

Captive Voices: A Comparison of Captivity Narratives

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Objectives:

Students will:

- identify and comprehend the events and activities of the captivity of Mary Rowlandson and John Williams.
- interpret and demonstrate comprehension of the text using context clues and prior knowledge in both Mary Rowlandson's and John Williams' captivity narratives.
- examine and analyze the motives, intentions, and attitudes of the Native tribes and the English settlers based on economic, social, and political conditions during each captivity.
- examine the *Raid on Deerfield: the Many Stories of 1704* website. They will become informed of the conflict between the Native Indians and the colonists settling in the area and the capture of such colonists by the Native Indians.
- read the primary sources, and analyze the sources, shedding light upon the treatment of colonial captives by their Native American captors as they were transported north to Canada from Massachusetts (social relationship).
- compare and contrast the primary source of Mary Rowlandson's captivity and that of Rev. John Williams. By analyzing the two documents, they will be able to assess the differences and similarities between the two.

Background Information

<http://1704.deerfield.history.museum/>

Excerpts from *The Sovereignty and Goodness of God*, Mary Rowlandson, 1682 <http://www.gutenberg.org/files/851/851.txt>

Excerpts from *The Redeemed Captive Returning to Zion*, John Williams, 1706 <http://www.americancenturies.mass.edu/collection/itempage.jsp?itemid=7777>

Primary Source Questions

Questions for analyzing primary sources to be answered by the students following the reading of each:

1. Who created the source and why? Was it created through a spur-of-the-moment act, a routine transaction, or a thoughtful deliberate process?
2. Did the recorder have firsthand knowledge of the event? Or, did they report what others saw and heard?
3. Was the recorder a neutral party, or did the creator have opinions or interests that might

have influenced what was recorded?

4. Did the recorder produce the source for personal use, for one or more individuals, or for a large audience?

5. Was the source meant to be public or private?

6. Did the recorder wish to inform or persuade others? (Check the words in the source. The words may tell you whether the recorder was trying to be objective or persuasive.) Did the recorder have reasons to be honest or dishonest?

7. Was the information recorded during the event, immediately afterwards, or after some lapse of time? How large a lapse of time?

Final Assessment

Students will spend part of a class period in a Socratic Seminar discussing the information analyzed.

Students (in teams of 3) will research and create DBQ (minimum of 7 documents) pertaining to the captivity narratives and colonist/native Indian relations. Students will then write an essay based on another team's DBQ.

Discussion/Study Questions for the Captivity Narratives

1. What are the basic events recounted in each writer's "Captivity"?

2. What is his/her attitude toward the Native Americans?

3. How does Rowlandson see herself? Does this change in the course of the narrative? How does Williams see himself?

4. From where does Rowlandson draw her images and the cadence of her writing? What effect does this have for the reader? What does it reveal about her anticipated audience?

5. These texts, too, can be treated as history. In what ways are they similar to each other? How do they differ?

6. How does the captives' mental state change as their outward behaviors change? What happens to his/her spiritual values?

Excerpt 1: Mary Rowlandson

Beginning

The sovereignty and goodness of GOD, together with the faithfulness of his promises displayed, being a narrative of the captivity and restoration of Mrs. Mary Rowlandson, commended by her, to all that desires to know the Lord's doings to, and dealings with her. Especially to her dear children and relations. The second Addition [sic] Corrected and amended. Written by her own hand for her private use, and now made public at the earnest desire of some friends, and for the benefit of the afflicted. Deut. 32.39. See now that I, even I am he, and there is no god with me, I kill and I make alive, I wound and I heal, neither is there any can deliver out of my hand.

On the tenth of February 1675, came the Indians with great numbers upon Lancaster: their first coming was about sunrising; 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 knocked on the head; the other two they took and carried

away alive. There were two others, who being out of their garrison upon some occasion were set upon; one was knocked on the head, the other escaped; another there was who running along was shot and wounded, and fell down; he begged of them his life, promising them money (as they told me) but they would not hearken to him but knocked him in head, and stripped him naked, and split open his bowels. Another, seeing many of the Indians about his barn, ventured and went out, but was quickly shot down. There were three others belonging to the same garrison who were killed; the Indians getting up upon the roof of the barn, had advantage to shoot down upon them over their fortification. Thus these murderous wretches went on, burning, and destroying before them.

At length they came and beset our own house, and quickly it was the dolefullest day that ever mine eyes saw. The house stood upon the edge of a hill; some of the Indians got behind the hill, others into the barn, and others behind anything that could shelter them; from all which places they shot against the house, so that the bullets seemed to fly like hail; and quickly they wounded one man among us, then another, and then a third. About two hours (according to my observation, in that amazing time) they had been about the house before they prevailed to fire it (which they did with flax and hemp, which they brought out of the barn, and there being no defense about the house, only two flankers at two opposite corners and one of them not finished); they fired it once and one ventured out and quenched it, but they quickly fired it again, and that took. Now is the dreadful hour come, that I have often heard of (in time of war, as it was the case of others), but now mine eyes see it. Some in our house were fighting for their lives, others wallowing in their blood, the house on fire over our heads, and the bloody heathen ready to knock us on the head, if we stirred out. Now might we hear mothers and children crying out for themselves, and one another, "Lord, what shall we do?" Then I took my children (and one of my sisters', hers) to go forth and leave the house: but as soon as we came to the door and appeared, the Indians shot so thick that the bullets rattled against the house, as if one had taken an handful of stones and threw them, so that we were fain to give back. We had six stout dogs belonging to our garrison, but none of them would stir, though another time, if any Indian had come to the door, they were ready to fly upon him and tear him down. The Lord hereby would make us the more acknowledge His hand, and to see that our help is always in Him. But out we must go, the fire increasing, and coming along behind us, roaring, and the Indians gaping before us with their guns, spears, and hatchets to devour us. No sooner were we out of the house, but my brother-in-law (being before wounded, in defending the house, in or near the throat) fell down dead, whereat the Indians scornfully shouted, and hallowed, and were presently upon him, stripping off his clothes, the bullets flying thick, one went through my side, and the same (as would seem) through the bowels and hand of my dear child in my arms. One of my elder sisters' children, named William, had then his leg broken, which the Indians perceiving, they knocked him on [his] head. Thus were we butchered by those merciless heathen, standing amazed, with the blood running down to our heels. My eldest sister being yet in the house, and seeing those woeful sights, the infidels hauling mothers one way, and children another, and some wallowing in their blood: and her elder son telling her that her son William was dead, and myself was wounded, she said, "And Lord, let me die with them," which was no sooner said, but she was struck with a bullet, and fell down dead over the threshold. I hope she is reaping the fruit of her good labors, being faithful to the service of God in her place. In her younger years she lay under much trouble upon spiritual accounts, till it pleased God to make that precious scripture take hold of her heart, "And he said unto me, my Grace is sufficient for thee" (2 Corinthians 12.9). More than twenty years after, I have heard her tell how sweet and comfortable that place was to her. But to return: the Indians laid hold of us, pulling me one way, and the children another, and said, "Come go along with us"; I told them they would kill me: they answered, if I were willing to go along with them, they would not hurt me.

Oh the doleful sight that now was to behold at this house! "Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations he has made in the earth." Of thirty-seven persons who were in this one house, none

escaped either present death, or a bitter captivity, save only one, who might say as he, "And I only am escaped alone to tell the News" (Job 1.15). There were twelve killed, some shot, some stabbed with their spears, some knocked down with their hatchets. When we are in prosperity, Oh the little that we think of such dreadful sights, and to see our dear friends, and relations lie bleeding out their heart-blood upon the ground. There was one who was chopped into the head with a hatchet, and stripped naked, and yet was crawling up and down. It is a solemn sight to see so many Christians lying in their blood, some here, and some there, like a company of sheep torn by wolves, all of them stripped naked by a company of hell-hounds, roaring, singing, ranting, and insulting, as if they would have torn our very hearts out; yet the Lord by His almighty power preserved a number of us from death, for there were twenty-four of us taken alive and carried captive.

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

Excerpt 2: Mary Rowlandson The Second Remove

But now, the next morning, I must turn my back upon the town, and travel with them into the vast and desolate wilderness, I knew not whither. It is not my tongue, or pen, can express the sorrows of my heart, and bitterness of my spirit that I had at this departure: but God was with me in a wonderful manner, carrying me along, and bearing up my spirit, that it did not quite fail. One of the Indians carried my poor wounded babe upon a horse; it went moaning all along, "I shall die, I shall die." I went on foot after it, with sorrow that cannot be expressed. At length I took it off the horse, and carried it in my arms till my strength failed, and I fell down with it. Then they set me upon a horse with my wounded child in my lap, and there being no furniture upon the horse's back, as we were going down a steep hill we both fell over the horse's head, at which they, like inhumane creatures, laughed, and rejoiced to see it, though I thought we should there have ended our days, as overcome with so many difficulties. But the Lord renewed my strength still, and carried me along, that I might see more of His power; yea, so much that I could never have thought of, had I not experienced it.

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

Excerpt 3: Mary Rowlandson The Ninth Remove

But instead of going either to Albany or homeward, we must go five miles up the river, and then go over it. Here we abode a while. Here lived a sorry Indian, who spoke to me to make him a shirt. When I had done it, he would pay me nothing. But he living by the riverside, 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 papoose not yet born, he would give me a knife, which he did when I had done it. I carried the knife in, and my master asked me to give it him, and I was not a little glad that I had anything that they would accept of, and be pleased with. When we were at this place, my master's maid came home; she had been gone three weeks into the Narragansett 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 Narragansett country. My son being now about a mile from me, I asked liberty to go and see him; they bade me go, and away I went; but quickly lost myself, traveling over hills and through swamps, and could not find the way to him. And I cannot but admire at the wonderful power and goodness of God to me, in that, though I was gone from home, and met with all sorts of Indians, and those I had no knowledge of, and there being no Christian soul near me; yet not one of them offered the least imaginable miscarriage to me. I turned homeward again, and met with my master. He showed me the way to my son. When I came to him I found him not well: and withall he had a boil on his side, which much troubled him. We bemoaned one another a while, as the Lord helped us, and then I returned again. When I was returned, I found myself as unsatisfied as I was before. I went up and down mourning and lamenting; and my spirit was ready to sink with the thoughts of my poor children. My son was ill, and I could not but think of his mournful looks, and no Christian friend was near him, to do any office of love for him, either for soul or body. And my poor girl, I knew not where she was, nor whether she was sick, or well, or alive, or dead. I repaired under these thoughts to my Bible (my great comfort in that time) and that Scripture came to my hand, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee" (Psalm 55.22).

But I was fain to go and look after something to satisfy my hunger, and going among the wigwams, I went into one and there found a squaw who showed herself very kind to me, and gave me a piece of bear. I put it into my pocket, and came home, but could not find an opportunity to broil it, for fear they would get it from me, and there it lay all that day and night in my stinking pocket. In the morning I went to the same squaw, who had a kettle of ground nuts boiling. I asked her to let me boil my piece of bear in her kettle, which she did, and gave me some ground nuts to eat with it: and I cannot but think how pleasant it was to me. I have sometime seen bear baked very handsomely among the English, and some like it, but the thought that it was bear made me tremble. But now that was savory to me that one would think was enough to turn the stomach of a brute creature.

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

Excerpt 4

The Redeemed Captive Returning to Zion

by John Williams, 1706, pgs. 99-101

...an event occurred which clothed the country in sackcloth [clothing worn to mourn someone's death] and ashes,- "the blackest day ever noticed in the annals [records] of New England."

A large quantity of grain, probably wheat, had been harvested and stacked at Deerfield. Captain Lathrop, and a company of eighty men, besides a number of teamsters with their teams, were sent by Major Treat from his place to thrash out the grain [beat it to remove the seeds] and carry it to Hadley.

Captain Lathrop and his men... loaded the carts, and commenced [began] their return to Hadley on the morning of the 18th, feeling themselves in perfect security. Unfortunately he was not so well versed in modern warfare as to know the necessity of flank [rear] guards, or he was totally unapprehensive [not worried] of the danger which threatened him. After they had proceeded about four miles and a half through the country, which was then covered with woods, and had just passed the little stream now called Bloody-Brook,... they were attacked, probably by King Philip himself and seven or eight hundred ferocious Indians, howling for vengeance [punishment], brandishing the deadly tomahawk and murderous scalping-knife.

More than one account states that many of the soldiers had attacked or laid down their guns, and, in conscious security, were regaling themselves upon [enjoying] the delicious grapes which were found there in great abundance.

In a moment the guns of the whole body of Indians, who were lying in wait for their victims, poured destruction upon their ranks, accompanied by the terrific yells of the savage war-whoop.

Of nearly one hundred men who entered that field of death on that fatal morning, in the bloom of health, of youth, of manly beauty, only seven or eight remained to tell the melancholy [sad] tale. All the rest were inhumanly butchered...

These young men have always been considered "the flower of the county of Essex," and descended from the most respectable families there.

Excerpt 5

The Redeemed Captive Returning to Zion

by Reverend John Williams, 1706

[title page]

The Redeemed Captive returning to ZION.

A FAITHFUL HISTORY OF Remarkable Occurrences,
IN THE CAPTIVITY and DELIVERANCE OF Mr. JOHN WILLIAMS,

Minister of the Gospel in Deerfield, who, in the Desolation which befel that Plantation, by an incursion of the French and Indians, was by them carried away, with his Family, and his Neighbourhood, unto Canada.

Drawn up by HIMSELF. Whereto there is annexed, a SERMON preached by him, upon his Return, at the Lecture in Boston, December 5, 1706, on those Words, Luke 8. 39. Return to thine own House, and shew how great Things God hath done unto thee.

The FIFTH EDITION.

As also an APPENDIX, containing an Account of those taken Captive at Deerfield, Feb. 29, 1703-4 ; of those killed after they went out of Town ; those who returned ; and of those still absent from their native Country ; of those who were slain at that Time in or near the Town ; and of the Mischief done by the Enemy in Deerfield, from the beginning of its Settlement to the Death of the Rev. Mr. WILLIAMS, in 1729.

With a Conclusion to the Whole, by the Rev. Mr. WILLIAMS of Springfield, and the Rev. Mr. PRINCE of Boston.

B O S T O N : Printed and Sold by JOHN BOYLE next Door to the Three Doves in Marlborough Street. 1774.

[dedication]

The DEDICATION. TO HIS EXCELLENCY JOSEPH DUDLEY, Esq;

Captain General and Governor in Chief, in and over Her Majesty's Province of the Massachusetts-Bay, in New-England, &c.

SIR,

IT was a satirical answer, and deeply reproachful to mankind, which the Philosopher gave to that question, What soonest grows old ? Replied, Thanks. The reproach of it would not be so sensible, were there not sensible demonstrations of the truth of it, in those that wear the character of the ingenious. Such as are at first surprized at, and seem to have no common relish of divine goodness ; yet too soon lose the impression : They sang God's praise, but soon forgot his works. That it should be thus with respect to our Benefactors on earth, is contrary to the ingenuity of human nature : But that our grateful resentments of the signal favours of heaven, should soon be worn off by time, is to the last degree criminal and unpardonable.

It would be unaccountable stupidity in me not to maintain the most lively and awful sense of divine rebukes, which the holy GOD has seen meet in spotless sovereignty to dispense to me, my family and people, in delivering us into the hands of those that hated us ; who led us into a strange land ; My soul has these still in remembrance, and is humbled in me : However, GOD has given us plentiful occasion to sing of mercy as well as judgment. The wonders of divine mercy, which we have seen in the land of our captivity, and deliverance therefrom, cannot be forgotten without incurring the guilt of the blackest ingratitude.

To preserve the memory of these, it has been thought adviseable to publish a short account of some of those signal appearances of divine power and goodness for us, hoping it may serve to excite the praise, faith and hope of all that love GOD ; and may peculiarly serve to cherish a grateful spirit, and to render the impressions of

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GOD's mighty works indelible on my heart, and on those who with me, have seen the wonders of the Lord, and tasted of his salvation : That we may not fall under that heavy charge made against Israel of old, Psal. 78. 11, 42. They forgot his works, and the wonders he shewed them : They remembered not his hand, nor the day that he delivered them from the enemy.

And I cannot, SIR, but think it most agreeable to my duty to GOD, our supreme Redeemer, to mention your EXCELLENCY's name with honor ; since heaven has honored you as the prime instrument in returning our captivity. Sure I am, the laws of justice and gratitude (which are the laws of God) do challenge from us, the most public acknowledgements of your uncommon sympathy with us your children, in our bonds, expressed in all indearing methods of parental care and tenderness. All your people are cherished under your wings, happy in your government ; and are obliged to bless GOD for you : and among your people, those who are immediately exposed to the outrages of the enemy, have peculiarly felt refreshment from the benign influences of your wife and tender conduct ; and are under the most sensible engagements to acknowledge your EXCELLENCY, under GOD, as the breath of their nostrils.

Your uncommon sagacity and prudence in contriving to loose the bonds of your captived children ; your unwearied vigour and application, in pursuing them, to work our deliverance, can never be enough praised. It is most notorious that nothing was thought too difficult by you to effect this design ; in that you readily sent your own son, Mr. William Dudley, to undergo the hazards and hardships of a tedious voyage, that this affair might be transacted with success ; which must not be forgotton, as an expression of your great sollicitude and zeal to recover us from the tyranny and op- pression of our captivity.

I doubt not but that the GOD, whom herein you have served, will remember and gloriously reward you ; and may heaven long preserve you at our helm, a blessing so necessary for the tranquility of this province, in this dark and tempestuous season : May the best of blessings from the Father of Lights be showered down upon your person, family and government ; which shall be the prayer of,

Your EXCELLENCY's Most Humble, Obedient, and Dutiful Servant,

John Williams
March 3d, 1706- 7

[the narrative]

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THE Redeemed C A P T I V E Returning to Z I O N.

THE history I am going to write proves, that days of fasting and prayer without REFORMATION will not avail, to turn away the anger of God from a professing people ; and yet witnesseth, how very advantageous, gracious supplications are, to prepare particular Christians, patiently to suffer the will of God, in very trying public calamities. For some of us moved with fear, set apart a day of prayer, to ask of God, either to spare, and save us from the hands of our enemies, or to prepare us to sanctify and honour him, in what way soever he should come forth towards us. The places of scripture from whence we were entertained, were Gen. 32. 10, 11. I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth which thou hast shewed unto thy servant : Deliver me I pray thee, from the hand of my brother,

from the hand of Esau : for I fear him, lest he will come and smite me, and the mother with the children. [In the forenoon.] And Gen. 32. 26. And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh ; and he said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me. [In the afternoon.] From which we were called upon to spread the causes of fear before God ; as also, how it becomes us with an undeniable importunity to be following God, with earnest prayers for his blessing, in every condition. And it is very observable how GOD ordered our prayers in a peculiar manner, to be going up to him ; to prepare us with a right christian spirit, to undergo, and endure suffering trials.

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Not long after, the holy and righteous God brought us under great trials, as to our persons and families, which put us under a necessity of spreading before him in a wilderness, the distressing dangers and calamities of our relations : yea, that called on us, notwithstanding seeming present frowns, to resolve by his grace, not to be sent away without a blessing. Jacob in wrestling has the hollow of his thigh put out of joint ; and it is said to him, Let me go : yet he is rather animated to an heroic Christian Resolution to continue earnest for the blessing, than discouraged from asking.

ON Tuesday the 29th of February, 1703-4, not long before break of day, the enemy came in like a flood upon us ; our watch being unfaithful : an evil, whose awful effects, in a surprizal of our fort, should bespeak all watchmen to avoid, as they would not bring the charge of blood upon themselves. They came to my house in the beginning of the onset, and by their violent endeavors to break open doors and windows, with axes and hatchets, awakened me out of sleep ; on which I leapt out of bed, and running towards the door, perceived the enemy making their entrance into the house : I called to awaken two soldiers, in the chamber ; and returning toward my bed side, for my arms ; the enemy immediately brake into the room, I judge, to the number of twenty, with painted faces, and hideous acclamations. I reached up my hands to the bed-tester, for my pistol, uttering a short petition to God, for everlasting mercies for me and mine, on the account of the merits of our glorified Redeemer ; expecting a present passage through the valley of the shadow of death ; saying in myself, as Isa. 38. 10, II. I said, in the cutting off my days, I shall go to the gates of the grave ; I am deprived of the residue of my years. I said, I shall not see the Lord, even the Lord, in the land of the living : I shall behold man no more, with the inhabitants of the world. Taking down my pistol, I cock'd it, and put it to the breast of the first Indian who came up ; but my pistol missing fire, I was seized by 3 Indians who disarmed me, and bound me naked, as I was in my shirt, and so I stood for near the space of an hour : binding me, they told me, they would carry me to Quebec. My pistol missing fire, was an occasion of my life's being preserved ; since which I have also found it profitable to be crossed in my own will. The judgment of God did not long slumber against one of the three which took me, who was a Captain ; for by sun-rising he received a mortal shot from my next neighbour's house, who opposed so great a number of French and Indians as three hundred, and yet were no more than seven men in an ungarrison'd house.

I cannot relate the distressing care I had for my dear wife, who had lien in but a few weeks before ; and for my poor children, family, and christian neighbours. The enemy fell to rifling the

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house, and entered in great numbers into every room of the house. I beg'd of God that he would remember mercy in the midst of judgment ; that he would so far restrain their wrath as to prevent their murdering of us ; that we might have grace to glorify his Name, whether in life or death ; and as I was

able, committed our state to God. The enemies who entered the house were all of them Indians and Macqua's, insulting over me a while, holding up hatchets over my head, threatening to burn all I had ; but God beyond expectation, made us in a great measure to be pitied ; for tho' some were so cruel and barbarous as to take and carry to the door, two of my children and murder them, as also a Negro woman ; yet they gave me liberty to put on my cloaths, keeping me bound with a cord on one arm, till I put on my cloaths to the other ; and then changing my cord, they let me dress myself, and then pinioned me again. Gave liberty to my dear wife to dress herself, and our children. About sun an hour high, we were all carried out of the house for a march, and saw many of the houses of my neighbours in flames, perceiving the whole fort, one house excepted, to be taken. Who can tell, what sorrows pierced our souls, when we saw ourselves carried away from God's sanctuary, to go into a strange land, exposed to so many trials ; the journey being at least three hundred miles we were to travel ; the snow up to the knees, and we never inur'd to such hardships and fatigues ; the place we were to be carried to, a Popish country. Upon my parting from the town, they fired my house and barn. We were carried over the river, to the foot of the mountain, about a mile from my house, where we found a great number of our Christian neighbours, men, women, and children, to the number of an hundred, nineteen of which were afterward murdered by the way, and two starved to death, near Cowass, in a time of great scarcity or famine, the savages underwent there. When we came to the foot of our mountain, they took away our shoes, and gave us in the room of them, Indian shoes, to prepare us for our travel-- Whilst we were there, the English beat out a company that remained in the town, and pursued them to the river, killing and wounding many of them ; but the body of the army being alarmed, they repulsed those few English that pursued them.

I am not able to give you an account of the number of the enemy slain, but I observed after this fight, no great insulting mirth, as I expected ; and saw many wounded persons, and for several days together, they buried of their party, and one of chief note among the Macqua's. The Governor of Canada told me, his army had that success with the loss but of eleven men ; three Frenchmen, one of which was the Lieutenant of the army, five Macqua's and three Indians. But after my arrival at Quebec, I spake with an Englishman, who was taken the last war, and mar-

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ried there, and of their religion ; who told me they lost above forty, and that many were wounded. I replied, the Governor of Canada said, they lost but eleven men. He answered, 'tis true that there were but eleven killed outright at the taking of the fort, but that many others were wounded, among whom was the Ensign of the French ; but said he, they had a fight in the meadow, and that in both engagements, they lost more than forty ; some of the soldiers, both French and Indians then present told me so, (said he) adding, that the French always endeavor to conceal the number of their slain.

After this, we went up the mountain, and saw the smoak of the fires in the town, and beheld the awful desolations of our town ; and before we marched any farther they killed a sucking child of the English. There were slain by the enemy of the inhabitants of our town, to the number of 38, besides nine of the neighbouring towns. We travelled not far the first day ; God made the heathen so to pity our children, that though they had several wounded persons of their own to carry upon their shoulders, for thirty miles, before they came to the river, yet they carried our children, incapable of travelling, in their arms, and upon their shoulders. When we came to our lodging-place, the first night, they dug away the snow, and made some wigwams, cut down some of the small branches of the spruce-trees to lye down on, and gave the prisoners some-what to eat ; but we had but little appetite. I was pinioned and bound down

that night, and so I was every night whilst I was with the army. Some of the enemy who brought drink with them from the town, fell to drinking, and in their drunken fit, they kill'd my Negro man, the only dead person I either saw at the town, or in the way.

In the night an Englishman made his escape ; in the morning (March 1) I was called for, and ordered by the General to tell the English, that if any more made their escape, they would burn the rest of the prisoners. He that took me was unwilling to let me speak with any of the prisoners, as we march'd ; but on the morning of the second day, he being appointed to guard the rear, I was put into the hands of my other master, who permitted me to speak to my wife, when I overtook her, and to walk with her to help her in her journey. On the way, we discoursed of the happiness of those who had a right to an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens ; and God for a father and friend ; as also that it was our reasonable duty quietly to submit to the will of God, and to say, the will of the Lord be done. My wife told me, her strength of body began to fail, and that I must expect to part with her ; saying, she hoped God would preserve my life, and the life of some, if not of all our children, with us ; and commended to me, under God, the care of them. She never spake any discon-

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tented word as to what had befallen us, but with suitable expressions justified God, in what had befallen us. We soon made an halt, in which time my chief surviving master came up, upon which I was put upon marching with the foremost, and so made to take my farewell of my dear wife, the desire of my eyes, and companion in many mercies and afflictions. Upon our separation from each other, we asked for each other, grace sufficient, for what God should call us to. After our parting from one another, she spent the few remaining minutes of her stay, in reading the holy scriptures ; which she was wont personally every day to delight her soul in reading, praying, meditating on, and over, by herself, in her closet, over and above what she heard out of them in our family worship. I was made to wade over a small river, and so were all the English, the water above knee deep, the stream very swift ; and after that to travel up a small mountain ; my strength was almost spent before I came to the top of it : No sooner had I overcome the difficulty of that ascent, but I was permitted to sit down, and be unburdened of my pack ; I sat pitying those who were behind, and intreated my master to let me go down and help my wife ; but he refused, and would not let me stir from him. I asked each of the prisoners (as they passed by me) after her, and heard, that passing through the abovesaid river, she fell down and was plunged over the head and ears in the water ; after which she travelled not far, for at the foot of that mountain, the cruel and blood-thirsty savage who took her, slew her with his hatchet at one stroke ; the tidings of which were very awful : and yet such was the hard-heartedness of the adversary, that my tears were reckoned to me as a reproach. My loss, and the loss of my children was great, our hearts was so filled with sorrow, that nothing but the comfortable hopes of her being taken away in mercy to herself, from the evils we were to see, feel, and suffer under, (and join'd to the assembly of [t]he spirits of just men made perfect, to rest in peace, and joy unspeakable and full of glory ; and the good pleasure of God thus to exercise us) could have kept us from sinking under at that time. That scripture, Job I. 21.-- Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither : The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord ; was brought to my mind, and from it, that an afflicting God was to be glorified ; with some other places of scripture, to persuade to a patient bearing my afflictions.

We were again called upon to march, with a far heavier burden on my spirits, than on my back. I beg'd of God to over-rule in his providence, that the Corpse of one so dear to me, and of one whose spirit he had

taken to dwell with him in glory, might meet with a christian burial, and not be left for meat to the fowls of

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the air, and the beasts of the earth ; a mercy that God graciously vouchsafed to grant. For God put it into the hearts of my neighbours, to come out as far as she lay, to take up her corpse, recarry it to the town, and decently to bury it soon after. In our march they killed another sucking infant of one of my neighbours ; and before night, a girl about eleven years of age. I was made to mourn, at the consideration of my flock's being so far a flock of slaughter, many being slain in the town ; and from fears what we must yet expect, from such who delightfully imbrued their hands in the blood of so many of his people. When we came to our lodging place, an Indian Captain from the Eastward, spake to my master about killing me, an taking off my scalp. I lift up my heart to God, to implore his grace and mercy in such a time of need ; and afterwards I told my master, if he intended to kill me, I desired he would let me know of it ; assuring him that my death after a promise of quarter, would bring the guilt of blood upon him. He told me he would not kill me : we laid down and slept, for God sustained and kept us.

In the morning (March 2) we were all called before the chief Sachems of the Macquas and Indians, that a more equal distribution might be made of the prisoners among them. At my going from the wigwam, my best cloathing was taken from me. As I came nigh the place appointed, some of the captives met me, and told me, they thought the enemies were going to burn some of us, for they had pulled off the bark from several trees, and acted very strangely. To whom I replied, they could act nothing against us, but as they were permitted of God, and I was persuaded, he would prevent such severities. When we came to the wigwam appointed, several of the captives were taken from their former masters, and put into the hands of others ; but I was sent again to my two masters, who brought me from my house.

In our fourth day's March (Friday March 3) the enemy killed another of my neighbours, who being nigh the time of travail, was wearied with her journey. When we came to the great river, the enemy took slays to draw their wounded, several of our children, and their packs, and marched a great pace. I traveled many hours in water up to the ankles ; near night I was very lame, having before my travel wrong'd my ankle bone and sinues. I tho't, so did others, that I should not be able to hold out to travel far. I lift up my heart to God, (my only refuge) to remove my lame- ness and carry me through, with my children and neighbours, if he judged it best ; however I desired God would be with me in my great change, if he called me by such a death to glorify him ; and that he would take care of my children, and neighbours, and bless them ; and within a little space of time, I was well of my

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lameness, to the joy of my children, and neighbours, who saw so great an alteration in my travelling.

On the Saturday, (March 4) the journey was long and tedious : we travelled with such speed, that four women were tired, and then slain by them who led them captive.

On Sabbath day, (March 5) we rested, and I was permitted to pray and preach to the captives. The place of scripture spoken from, was Lam. i. 18. The Lord is righteous, for I have rebelled against his commandment : hear, I pray you, all people behold my sorrow ; my virgins and my young men are gone into captivity. The enemy who said to us, Sing us one of Zion's songs, were ready some of them to

upbraid us, because our singing was not so loud as their's. When the Macquas and Indians were chief in power, we had this revival in our bondage, to join together in the worship of God, and encourage one another to patient bearing the indignation of the Lord, till he should plead our cause. When we arrived to New-France, we were forbidden praying one with another, or joining together in the service of God.

The next day, (Monday, March 6) soon after we marched, we had an alarm ; on which many of the English were bound ; I was then near the front, and my masters not with me, so I was not bound. This alarm was occasioned by some Indians shooting at geese that flew over them, which put them into a considerable consternation and fright ; but after they came to understand that they were not persued by the English, they boasted, that the English would not come out against them, as they had boasted before we began our journey in the morning. They killed this day two women, who were so faint they could not travel.

The next day (Tuesday, March 7) in the morning before we travelled, one Mary Brooks, a pious young woman, came to the wigwam where I was, and told me, she desired to bless God, who had inclined the heart of her master, to let her come and take her farewell of me. Said she, by my falls on the ice yesterday, I wrong'd my self, causing an abortion this night, so that I am not able to travel far ; I know they will kill me to day ; but (says she) God has (praised be his name) by his spirit with his word, strengthned me to my last encounter with death ; and mentioned to me some places of scripture so seasonably sent in for her support. And (says she) I am not afraid of death ; I can through the grace of God, chearfully submit to the will of God. Pray for me (said she) at parting, that God would take me to himself. Accordingly she was killed that day. I mention it, to the end I may stir up all in their young days to improve the death of Christ by faith, to a giving them an holy boldness in the day of death.