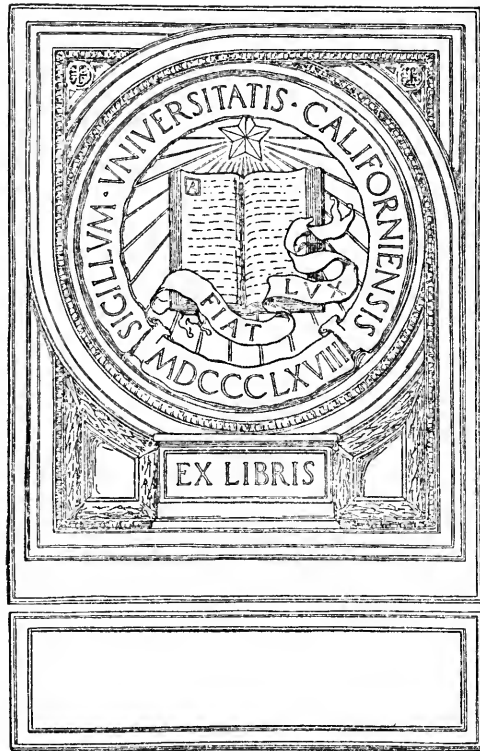


Mary Rowlandson's
Narrative



Compliments of
John E. Thomas

Mrs. Mary Rowlandson's
Narrative

*Limited to Two Hundred and Fifty Copies,
of which this is No. 249.*

The Narrative
OF THE
Captivity and Restoration
OF
M^{rs} Mary Rowlandson

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

Whereunto are annexed
A Map of her Removes, Biographical & Historical
Notes, and the last Sermon of her husband
R^{ev} JOSEPH ROWLANDSON



LANCASTER, *Massachusetts*
M DCCC III

UNIVERSITY PRESS • JOHN WILSON
AND SON • CAMBRIDGE, U. S. A.



P R E F A C E

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 seasonableness 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

[v]

P R E F A C E

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



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Johannes Cotton

His THE *History*
Sovereignty & Goodness
OF

G O D

Together,

With the Faithfulness of His Promises
Displayed;
Being a

NARRATIVE

Of the Captivity and Restauration 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 can deliver out of my hand.

C A M B R I D G E,
Printed by Samuel Green, 1 6 8 2.

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 entering *Harvard-College*, July 6.
1703; and was given by said Prince in
his Last Will Oct. 2. 1758. to remain in
said Library forever



The Preface to the READER.

1675

IT was on Tuesday, Feb. 1. 1675. In the afternoon, when the *Narragansets* 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, 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. The *English* having now been six dayes on their march, from their quarters, at *Wickford*, in the *Narraganset* Country, toward, and after the Enemy, and provision grown exceeding short, inso-much that they were fain 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 Council was called, and though some few were of another mind, yet it was concluded by the greater part of the Council of War, that the Army should desist the pursuit, and retire: the Forces of *Plimouth* and the *Bay* to the next Town of the *Bay*, and *Conneticut* Forces to their own next Towns: Which determination was immediately put in execution. The consequence whereof, as it was not difficult to be foreseen by those that knew the causeless enmity of these *Barbarians*, against the *English*, and the malicious and revengefull spirit of these Heathen: so it soon proved dismal.

The *Narragansets* 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, 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 Thursday, Feb. 10. they fell with mighty force, and try upon *Lauschester*: which (small Town, remote from aid of others, and not being fortified as it might, the Army being now come in, and as the time indeed required) (the design of the *Indians* against that

The Preface to the

that place being known to the English some time before) was not able to make effectual resistance: but notwithstanding utmost endeavour 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 Tragedy, may that justly be reputed, which fell upon the Family of that reverend Servant of God, Mr. Joseph Rowlandson, the faithful Pastor of Christ in that place; who being gone down to the Council of the Massachusetts to seek aid for the defence 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 yoke-fellow, and dear Children, wounded and captivated (as the true evidenced, and following Narrative declares): by these cruel and barbarous Salvages, A sad Calamity! Thus all things come alike to all: No one 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. But it is not my business to dilate on these things, but only in few words introductively to preface to the following script, which is a Narrative of the wonderfully awfull, wise, holy, powerfull, 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 wasteless pit, so in preserving, supporting, and carrying her through so many such extreme hazards, noticable difficulties and difficulties, 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 assist his precious Servant, and his dear maid: 'It was as strange, if not more, that he should so bear up the spirits of his Servant under such heavy yokes, and in his bandmaid under such captivity, travels and hardships (much too hard for flesh and blood) as he did, and at length deliver her and restore her to be their Saviour, who hath said, *When thou passest through the Waters, I will be with thee; and through the Rivers, they shall not overflow thee: When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burnt, nor shall the flame kindle upon thee,* Isa. 43. 2. and again, *He will deliver thee in mercy, he will deliver thee in mercy, yea in seven there shall no evil touch thee: In Persecution he shall redeem thee from Death, and in War from the power of the sword,* Job 5. 18, 19, 20. Methinks his dispensation doth bear some resemblance to those of Joseph, David and Daniel: yea, and of the three Children too, the Stories whereof do represent us with the excellent textures of divine providence, curious pieces of divine work: and well 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 acknowledge the operation of his hands:

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

READER.

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) and 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, & the severall circumstances thereof, all the dayes of her life. A plous 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 unfit 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 doubt: Is 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.* 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 faithfull Servant of God, whose capacity and employment was publick in the house of God, and his name on that account of a very sweet savour 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 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 hid out and portrayed 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 to the Lord for all his benefits to me* P^{sal.} 116. 12. He thinks nothing too great, yea being sensible of his own disproportion to the due praises of God he calls in help. *Oh, magnifie the Lord with me, let us exalt his Name together,* P^{sal.} 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 severall passages of this providence will nor a little conduce therunto. And therefore holy David in order to the attainment of that end, accounts himself concerned to declare what God had done for his soul, P^{sal.} 66. 16. *Come and hear, a l ye that fear God, and I will declare what God haib done for*

The Preface to the

my soul, i. e. for his life; see v. 9, 10, He hath set 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 best 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 wonderfull 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*: I may say, that as one 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.

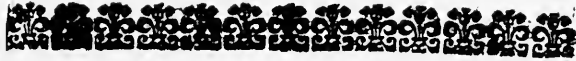
I am confident that no Friend of a true Providence, will ever repent his time and pains, spent in reading over these sheets, but will judge them worth perusing again and again.

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?* Here you may see an instance of the faith and patience of the Saints, under the most heart-sinking trials; 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 Supreme Lord of the world, ruling the most unruly, weakening the most cruel and savage, granting his People mercy in the sight of the unmercifull, 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 what ever pleases him. Here you have Samson's Riddle exemplified, and that great promise, *Rom: 8. 28. verified, Out of the Evil comes forth Good, and Sweetness out of the Strong*; 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, *My God hath been greater that she hath been, then what she should not have been; that 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 say me something from the experience of another, against thine own turn comes, that to thee also through patience and consolation of the Scripture mayest have hope.

THE AMERICAN



A Narrative of the
CAPTIVITY
 AND
RESTAURATION
 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 Garison upon some occasion, were set upon; one was knockt on the head, the other escaped: Another their 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

him but knocke 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 *Garison* 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 any thing 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 defence 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 thy dreadfull 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 fight
ing

ing for their 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 & 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 handfull 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 to acknowledge his hand, and to see that our help is alwayes 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, where at the *Indians* scornfully shouted, and hallowed, and were presently upon him, stripping off his cloaths, 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,

caving, they knock him on head. Thus were we
 butchered by those merciless Heathen, standing a-
 mazed, with the blood running down to our heels.
 My eldest Sister being yet in the House, and seeing
 those wofull sights, the Infidels haling 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 my self was wounded,
 she said, And, *Lord let me dy with them*; which
 was no sooner said, but she was struck with a Bul-
 let, and fell down dead over the threshold. I hope
 she is reaping the fruit of her good labours, being
 faithfull 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, 2 Cor.
 12. 9. *And he said unto me my Grace is sufficient
 for thee.* More then twenty years after I have heard
 her tell how sweet and comfortable that place was
 to her, But to return: The *Inians* laid hold of
 us, pulling me on 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 have me.*

Oh the dolefull sight that now was to behold at
 this House! *Come, behold the works of the Lord,
 what dissolations he has made in the Earth.* Of thir-
 ty seven persons who were in this one House, no one
 escaped either present death, or a bitter captivity,
 save only one, who might say as he. *Job 1. 15.*
And I only am escaped alone to tell the News. There
 were

were twelve killed, some shot, some stab'd with their Spears, some knock'd down with their Hatchets. When we are in prosperity, Oh the little that we think of such dreadfull fights, and to see our dear Friends, and Relations ly 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 stript naked by a company of bell-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 chuse rather to be killed by them then 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 Bears, then that moment to end my dayes; and that I may the better declare what happened to me during that grievous Captivity. I shall particularly speak of the severall Removes we had up and down the Wildcracks.

The first Remove.

Now away we must go with those Barbarous
Creatures.

Creatures, with our bodies wounded and bleeding; 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 *Englishmen* 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 peace a lively resemblance of hell And as miserable was the wast 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 mercilesse 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

ed Babe, and it seemed at present worse than death that it was in such a pitiful condition, bespraking, Compassion, and I had ^{no} refreshment for it, nor suitable things to revive it. Little do many think what is the savageness and brutishness of this barbarous Enemy; 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 week day, were slain and mangled in a barbarous manner, by one-eyed *John*, and *Mariborough's* Praying Indians, which *Capr. 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 dy, I shall dy. I went on foot after it, with sorrow that cannot be express. At length I took it off the horse, and carried it in my armes till my strength failed, and I fell

fell down with it: Then they set me upon a horse with my wounded Child in my lap, and there being no furniture upon the horse back; as we were going down a steep hill, we both fell over the horses head, at which they like inhumane creatures laught, and rejoyced 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 stopt: 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 armes, 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 wonderfull power of God, that my Spirit did not utterly sink under my affliction: still the Lord upheld me with his gracious and mercifull 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*

their way. One of the Indians got up upon 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*, *Plal. 27 13, I had fainted, unless I had believed &c.* The next day was the Sabbath: I then remembered how careless I had been of Gods holy time: how many Sabbaths I had lost and mispent, and how evilly I had walked in Gods sight; which by so clos unto my spirit, that it was easie 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 for ever. Yet the Lord still shewed 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 *Robbert Pepper* (a man belonging to *Roxbury*) who was taken in *Captain Beers* his fight, and had been now a considerable time with the *Indians*; and up with them almost as far as
Albany,

Albany to see king *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 *Seers* 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 dayes 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 sorrowfull 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 to my lay

Abeu

About two houres in the night, my Sweet Babe, like a Lambe departed this life, on *Feb. 18. 1675.* It being about *six yeares, and five months* old. It was *nine dayes* 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 wonderfull 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 Masters Wigwam: (by my Master in this writing, must be understood *Quanopin*, who was a *Saggamore*, and married King *Phillips* wifes Sister; not that he first took me, but I was sold to him by another *Narrhaganset Indian*, who took me when first I came out of the Garrison) 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 goe I must and leave it. When I had been at my Masters wigwam, I took the first opportunity I could get, to go look after my dead child: when I came I askt them what they had done with it: then they told me it was upon the hill: then they went and

B shewed

shewed me where it 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 Wilder-
 ness, and must commit it, and my self also in that
 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, & taken from the *door*
 at first by a *Praying Ind* & 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 no: 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 care 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 overwhelm'd 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 shew 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

for as I was going up 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 Ind. 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 thorough 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 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 *Sagamores Wigwam*; and then, Oh, the hideous insulting and triumphing that there was over some *English mens* scalps that they had taken (as their manner is) and brought with them. I cannot but take notice of the wonderfull 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 Deut.* 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 came in their room, and that I had lost my opportunity.* But the Lord helped me still to go one 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. Now

Now the Lad. began to talk of removing from this place, some one way, and some another. There were now besides my self 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 ask'd 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 *Jessie* told me, she should never see me again, and that she could find in her heart to run away; I wisht 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, & we were feeble, with our poor & 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, *versals,* Wait to 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 Cou-

sins and Neighbours, some of which I never saw afterward: the Lord only knows the end 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 travelled 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* *children*

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

wild beasts of the forrest: My head was light & dizzy (either through hunger or hard lodging, or trouble or altogether) 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, *Jer. 31. 16. 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.* 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 Jhu, 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 their backs, and carried him, one at a time, till they came to *Bacqanug* 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 skill. In this travel, because of my wound, I was somewhat favoured in my load; I carried only my knitting work and two quarts of parched meal: Being very faint I asked my mistris to give me one spoonfull 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 favour 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 passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the Rivers they shall not overflow thee, 1sa. 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 boyled 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.

The

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 dy before I could eat such things, yet they were sweet and savoury 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 to morrow; 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 *Paposes* at their backs, the greatest number at this time with us, were *Squaws*, and they travelled with all they had, bag and baggage, and yet they got over this River afore said; 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 an mercy as victory and deliverance; if we had been, God would have found out a way for the *English*

to

to have passed this 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 & 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 travellling into the vast and howling *Wlaerness*, 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 seemd 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
- barb

hath the Lord preserv'd me in safety? Oh 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 breast 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 safely lye down and dyed. That day, a little after noon, we came to Squaukbiag, where the Indians quickly spread themselves over the deserted English Fields, gleaning what they could find; some pickt 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, & went to threshing of them out My self 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

if he would 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 savoury bit it was to me: *For so 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 eight Remove.

On the morrow morning we must go over the River, *i. e.* *Connecticut*, to meet with King *Philip*, two *Cannoes* full, they had carried over, the next Turn j my self was to go; but as my foot was upon the *Cannoo* to step in, there was a sudden out-cry among them, and j must step back; and instead of going over the River, j 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 j thought, their espying some *English* Scouts, who were thereabout. In this travel up the River; about noon the Company made a stop, and sate down; some to eat, and others to rest them. As I sate amongst them, missing of things past, my Son *Joseph* unexpectedly came to me: we asked of each others welfare, bewailing our dolefull condition, and the change that had come upon us. We had Husbands and
Father

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 Mothers Womb, and naked shall I return: The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, Blessed be the Name of the Lord.* I asked him whither he would read; he told me, he earnestly desired it, I gave him my Bible, and he lighted upon that comfortable Scripture, *Psal. 118. 17, 18. I shall not dy but live, and declare the works of the Lord: the Lord hath chastened me sore, yet he hath not given me over to death.* Lock 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 wonderfull Power in carrying us along, preserving us in the *Wilderness*, while under the Enemies band, and retaining 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 travelled 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

Then my heart began to fail: and I fell a weeping 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 the while in a maze, and like one astonished: but now I may say as, *Psal 137. 1. By the Rivers of Babylon, there we sat 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 spoon-fulls 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 Complement now adays amongst Saints and Sinners) but this no way suited me. For though I had sometimē used Tobacco, yet I had test it ever since I was first taken. *It seems to be a Bait, the Devil layes to make men loose 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 ly sucking a stinking Tobacco-pipe.

Now the *Indians* gather their Forces to go against.

gainst North-Hampton: over-night one went about 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 tryed in Bears grease, but I thought I never tasted pleasanter meat in my life. There was a Sqaaw 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 Stockins, for which she gave me a quart of Pease: I boyled 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 on 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 and 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 this*

this Place (the Sun now getting higher) what with the beams and heat of the Sun, and the smoak 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 spoonfull 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 in stead 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 lorry *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 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 *Papoo*s 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 any thing that they would accept of, and be pleased with. When we were at this place, my Masters maid came home, she had been gone *three weeks* into the *Narrbaganset 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 *Narrbaganset Countrey*. 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 my self, travelling over Hills and thorough *Samps*, and could not find the way to him. And I cannot but admire at the wonderfull power and goodness of God to me, in that, though I was gone from home, and met with all sorts of *Indian*, 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 shewed 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 him: We bemoaned one ano-

there awhile, 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 mournfull 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 whither 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*, *Plal. 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 shewed her self 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 boyle 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 hat very handsomly among the *English*, and some like it, but the thoughts that it was Bear, made a
 rembr

tremble: but now that was favour to me that one would think was enough to turn the stomach of a brut 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, kickt 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 favour, and sometimes with nothing but frowns.

The eleventh Remove.

The next day in the morning they took their Trav-
el, intending a dayes journey up the River, I 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 J was fain to creep up upon my knees, and to hold by the twiggs and bushes to keep my self from falling backward. My head also was so light, that J usually reeled as J went; but I hope all these wearisome steps that J have taken, are but a forewarning of me of the heavenly rest. I know, O Lord, that thy judgements are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me, Psal. 119 71.

The selfish Remove.

*It was upon a Sabbath-day-morning, that they prepared for their Travel. This morning J asked my master whither he would sell me to my Husband; he answered me *Nux*, which did much joyce my spirit. My mistress, before we went, was gone to the burial of a *Papoor*, and returning, she found me sitting and reading in my Bible; she snatched it hastily out of my hand, and threw it out of doore; I ran out and catcht it up, and put it into my pocket, and never let her see it afterward. Then they pack'd 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 lifed 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, and made

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 an opportunity, I took my Bible to read, and that quieting Scripture came to my hand, *Psal. 46. 10. Be still, and know that I am God.* Which stilled my Spirit for the present: But a fore time of trial, 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 me some sticks for my own comfort, that I might not ly a-cold: but when we came to ly down they bade me go out, and ly some-where-else, for they had company (they said) come in more than

their own: I told them, I 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 thorough 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 Bolton, uncer the appearance of a Friend-Indian, and severall 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 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 *Conestoga 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 would be no matter if my head were off too.*

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 handfull of Pease, and a few roasted Ground-nuts. I had not seen my son a pritty 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 additiveness 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 lookt up, and she threw a handfull 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 pitty upon me, have pitty upon me, O ye my Friends, for the Hand of

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 in stead of that, my master himself was gone, and j 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 j might get alone, *And poure out my heart unto the Lord.* Then also j took my Bible to read, but j found no comfort here neither: which many times j was wont to find: *So easie a thing it is with God to dry up the Streames of Scripture-comfort from us.* Yet j 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

But I knew that he laid upon me less then I deserved
 Afterward, before this dolefull 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 *Isai. 55. 8* For my thoughts
 are not your thoughts, neither are your ways: my ways
 saith the Lord. And also that, *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 *Hadly*, where they had killed three
 English men, 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 melancholly. 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 perswaded I was dead. So
 like were these barbarous creatures to him who
 was a lyer from the beginning.

As I was sitting once in the *Wigwam* here, *Phillip* 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 had 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 takes 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 very melancholly: he told me he was as much grieved for his Father as for himself; I wondred at his speech, for I thought I had enough upon my spirit in reference to my self, to make me mindless of my Husband and every one else: they being safe among their Friends. He told me also, that a while 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 which I desire that my self and he may bless the Lord; 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

John Gilberd of Springfield I found him lyng without doores, 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 Papoo*, 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 & waist-coat. This sight was enough to melt a heart of flint. There they lay quivering in the Cold, the youth round like a dog; the *Papoo* stretcht 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 perswaded him still, lest he should ly there and die: and with much ado I got him to a fire, and went my self home. As soon as I was got home, his Masters Daughter came after me, to know what I had done with the *English man*, I told her I had got him to a fire in such a place. Now had I need to pray *Pauls Prayer*, 2 *Thess.* 3. 2. *That we may be delivered from unreasonable and wicked men.* For her satisfaction I went along with her, and brought her to him; but before I got home again, it was coiled 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 been seeing
the

the *English Yautb*, and that I would not run away, they told me I lyed, and taking up a *Hatebet*, 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*, 2 *Sam.* 24. 14. *I am in a great strait.* 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 mercyes 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 shewed my self 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 refresht 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 Guid by day, and my Pillow by night.* Now that comfortable Scripture presented it self to me, *Isa.* 54. 7. *For a smal moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee.* 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 a while with me, that I might

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 seemes 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 Groundnuts 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, & I never saw him afterward, till I saw him at *Pascataqua* in *Portsmouth*.

That night they bad me go out of the *Wigwam* again: my Mistress *Papoo*s 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 bad me come in, and gave me a skin to ly upon, and a mess of Venison and Ground-nuts, which was a choice Dish among them. On the morrow they buried the *Papoo*s, and afterward, both morning and evening, there came a company to mourn and howle with her: though I confess, I could not much console with them: Many sorrowfull 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 sail with looking upward
Oh, Lord I am oppressed. undertake for me, Isa, 38 14

I could tell the Lord as *Hezekiah*, ver. 3. *Remember now O Lord, I beseech thee, how I have walked before thee in truth.* Now had I time to examine all my ways: my Conscience did not accuse me of un-righteousness 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:* & I might say with the poor *Publican*, *God be merciful unto me a sinner.* On the Sabbath-dayes, I could look upon the Sun and think how People were going to the house of God, to have their Souls refreshed; & then home, and their bodies also: but I was destitute of both; & 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,* ver 21. I remembered how on the night before & after the Sabbath, when my Family was about me, and Relations and Neighbours 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 in stead 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 my mind, *For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercies wilt I gather thee.*

The

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 girls the same day we were taken. She gave it me, and I put it in my pocket: there it lay, till it was so mouldy (for want of good baking) that one could not tell what it was made of; it fell all to crumbs, & grew so dry and hard, that it was like little flints; & this refreshed me many times, when I was ready to faint. I 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 lice in the rain all night, I saw by their Reaking. 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 boyled it; I could eat nothing of that, though they ate it sweetly. And yet they were so nice in other things,
That

that when I had fetcht water, and had put the Dish I dipt 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 stursh trick.

The fifteenth Remove:

We went on our Travel. I having got one handfull 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 *Baquang River* again that day, near which we abode a few dayes. Some times 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 affli&ed) *Mic. 6. 14. Thou shalt eat and not be satisfied.* No more might I see more than ever before, the miseries that
fin

sin hath brought upon us: Many times I should be ready to run out against the Heathen, but the Scripture would quiet me again, *Amos, 3. 6. Shall there be evil in the City, and the Lord hath not done it? The Lord help me to make a right improvement of His Word, and that I might learn that great lesson, Mic. 6. 8, 9. He hath shewed 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.*

The sixteenth Remove.

*We began this Remove with wading over Baquag 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 thorough 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, *Isai. 43. 2. When thou passest through the Waters, I will be with thee, and through the Rivers, they shall not overflow thee.* Then I sat down to put on my stockings and shoes, with the teares running down mine eyes, and many sorrowfull thoughts in my heart, but I gat up to go along with them. Quickly there came up to us an Indian, who informed them, that I must go to Wachusit to my master, for there was a Letter come from*

the Council to the *Saggamorys*, about redeeming the Captives, and that there would be another in fourteen dayes, 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 aking 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 horse-back. My heart skipt within me, thinking they had been *English men* at the first fight 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, their was a vast difference between the lovely faces of *Christians*, and the 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 chearfully; but quickly my will proved more than my strength; having little or no refreshing my strength failed me, and my spirit were almost quite gone. Now may I say with David, Psal. 119, 22, 23, 24. I am poor and needy, and my heart is wounded within me. I am gone like the shadow where it declineth: I am tossed up and down like the locust; my knees are weak through fasting, and my flesh fast

th offaineſt. At night we came to an *Indian Town*, and the *Indians* ſate down by a *Wigwam* diſco: riſing, but J was almoſt ſpent, and could ſcarce ſp ak. I laid down my load, and went into the *Wigwam*, and there ſat an *Indian* boyling of *Horfes 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 ask d him to give me a little of his Broth, or Water they were boyling in; he took a diſh, and gave me one ſpoonfull 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 Riding 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 enlighten'd, 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 reſreſh both Soul and Body:

The eighteenth Remove.

We took up our packs and along we went, but a wearifome day I had of it. As we went along I ſaw an *Engliſh-man* ſtrip't 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 Siſters

I went to see how she did, and she 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 boyling 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 boyling *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 my self, and savoury it was to my taste. Then I may say as *Job Chap. 6. 7. The things that my soul refused to touch, are as my sorrowfull meat.* Thus the Lord made that pleasant refreshing, which another time would have been an abomination. Then I went home to my mistresses *Wigwam*; and they told me I disgraced my master with begging, and if I did so any more, they would knock me in 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 *Wachuset* this day. But a bitter weary day I had of it, travelling now three dayes together, without resting any day between. At last, after many wea

my steps, I saw Wachuset hills, but many miles off. Then we came to a great Swamp, through which we travelled 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 gat 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 Company, came up and took me by the hand, and said, *Two weeks more and you shal 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 Wachuset, where he was: and glad I was to see him. He asked me, *When I washt me?* I told him not this month, then he fetcht me some water himself, and bid me wash, and gave me the Glasse to see how I lookt; 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 favour shewed me; *Psal. 106.46.* *He made them also to be pittied; of all those that carried them Captives.*

My master had three Squaws, living sometimes with one, and sometimes with another one; this old Squaw, at whose Wigwan I was, and with whom my Master had been those three weeks. Another was *Wetmore*, with whom I had lived and served all this while: A severe and proud Dame she was;

bestowing every day in dressing her self neat as much time as any of the Gentry of the land: powdering her hair, and painting her face, going with Neck-laces, with Jewels in her ears, and Bracelets upon her hands: When she had dressed her self, her work was to make Girdles of *Wampom* and *Beads*. The third *Squaw* was a younger one, by whom he had two *Papoes*. By that time I was refreshed by the old *Squaw*, with whom my master was, *Westimores* 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 live 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 shewed me. I understood that *Westmore* thought, that if she should let me go and serve with the old *Squaw*, she would be in danger to loose, 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 Gods due time there would be an end of this sorrowfull 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 gat them by the hand, and burst

burst out into tears; my heart was so full that I could not speak to them; but recovering my self, I asked them how my husband did, & all my friends and acquaintance? they said, *They are all very well but melancholy* They brought me two Baskets, 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 Rogne (saye 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 mad men 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 then to the master they served.* When the Letter was come, the Saggamores met to consult about the Captives, and called me to them to enquire how much my husband would give to redeem me, when I came I sate 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 hin-

de.

der the matter; if of a great sum, I knew 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, *2 Kings, 6. 25. There was a famine in Samaria, and behold they beseged it, untill an Asses head was sold for fourscore pieces of silver, and the fourth part of a Kab of Doves dung, for five pieces of silver.* He expounded this place to his brother, and shewed him that it was lawfull to eat that in a Famine which is not at another time. And now, sayes 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 *Squaw* also with him, with her *Papoo*s at her back

back: Before they went to that fight, they got a company together to *Pagan*; 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

either hand a 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 shew 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 ruine. They came home on a Sabbath day, and the *Powaw* that kneeled upon the *Deer-skin* came home (I may say, without abate) as black as the Devil.

When

When my master came home, he came to me and bid me make a shirt for his *Papoo*, of a holland-laced Pillowbeer. 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 & Ground outs. 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 Cloaths behind you: I looked behind me, and there I saw bloody Cloaths, with Bullet-holes in them; yet the Lord suffered not this wretch to do me any hurt; Yea, instead of that, he many times refresht 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 alwayes 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 set 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 day of Dancing.
They

They would say now amongst themselves, that the *Governour* 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, & 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 intreated, begged, and perswaded them, but to let me see my Daughter; and yet so hard hearted were they, that they would not suffer

suffer it. They made use of their tyrannical power whilst they had it: but through the Lords 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 catched 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 mean time informed me that an English-man 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: shewing 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 Massy:

Money: for many of the *Indians* for want of *Tobacco*, smok'd *Hemlock*, and *Ground-Ivy*. it was a great mistake in any, who thought I sent for *Tobacco*: for through the favour of God, that desire was overcome. I now asked them, whither 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 stollen the greatest part of the Provision. Mr. Hoar had brought, out of his Bags, in the night. And we may see the wondrous 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 my self: that there they did not knock with 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 seem'd 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 shewed his Power over the Heathen in this, as he did over the hungry *Lions* when *Daniel* was cast into the *Den*. Mr. Hoar called them betime to Dinner, but they ate very little, they being so busie in dressing themselves, and getting ready for their Dance: which was carried on by eight of them; four *Men* and four

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 Stockins, his Garters were hung round with Shillings, and he had Girdles of *Wampom* upon his head and shoulders. She had a Kersey Coat, and covered with Girdles of *Wampom* from the Loins upward: her arms from her elbows to her hands were covered with Bracelets; there were handfulls of Neck-laces about her neck, and several sorts of Jewels in her ears. She had fine red Stockins, and white Shoos, her hair powdered and face painted Red, that was alwayes before Black. And all the Dancers were after the same manner. There were two other 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 *Wampom* 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 to morrow, 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 whither he would promise it before

fore them three: and if he would, he should have it; which he did, and he had it. Then *Phillip* finishing the business call'd 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 any thing 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, shewing 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 mony jingling at his knees: But she escaped him: But having an old *Squaw* he ran to her: and so through the Lords mercy, we were no more troubled that night. Yet I had not a comfortable nights 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 feares and troubles, God many times leaving us most in the dark, when deliv-
rance

rance is nearest: yea, at this 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 *Wildernis*; 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.

I. 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-ants*, 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.

death. But what shall I say? God seemed to 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 shal they go Captive, with the first that go Captive. It is the Lords doing, and it should be marvelous in our eyes.*

2. I cannot but remember how the Indians derided the slowness, and dulness 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 scoffe at us, as if the English would be a quarter of a year getting ready

3. Which also I have hints a before, when the English Army with new supplies were sent forth to pursue after the enemy, & they understanding it: fled before them till they came to *Baquaug River*, where they forthwith went over safely: that that River should be impassable to the English. I can but admire to see the wonderfull providence of God in preserving the heathen for farther 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 dy with hunger: and all their Corn that could be found, was destroyed, and they

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, Hart's 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 joints, 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 Horses guts, and ears, and all sorts of wild Birds which they could catch: also Bear, Venison, Beaver, Tortois, 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 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, *Psal. 81. 13, 14.* *Oh, that my People had hearkned to me, and Israel had walked in my wayes, I should soon have subdued their Enemies, and turned my hand against their Adversaries.* 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 & 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 dayes, 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 such a *Captain* and his *Company* in such a place; and such a *Captain* and his *Company* in such a place: and boast how many *Towns* they had destroyed, and then scoffe, and say, *They had done them a good*

good turn, to send them to Heaven so 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 Countrey: thinking surely, Agag-like, The bitterness of Death is past.* Now the Heathen begi to think all is their own, & the poor Christians hopes to sail (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 any thing 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 hurll'd them selves into it. And the Lord had not so many wayes 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 aske 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 wil-

ling, he and his *Squaw* would run away, and go home along with me: I told him *No*: I was not willing to run away, but desired to wait Gods time, that I might go home quietly, and without fear. And now God hath granted me my desire. O the wonderfull power of God that I have seen; and the experience that I have had: I have been in the midst of those roaring *Lions*, and *Salvage 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. Gods Power is as great now, and as sufficient to save, as when he preserved *Daniel* in the *Lions Den*; or the three *Children* in the fiery *Furnace*. I may well say as his *Psal.* 107. 12 *Ob 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 then 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 my self, and the two
Indians

Indians came to *Lancaster*, and a solemn fight it was to me. There had I lived many comfortable years amongst my Relations and Neighbours, 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 Neighbours: 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 bouk 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 whither 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 comfort each to other. I

was not before so much hem'd in with the merciless and cruel Heathen, but now as much with pitiful, tender-hearted, and compassionate Christians. In that poor, and distressed, and beggerly condition I was received in, I was kindly entertained in severall 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 seven fold into their bosoms of his spirituals, for their temporals.* The twenty pounds the price of my redemption was raised by some Boston Gentlemen, and Ms. Usher, whose bounsy 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 Governour 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

live and amongst the Heathen; thinking how it suf-
 fered 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, some-
 time 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 enquir-
 ing and listening to hear concerning them, but no
 certain news as yet. About this time the Coun-
 cil 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
 any thing concerning our Children. And as we
 were riding along [God is the wise disposer of all
 things] between *Ipswich* and *Rowly* we met with
 Mr. *William Hubbard*, who told us that our Son
Joseph was come in to Major *Waldrens*, and ano-
 ther with him, which was my Sisters 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 *Thanks giving*
 for them; but he was not willing to stay there that
 night, but would go over to *Salisbury*, to hear fur-
 ther, 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 *Providence*: Here was
 mercy

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 trembled under me, *And I was walking thorough 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 labour 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

within his Jurisdiction: which should 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 goodnels 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 recompance 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 seems to him good.* Her coming in was after this manner: She was travelling 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 travelled three dayes together, not knowing whether she was going: having nothing to eat or drink but water, and green *Hurtle-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

time. The Lord make us a blessing indeed, each to others. Now have I seen that Scripture also fulfilled, *Deut. 30: 4, 7. If any of thine be driven out to the uttermost 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.* 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 sayes, 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

that we wanted neither food, nor raiment for our selves or ours, *Prov. 18. 24. There is a Friend which sticketh closer than a Brother.* 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 otherwise 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 awfull dispensation of the Lord towards us; upon his wonderfull 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, & nothing but death before me: It was then hard work to perswade my self, 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:* In stead 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, *Psal. 65. I was tired my Couch with my tears.* Oh! the wonderfull power of God that mine eyes have seen, as-
fording

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

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

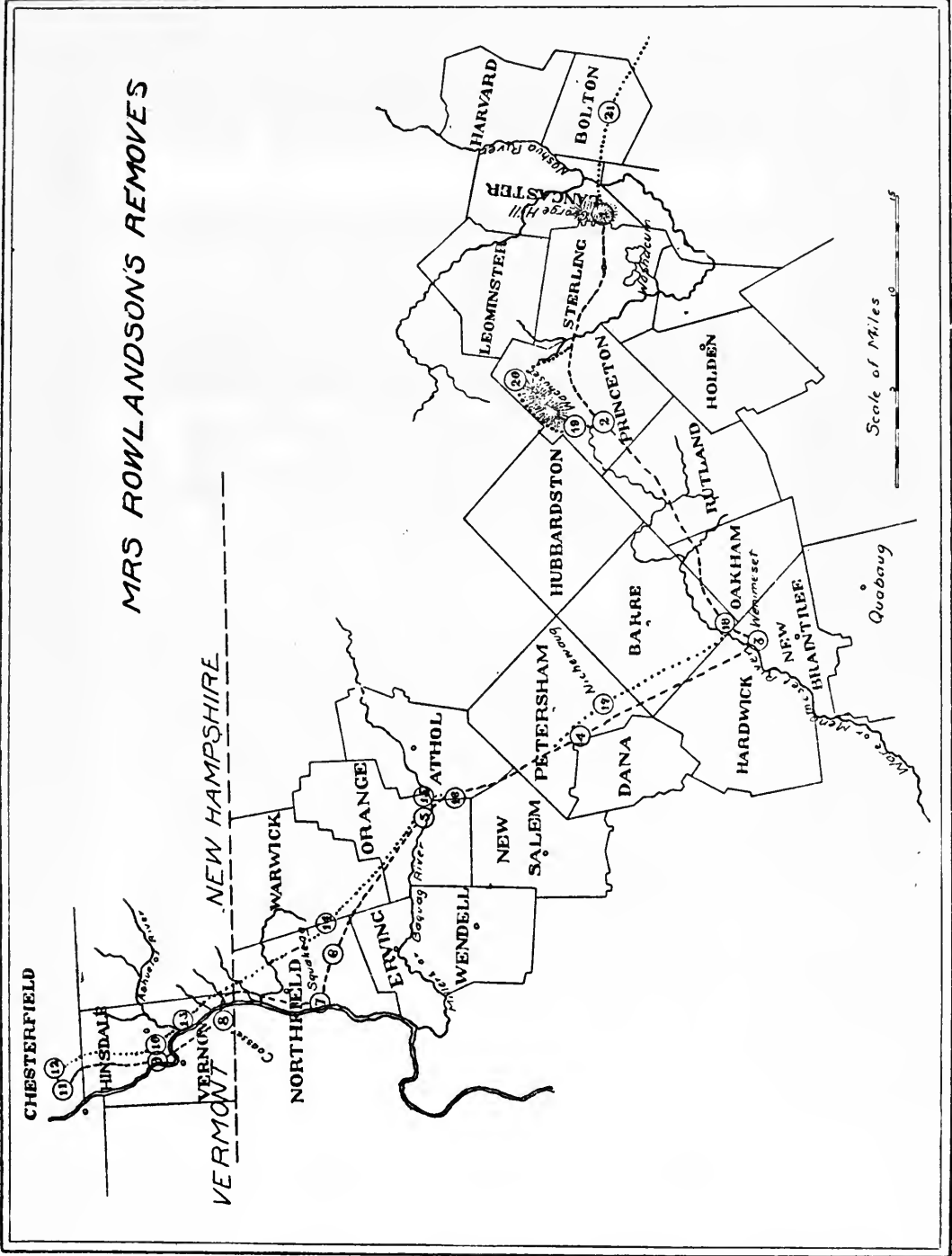
*Before I knew what affliction means, I was ready sometimes to wish for it. When I lived in prosperity; having the comforts of the World about me, my relations by me, my Heart cheerfull: and taking little care for any thing; and yet seeing many, whom I preferred before my self, under many tryals and afflictions, in sickness, weakness, poverty, losses, crosses, and cares of the World, I should be sometimes jealous least I should have my portion in this life, and that Scripture would come to my mind, *Heb. 12. 6. For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every Son whom he receiveth.* 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 any thing, and through never so many difficulties*

culties, 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 my self 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, *Exod. 14. 13. Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord.*

F I N I S.

Notes to the Narrative

MRS ROWLANDSON'S REMOVES





NOTES TO THE NARRATIVE

B I O G R A P H Y

MARY (WHITE) ROWLANDSON was the daughter of John and Joane White, who appeared in Salem as early as 1638, and moved from their Wenham lands to Lancaster in 1653. John White was the wealthiest of the original proprietors of Lancaster, his estate being recorded as £380 *6s. 2d.* As the pound sterling in 1653 probably had a purchasing power five or six times as great as at the present day, this was equivalent to about twenty thousand dollars of our money. His wife, Joane, died in 1654. He survived until 1673. His children, all of whom married, were Thomas, Joane, Elizabeth, Mary, Josiah, Sarah, and Hannah. Mary, the authoress, was doubtless born in England. She married Reverend Joseph Rowlandson in 1656. The dates and places of her birth, her marriage, and her death are not found recorded. She had four children, born in Lancaster: Mary, 1657, 11m. 15d., died 1660; Joseph, 1661, 7m. 1d., died 1713 in Wethersfield, having a son Wilson; Mary, 1665, 6m. 12d., married Jonathan Blodget, of Salisbury; Sarah, 1669, September 15, died of wound while a captive at Menamefet, now New Braintree, February 29, 1675/6.

NOTES TO THE NARRATIVE

THE DESTRUCTION OF LANCASTER

A brief outline of the tragedy in the Nashaway Valley, February 10, 1675/6, supplying some details not given by Mrs. Rowlandson, is needful to a full understanding of her story.

The heroic warrior, Quanapaug, *alias* James Wiser, a Christian convert of the Nashaway tribe, employed as a scout by Governor Leverett, on January 24, 1675/6, brought timely notice from information which he had received from his friend, Monoco, a Nashaway sachem, that the hostile Indians assembled near Quabaug would fall upon the English settlements in twenty days, and that they would first assault Lancaster, then a frontier town of about fifty families, organized into five or six garrisons. The lethargic colonial authorities failed to recognize the importance of this warning. But Job Kattenanit, of Natick, another daring scout, dragged himself to Major Daniel Gookin's door in Cambridge a little before midnight on February ninth, exhausted with his eighty-mile journey through the wilderness upon snow-shoes from Menameset, bringing complete confirmation of Quanapaug's report. The confederate tribes were on the warpath, and the blow was to fall on the morrow. Major Gookin hurriedly despatched a messenger to Concord and Marlborough, ordering the military companies there to the assistance of Lancaster. At Marlborough Captain Samuel Wadsworth was posted with about forty men. Upon receipt of the message at daybreak he hastened with his command to the

NOTES TO THE NARRATIVE

already beleaguered town about ten miles distant, and, by good fortune evading an ambuscade, fought his way to the garrison house of Cyprian Stevens, which was near and in sight of the Rowlandson home, but across the river.

Rumors of the threatening tempest of savage wrath had stirred the quietude of the Nashaway Valley, and the minister, Joseph Rowlandson, with the chief military officer of the town, Lieutenant Henry Kerley, and other leading citizens had gone to the Bay to beg help from the apathetic council. There were probably fourteen or more soldiers from the lower towns detailed among the various Lancaster garrisons. Wadsworth's force was insufficient for aggressive tactics, and his arrival too late to assist those in the minister's garrison. At John Prescott's, Richard Wheeler's, Thomas Sawyer's, and Nathaniel Joslin's, as well as Cyprian Stevens' palisaded houses the defence was successful, and the Indians, knowing that a mounted force of eighty men from Concord and other reinforcements were approaching, retired to the hills with rich spoils gathered from abandoned farms and twenty-four captives; where they were safe from any force the English could bring against them. In a single day a fair scene of rural industry and content had become more desolate than the rude wilderness from which it had been laboriously conquered.

The survivors under the protection of the soldiers buried their mangled dead, and such as had no relatives in the Bay towns able to receive them were gathered into the well-fortified garrison of Thomas Sawyer in the south village and that of Cyprian Stevens near the North River

NOTES TO THE NARRATIVE

bridge. Their petition sent to the colonial authorities continues the pitiful tale. It is in the handwriting of Stevens, and preserved in Massachusetts Archives, LXVIII. 156.

To the Hon^d Gournor and Counsell

The humble petition of the poor destressed people of Lancafter, humbly sheweth, that since the enemy mad such sad & dismall hauocke amongst our deare ffreinds & Bretheren, & we that are left who haue our Liues for a prey sadly sencable of Gods Judgm^s upon us, this with the destresse we are now in dus embolden us to present our humble Requests to yo^r Honors, hoping our Conditions may be considered by you & our Requests find exception with you, our stat is very deplorable, in our Incapacity to subsist, as to Remoue away we can not, the enemy has so Incompassed us, otherwise for want of help our catle being the most of them caried away by the barberous heathen, & to stay disabled for want of food, the Towns people are Genrally gon who felt the Judgm^t but light, & had theyr catle left them with theyr estats, but we many of us heare in this prison, haue not bread to last us on mongth & our other provision spent & gon, for the genrallyty, our Town is drawn into two Garisons wherein are by the Good favours of yo^r Hon^s eighteen soulders, which we gladly mayntayn soe long as any thing lasts, & if yo^r Honors should call them of, we are fear-taynly a bayt for the enemy if God do not wonderfully prevent, therefore we hop as God has mad you fathers ouer us so you will haue a fathers pittty to us & extend your care ouer us who are yo^r poor destressed subjects. We are sorrowful to Leau the place, but hopeffe to keep it unlesse mayntayned by the Cuntrey, it troubles our sperits to giue any Incuridgm^t to the enemy, or leau any thing for them to promot their wicked defigne, yet better saue our Liues then lose Life & Estat both, we are in danger eminent, the enemy leying Aboue us, nay on both sids of us, as dus play-ingly Apeare. our womens cris dus dayly Increase beand

NOTES TO THE NARRATIVE

exprefion which dus not only fill our ears but our hearts full of Greefe, which makes us humbly Request yo^r Hon^{rs} to fend a Gard of men & that if you pleafe fo comand we may haue Carts About fourteen will Remoue the whooll eight of which has been prefed long at Sudburry but nevr came for want of a small gard of men, the whooll that is, all that are in the on Garifon, Kept in Major Willards houfe, which is all from yo^r Hon^{rs} moft humble fervants & fuplyants.

Lancaft^r March 11th. 167 $\frac{5}{8}$

JACOB FARRAR
JOHN HOUGHTON Sen^r
JOHN MOORE
JOHN WHITTCOMB
JOB WHITTCOMB
JONATHAN WHITTCOMB
JOHN HOUGHTON Jun^r
CYPRIAN STEEVENS

The other on Garifon are in the like deftreffe & foe humbly defire yo^r like pittie & ffatherly car, haueing widows & many ffatherleffe children. the Numb^r of Carts to Carey away this garifon is twenty Carts.

Yo^r Hon^{rs} Humble Pettifioners.

JOHN PRESCOTT Sen^r
THO. SAWYER Sen^r
THO SAWYER Jun^r
JONATHAN PRESCOTT
THO WILLDER
JOHN WILLDER
SARAH WHEELER wid
WIDOW FARBANKS
JOHN RIGBY
NATHANIELL WILDER
JOHN ROOPER
WIDOW ROOPER

NOTES TO THE NARRATIVE

On March 26 troopers and carts sent for the purpose by Major Simon Willard removed the people and their chattels to Concord, and the wolves and savages resumed their sovereignty along the Nashua. The Lancaster families in their banishment were scattered far and wide wherever they could find friendly shelter. By various local records of births and deaths among them between 1676 and 1680, when many of them returned to their dearly-bought lands in the valley, we know that the Prescotts, Ruggs, Hudsons and some of the Sawyers were at Concord; the Wilders, Willards, Houghtons, Waters and Ropers, in Charlestown; the Farrars, at Woburn; the Whitcombs, at Scituate; the Lewises, Bemans, Rogers, Sumners and Athertons, at Dorchester. The Rowlandsons removed from Boston to Wethersfield, Connecticut, in the spring of 1677.

NARRATIVE OF CAPTIVITY

Page 1. "*February 10, 1675/6*" (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 Wataquodock as Joseph Willard and Reverend A. P. Marvin supposed.

"*The House stood upon the edge of a Hill.*" The min-

NOTES TO THE NARRATIVE

ifter's dwelling was directly west of the 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

NOTES TO THE NARRATIVE

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, do. aged 7
 Mrs Priscilla Roper, wife of Ephraim.
 Priscilla Roper, child of Ephraim, aged 3.

II

Carried Captive from Rowlandson Garrison

Mrs Mary Rowlandson, wife of the minister, ransomed
 Mary Rowlandson, daughter of the minister, aged 10, ransomed
 Sarah Rowlandson, do., 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, do., aged 4, ransomed
 Hannah Divoll, daughter of do., aged 9, died captive?
 Mrs Ann Joslin, wife of Abraham, killed in captivity
 Beatrice Joslin, daughter of Abraham, do
 Joseph Joslin, brother of Abraham, aged 16.
 Henry Kerley, son of Lieutenant Henry, aged 18
 Elizabeth Kerley, daughter of do., aged 15?
 Hannah Kerley, do., aged 13
 Mary Kerley, do., aged 10
 Martha Kerley, do., 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
 Ephraim Roper alone escaped during the assault

20,

1

32

NOTES TO THE NARRATIVE

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 Precott'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. 2

11

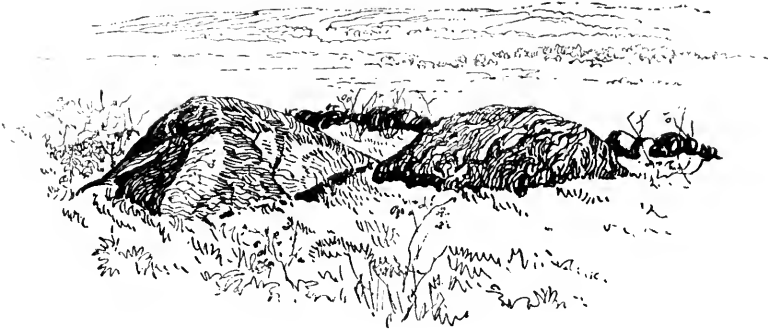
If the total casualties numbered fifty-five, twelve are missing; and these lists give but twenty-two of the twenty-four captives. A soldier from Watertown was killed near Precott's mill a few days later, and John Roper was slain on the day the town was finally abandoned.

NOTES TO THE NARRATIVE

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



Rowlandson Rock, summit of George Hill, looking East
upon Lancaster.

NOTES TO THE NARRATIVE

victims of August 22, 1675, were: George 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 Nafhaway, 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 Menamest (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,

NOTES TO THE NARRATIVE

February 27. "*Wenimeffet.*" Menamefet, or Meminimiffet, 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 re-enforce 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 refutation 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," II. 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 "Cen-

NOTES TO THE NARRATIVE

ture Sermon," 1753: ". . . But Philip with the rest confessed by themselves after the peace to be 1500, marched for Lancaster in which there were then about fifty families. And on the 10th 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 perpetuated 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 chief present, and Sagamore Sam *alias* Shofhanim 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 Menamefet, 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.

NOTES TO THE NARRATIVE

THE FOURTH REMOVE. Monday, February 28, to Friday, March 3. This camp was probably within the limits of Peterfham, about half-way between the Ware and Miller's rivers, and near the Indian village of Nichewaugh.

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 stream.

THE SIXTH REMOVE. Monday, March 6. This night's bivouac was beside the great Northfield Swamp on the trail between Nichewaugh 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 Coaffet 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 Colonists. At Coaffet

NOTES TO THE NARRATIVE

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.

NOTES TO THE NARRATIVE

Rowlandson's words give no warrant for the claim of certain local historians that she was taken as far north as Charlestown, which is about forty miles above Coasset, now South Vernon. A "day's journey" for an Indian band including women and children, travelling 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 fourth 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 Wachuffett 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.

NOTES TO THE NARRATIVE

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 master 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 sister-in-law of Philip; being the sister of his wife and also the widow of his brother Alexander, *alias* Wamfutta. 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* Napanet, 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: —

NOTES TO THE NARRATIVE

For the Indian Sagamores & people that are in warre against us. Intelligence is come to us that you have some English, 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 access to you, freedom 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 & seal.

JOHN LEVERETT *Gov^r*

Boston 31 March 1676. Passed by the Council

EDWARD RAWSON *Secy*

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

We now giue answer by this one man, but if you like my answer send one more man besides this one Tom Napanet, 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

QUANOHit *Sagamore*

PETER JETHRO

Scribe

NOTES TO THE NARRATIVE

Mr Rowlandson, your wife and all your child is well but one dye, your sifter is well and her 3 child. John Kettel your wife and all your child is all well, and all them prisoners taken at Nafhua is all well.

Mr. Rolandson fe your louing Sifter his hand **C** Hanah

And old Kettel wif his hand **T**

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

This writing by your enemies

SAMUEL USKATTUHGUN 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 Tataticquea hath brought us letter from you about the English Captives, especially for Mrs Rolanfon; the answer is I am sorrow that I haue don much wrong to you and yet I fay the falte is lay upon you, for when we began quarel at first with Plimouth men I did not think that you should haue so much trouble as now is: therefore I am willing to hear your desire about the Captives. Therefore we desire you to sent Mr Rolanfon and goodman Kettel: (for their wives) and these

NOTES TO THE NARRATIVE

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

In Maffachufetts Archives, XXX. 201, is the Council's response: —

To the Indian Sachems about Wachufets.

We receiued 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 haue sent the s^d Tom & Peter againe to you expecting you will speedily by them giue us a plaine & direct answer to our last letter, and if you haue anything more to propound to us wee desire to haue it from you under your hands, by these our messengers, and you shall haue a speedy answer. Dated the 28th, April, 1676.

Mr. Hoar accompanied Dublet upon this his third journey to Wachufett, carrying the ransom for Mrs. Rowlandson in money and goods raised by several Boston 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 Maffachufetts Records. The missive of the Indians to which it is a reply has not been discovered.

These for the saggamores about Watchufets, Phillip, John, Sam, Wasbaken, Old Queen & Pombom.

Wee received your letter by John Hoare, who went vp to you wth the messengers, Tom & Peeter, being sent to you from M^r Rowlandson. Our expectations was, that you would lett vs know vpon

NOTES TO THE NARRATIVE

what condition yow would releafe to vs all the English captiues among yow. Our minde is not to make bargaine wth yow for one & one, but for altogether. Vnto this, which was our cheife busines, yow fend vs no answer, which we doe not take kindly, for this way spends much time. In your letter to vs you say yow desire not to be hindred by our men in your planting, promising not to doe damage to our townes. This is a great matter, and therefore cannot be ended by letters, without speaking one wth another; we haue therefore sent to yow once more, to lett yow know our minds wth all speed. If yow will fend vs home all the English prisoners, it will be a great testimony of a true heart in yow to peace, which yow say yow are willing to haue; and then, if any of your sachems and Councillors will come to vs at Boston, or els to Concord or Sudbury, to meet with such cheife men as wee shall fend, wee will speak wth yow about your desires, and with true heart deale wth yow. This way is the best way; therefore fend speedily to vs, whither yow will accept it or no. If yow vnderstand not our full minde, Seth Perry, whom we now fend wth this letter, will declare it more plainly. And wee doe hereby grant & promise, that all such as yow shall imploy in a treaty wth vs shall be safe & free to come & goe, on condition that our messengers also shall be safe wth yow

May the 5th, 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. Yow know we sent our messengers according to your desire, and wee very true heart, but yow no giue vs answer in writing, by our messengers, as yow promise; wee now fend these our men, Peeter Gardiner & Jonathan Prescott, to know your minde, whether yow willing lett vs haue our weomen &

NOTES TO THE NARRATIVE

children yow haue captives; and if yow haue any propofall to make to vs, wee willing to heare yow; and if yow come yourfelues, wee fend some of our sachems to treat yow at Concord, or some other place where best, and yow haue safe conduct; for wee very true heart, and yow tell your people so.

By the Court

EDW: RAWSON *Secret.*

The propofed meeting was held between Groton and Concord, and then or foon after several captives were ransomed, or released unconditionally. June 7, under guidance of Tom Dublet, Captain Daniel Henschman surprised a party of Indians fishing in the Washacum 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 cheif 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 wee pray you keep well: Mattamuck his wife we entreat you for her, and not onely that man, but it is the Request of two Sachems, Sam Sachem of Weshakum, and the Pakashoag Sachem.

NOTES TO THE NARRATIVE

And that further you will consider about the making Peace: We haue 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 haue been destroyed by your souldiers, but still 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*
UPPANIPPAQUUM 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 Countrey againe: and I knew they were much afraid, because of our offer to joyn with the English, and therefore they went back into their own Countrey, and I know they will make no warre: 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 Milton and Samuel

NOTES TO THE NARRATIVE

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 2ND 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 befought 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 on to a farmhouse,*" etc. This dwelling was probably upon the Wataquadock range, on



Redemption Rock, Princeton.

NOTES TO THE NARRATIVE

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 12th Goodwife Diuens [*Divoll*] and Goodwife Kettle vpon ransom paid, came in to Concord, and vpon like ransom presently after John Mofs 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 captiue squa, that got away from the Indians, and got home after Mr Rowlinsons son and his sifter Diuens [*Divoll's*] daughter, vpon theyr ransoms paid, were brought to Major Waldrens. And about

NOTES TO THE NARRATIVE

July 11th Goodwife Ketles elder daughter, about 17 y old, got away from the Indians to Marlborough bringing her little sifter vpon her back almost starued . . .

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

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



The Mary Rowlandson Locker.

Bibliography

A TRUE ^{C-21 No 9.}
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 she 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*. 1632.



B I B L I O G R A P H Y

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 | *Soveraignty & Goodness* | of | GOD, | Together, | With the Faithfulness of His Promises | Displayed ; | Being a | NARRATIVE | Of the *Captivity and Restauration* 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 5½ 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 | HISTORY | of the | Captivity & Restauration | of | *Mrs. Mary Rowlandson*, | A Minister's wife in *New-England*. | Wherein is set forth, The Cruel and Inhumane | Usage she 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 People 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 1682 are in the John Carter Brown Library, Providence, Rhode Island, the Lenox Library, New York, and the

B I B L I O G R A P H Y

library of Mr. Edward E. Ayer, Chicago. A 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 | Narrative | Of the Captivity and Restauration of | Mrs. *Mary Rowlandson*. | Commended by her, to all that desire to | know the Lords Doings to, & 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 | 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* M,DCCLXXI. | *Price Six Shillings*. | pp. (3) 58. 4½ by 7 in. Woodcuts on pages 4 and 42.

A copy is in possession 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.

THE
Sovereignty and Goodness of

G O D,

Together with the Faithfulness of His
Promises Displayed:

BEING A

NARRATIVE

Of the Captivity and Restauration of

Mrs. *Mary Rowlandson.*

Commended by her, to all that desire to
know the Lords Doings, & 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 *Thres Bibles* and *Crown* in *King-*
Street, 1720.

B I B L I O G R A P H Y

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 Manfon 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, Boston, 1791. 4½ by 7 in. pp. 40.

A copy in Boston Athenæum. 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 7¼ in. pp. 36.

This has the woodcut of the 1773 edition.

1805. *Same title.* Boston: Printed and Sold by Thomas Fleet, 1805. 3½ 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 prefs of E. Merriam & Co. September, 1811. 4 by 6¼ in. pp. 80.

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

B I B L I O G R A P H Y

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. $3\frac{1}{2}$ by $5\frac{3}{4}$ in. pp. (XII) 81.

*1828. *Same title, same press.* Sixth Edition. Second Lancaster Edition; with an appendix containing the "scandalous lybell" by Joseph Rowlandson. $3\frac{1}{2}$ by $5\frac{3}{4}$ 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. $2\frac{3}{8}$ by $3\frac{1}{2}$ in.

*1853. Narrative | of the | Captivity, Sufferings and Removes | of | Mrs. Mary Rowlandson, | 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 & Bynner. 1853. $4\frac{1}{2}$ by 7 in. pp. 52 (73).

*1856. *Same title as 1791 edition.* Reprinted by the Mass. Sabbath School Society, 13 Cornhill, 1856. [Boston.] $4\frac{1}{2}$ by 7 in. pp. 122.

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

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 private Use, and now made public at the earnest Desire of some Friends, and for the Benefit of the afflicted.

B O S T O N

Printed and Sold at JOHN BOYLE'S Printing-Office, next Door to the *Three Doves* in Marlborough-Street. 1773.

B I B L I O G R A P H Y

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.

Rev. Joseph Rowlandson's Last Sermon

T H E
Possibility of Gods For-
saking a people,

That have been visibly near & dear to him

TOGETHER,

with the Misery of a People thus forsaken,

Set forth in a

S E R M O N.

Preached at *Weathersfield*, Nov. 21. 1678.

Being a Day of FAST and HU-
MILIATION.

By Mr. *Joseph Rowlandson* Pastor of the
Church of Christ there. Being
also his last SERMON,

2 Chron. 15. 2. *The Lord is with you, while ye be
with him, and if ye seek him, he will be found of
you: but if ye forsake him, he will forsake you.*
Hos. 9. 12. *Wo also to them, when I depart from them.*

BOSTON in NEW-ENGLAND
Printed for *John Ratcliffe, & John Griffin.*
1 6 8 2.



*To the Courteous READER, (especially the Inhabitants
of the Town of Weathersfield, and Lancaster, in New
England.)*

GODS forsaking of such as he hath been near to, is a thing of such weight, and solemnity, and hath such bitter effects, that it is a meet subject, (especially in a dark and mourning day) for Ministers to speak to, and for People to hear of; that the one may warn of the danger, and the other avoid the judgement. As God's presence is the greatest glory to a People on this side Heaven, so his absence is the greatest misery on this side hell; this therefore must needs be a concerning point, to such as will concern themselves in their concernments. The ensuing Sermon will appear a solemn word, if duely considered; the subject matter is very solemn and weighty, (Treating of God's being with, or forsaking a people) the time when it was delivered was a solemn time, (a day of Fast throughout the Colonies) the Reverend Author that Composed, and Preached it, was one solemn and serious above many others, and that which adds one great circumstance to its solemnity, is in that it was the last word he spake to the World, being but about two dayes before he left it. As it is solemn, so 'tis seasonable, and pertinent. It is a time wherein we have given God just cause to forsake us, a time wherein God is threatenng to forsake us. A time wherein God hath in some measure forsaken us already, and what can be more seasonable, than to shew

I N T R O D U C T I O N

the evils that befall a forsaken People, that we may yet be awakened, and return, that the Lord do not forsake us utterly.

As for the Reverend Author, there needs nothing to be said in his commendation, he was known amongst the Churches in the Wilderness, and known to be a workman that needed not to be ashamed. That his Name (which was sometimes precious amongst those that knew him) may not be forgot, and that being dead, he may yet speak to a land that have in some measure forsook their God, and are in danger of being forsaken, it is the ground-work of the publishing this small part of his labours. It is commended especially to the perusal of the Inhabitants of Lancaster and Weathersfield; He was a Man well known to you, the one had his Life, and the other his death, and both his loss, you cannot easily forget his name, and 't is desired that you may not forget the labour and travel, he hath had amongst you; the word which he Preached to you was acceptable whilst he was living, and it is presumed it will be accepted with the like candor now he is dead. Indeed had it been intended, and fitted by himself for the Press, you might have expected, and found it more large, and polished; but as it is, it is thought fit, not to be lost, and may be of great use, and benefit, to open to us the danger of forsaking God, to humble us for all our coolings, and declinings from God, to quicken us in our return to, and close walking with God, and that it may attain this end, is the hearts desire, and prayer of him, who abundantly wishes thy welfare, and prosperity in Christ Jesus.

B. VV.



THE LAST SERMON OF REVEREND JOSEPH ROWLANDSON

JEREMIAH 23. 33.

And when this People, or the Prophet, or a Priest, shall ask thee, saying, what is the burden of the Lord? thou shalt then say unto them, what burden? I will even forsake you; saith the Lord.

In the Words, there lies before us, (First) A Question, supposed, to be propounded, wherein there is two things:

1. The Questionists, this People, or a Prophet, or a Priest.
2. The Question itself, or the matter of it, What is the burden of the Lord? (Secondly,) There is an Answer, and a solemn Answer too, which is put into his mouth by the Lord, and which he is to return as the Lord's Answer to the Question? thou shalt then say unto them, what burden? I will even forsake you, saith the Lord.

In which Answer there is three things.

1. An expression of Indignation, What burden?
2. An assertion by way of Answer to the question, I will forsake you.
3. A Seal of ratification, in the last words, Saith the Lord.

God having before dealt with the Pastors, that did destroy, and scatter the flock, as in the beginning of the

ROWLANDSON'S FAST DAY SERMON

Chapter, Wo be to the Pastors that destroy and scatter the sheep of my pasture, & ver. 2. I will visit upon you the evil of your doings, saith the Lord, and also with the false Prophets, that prophesied lies in his Name, as ver. 9. My heart within me is broken because of the prophets, & ver. 32. Behold I am against them, that prophesie false dreams, saith the Lord, and do tell them, and cause my people to erre by their lies, and by their lightness; which sort of Prophets went without their Commission, as ver. 21. I have not sent these Prophets yet they ran. He proceeds from the head Rulers, to the people that were seduced by them; for by this means their hands were strengthened in sin, so as that they did not return from their wickedness, as ver. 14. It was a usual thing for the Prophets of the Lord, to begin their Sermons (the matter whereof was minatory, wherein the Lord threatned them with just judgements) with that Phrase, the burden of the Lord, as will easily appear if you consult Isai. 13. 1 & 15, 1 & 22, 1 & 30. 6. Now they do in the words of the Text, or are supposed in mockery to demand, what Burden he had from the Lord, for them. For the opening of the words, And; or moreover because he here enters upon new matter; this People, or the prophane sort of them, whom the false Prophets had seduced to which he joyns the Prophet, and the Priest, in that they were alike prophane, as ver. 11. for both Prophet and Priest are prophane, yea in my house, saith the Lord: and when Prophets are prophane there is wont to be a pack of them, as Jer. 5. 31. The Prophets prophesies falsely, and the Priests bear rule by their means, and my people love to have it so: shall ask thee, saying,

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viz. in a deriding way, not out of a holy end, or desire, What is the burden of the Lord? or from the Lord? so were the prophecies filed, that contained in them, Threatnings, Judgements, and Plagues, 2 King. 9. 25. as if they had said, what hast thou further mischief in thy head to declare? further Woes and Threatnings to pronounce? hast thou nothing else to prophesie, but Mischief and Calamity? What is the burden now? Thou shalt then say unto them, the Lord knew what they would say to him, and tells him what he should say, by way of reply, What burden? a retorting by way of holy indignation; ask ye indeed what burden? and that in a way of derision? are you of that strain, and spirit? I will even forsake you saith the Lord: a burden heavy enough, and you are like to feel it so ere long, heavy enough to break your Backs, to break your Church, and your Common wealth, and to sink your haughty Spirits, when this Burden shall come upon you, in its force and weight.

Doct. That the Lord may even forsake a People that have been near to him, and he hath been near to, though for the Lord thus to do, is as fearful and hideous a judgement as can be inflicted on any People.

The Doctrine is double, it hath two parts:

First, That the Lord may do thus.

Secondly, when he doth, it is a very sad and heavy burden. It may be prosecuted as two distinct points.

1. God may forsake a People that hath been near to him, and that he hath been near to. This may be spoken to in this order.

1. What is meant by God's forsaking a People.

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2. How may it appear that God may forsake, even such a People as the point speaks of?
3. The Reasons.
4. The use.
 1. What doth Gods forsaking mean? what is intended thereby?

Sol. It means Gods withdrawing himself, as the Prophet Hosea praises it, Hos. 5. 6. They shall go with their Flocks and their Herds to seek the Lord, but shall not find him, he hath withdrawn himself from them. They shall seek him, and not find him, and there is a good reason, he hath withdrawn himself, he is gone, in respect of his gracious presence. We must here distinguish betwixt God's general presence and his gracious presence. In respect of his general presence, he is not far from any one of us, for in him we live, and move, and have our being, Act. 17, 27, 28. We have not only our beginning from; but our being in him. As the beam hath its being in the sun. Of this general presence of God, we read, Psal. 149. 7. There is no flying from it. Whither shall I go from the Spirit, or whither shall I flee from thy presence? In this sense God is every where, as it is ver. 8, & 9. If I ascend up into Heaven thou art there; if I make my bed in Hell, behold thou art there. He fills Heaven and Earth, and there is no hiding from him, Jer. 23, 24. Can any hide himself in secret places, that I shall not see him,? faith the Lord do not I fill Heaven and Earth? faith the Lord. He hath Heaven for his Throne, and the Earth for his Footstool, as it is, Isai. 66. 1. This general presence of

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God, if believngly apprehended, and strongly believed, might be of great use.

But it is not this general preference that is meant: but his especial preference, his favourable and gracious preference, the removing whereof, is that that is intended, by the forsaking that the Text and Point speaks of. God is said to forsake a People two wayes.

1. As to Affection.

2. As to Action.

1. As to Affection, when he discontinues his love to them, when he takes away his love from a people, then he takes his leave of a people. My mind is not toward this people, Jer. 15. 1. a very heavy Judgement, and sad removal. Be instructed O Jerusaleme, lest my soul depart from thee.

2. As to Action, when God takes away the signs of his preference.

1. When he takes away merciful and gracious providences, when he carries not towards them as he was wont to do: but vexes them with all manner of adversity, Deut. 31. 17. I will forsake them, and many evils and troubles shall befall them: when he ceases to protect them from evils, and enemies, as in times past, and provides not for them, as he was wont to do. When he takes away his Ordinances, and bereaves a people of the glorious things of his house; or takes away his spirit from accompanying them, whereby the glory ceases, and the ordinances are rendered ineffectual for the saving good of a people.

2. How may it appear that God may forsake such a People?

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It may appear by what God hath threatned. What God hath threatned, to such as the point speaks of, may be inflicted on them: but God hath threatned such judgement to such a people. My anger shall be kindled against them, and I will forsake them, as near as they are to me, and as dear as they have been to me, Deut. 31. 17. Many such threatnings are found in the Scripture against Israel, who are stiled a people near unto him.

In that such as have been near to God, and he near to them, have complained of their being forsaken by God. Thou hast forsaken us, is one of the bitter moans, on record, that the Church of God did often make unto him.

What God hath inflicted on such, may be inflicted on such again; what God hath done to some, he may do to others, in the same state, and relation: for he is unchangeable. Those that were once the only peculiar people of God, near to God, and had God near to them, yet what is their condition at this day? A forsaken condition, is the condition, of the Off-spring of Abraham Gods Friend, a seed whom he had chosen, and hath been so, for above sixteen hundred years. God hath been angry with them, and forsaken them, as they were foretold long ago. How is it with the Churches of Asia, that were once famous golden Candlesticks? that had Epistles written to them. Are they not in a forsaken condition? not the face of a Church to be found amongst them.

In that they may do that, which may deserve a forsaking, therefore they may do that which may actually procure it. They may do that which may deserve a forsaking, they may through the corruption and unbelief of their hearts

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forfake God, and God may in just judgement retaliate, and thereupon forfake them. This is spoken to in the fore-quoted place, Deut. 31. 16, 17. They will forfake me, and break my Covenant which I have made with them: then my anger shall be kindled against them in that day, and I will forfake them, and hide my face from them. So again, 2 Chron. 15. 2. But if you forfake him he will forfake you; the first is supposed, if you forfake him, the latter is imposed, he will forfake you:

But why doth the Lord forfake such a People? The Reasons:

1. To shew that he hath no need of any, he hath forfaken many, and may forfake many more, to shew that he hath no need of any. God would have all the world to take notice, (that though all men have need of him, yet) he hath no need of any man.

2. To testify his Sanctity, and severity against sin. He will not spare them, that have been near him, if they will not spare their sin for him. He is a holy God, and if they will have their sins, and their lusts, and their wayes, and their lovers, he will vindicate his holiness, by inflicting this judgement on them.

3. To be a warning to all that enjoy his gracious presence. That they see that they make much of it, and that they take heed that they do not sin against him, and forfake him, and provoke him to forfake them also.

Caut. The point is to be understood of a people that are visibly and externally near and dear to him, and these may be totally and finally forfaken of God: and yet here it must be noted, that God may exercise a deal of patience,

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and forbearance toward such as he is about to forsake, he did so with the old world, he did so with the Israelites of old, he did so with the seven Churches of Asia: he is not wont suddenly, and at once to forsake a people, that have been near and dear to him; but he is wont to give them warning, and in patience to bear a while with their forwardness, and wait to see if there be any returning to him, before he doth inflict this heavy and sharp judgement.

Use. It serves to admonish us, not to bear ourselves too high, upon the account of priviledges. It is a great priviledge to have the Lord near us, and to be near unto him: and some lean upon this though they abide in their sin, Micah 3. 10, 11. They build up Sion with blood, and Jerusalem with iniquity, yet will they lean upon the Lord, and say, is not the Lord amongst us? But if our deportment be not according to our priviledges, if we do not carry it thereafter, by becoming an humble, fruitful, and holy people; the Lord will bring forth this heavy burden against us, we shall be rejected, and forsaken of the Lord, whatever our external priviledges be.

But the second part of the Doctrine; or the second Doctrine may now be spoken to, viz.

That it is the heaviest burden, or the forest of Judgements for the Lord to forsake a people.

There may be two things spoken to in the management of the Truth.

1. Arguments to evidence it. 2. The Uses of it.

1. If God hath threatned it as a very sore judgement, then sure it is so. Now when God hath been angry with a people, he hath manifested the same by menacing them

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with his forfaking them: when he hath been defigned to do them a deep difpleafure, upon the account of fome high provocation he is wont to threaten them not by taking away this, or that outward comfort from them; but by taking away himfelf from them. And that is a woe indeed, a woe with a witnefs, Hos. 9. 12. Yea, woe alfo to them, when I depart from them: this is the wofulleft day that fuch a people are wont to meet with.

2. Gods forfaking a people is a fore judgement, in that it expofes them to all judgements. Sin is a great evil in that it expofes to all evil, this is a great evil of punifhment, in that it expofes to all punifhments.

If God be gone, our guard is gone, and we are as a City, in the midft of Enemies, whofe walls are broken down. Our ftrength to make refiftance, that's Gone, for God is our ftrength, as a carcafe without life, is a prey, to beafts of prey; fo are a people forfaken of their God, to all their devouring enemies, and to infernal, and curfed fpirits: they are expofed to mifchief, and the malice of all their malignant enemies. When the Lord had forfaken Jerufalem, the Romans quickly made a prey of it; when they were deftitute of God, their habitation became defolate. There is not Protection to a People, whom the Lord forfakes; but they are perplexed on every fide.

3. Befufe the evils that are on fuch, whom God hath forfaken, they are only evils. The Prophet Ezekiel fome-time hath the expreffion, Ezek. 7. 5. Thus faith the Lord God, an evil, an only evil behold is come. This is fuch an evil, an only evil to a people. An evil whilft God is prefent, may have much good in it, the Lord may fanctifie

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it for abundance of blessing: there is hopes of this whilst the Lord continues amongst them; but if he be gone, it is an only evil, and the evils that come upon them are such, they have nothing but evil in them.

4. Because no creature can then afford any help; for what can creatures do when God is departed, he makes the creatures useful and helpful, but without him they can do us no good, stand us in no stead: they may say to thee as the King of Israel, said to the woman, that cried Help O King, He answered, If the Lord dont help, whence shall I help thee? all creatures may say if God be departed, we cannot help: Nay the very Devil cannot help if God be gone: when God departed from Saul, he sought help from the Devil, 1 Sam. 28. 15. Wherefore (saith the Devil) askest thou of me? seeing the Lord is departed from thee.

5. It appears to be a fore judgement, by the anguish and distress, that such have been in, that have been sensible that God hath forsaken them. Sin hath flown in the face of such, and terrified them: Oh the blessed God is gone, and if he is gone, mercy is gone; and Oh for such and such sins, that lie upon me! what shall I do? what a moan have Saints themselves made in such a case? as David, Psal. 22. 1, 2. My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? why art thou so far from helping me? and from the words of my roaring? Oh my God, I cry in the day time, but thou hearest not, and in the night season, and am not silent. Oh how Saul roared out in his distress! and that on this account especially, that God was departed from him, not so much that the Philistines were

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upon him, had not God been gone, he could have dealt well enough with them; but here was the misery, and the sting of the misery, God was departed from him.

6. It is a fore punishment, in that it is a great part of the punishment of Hell. The essential parts of that punishment, is pain of loss, and sense, and the former some reckon the greater.

Use 1. How foolish are sinners that do even bid God depart from them? as we read, Job 21. 14. Therefore they say unto God, depart from us, for we desire not the knowledge of thy ways. But do they know what they say? Oh sinners is this your wish? if it be granted it will prove your woe for ever. Happily Gods presence is now your trouble; but I tell you his absence would be your torment.

2. See here what an evil it is to forsake God, is it a judgement of judgements, to be forsaken of God? surely then it is the sin of sins to forsake him: the evil of punishment is in being left by God, and the evil of sin is in leaving God. What, forsake God, who is our only good? God who made us, and possesseth us from our beginning, God that hath been the guide of our Youth, that hath been good to us, and fed us all our days? Jer. 2. 19. Know therefore and see, that it is an evil thing and bitter, that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God. And there is an aggravation of it, ver. 17. Thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God, when he led thee by the way. As a guide to direct thee, as a staffe to support thee, as a convoy to guard thee, as a Father to provide for thee, that thou hast wanted nothing: well may it be said, how evil and bitter a thing

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is it, that thou hast forsaken the Lord? He adds in the 31. verse. Oh Generation! Generation of what? of what you will; God leaves a space that you may write, what you please, generation of Vipers, or Monsters, or any thing rather than generation of Gods people. See ye the word of the Lord, behold your face in that Glass. So your causeless apostasies, have I been a wilderness unto Israel? Have you wanted any thing, Oh ye degenerating crooked, and wilful generation? God may say to such finners, as Pharaoh to Hadad, when he would be gone, 1 King. 11. 22. But what hast thou lacked with me, that thou seekest to be gone? what hast thou lacked finner, that thou seekest to be gone from the Lord? The sinner must answer with him, nothing howbeit let me go in any wise. He came to him in his distress, and when his turn was answered, away he packs. They forsake because they will forsake.

3. Wonder not that Gods Saints have been so solicitous with him, not to forsake them. Thus David, Psal. 119. 8. Oh forsake me not utterly. He might well be solicitous in this matter, for he understood what it was to be forsaken of the Lord. They press hard with the Lord whatever he doth he would not leave them, nor forsake them, Jer. 14. 9. Leave us not. And no wonder, there are such moans, when the Lord may have seemed, to have forsaken them.

4. If Gods forsaking be so fore a judgement, it should make us more cautelous, and wary lest we pull down this judgement on our heads. Men should be afraid of this heaviest of judgements, more than the Child of whipping.

5. Let Gods dear ones take heed of concluding against

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themselves, that they are under this judgement. They are readiest to conclude against themselves, and yet really in the least danger. Thus we read, Isa. 49. 14. But Zion said, the Lord hath forsaken me, and my Lord hath forgotten me. But why said Zion so? it was from diffidence: as Saints do not forsake God as others do, Psal. 18. 21. I have not wickedly departed from my God; so God will not forsake them as he forsakes others not utterly forsake them: His forsaking of his is but temporary, and partial.

But here a question may be moved what is the difference betwixt a finner forsaken and a Saint forsaken? for the Lord doth not forsake both alike.

1. When God forsakes his own, yet they cry after him, he withdraws himself from them sometimes, yet so as that he draws their hearts after him as a mother may hide away from her Child, that it may seek and cry the more earnestly after her.

2. They retain good thoughts of him in his withdrawal, or absence. As the Spouse in the Canticles, she calls him her beloved still. As the faithful wife: she retains good thoughts of her husband, and keeps up her respect, though he be gone from home but the wicked when the Lord forsakes them, harbour hard thoughts of him. Is this to serve the Lord, and walk in his ways? what good have I got by all I have done? see how he hath served me.

3. They will seek him, till he return again, when the Lord forsakes others, they will seek after vanities, to make up the want of God's presence. The Adulteress in her Husbands absence, will seek after other lovers. The true Saint will be satisfied in nothing else but the Lord till he

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return. Moreover there is a difference in Gods forsaking the finner and the Saint, when he forsakes the wicked they are left in darknefs: but when he withdraws himself from his own he leaves some light, whereby they see which way he is gone, he leaves some glimmering light, by which they may follow after him, and find him.

And again, when he leaves his own, yet his bowels are towards them, Jer. 31. 20. My bowels are troubled for him, I will surely have mercy upon him, saith the Lord. He hath an eye towards them for much good, in his forsaking them.

Use 2. Of Exhortation: 1. To thankfulness to God, for that he hath not yet forsaken us. Whatever he hath stript us off, he hath not yet stript us off himself, he hath not as yet forsaken us. He might have done it, and have done us no wrong; but he hath not yet done it.

2. To do our utmost that he may not forsake us. And here there may be added Motives and Means.

1. Consider God's lothness to forsake us. This is a thing that he is not desirous of, he doth not willingly afflict us with this sort of Affliction, or grieve us with this grievous stroak. God hath shewed himself loth to depart from those that have departed from him; but have warned them of his displeasure, that they might stay him. It goes near Gods heart to forsake a People that have been near to him. Methinks I hear him saying thus, How shall I give thee up, Oh New-England! thence speaking to warn us, of our forsakings of him, and to be instructed, why? least his Spirit depart from us, Jer. 6. 8. Be thou instructed Oh Jerufalem, least my Soul depart from thee, least I make

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thee desolate, a land not inhabited. You may easily stay him, the matter is not so far gone, but you might yet stay him: were we but as loth he should forsake us, as he is to forsake us, he would never leave us. His gradual motions from a people argue his lothness, and unwillingness to leave them.

2. Consider what the Lord is to us, or what relation he stands in to us, while he is with us. He is our friend, we have found him to be so, and a special friend too: men in the World are not willing to forego a Friend, a good Friend: he is as faithful, skilful, powerful, and tender hearted a Friend as ever a people had, he stuck by us when also we had been in a woe case, Psal. 124. 1. If it had not been the Lord, who was on our side may Israel now say. And had not the Lord been on our side, may New-England now say. He is a Father, and a tender-hearted Father, Isai. 63. 16, Doubtless thou art our Father. Can children be willing their Father should leave them? he is a Husband, Isai. 54. 5. For thy Maker is thy Husband, a loving, careful, tender husband too; can the Wife be willing to part with her Husband? if the Lord forsake us, we are bereft of our friend, left friendless, he is all friends in one, none can be our friend, if he be not. If he leave us, we shall be as Orphans, for he is related as a Father, and how sad is the state of poor Orphans: and we shall be in a state of Widow-hood, a very solitary, and sorrowful state. He is our guide, and our pilot; what will become of the blind if their guid leave them? and what will become of the Ship if the Pilot desert it? thus the Lord is to his, and well may he say, as Mic. 6. 3. Oh my People

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what have I done? or wherein have I wearied thee, or given thee any cause to be weary of me.

3. Consider there are shrewd signs of Gods intent to leave us, unless somewhat can be done. If you enquire what? I answer:

1. The sins for which God hath forsaken others are rife amongst us. The sins for which God forsook the Jews, are our sins.

1. Horrid Pride, Hos. 5. 5. The Pride of Israel doth testify to his face. Pride in Parts, and pride of Hearts, pride in Apparel, and Vestures, and Gestures, and in Looks, how lofty are their eyes! New-England is taken notice of abroad, for as proud a People, of a professing people, as the World affords. When a People are humble the Lord will stay with them. If our immunities, which are Gods mercies, puffe us up, God will empty us: he will blast that to us that we are proud of.

2. Deep and high Ingratitude. Do you thus requite the Lord? Deut. 32. 6. So the Prophet Hosea taxes them, Hos. 2. 8. God gave her Corn, and Wine, and Oyl, silver and Gold, but she consumed them on Baal. We have been blest but hath God had the glory of our blessings.

3. Oppression. Amos 8. 4. Ye that swallow up the needy. These Jews were like the fishes, the greater did devour the less. Some are like wild Beasts, like Wolves that tear off the fleece, and eat the flesh of the flocks. There is more justice to be found in hell, then amongst some men on earth: for there is no innocent person oppressed there.

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4. Weariness of Gods Ordinances. Amos 8. 5. When will the Sabbath be done? They that are weary of the service of God, and the Ordinances of God, they are weary of God. God indeed hath fed us to the full, as to Ordinances: and we are glutted, and surfeited, and have lost our esteem. When mens Commodities bare but little price in a place, they will remove the market! if Gospel Ordinances are but a cheap commodity, have lost their price, and men are weary of them: God will let out his Vineyard to another People. If our mercies become our burdens, God will ease us of them.

5. Coufenance in mens dealings, making the Ephah small, and the Shekel great, selling the refuse of Wheat, Amos 8. 5, 6. They pick out the best Grain for themselves, and the refuse is to sell.

6. Idolatry, which is Spiritual Adultery, and is there nothing of this? chusing of new Gods.

7. Incurribleness, or opposition of a spirit of reformation. When God calls to a People to return, by repentance, but they will go on still in their sin: God calls to them by his judgments, and by his Rod; but they will not hear, as 'tis Jer. 5. 3. Thou hast stricken them, but they have not grieved; thou hast consumed them, but they have refused to receive Correction: they have made their faces harder than a Rock, they have refused to return. When it is thus with a People, God will pluck up and be gone; so Jer. 7. 13, 14. Because they would not hear, and would not answer the call of God, I will do to this house as I did to Shiloh, why? what did the Lord do to Shiloh? ver. 12. Go to Shiloh, and see what I did to it,

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for the wickedness of my People Israel. Go, and view it, and you will see what he did, he left tokens of his wrath upon them, and forsook them.

2. Another sign of his intent to forsake us, is, in that he is dealing with us as he is wont to deal with them that he is about to forsake. He takes away those that are mostly with him. He will take away his Moses's, those that stand in the Gap, and binds his hands with their Prayers, when he is designed to pour out wrath upon a People: he will remove the lights, when he is about to darken a land. Wise men send away their Plate, and Jewels, and choice things; it intimates their intention of removal.

3. Another sign is our Lukewarmness, and Indifferency in Religion: a usual forerunner of its removal. When a People care not for God, and the things of God, he hath left them in some measure, already; and if that Spirit abide he will not tarry long with them.

Use 1. Of Direction. 1. Examine and humble your selves, for all your departures from God, your forsakings of him; humble your selves for them, confessing with bitterness your evil therein, bemoaning yourselves before the Lord upon the account thereof. May the Lord hear his People, from Dan to Beerseba bemoaning themselves, Ephraim like, then the Lord will hear, and have mercy, and not leave us, for his Names sake.

2. Judge your selves worthy to be forsaken, because of your forsaking of him. If you judge your selves worthy to be forsaken, God will not judge you worthy to be forsaken, 1 Cor. 11. 31.

3. Pray the Lord not to forsake you, the Lord is some-

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times staid with Prayers: Prayers have prevailed with his Majesty often, and may do again.

4. Forfake your sins, whereby you have forsaken him. Nothing less then this will prevent this mischief, coming upon us. If there be any, either Son or Daughter that will not leave their sins for God, God will leave such.

Notes to Rowlandfon Sermon



N O T E S T O ROWLANDSON SERMON

THE first settled minister of Lancaster, Joseph, the son of Thomas and Bridget Rowlandson, was born in England in 1631 or 1632. His parents, immigrant prior to 1638, settled in Ipswich. Their children besides Joseph were: Thomas, who married Dorothy Portland in 1654 and died in 1680; Elizabeth, who married Richard Wells; Martha, who married John Eaton. The father and mother accompanied Joseph to Lancaster, where the former died in 1657. The widow married William Kerley in 1659 and died in 1662.

Joseph Rowlandson was the sole graduate of Harvard College in the year 1652. September 30, 1651, at the beginning of his senior year, he was sentenced to the whipping-post for a sportive prank, and if he escaped the lash, which is probable, he did so by paying a heavy fine and making a very humble apology. His offence, which the Essex Court dignified into a "scandalous libell," was the posting upon the Ipswich meeting-house of a satirical creed, part rhyme, part prose, directed against some decision of the court and the marshal of Ipswich, the main point of which is lost to history. It was then doubtless

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classed as a flagrant case of what nowadays is contempt of court. He was arrested at Cambridge and the presentment at Ipswich is recorded as follows:—

Joseph Rowlison appearing before me vpon this Day (Maior Denyson being p^rsent) to answer a deep suspicoñ for being the Author or to have had a hand in a p^rnitious scandalous libell against Authority. The said Joseph Rolandson Confessed himself to be the Author of ye same. Wherevpon the said Joseph is bound to this governmt in the sume of 50 l. to appeare at Ipsw^h Court next to answer the same & Thomas Rolandson Sen^r as his Suerty is bound in the same sume. 17th 5th 1651. [Essex Court Papers, Vol. 2, p. 18.]

At the Quarterly Court of September at Ipswich the judges, Governor John Endicott, Simon Bradstreet, Samuel Symonds, Daniel Denison, and William Hathorne, sentenced the offender in the following terms:—

Joseph Rowlinson for his great misdemenor in feting up a scandelous lybell the sentance of ye Court is that he shall be whipt unlesse he paye 5lb. by Wedensday come 3 weekes or be whipt the next Thursdaye & 5lb. more when the Court shall call for it, and to paye all charges 30 s. for the marshalls goeing with atachmt for him to Cambridge and Boston and fees of Court.”

The “scandelous lybell” and the humble apology were printed by Joseph Willard in his second Lancafter edition of Mrs. Rowlandson’s Narrative, 1828, and reprinted by John Langdon Sibley in his “Harvard Graduates,” Vol. I. pp. 311–313. They are given here, being of interest chiefly as examples of the rhetorical style regnant in the class of 1652, with which the youthful pastor enthralled the pious Lancastrians two hundred and fifty years ago. Joseph

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Willard tells that the libel was written upon the two sides of a single sheet in a disguised hand, and was preserved in the Essex County Clerk's office. It is not now with the Court papers in the Salem registry, and Mr. Sibley apparently failed to find it in 1873.

I. Gentlemen I beseech you looke heere and tell me truly have I not discharged my duty very well. I pray bee pleased to be informed further in a long tale of enuie pull me not downe I pray til all ye people have fene mee and then turne mee.

“ O God from heauen looke thou downe
Doe not thy seruants wonder
To see thy honour so abused
Thy truth so troden vnder

The feete of proud malignant ones
That loue to giue despight
And of those that are innocent
To turne aside the right.

What could not enuie stopped bee
Before it had thus gained
Ouer the truth and what may bee
By right of lawe mayntayned?

What were not Rulers able to
It totally expell
Or had not they some might at least
Its strength somewhat to quell?

O blessed God why didest thou
Thy rulers all restraine
From seeing enuie fully bent
Its will for to mayntayne?

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O enuie haft thou thus preuayl'd
And is thy hand fo high
That now God's ordinance muft bee
Proclaim'd a nullity ?

Did euer enuie thus preuayle
In any generation
Was euer fuch an act as this
Heard of in any nation ?

Were euer thofe that God made one
Deuided thus in funder
Did euer enuie thus proceede
Good hearers ftand and wonder ?

What men doe joyne it graunted is
Men may againe diffeuer
But what the Lord conjoynes in one
Difioyned may bee neuer.

Whence comes it Enuie then that thou
Doeft this day triumph make
And in the publick eares of all
This fundamentall ftake ?

Tartarian fulphur had expell'd
Or totally obfcured
The light that long time half was quell'd
In her confcience fo inpured

And hence I enuie got the day
Her confcience fo to feare
Til I at length had found a way
To put her out of fear

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And so did I cause her to say
Euen what it was I lyft
Nor care beeing had vnto the truth
Whether it hit or mist.

If enuie hath thus deceived thee O woman, and the allurements of thy pretended friends conspiring therewith so brought thee to belye thy conscience as it is credibly reported heere in this towne wr I live that am so indifferent in the thing as indeed cannot bee otherwise being so remote from wr you live; then I doe profess that ye Court did well to free the poore man of his burthen and if I knew him I would certainly tell him so, More ouer me thinks I would tell him that he hath indeed done very ill to keep her so long from performing her promise to that same young-man so long agoe; which if I had knowledge of I could inform him punctually concerning. I pray you therefore that reade this writing inform him of my name and direct him to the towne where I liue and I hope I may give him a little something for his further ease since I heare the Court hath proceeded so farre in that way already. In the meane time I have made bold to send this writing, which least it should miscarry his hands I did desire the bearer to fet it up in publicke, that so he might not bee altogether vn-informed of our iudgment heer in this towne

BY MEE, JUSTICE PLEADER
IN THE TOWNE OF CONSCIENCE,
3000 MILES DISTANT FROM ANY
PLACE WELL NEERE IN NEWE-
ENGLAND.¹

II. If I were as the man that is so cast I would indeede haue appealed to y^t Court that only by the Lawes of America hath to doe in such cafes namely ye court of assistants who haue ye sole-power to determine an undeterminable matter heerin by those that

¹ Among the Court documents in this case is a scrap of paper upon which is twice written what seems another proposed form of this signature: "By mee Justice Pleader in the Towne of Conscience in America in new england where I saw her triumph in a Green-Chariot ye lady Afterea riding in ye right boote."

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are meere parties but since it is past, I would earnestly appeale to the Court where God himself is Judge, and all the saints men and angels are assistants; whose throne is ye heaven of heavens; there the innocent shall be acquitted and those that now sing their enuious Trophe shall be lyable to answer for the horrible abuse of yr consciences in mis-informing and deluding those honored Judges that he hath upon earth substituted.

GENTLEMEN — If any seeme to be offended at my verdict let it be given mee under his hand and I will doe the best satisfaction that the law requires if that serues not upon liberty of consideration for ye space of a quarter of an hour (the law afording twelue) for an appeale, I rather will lie downe vnder an vniust censure, than be troublesome especially if all my judges be aturnyes of the opposite party: in the meane time I pray giue the Man whom this paper concerns the same libertie and I hope all will do well

Remember mee I pray to the Marshall of Ipswich and tell him that I heare he may be an honest man in the iudgment of charity; I pray send me word if he bee not a Hash-all as well as a Marshall for I heare he is verry buisie in euerie bodies matters

I am a peaceable sonne in Israell and am only some-wt moued beyound my wont or wt I commend in my-self or others by ye only remote heare-say of this present busines a matter I doe belieue, the like whereof neuer was heard in any nation all this duely weighed.

God save the Governor and all the honored assistants and giue them long to rule this people with the civil sword and that they may vse the same in all bene-administration themselves alone (*turning out all Associates which are able to corrupt justice bee ye cause neuer so good*)¹ and that so they may do as they will answer the great Judge another day:

¹ The clause here Italicized was erased in the original and being deemed an important part of the libel the following testimony concerning it was recorded:—

² These words were blotted in the paper yet were so legible that we distinctly read them the
3 July 1651

JOHN ROGERS
JOSEPH PAINE
MOSES PENGRY.

I read ye words above written without much difficulty.

W: HUBBARD. "

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Good people honour your governor and Magistrates who are the ministers of God for good and I hope as this mans experience growes more sanctified hee will say they ministered good vnto him in taking away such a burthen that the Lord perhaps saw unsupportable for him.

I heare there is one whom I think they call Dan Rofs in that towne Ile assure you if he be that I know he is a uery sneaking fycophant and I feare one whom God will deale seuerely with shortly : when he lived in our country a wet Eeles tayle and his word were something worth ye taking hold of.

Rowlandson's abject apology preserved in the Effex County Court Records at Salem, Book II. p. 18, is as follows : —

Forasmuch as I Joseph Rowlandson through the suggestion of Satan, and the evil of my owne heart, by that being strongly attempted, by the depravation of this too facilly inclined to the perpetration of a fact whose nature was anomic, and circumstances enormities. And being not onely iustly suspected, but also hauing both an inward cogniscance of and an external call (by virtue of Lawful Authority before w^{ch} I was convented) to speake the truth or at least not to vtter the contrary. Yet notwithstanding to the Dishonour of God and discredit of his truth, and to the greife of the Godly and in fine the wounding of my owne conscience: did not hearken therevnto but rather to the æquivocal delusions with which Satan did then beset mee, not onely to the waving but also abnegation of the same. In all which Respects it seemed good to the foresayd Authority, before whom the foresayd convention was made to bind me ouer to this Present Honored Court to be Responfal for the same, and being accordingly Now called vnto the same by you^r Honored worships ; I humbly craue your fauorable Leauē to Declare as followeth, viz. That as concerning the writing which I so Rashly affixed vnto the Meetinghouse I doe desire to

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abhorre my selfe for my extreme folly in so doing and I hope the Lord hath opened my eyes to See that in my selfe thereby that otherwise I might too Late haue Lamented but not timously Repented of: But in particular I doe acknowledg that I did very sinfully in condemning that sentence judicially passed by your worships and putting contempt upon the Coassessors which it pleased this goverment to honour with power in a sentence with the Honored Assistants, and likewise vsing certaine scurrulous words of the Marshal. in all w^{ch} particulars I doe acknowledg & confesse that I did miserably abuse My selfe, & that weake Measure of Knowledg which the Lord hath beene pleased to Bestow upon Mee, and that I did w^t I ought not to haue done in y^t Respect. In which that which I very much Lament is that I haue wronged your Honored worships and those officers for this Commonwealth's good which are here constituted: But that which I much more Lament is the Dishonour that hath thereby redovnded to God as well by the writing it selfe as by that which most of all hath beene a continual greife namely the abnegation of the same: For all which sinful offences I humbly craue pardon so farre as they concerne your Honored worships, and a Due Consideration of w^t vehement temptations I was vnder, which though I cannot Relate, yet I question not but you^r worships will consider: Howeuer I confide vpon your worships pittie and continved prayers that this fall may be to euerlasting gaine.

Sighned with my hand, attested vnto with my heart.

JOSEPH: ROWLANDSON.

His undergraduate course completed, Rowlandson is supposed to have spent the next two years in preparation for the ministry. He probably began preaching at Lancaster late in 1654, and in 1656 married Mary White and was formally invited to a settlement. It was not until March 25, 1656, that the retribution for his youthful

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z: ~~That~~ as concerning the writing which I so ~~rashly~~ ^{Rashly} affixed
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knowledg which the Lord hath bene pleased to Bestow vpon
mee. and that I did w^t I ought not to eare, done in y^t respect

In which that which I very much lament is that I gave wronge
your Honored worships & those officers for this Commonwealth
good which are here constituted: But that which I much more
lament is the dishonour that hath thereby redounded to God
as well by the writing it selfe as by that which most of all hath
beene a continual griefe namely the abnegation of the same:
For all which sinfull offences I humbly crave pardon so farre
as they concerne your Honored worships, and a due consideration
of w^{ch} vehement temptation I was under, which though I cannot
Relate yet I question not but your worships will consider: However
I confide upon your worships pitty & continued prayers that this
fall may be to everlasting gaine.

Signed ~~to~~ with my hand, attested wth my heart
Joseph Rowlandson.

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escapade was finally closed by the following record of a court held at Ipswich: "Joseph Rowlinson upon his petition the Court remitted the remainder of his fine." The town agreed to pay their young minister "fifty pounds a year, one half in wheat sixpence in the bushel under the current prices in Boston or Charlestown and the rest in other good current pay in like proportions; or otherwise fifty and five pounds a year taking his pay at such rates as the prices of corn are set every year by the court." The town also gave him the house in which he lived, and land enough about it "for an orchard, garden, yard, pasture and the like."

Mr. Rowlandson's service in Lancaster for twenty-one years seems to have been blessed with cordial appreciation. He from the first won the respect of those among whom his lot was cast, and successfully asserted his own dignity and that of the Church; for the saucy maiden who contradicted him, and the aged reprobate who would not come under the droppings of the sanctuary, were alike humbled and subjected both to civil and ecclesiastical discipline. When the rude experiences of pioneer life and long attrition with the strong and wilful characters about him had supplemented collegiate training, his developed qualities of intellect and soul won wide recognition. He had hardly attained the ready use of mature powers before his life ended, and we must judge of his abilities and graces rather by the brief obituary of a contemporary diarist, "his death was much lamented," than from any record of deeds or words. But when in 1672 there arose questions in the Old South Church of Boston, knotty enough to call for

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the deliberation of the most learned and judicious upon their decision, Joseph Rowlandson was called down from his charge in the backwoods to lend his judgment to a solution of the problems.

April 7, 1677, Mr. Rowlandson was installed at Wethersfield, Connecticut; not as a colleague of Reverend Gerstom Bulkeley—although the historians have all so alleged—but as his successor in the pastorate. He died suddenly November 24, 1678, aged about forty-seven years. His library was appraised at eighty-two pounds, a large sum for the times. His parishioners testified their love for the man by voting to his widow an annual stipend of thirty pounds, so long as she remained among them and unmarried. The only literary remains we have inherited wherefrom to read the mental scope and fancy of the clergyman, are the boyish pasquinade and the Fast Sermon hereinbefore reprinted.

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