I am sorrow that I have don much wrong to you and yet I say the falte is lay upon you, for when we began quarel at first- with Plimouth men I did not think that you should have so much trouble as now is : therefore I am willing to hear your desire about the Captives. Therefore we desire you to sent Mr Rolanson and goodman Kettel: (for their wives) and these Indians Tom and Peter to redeem their wives,

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they shall come and goe very safely: Whereupon we ask Mrs Rolanson, how much your husband willing to give for you the gave an answer 20 pound in goodes but John Kittels wife could not till. and the rest captives may be spoken of hereafter.

In Massachusetts Archives, XXX. 201, is the Council's response : --

*To the Indian Sachems about Wachusets.*

We received your letter by Tom and Peter, which doth not answer ours to you: neither is subscribed by the sachems nor hath it any date, which we know your scribe James Printer doth well understand should be. Wee have sent the said Tom and Peter again to you expecting you will speedily by them give us a plain and direct answer to our last letter, and if you have anything more to propound to us wee desire to have it from you under your hands, by these our messengers, and you shall have a speedy answer. Dated the 28<sup>th</sup>, April, 1676.

Mr. Hoar accompanied Dublet upon this his third journey to Wachusett, carrying the ransom for Mrs. Rowlandson in money and goods raised by several Bolton gentlemen, and happily effected her release. On Monday, May 7 Dublet with Seth Perry was again sent to the sachems by the Council with this letter, which is found copied in Massachusetts Records. The missive of the Indians to which it is a reply has not been discovered.

*These for the saggamores about Massachusetts, Phillip, John, Sam, Washaken, Old Queen and Pomhom.*

We received your letter by John Hoare, who went up to you with the messengers, Tom and Peeter, being sent to you from M, Roulandson. Our expectations was, that yow would let us

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know upon what condition you would release to us all the English captives among you. Our mind is not to make bargain with you for one and one, but for altogether. Unto this, which was our chief business, you send us no answer, which we do not take kindly, for this way spends much time. In your letter to us you say you desire not to be hindered by our men in your planting, promising not to do damage to our town. This is a great matter, and therefore cannot be ended by letters, without speaking one with another; we have therefore sent to you once more, to let you know our minds with all speed. If yow will send us home all the English prisoners, it will be a great testimony of a true heart in you to peace, which you say you are willing to have; and then, if any of your sachems and Counselors will come to us at Boston, or else to Concord or Sudbury, to meet with such chief men as we shall send, we will speak with you about your desires, and with true heart deal with you. This way is the best way; therefore send speedily to us, whither you will accept it or no. If you understand not our full mind, Seth Perry, whom we now send with this letter, will declare it more plainly. And we do hereby grant and promise, that all such as you shall employ in a treaty with us shall be safe and free to come and go, on condition that our messengers also shall be safe with you

May the 5<sup>th</sup>, 1676. By the Court

EDWARD RAWSON, Secret.

A verbal message seems to have been returned appointing a meeting, and Jonathan Prescott was sent the following Thursday, with a letter of elaborate instructions for his own conduct, and the following, copied in Massachusetts Records: ---

*To the Indian sachems.* You know we sent our messengers according to your desire, and we very true heart, but you no give us answer in writing, by our messengers, as you promise; we now send these our men, Peter Gardiner and Jonathan Prescott, to know your mind, whether you

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willing let us have our women and children you have captives; and if you have any proposal to make to us, we willing to hear you ; and if you come yourselves, we send force of our sachems to treat you at Concord, or some other place where best, and yow have safe conduct; for we very true heart, and you tell your people so.

By the Court

Edw : RAWSON *Secret.*

The proposed meeting was held between Groton and Concord, and then or soon after several captives were ransomed, or released unconditionally. June 7, under guidance of Tom Dublet, Captain Daniel Henchman surprised a party of Indians fishing in the Washacurn ponds. They were chiefly women and children. Seven were killed and twenty-nine were captured. Among the latter were the wives and children of Sagamore Sam and Muttaump. These prisoners with others were ultimately sent to the West Indies and sold as slaves. This humbling blow and the increasing difficulty of obtaining subsistence turned the boasting of the proud sachems to a despairing desire for peace, which found utterance in the following letters, printed in a London pamphlet entitled, "A true account of the most considerable occurrences that have happened in the Warre between the English and the Indians in New-England": -

*To all Englishmen and Indians, all of you hear Mr. Waban Mr Eliott.*

July 6 1676. Mr John Leverett, my Lord, Mr Waban, and all the chief men our Brethren Praying to God: We beseech you all to help us: my wife she is but one, but there be more Prisoners, which we pray you keep well: Mattamuck his wife we entreat you for her, and not only that man, but it is the Request of two Sachems, Sam Sachem of Washakum, and the

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Pakashoag Sachem. And that further you will consider about the making Peace: We have spoken to the people of Nashobah (viz Tom Dublet and Peter) that we would agree with you and make covenant of Peace with you. We have been destroyed by your soldiers, but Bill we Remember it now to sit still: do you consider it again: we do earnestly entreat you, that it may be so by Jesus Christ. O let it be so : Amen Amen.

MATTAMUCK his Mark N  
SAM SACHEM his Mark X  
SIMON POTTOQUAM *Scribe*  
UPPANIPPAQ,UUM his C  
PAKASHOKAG his Mark &

My Lord Mr Leveret at Boston, Mr Waban, Mr Eliott, Mr. Gookin, and Council, hear yea. I went to Connecticut about the Captives, that I might bring them into your hands, and when we were almost there the English had destroyed those Indians. When I heard it I returned back again: then when I came home, we were also destroyed: After we were destroyed then Philip and Quanipun went away into their own Country again: and I knew they were much afraid, because of our offer to join with the English, and therefore they went back into their own Country, and I know they will make no war: therefore because when some English men

came to us Philip and Quanipun sent to kill them: but I said if any kill them, Ill kill them.

SAM SACHEM

Written by SIMON BOSHOKUM *Scribe*

The sole reward by which the Massachusetts colony recognized the services rendered by the brave copper-colored Christian, Thomas Dublet, was "two coats," voted him, upon petition, by the council eight years later.

Page 50. "*Sudbury Fight.*" This was on April 18, when Captains Samuel Wadsworth of  
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Milton and Samuel Brocklebank of Rowley, with thirty or more of their men, were slain, having been drawn into an ambush.

THE TWENTIETH REMOVE. Friday, April 28, to May 2. This encampment was upon the western base of the mountain very near the southern end of Wachusett Lake. Tradition has located the final conference of John Hoar and the sachems at an isolated granite ledge near the Westminster line in Princeton, which is now known as Redemption Rock. This was bought in 1879 by the Honorable George Frisbie Hoar, and on its perpendicular face he has had the following legend inscribed: -

UPON THIS ROCK MAY 2<sup>nd</sup> 1676  
WAS MADE THE AGREEMENT FOR THE RANSOM  
OF MRS. MARY ROWLANDSON OF LANCASTER  
BETWEEN THE INDIANS AND JOHN HOAR OF CONCORD  
KING PHILIP WAS WITH THE INDIANS BUT  
REFUSED HIS CONSENT

Page 54. "*Her Master was hanged.*" Mrs. Divoll's captor was Sagamore Sam, chief of the Nashaways, hanged at town's end, Boston, Tuesday, September 26, 1676.

Page 55.. "*Mr. Hoar.*" Mr. Rowlandson besought John Hoar of Concord to aid him in ransoming his wife, knowing him to be held in great respect by the Indians because of his many friendly services to them. The recovery of the captive was due more to his brave intercession than to the colonial power or Governor Leverett's diplomacy.

Page 56. "*Matchit Indians.*" That is, bad Indians.

Page 65. "*We went over to a farmhouse,*" etc. This welling was probably upon the  
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Wataquadock range, on the trail to Marlborough, where Ensign John Moore and one or two others had their homes. The positive statement that "not one house was left standing" in Lancaster is proof enough that even the meeting-house had been destroyed, contradicting the historians Joseph Willard and Reverend A. P. Marvin, who allege that it was spared. This fact is moreover confirmed by a petition of the townsmen in 1706 relative to building a meeting-house, wherein it is stated that they had "lost two already burned by the enemy." Massachusetts Archives, XI. 208.

*"Brother and brother-in-law."* Josiah White and Lieutenant Henry Kerley.

Page 66. *"Mr. Usher."* Hezekiah Usher, a prominent and wealthy merchant and one of the selectmen, living on what is now State Street, Boston.

Page 67. *"Major Waldren."* Richard Waldron of Dover, New Hampshire, its most distinguished citizen.

Page 68. *"My sister's son."* Mrs. Hannah Divoll's. In Reverend Thomas Cobbet's "Narrative of New England Deliverances," which is among the Mather Manuscripts in the Prince Library, number 76, he writes: -

. . . May the 12<sup>th</sup> Goodwife Divens [Divoll] 2<sup>nd</sup> Goodwife Kettle upon ransom paid, came in to Concord, and upon like ransom presently after John Moss of Groton and Lieftenant Carlers [Kerley's] daughter were set at liberty, and nine more without ransom . . .

. . . Mr Rowlinsons daughter was brought to Seaconke by a captive squaw, that got away from the Indians, and got home after Mr Rowlinsons son and his sister Divens [Divoll] daughter, upon their ransoms paid, were brought to Major Waldrens. And about July 11<sup>th</sup> Goodwife Ketles elder

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daughter, about 17 y old, got away from the Indians to Marlborough bringing her little sister upon her back almost starved . . .

Page 69. *"Mr. Newman "* was Reverend Noah Newman of Rehoboth.

Page 71. *"James Whitcomb "* was a wealthy citizen of Bolton, whose mansion and garden were at the corner of Beacon and Tremont Streets, where the Tremont Building now stands.

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# Bibliography

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THE following is a catalogue of all editions of the Mary Rowlandson Narrative known. Of those starred, copies are in the Lancaster Public Library: 1682. No copy of the first edition, printed by Samuel Green at Cambridge in 1682, is known to exist.

1682. The | *Sovereignty & Goodness* | of | GOD, | Together, | With the Faithfulness of His Promises | Displayed; | Being a | NARRATIVE | Of the *Captivity and Restoration* of | *Mrs. Mary Rowlandson*. | Commended by her, to all that desires to | know the Lords doings to, and | dealings with her. | *Especially to her dear Children and Relations*. | The second Addition Corrected and amended. | . . . Cambridge. | Printed by *Samuel Green*, 1682. 3¾ by 5 ½ in. pp. (6) 73.

A copy once owned by Reverend John Cotton is in the Prince Library, Boston, and a copy of the Rowlandson Sermon is bound with it.

1682. A True I HISTORY | of the | *Captivity & Restoration* | of | *Mrs. Mary Rowlandson*, | A Minister's wife in *New-England*. | Wherein is set forth, The Cruel and Inhumane | Usage the underwent amongst the *Heathens*, for | Eleven Weeks time : And her Deliverance from | them. | *Written by her own Hand for her Private Use: And now made | Publick at the earnest Desire of Some Friends, for the Benefit | of the Afflicted*. | Whereunto is annexed, | A Sermon of the *Possibility of God's Forsaking a Peo- | ple that have been near and dear to him*: | Preached by Mr. *Joseph Rowlandson*, Husband to the said *Mrs. Rowlandson*. | It being his Last Sermon. | Printed first at *New-England*: And Re-printed at *London*, and sold | by *Joseph Poole*, at the *Blue Bowl* in the *Long-Walk*, by *Christ's- | Church Hospital* 1682. 6 by 8 in. pp. (6) 46.

Copies of this London edition of 1687, are in the John Carter Brown Library, Providence, Rhode Island, the Lenox Library, New York, and the library of Mr. Edward E. Ayer, Chicago. A

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copy at the Brinley Sale in 1879 brought \$11.50. Charles Deane's copy sold in Boston, 1898, for \$80.

1720. The | *Sovereignty and Goodness of | God*, | Together with the Faithfulness of His | Promises Displayed | Being a I Narrative I Of the *Captivity and Restoration* of | *Mrs. Mary Rowlandson*. | Commended by her, to all that desire to | know the Lords Doings to, and Dealings | with her; *Especially to her dear Chil- | dren and Relations*. | Written by her own Hand, for her Private Use, | and now made Publick at the earnest Desire of Some Friends, and for the Benefit of the Afflicted. | The Second Edition | Carefully Corrected, and Purged from abundance | of Errors which escaped in the former Impression. | Boston: Printed by T. Fleet, for Samuel | Phillips, at the *Three Bibles and Crown* in *King- | Street*, 1720, pp. 80.

A copy of this edition is in the British Museum, and another, according to Sabin, in the Library of Congress, Washington. The latter evaded search in 1901.

1770. A | NARRATIVE | of the | CAPTIVITY, | Sufferings and Removes | of | *Mrs. Mary Rowlandson*, | who was taken Prisoner by the INDIANS | with several others; and treated in the | most Barbarous and Cruel manner by | those vile Savages: With many other | remarkable Events during her Travels. | Written by her own Hand, for her pri- | vate Use, and now made Public at

the | earnest Desire of some Friends and for |l the benefit of the Afflicted. | Boston: | Printed and Sold by *Nathaniel Coverly* | in *Black-Horse-Lane*, North-End. | MDCCLXX. 4½ by 7 in. pp. 60.

A woodcut of a woman with musket on reverse of title, and one representing a house on fire on the last page. A copy brought \$20 in Boston A.D. 1900.

1771. *Same title*. Boston: | Printed and Sold by N. COVERLY, | near *Liberty- Tree* MDCCLXXI. *Price Six Shillings*. | pp. (3) 58. 4½ by 7 in. Woodcuts on pages 4 and 42.

A copy is in posses on of Mr. Edward E. Ayer, Chicago.

1773. *Same title* Boston: Printed and Sold at John Boyle's Printing Office, next Door to the *Three Doves* in Marlborough-Street, 1773. 4½ by 7 in. pp. 40.

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A small coarse woodcut upon title page represents a woman coming out of a burning house with a gun presented towards four Indians advancing with uplifted weapons. A copy at the Brinley Sale, 1879, brought \$4.25 ; one at Manson Sale, 1899, brought \$22,

1774. *Same title*. Printed at New London by Timo. Green, 1774. small 8°. pp. 48. A copy sold at Brinley Sale for \$ 5.

1791. *Same Title*. Re-printed and sold by Thomas and John Fleet, at the Bible and Heart, Cornhill, Boron, 1791. 4½ by 7 in, pp. 40-

A copy in Boston Athenaeum. This is a reprint of the 1773 edition.

\*1792. *Same title*. Haverhill, New Hampshire : Printed and Sold by Nathaniel Coverly and Son, near the Court-House. (Price One Shilling.) Great allowance by the gross or dozen. 4½ by 7 in. pp. 64, no date.

1792. *Same title*. Amherst, [New Hampshire] : Printed and sold, by Nathaniel Coverly and Son, near the Court-House. 4½ by 7 in. pp. 64.

This, like the Haverhill edition, is a reprint of the 1770 impression. A copy sold at the Brinley Sale for \$3. The Harvard University Library has a copy.

\*1794. *Same title*. Printed and sold by S. Hall) in Cornhill, Boston. MDCCXCIV. 4 by 7 in. pp. 57.

1794. *Same title*. [Leominster] Printed for Chapman Whitcomb, [of Lancaster] n. d. 3½ by 5½ in, pp. 56.

A copy is in the American Antiquarian Society's Library, Worcester.

\* 1800. *Same title*. Boston. Re-printed and Sold by John and Thomas Fleet, at the Bible and Heart, Cornhill, 1800. 4½ by 7½ in. pp 36.

This has the woodcut of the 1773 edition.

1805. *Same title*. Boston: Printed and Sold by Thomas Fleet, 1805. 3 ½ by 6 in. pp 36.

The American Antiquarian Society and the Harvard University Libraries have copies.

\*1811. The | Captivity and Deliverance | of | Mrs. Mary Rowlandson, of Lancaster, | who was taken by the French and Indians. | Written by herself. | Brookfield, Printed by Hori Brown. From the press of E. Merriam & Co. September, 1811. 4 by 6½ in, pp. 80.

Appended to "The Captivity and Deliverance of Mr John Williams."

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1812. The Narrative and Rowlandson Sermon were reprinted, following the London edition of 1682, in Somers' Tracts VIII, pp. 554-..590. London, 1812.

\*1828. Narrative | of | the Captivity and Removes | of | Mrs. Mary Rowlandson, | who was



taken by the Indians at the destruction of Lancaster, in 1676. | Written by herself. | Fifth Edition. | Lancaster: Published by Carter, Andrews, and Co. 1828. 3½ by 5¾ in. pp. (XII) 81.

1828. *Same title, same pref.* Sixth Edition. Second Lancaster Edition; with an appendix containing the "scandalous lybell" by Joseph Rowlandson. 3½ by 5¾ in. pp. 100.

The two Lancaster editions were edited by Joseph Willard, Esq.

\*1831. The Narrative somewhat condensed was reprinted in Farmer and Moore's Collections, pp. 105-115 and 137-149. Concord, N. H., 1831.

\*1839-1854, Samuel Gardner Drake reprinted the Narrative in his "Indian Captivities," later called "Life in the Wigwam," pp. 20-60, copying the Lancaster edition. Boston, Auburn, and Buffalo, N. Y., several editions. *See also* 1842..

\*1841. Rev. Henry White reprinted the Narrative in "The Early History of New England." pp. 135--162. Concord, N. H., 1841.

1842. A reprint of the Narrative is in Samuel G. Drake's "Tragedies of the Wilderness." Boston, 1842. pp. 20-60.

\*1853. A condensed reprint of the Narrative is in "150 Stories about Indians." pp. 177--192. Concord, N. H.: Rufus Merrill. 1853. 2¾ by 3½ in.

\*1853. Narrative | of the | Captivity, Sufferings and Removes | of Mrs. Mary Rowlandson, I who was taken prisoner by the Indians at the Destruction | of Lancaster in 1675, | To which is appended | A Century Sermon, | preached at the | First Parish in Lancaster, May 28, 1753, | By Rev. Timothy Harrington. | A Reprint from an old edition. | Clinton: Published by Ballard and Bynner. 1853. 4½ by 7 in. pp. 52 (73).

\*1856. *Same title as 1791 edition.* Reprinted by the Mass. Sabbath School Society, 13 Cornhill, 1856. [Boston.] 4½ by 7 in. pp. 122..

1857- John S. C. Abbott's "Life of King Philip" includes the Narrative much condensed. pp. 261-291.

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1859. A reprint of Rev. Henry White's "Early History of New England" was copyrighted with the title: "Indian Battles: With incidents in the early history of New England . . . Containing thrilling and stirring narratives of battles, captivities, escapes, ambuscades, assaults, massacres, and depredations of the Indians. The habits, customs, and traits of character peculiar to the Indian race. The life and exploits of Capt. Miles Standish. The history of King Philip's War, and personal and historical incidents of the Revolutionary War." New York, n. d. The Rowlandson Narrative is found on pp. 135-162.

\*1883. Richard Markham in his "History of King Philip's War," N. Y., 1883, reprints most of the Narrative, pp. 177-218.

\*1883. *Same title as Boston, 1856 edition.* Concord, N. H. Reprinted by the Republican Press Association for Eleanor S. Eastman, 1883. 4½ by 7 in. pp. 53.

\*1888. The Narrative is reprinted with illustrations in "Library of Universal Adventure by Sea and Land," compiled by W. D. Howells and T. S. Perry, N. Y., 1888, pp. 42-65

\*1900. A reprint of the Cambridge edition of 1682 is in the "Genealogy of the Descendants of John White of Wenham and Lancaster, Mass.," by Almira L. White, Haverhill, 1900, Vol. 1, pp. 763-812, with map and illustrations.

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