

Memoirs of odd adventures, strange deliverances, &c. in the captivity of John Gyles, Esq; commander of the garrison on St. George's River. Written by himself. ; Eight lines in English from Homer's Odyssey
Gyles, John, 1678?-1755.

Containing the Occurrences of the first Year.

ON the second Day of *August, Anno Christi* 1689, in the Morning, my honoured Father *Thomas Gyles*, Esq went with some Labourers, my two Elder Brothers and my self, to one of his Farms, which lay on the River about three Miles above *Fort-Charles*, adjoining to *Pemmaquid Falls*; there to gather in his English Harvest, and laboured securely till Noon. But after we had Dined, our People went to their Labour, some in one Field to their English Hay, the others to another Field of English Corn, except my Father, the youngest of my two Brothers and my self, who tarried near to the Farm-House in which we had Dined, till about One of the Clock, when we heard the Report of several Great Guns from the Fort. Upon the hearing of them my Father said, that he hop'd it was a Signal of good News, and that the Great Council had sent back the Soldiers, to cover the Inhabitants: for on Report of the Revolution they had deserted: But to our great Surprize about Thirty or Forty Indians discharged a Volley of Shot at us, from behind a rising Ground near our Barn. The Yelling of the Indians, the Whistling of their Shot, and the Voice of my Father, whom I heard cry out, What now! What now! so terrified me; tho' he seem'd to be handling a Gun, that I endeavoured to make my Escape. My Brother ran one way and I another; and looking over my Shoulder, I saw a stout Fellow, painted, pursuing me with a Gun; and a Curtlass glittering in his Hand, which I expected every Moment in my Brains: I presently fell down, and the Indian took me by the Left Hand, offered me no abuse, but seized my Arms, lift me up, and pointed to the Place where the People were at Work about the Hay; and lead me that way. As we passed, we crossed my Father, who looked very pale and bloody, and walked very slowly. When we came to the Place, I saw two Men shot down on the Flatts, and one or two more knock'd on the Head with Hatchets, crying out, O Lord, &c! there the Indians brought two Captives, one Man, and my Brother *James*, he that endeavoured to escape by running from the House, when I did. After they had done what Mischief they could, sat down, making us sit with them: and after some time arose, pointing to us to go Eastward. They march'd about a quarter of a Mile and then made a Halt, and brought my Father to us: and made Proposals to him by old *Moxus*, who told him that they were strange Indians who shot him, and that he was sorry for it: My Father replied, that he was a dying Man, and wanted no Favour of them, but to Pray with his Children; which being granted, he recommended us to the Protection and Blessing of GOD Almighty; then gave us the best Advice, and took his leave for this Life, hoping in GOD that we should meet in a better. He parted with a chearful Voice, but looked very pale by reason of his great loss of Blood, which boil'd out of his Shoes: —the Indians lead him aside—! —I heard the blows of the Hatchet, but neither Shriek nor Groan! [I afterwards heard that he had five or seven Shot-holes, thro' his Waistcoat or Jacket, and that the Indians covered him with some Boughs]

The Indians lead us their Captives, on the East side of the River, toward the Fort; and when we came within a Mile and half of the Fort and Town, and could see the Fort, we saw Firing & Smoke on all sides: Here we made a short stop, and then we moved within or near the distance of three quarters of a Mile from the Fort, into a thick Swamp. There I saw my Mother and my two little Sisters, and many other Captives taken from the Town. My Mother ask'd me of my Father, I told her, that he was kill'd, but could say no more for Grief; she burst into Tears, and the Indians moved me a little further off, and seiz'd me to a Tree.

The Indians came to *New-Harbour*, and sent Spies several Days to observe how and where the People were employed &c. who found that the Men were generally at Work at Noon, and left about their Houses only Women and Children: therefore the Indians divided themselves into several Parties, some Ambushing the Way between the Fort and the Houses, as likewise between them and the distant Fields; and then alarming the farthest off first, they kill'd and took the People, as they moved toward the Town and Fort, at their Pleasure; so that very few escaped to the Fort. Mr. *Pateshall* was taken and kill'd as he lay with his Sloop near the *Barbican*. On the first stir about the Fort my youngest Brother was at Play near the same, and ran in, and so by God's Goodness was preserved. Capt. *Weems* with great Courage & Resolution defended the weak old Fort two Days, till that he was much Wounded and the best of his Men Kill'd, and then Beat up a Parley. And the Conditions were,

1. That they, the Indians should give him Mr. *Pateshall's* Sloop.
2. That they should not molest him in carrying off the few People that had got into the Fort, and three Captives that they had taken.
3. That the English should carry off in their Hands what they could from the Fort.

On these Conditions the Fort was surrendered, and Capt. *Weems* went off. And soon after the Indians set on Fire the Fort & Houses: which made a terrible Blast, and was a melancholly Sight to us poor Captives, who were sad Spectators!

After the Indians had thus laid Waste *Pemmaquid*, they moved us all to *New-Harbour*. And when we turned out Backs on the Town my Heart was ready to break! —I saw my Mother; she spake to me, but I could not answer her! That Night we tarried at *New-Harbour*, and the next Day went in their Canoes for *Penobscot*. About Noon, the Canoe which my Mother, and that which I was in, came side by side; whether accidental or by my Mother's desire, I can not say. She asked me, How I did? I think I said, Pretty well, (tho' my Heart was full of Grief). Then she said, O, my Child! how joyful & pleasant would it be, if we were going to *Old England*, to see your Uncle *Chalker*, and other Friends there? —Poor Babe! we are going into the Wilderness, the Lord knows where! —She burst into Tears, and the Canoes parted! That Night following the Indians with their Captives lodged on an Island. A few days after, we arrived at *Penobscot-Fort*; where I again saw my Mother, my Brother and Sisters, and many other Captives. I think, we tarried here eight Days: and in that time the Jesuit had a great mind to buy me. My Indian Master made a Visit to the Jesuit,

and carried me with him. I saw the Jesuit shew him Pieces of Gold, and understood afterward, that he tendered them for me. The Jesuit gave me a Bisket, which I put into my Pocket, and dare not eat; but buried it under a Log, fearing that he had put something in it to make me Love him: for I was very Young, and had heard much of the Papists torturing the Protestants &c. so that I hated the sight of a Jesuit. When my Mother heard the talk of my being Sold to a Jesuit, she said to me, Oh! my dear Child! if it were GOD's Will, I had rather follow you to your Grave! or never see you more in this World, than you should be Sold to a Jesuit: for a Jesuit will ruin you, Body & Soul! and it pleased GOD to grant her Request, for she never saw me more! [Tho' she and my two little Sisters were, after several Years Captivity redeem'd; she died before I returned: And my Brother who was taken with me, was after several Years Captivity most barbarously tortured to Death, by the Indians]. For My Indian Master carried me up *Penobscot River* to a Village called *Madawamkee*. which stands on a Point of Land, between the Main River, and a Branch which heads to the East of it. At Home I had ever seen Strangers treated with the utmost Civility, and being a Stranger, I expected some kind Treatment here: but soon found my self deceived, for I presently saw a Number of Squaws got together in a Circle dancing and yelling; and an old grimace-Squaw took me by the Hand, and lead me to the Ring, where the other Squaws seiz'd me by the Hair of my Head, and by my Hands and Feet, like so many Furies: but my Indian Master presently laid down a Pledge and releas'd me. A Captive among the Indians is exposed to all manner of Abuse, and to the utmost Tortures; unless his Master, or some of his Master's Relations, lay down a Ransom, such as a Bag of Corn, or a Blanket, or such like: by which they may redeem them from their Cruelties for that Dance, so that he shall not be touch'd by any.

The next Day we went up that Eastern Branch of *Penobscot River* many Leagues,—carried over Land to a large Pond, and from one Pond to another, till, in a few Days we went down a River, which vents it self into *St. John's River*. But before we came to the Mouth of this River, we carried over a long Carrying-Place to *Medoctack-Fort*, which stands on a Bank of *St. John's River*. My Indian Master went before, and left me with an old Indian and two or three Squaws. The Old Man often said, (which was all the English that he could speak,) *By and by—come to a great Town and Fort*: so that I comforted my self in thinking how finely I should be refreshed &c. when I came to this great Town.

After some Miles travel we came in sight of a large Corn-Field, and soon after of the Fort, to my great Surprise: for two or three Squaws met us, took off my Pack, and lead me to a large Hutt or Wigwam, where Thirty or Forty Indians were dancing and yelling round five or six poor Captives, who had been taken some Months before from *Quochecho*, at the same time when Major *Waldein* was most barbarously butchered by them. I was whirl'd in among them, and we look'd on each other with a sorrowful Countenance: and presently one of them was seiz'd by each Hand & Foot, by four Indians, who swung him up and let his Back with Force fall on the hard Ground, 'till they had danced (as they call it) round the whole Wigwam, which was thirty or forty Feet in length. But when they torture a Boy, they take him up between two. This is one of their Customs of torturing Captives. Another is to take up a Person by the middle with his Head downwards, and jolt him round 'till one

would think his Bowels would shake out of his Mouth. Sometimes they will take a Captive by the Hair of the Head and stoop him forward, and strike him on the Back & Shoulder, 'till the Blood gush out of his Mouth & Nose. Sometimes an old shrivell'd Squaw will take up a Shovel of hot Embers and throw them into a Captive's Bosom; and if he cry out, the other Indians will Laugh and Shout, and say, What a brave Action our old Grandmother has done! Sometimes they torture them with Whips &c.

The Indians look'd on me with a fierce Countenance, signifying that it would be my turn next. They champ'd Corn-Stalks, and threw them in my Hat, which was in my Hand: I smiled on them, tho' my Heart ak'd. I look'd on one and another, but could not perceive that any Eye pitied me: Presently came a Squaw and a little Girl, and laid down a Bag of Corn in the Ring; the little Girl took me by the Hand, making Signs for me to go out of the Circle with them: but not knowing their Custom, I supposed that they designed to kill me, and would not go out with them. Then a grave Indian came and gave me a short Pipe, and said, in English, Smoke it: then took me by the Hand and lead me out, but my Heart aked, thinking my self near my End, but he carried me to a French Hutt about a Mile from the Indian Fort. The Frenchman was not at Home; but his Wise who was a Squaw had some Discourse with my Indian Friend, which I did not understand. We tarried about two Hours, and return'd to the Village, where they gave me some Victuals. Not long after, I saw one of my Fellow-Captives, who gave me a melancholy Account of their Sufferings, after I left them &c.

After some Weeks had past we left the Village, and went up *St. John's River* about ten Miles to a Branch called *Medockscenecasis*, where there was one Wigwam. At our Arrival an old Squaw saluted me with a Yell, taking me by the Hair and one Hand; but I was so rude as to break her hold, and 'quit my self: —She gave me a filthy Grin, and the Indians set up a Laugh—so it pass'd over. Here we lived upon Fish, Wild-Grapes, Roots &c. which was hard Living to me.

When the Winter came on, we went up the River till the Ice came down, and run thick in the River; and then, according to the Indian Custom, laid up our Canoes till the Spring; and then travell'd sometimes on the Ice, & sometimes on the Land, till we came to a River that was open and not Fordable, where we made a Raft, and pass'd over Bag and Baggage. I met with no Abuse from them in this Winter's Hunting, tho' I was put to great Hardships in carrying Burdens, and for want of Food: for they underwent the same Difficulty, and would often encourage me, saying, in broken English, *By- by -- great deal Moose*. But they could not answer any Question that I asked them. So that knowing nothing of their Customs and way of Life; tho' I tho't it tedious to be constantly moving from Place to Place, yet it might be in some respects an Advantage: for it ran still in my Mind that we were travelling to some Settlement; and when my Burden was over heavy, and the Indians left me behind, and the still Evening came on; I fancied I could see thro' the Bushes, and hear the People of some great Town: which Hope might be some support to me in the Day, tho' I found not the Town at Night. Thus we have been Hunting three hundred Miles from the Sea and knew no Man within fifty or sixty Miles of us. We

were eight or ten in Number, and had but two Indian Men with Guns, on whom we wholly depended for Food: and if any disaster had hap'ned, we must all have perished. And sometimes we had no manner of Sustenance for three or four Days: But GOD wonderfully provides for all Creatures! In one of those Fasts GOD's Providence was remarkable. Our two Indian Men, in Hunting, started a Moose, their being a shallow-crust'd Snow on the Ground; but the Moose discovered them, and ran with great force into a Swamp: The Indians went round the Swamp, and finding no Tract, return'd at Night to the Wigwam, and told what had happened. The next Morning they followed him on the Track, and soon found the Moose lying on the Snow; for crossing the Roots of a large Tree, that had been blown up by the Roots, having Ice underneath, the Moose in his furious Flight broke thro', and hitch'd one of his hind Legs in among the Roots, so fast that by striving to get it out, he pull'd the Thigh Bone out of the Socket at the Hip. Thus extraordinarily were we provided for in our great Strait. Sometimes they would take a Bear, which go into Dens in the Fall of the Year without any sort of Food, and lie there without any four or five Months, never going out till the Spring of the Year: in which Time they neither lose nor gain in Flesh; if they went into their Dens Fat, they will come out so, or if they went in Lean, they will come out Lean. I have seen some that have come out, with four Whelps, and both Old & Young very fat, and then we feasted: and an old Squaw, and Captive, if any present, must stand without the Wigwam, shaking their Hands and Body as in a Dance: and singing, WEGAGE OH NELO WHO! which if Englished would be, *Fat is my Eating*. This is to signify their thankfulness in feasting Times! and when this was spent, we fasted till further Success.

The way of their preserving Meat is by stripping off the Flesh from the Bones, and drying them over a Smoke; by which 'tis kept sound Months or Years, without Salt.

We moved still further up the Country after Moose when our Store was out: so that by the Spring we had got to the Northward of the *Lady Mountains*. And when the Spring came on and the Rivers broke up, we moved back to the Head of *St. John's River*; and there made Canoes of Moose-Hides sewing three or four together, and pitching the Seams with Charcoal beaten and mixt with Balsom. Then we went down the River to a Place call'd *Madawescok*; there an Old Man lived and kept a sort of Trading-House: where we tarried several Days, and went farther down the River till we came to the greatest Falls in these Parts, called *Cbecanekepeag*: where we carried a little way over the Land, and putting off our Canoes, we went down Stream still: And as we pass'd down by the Mouth of any large Branches, we saw Indians: but when any Dance was proposed, I was bought off. At length we arrived at the Place where we left our Birch Canoes in the Fall, and put our Baggage into them, and went in them down to the Fort.

There we planted Corn; and after Planting, went a Fishing, and to look for and dig Roots; till the Corn was fit to Weed: and after Weeding took a second Tour on the same Errand, and return'd to Hill our Corn: and after Hilling, we went some distance from the Fort & Field up the River, to take Salmon, and other Fish, and dry them for Food till Corn was fill'd with the Milk: Some of which we dried then, the other as it ripened. And when we had gathered our Corn and dried it, we put some

into Indian Barns, i. e. in Holes in the Ground lin'd & cover'd with Bark, and then with Dirt. The rest we carried up the River upon our next Winter-Hunting Thus GOD wonderfully favoured me and carried me through the first Year of my Captivity.

Of the abusive and barbarous Treatment which several Captives met with from the Indians &c.

When any great Number of Indians meet, or when any Captives have been lately taken, or when any Captives desert and are retaken, the Indians have a Dance; and at these Dances torture the unhappy People who fall into their Hands My unfortunate Brother who was taken with me, after about three Years Captivity, deserted with an Englishman who was taken from *Casco-Bay*, and was retaken by the Indians at *New-Harbour* and carried back to *Penobscot Fort*: where they were both tortured at a Stake by Fire for some time, then their Noses and Ears were cut off, and they made to eat them; after which they were burned to Death at the Stake: The Indians at the same time declaring that they would serve all Deserters in the same manner. Thus they divert themselves in their Dances!

On the second Spring of my Captivity my Indian Master and his Squaw went to *Canada*, but sent me down the River, with several Indians to the Fort; in order to plant Corn. The Day before we came to the Planting Field we met two Young Indian Men who seem'd to be in great haste: after they had pass'd us I understood that they were going with an Express to *Canada*, and that there was an English Vessel at the Mouth of the River. I not perfect in the Language, nor knowing that English Vessels traded with them in time of War, supposed a Peace was concluded on, and that the Captives would be released: and was so transported with the Fancy, that I slept but little, if at all, that Night. Early the next Morning we came to the Village, where the Extasy ended: For I had no sooner Landed, but three or four Indians drag'd me to the great Wigwam, where they were yelling and dancing round *James Alexander*, a Jersey Man, who was taken from *Falmouth* in *Casco Bay*. This was occasioned by two Families of *Cape Sable* Indians, who having lost some Friends by a number of English Fishermen, came some hundreds of Miles to revenge themselves on the poor Captives! They soon came to me, & tossed me about till I was almost breathless, & then threw me into the Ring to my fellow Captive: and took him out again, and repeated their Barbarities to him. And then I was hal'd out again by three Indians, by the Hair of my Head, and held down by it, till one beat me on the Back & Shoulders so long that my Breath was almost beat out of my Body. And then others put a Tomhake into my Hand, and order'd me get up and dance and sing Indian: which I perform'd with the greatest reluctance, and in the Act seem'd resolute to purchase my Death, by killing two or three of those Monsters of Cruelty; thinking it impossible to survive their bloody Treatment; but it was impress'd on my Mind, *'Tis not in their Power to take away your Life*: so I desisted. Then those *Cape Sable* Indians came to me again like Bears bereaved of their Whelps, saying, *Shall we who have lost Relations by the English, suffer an English Voice to be heard among us &c.* Then they beat me again with the Axe: Then I repented that I had not sent two or three of them out of the World before me, for I tho't that I had much rather die than suffer

any longer. They left me the second time, and the other Indians put the Tomhake into my Hand again, and compelled me to sing: and then I seem'd more resolute than before to destroy some of them; but a strange and strong Impulse that I should return to my own Place & People, suppress'd it as often as such a motion rose in my Breast. Not one of the Indians shew'd the least Compassion: but I saw the Tears run down plentifully on the Cheeks of a Frenchman that sat behind; which did not alleviate the Tortures that poor *James* and I were forced to endure for the most part of this tedious Day; for they were continued till the Evening: and were the most severe that ever I met with in the whole six Years that I was Captive with the Indians.—After they had thus inhumanely abused us, two Indians took us up and threw us out of the Wigwam, and we crawled away on our Hands & Feet, & were scarce able to walk, &c. for several Days. Some time after they again concluded on a merry Dance, when I was at some distance from the Wigwam dressing Leather, and an Indian was so kind as to tell me that they had got *James Alexander*, and were in search for me. My Indian Master and his Squaw bid me run as for my Life into a Swamp and hide, and not to discover my self unless they both came to me, for then I might be assured the Dance was over. I was now master of their Language, and a Word or a Wink was enough to excite me to take care of One. I ran to the Swamp, and hid in the thickest place that I could find. I heard hollowing and whooping all around me; sometimes they pass'd very near, and I could hear some threaten, and others flatter me, but I was not dispos'd to dance: and if they had come upon me, I resolv'd to show them a pair of Heels, and they must have had good luck to have catch'd me. I heard no more of them till about Evening [for I think I slept] when they came again, calling *Chon, Chon*, but *John* would not trust them. After they were gone, my Master and his Squaw came where they told me to hide, but could not find me; and when I heard them say with some concern, that they believ'd that the other Indians had frightened me into the Woods, and that I was lost; I came out, and they seem'd well pleas'd and told me, that *James* had had a bad Day of it; that as soon as he was releas'd he ran away into the Woods, & they believ'd he was gone to the *Mohawks*. *James* soon returned, & gave me a melancholly Account of his Sufferings: and the Indians fright concerning the *Mohawks* pass'd over. They often had terrible apprehension of the Incursion of the *Mohawks*. One very hot Season a great Number gathered together at the Village; and being a very droughty People, they kept *James* and my self Night and Day fetching Water from a Cold Spring, that ran out of a rocky Hill about three Quarters of a Mile from the Fort. In going thither, we cross'd a large Interval-Corn-Field, and then a Descent to a lower Interval before we ascended the Hill to the Spring. *James* being almost dead as well as I, with this continual Fatigue, contriv'd to fright the Indians: he told me of it, but conjur'd me to Secrecy, yet said, he knew that I could keep Counsel. The next dark Night *James* going for Water, set his Kettle on the descent to the lowest Interval; and ran back to the Fort, puffing & blowing, as in the utmost Surprize; and told his Master that he saw something near the Spring, that look'd like *Mohawks*: [which he said were only Stumps—aside] his Master being a most courageous Warrior, went with *James* to make discovery, and when they came to the brow of the Hill, *James* pointed to the Stumps, and withal touch'd his Kettle with his Toe, which gave it motion down Hill, and at every turn of the Kettle the Bail clattered; upon which *James* and his Master could see a *Mohawk* in every Stump on motion, and turn'd Tail to, and he was the best Man that could ran fastest. This alarm'd all the Indians in the Village. They tho'

about thirty or forty in number, pack'd off Bag and Baggage, some up the River and others down: and did not return under fifteen Days, and the heat of the Weather being finely over, our hard Service abated for this Season. I never heard that the Indians understood the Occasion of the Fright, but *James* and I had many a private Laugh about it.

But my most intimate and dear Companion was one *John* Evans, a Young Man taken from *Quochecho*. We as often as we could, met together, and made known our Grievances to each other, which seem'd to ease our Minds: but when it was known by the Indians, we were strictly examined apart, and falsely accused, that we were contriving to desert; but we were too far from the Sea to have any tho't of that: and when they found that our Story agreed, we received no Punishment. An English Captive Girl about this time, (who was taken by *Medocawando*) would often falsely accuse us of plotting to desert, but we made the Truth so plainly appear, that she was check'd and we released. But the third Winter of my Captivity, he went into the Country, and the Indians imposed a heavy Burden on him, tho' he was extremely Weak with long Fasting: and as he was going off the Upland over a Place of Ice which was very hollow he broke thro', fell down & cut his Knee very much, notwithstanding he travelled for some time: but the Wind and Cold were so forceable, that they soon overcame him, and he sat or fell down, & all the Indians pass'd by him: some of them went back the next Day after him, or his Pack, and found him, with a Dog in his Arms, both froze as stiff as a Stake. And all my fellow Captives, were dispersed and dead: but thro' infinite & unmerited Goodness I was supported under, and carried thro' all Difficulties.

Of further Difficulties and Deliverances.

ONE Winter as we were moving from Place to Place, our Hunters kill'd some Moose; and one lying some Miles from our Wigwams, a Young Indian & my self were ordered to fetch part of it. We set out in the Morning when the Weather was promising, but it proved a very Cold, Cloudy Day. It was late in the Evening we arrived at the Place where the Moose lay: so that we had no time to provide Materials for Fire or Shelter. At the same time a Storm came on very thick of Snow, and continued till the next Morning. We made a small Fire with what little Rubbish we could find around us, which with the heat of our Bodies melted the Snow upon us as fast as it fell, and fill'd our Cloaths with Water. Nevertheless, early in the Morning, we took our Loads of Moose-Flesh, and set out, in order to return to our Wigwams: We had not travelled far before my Moose-Skin Coat (which was the only Garment that I had on my Back, and the Hair was in most Places worn off) was froze stiff round my Knees like a Hoop, as likewise my Snow-shoes & Shoe-clouts to my Feet! Thus I march'd the whole Day without Fire or Food! at first I was in great Pain, then my Flesh numb'd, and I felt at times extremely Sick, and tho't I could not travel one foot further; but wonderfully reviv'd again. After long travelling I felt very drowsy, & had thoughts of setting down; which had I done, without doubt I had fall'n on my final Sleep; as my dear Companion, *Evans*, had done before; for my Indian Companion, being better Cloath'd, had left me long before: but again my Spirits reviv'd as much as if I had receiv'd the richest Cordial! Some Hours after

Sun-set I recovered the Wigwam, and crawl'd in with my Snow-shoes on. The Indians cry'd out, *The Captive is froze to Death!* They took off my Pack, and where that lay against my Back was the only Place that was not frozen. The Indians cut off my Shoes, and stript the Clouts from my Feet, which were as void of feeling as any frozen Flesh could be: but I had not sat long by the Fire, before the Blood began to circulate, and my Feet to my Ankles turn'd black, & swelled with bloody Blisters, and were inexpressibly painful. The Indians said one to another, *His Feet will rot, and he will die.* Nevertheless, I slept well at Night. Soon after the Skin came off my Feet from my Ankles whole like a Shoe, and left my Toes naked without a Nail, and the ends of my great Toe-Bones bare, which in a little time turn'd black, so that I was obliged to cut the first Joint off with my Knife. The Indians gave me Rags to bind up my Feet, & advis'd me to apply Fir-balsom, but withal said, that they believ'd it was not worth while to use means, for I should certainly die. But by the use of my Elbows and a Stick in each Hand, I shov'd my self on my Bottom, over the Snow, from one Tree to another, till I got some Fir-balsom, then burn'd it in a Clam-shell till it was of a consistence like Salve, and apply'd it to my Feet and Ankles, and by the divine Blessing within a Week I could go about upon my Heels with my Staff. And thro' GOD's goodness, we had Provision enough, so that we did not remove under ten or fifteen Days, and then the Indians made two little Hoops something in Form as a Snow-shoe, and seiz'd them to my Feet: and I follow'd them in their Track on my Heels from Place to Place; sometimes half Leg deep in Snow & Water, which gave me the most acute Pain imaginable, but I was forced to walk or die. But within a Year my Feet were entirely well, & the Nails came on my great Toes: so that a very critical Eye, could scarce perceive any part missing, or that they had been froze at all!

In a Time of great scarcity of Provisions, the Indians chas'd a large Moose into the River and kill'd him; and brought the Flesh to the Village, and laid it on a Scaffold in a large Wigwam, in order to make a Feast. I was very officious in supplying them with Wood & Water, which pleased them so well, that they now & then gave me a piece of Flesh half boil'd or roasted, which I did eat with eagerness: and I doubt without great Thankfulness to the divine BEING, who so extraordinarily fed me!— At length the Scaffold broke, and one large Piece fell and knock'd me on the Head [the Indians said that I lay stun'd a considerable time] the first I was sensible of was a murmuring Noise in my Ears, then my Sight gradually return'd, with an extreme Pain in my Head, which was very much bruised, and it was long before I recovered, the Weather being very Hot.

I was once with an Indian fishing for Sturgeon, the Indian darting one, his Feet slipped and turn'd the Canoe bottom upwards, with me under it; holding fast the Cross-bar (for I could not Swim) with my Face to the bottom of the Canoe. But I turn'd my self and bro't my Breast to bear on the Cross-bar: expecting every Minute, that the Indian wou'd have tow'd me to the Bank: *But he had other Fish to Fry!* Thus I continued a quarter of an Hour without want of Breath, sounding for Bottom, till the Current drove me on a Rocky Point, where I could reach Bottom; there I stop'd and turn'd up my Canoe. I look'd for the Indian, and he was half a Mile distant up the River. I went to him, and ask'd, Why he did not tow me to the Bank, seeing he

knew that I could not Swim? He said he knew that I was under the Canoe, for there were no Bubbles any where to be seen, & that I should drive on the Point: therefore he took care of his fine Sturgeon, which was eight or ten Feet long.

Fishing for Salmon at the Fall of about fifteen Feet of Water, there being a deep Hole at the foot of the Fall; the Indians went into the Water to wash themselves, & asked me to go in with them. I told them that I could not Swim. They bid me strip [which was done] and dive across the deepest Place, and if I fell short of the other side, they said they would help me. But instead of diving across the narrowest, I was crawling on the bottom into the deepest Place: but not seeing me rise, and knowing where-abouts I was, by the bubbling of the Water; a young Girl, dove into the Water, and seizing me by the Hair of my Head, drew me out: otherwise I had perished in the Water.

While at the Indian Village, I had been cutting Wood, and was binding it up with an Indian-Rope in order to carry it to the Wigwam, when a stout, ill-natured young Fellow about 20 Years of Age, threw me backward, sat on my Breast, and pulling out his Knife, said that he would kill me, for he had never yet kill'd an English Person. I told him that he might go to War, and that would be more Manly, than to kill a poor Captive who was doing their Drudgery for them. Notwithstanding all that I could say, he began to cut & stab me on my Breast. I seiz'd him by the Hair, & tumbled him from off me on his Back, & follow'd him with my Fist and Knee so, that he presently said he had enough; but when I saw the Blood run & felt the Smart, I at him again and bid him get up and not lie there like a Dog,—told him of his former Abuses offer'd to me & other poor Captives, and that if ever he offer'd the like to me again, I would pay him double. I sent him before me, took up my Burden of Wood, & came to the Indians and told them the whole Truth; and they commended me: And I don't remember that ever he offer'd me the least Abuse afterward; tho' he was big enough to have dispatched two of me. I pray GOD! I may never be forgetful of his wonderful Goodness! and that these Instances may excite others in their Adversities to make their Addresses to the Almighty; and put their Confidence in Him in the use of proper Means.

Of remarkable Events of Providence in the Deaths of several barbarous Indians.

THE Priest of this River, was of the order *St. Francis*, a Gentleman of a humane, generous Disposition: in his Sermons he most severely reprehended the Indians for their Barbarities to the Captives: he would often tell them, that, excepting their Errors in Religion, the English were a better People than themselves; and that God would remarkably punish such cruel Wretches, and had begun to execute his Vengeance upon such! He gave an Account of the Retaliations of Providence to those murderous *Cape-Sable* Indians above mentioned. One of whom ran a Splinter into his Foot, which fester'd and rotted his Flesh till it kill'd him. Another ran a Fish-bone into her Hand or Arm, and she rotted to Death, notwithstanding all Means that were used. In some such manner they all died, so that not one of those two Families lived to return home. Were it not for this Remark of the Priest, I should not, perhaps, have made the Observation.

There was an old Squaw who ever endeavoured to outdo all others in Cruelty to Captives. Where-ever she came into a Wigwam, where any poor naked starved Captives were sitting near the Fire; if they were grown Persons, she would privately take up a Shovel of hot Coals, & throw them into their Bosom; or Young Ones, she would take by the Hand or Leg, and drag them thro' the Fire &c. The Indians according to their Custom left their Village in the Fall of the Year and dispersed themselves for Hunting, and after the first or second removal, they all strangely forgot that old Squaw and her Grandson about Twelve Years of Age. They were found dead in the Place where they were left, some Months afterward, and no further notice taken of them. This was very much observed by the Priest; and seem'd strange to all that heard it, for the Indians were generally very careful not to leave their Old or Young!

In the latter part of Summer, or beginning of Autumn, the Indians were frequently frightened by the Appearance of strange Indians passing up & down this River in Canoes, and about that Time the next Year died more than One Hundred Persons of Old & Young: all or most of those that saw those strange Indians! The Priest said that it was a sort of Plague. A Person seeming in perfect Health, would bleed at the Mouth & Nose, turn blue in Spots, and die in two or three Hours [It was very tedious to me who was forced to move from Place to Place this cold Season. The Indians applied red ochre to my Sores, which by GOD's Blessing cured me.] The Indians all scattered, it being at the worst as Winter came on; and the Blow was so great that the Indians did not Settle or Plant at the Village while I was on the River, and I know not whether they have to this Day!

Before they thus deserted the Village, when they came in from Hunting, they would be drunk and fight for several Days and Nights together, till they had spent most of their Skins in Wine & Brandy, which was brought to the Village by a French Man, call'd Monsieur *Sigenioncour*.

Of their Familiarity with, & Frights from the Devil &c.

THE Indians are very often surprised with the Appearance of Ghosts & Demons; and sometimes encouraged by the Devil, for they go to him for Success in Hunting &c. I was once Hunting with Indians who were not brought over to the Romish Faith: and after several Days Hunting they proposed to inquire, according to their Custom, what Success they should have. They accordingly prepared many Hot-Stones, and laid them in an heap, & made a small Hutt covered with Skins & Matts, and then in the dark Night two of the Powwows went into this Hot-House with a large Vessel of Water, which at Times they poured on those hot Rocks, which raised a thick Steam, so that a third Indian was oblig'd to stand without, and lift up a Matt, to give it vent when they were almost suffocated. There was an old Squaw who was kind to Captives, and never join'd with them in their Powwowing, to whom I manifested an earnest desire to see their Management: She told me, that if they knew of my being there, they would kill me, and that when she was a Girl, she had known Young Persons to be taken away by an hairy Man: and therefore she would not advise me to go, lest the hairy Man should carry me away. I told her that I was not

afraid of that hairy Man, nor could he hurt me if she would not discover me to the Powwows. At length she promised that she would not, but charged me to be careful of my self.—I went within three or four Feet of the Hot-House, for it was very dark, and heard strange Noises & Yellings, such as I never heard before. At Times the Indian who tended without would lift up the Matt, and a Steam would issue which look'd like Fire in the dark. I lay there two or three Hours, but saw none of their hairy Men or Demons: And when I found that they had finished their Ceremony, I went to the Wigwam, and told the Squaw what had pass'd; She was glad that I return'd without hurt; and never discover'd what I had done. After some time, inquiry was made of the powwows, what Success we were like to have in our Hunting. The Powwows said, that they had very likely Signs of Success, but no real, visible Appearance as at other Times. A few Days after, we moved up the River, and had pretty good Success.

One Afternoon as I was in a Canoe with one of the Powwows, the Dog bark'd, and presently a Moose pass'd by, within a few Rods of us, so that the Waves which he made by wading roll'd our Canoe; the Indian shot at him, but the Moose took very little notice of it, and went into the Woods to the Southward: the Fellow said, *I'll try if I can't fetch you back, for all your haste.* The Evening following, we built our two Wigwams on a Sandy Point on the upper End of an Island in the River, Northwest of the Place where the Moose went into the Woods: and the Indian pow-wowed the greatest part of the Night following, and in the Morning we had the fair track of a Moose, round our Wigwams, tho' we did not see or taste of it.—I am of Opinion, that the Devil was permitted to humour those unhappy Wretches sometimes, in some things.

An Indian being some Miles from his Wigwam, and the Weather being warm, he supposed the Hedge-Hogs would come out of their Den, he way-laid the Mouth of it till late at Night. They not coming out as usual, he was going home, but had not passed far, before he saw a Light like a Blaze, at a little distance before him, and darting his Spear at it, it disappeared; then on the Bank of the River, he heard a loud Laughter, with a noise like a ratling in a Man's Throat. The Indian rail'd at the Demon whom he suppos'd made the Noise, calling it a rotten Spirit of no Substance &c. He continued to hear the Noise and see the Light 'till he came into the Wigwam, which he entered, in his hunting Habit, with Snow-shoes and all on; so frighted, that it was some time before he could speak to relate what had happened.

That it may further appear how much they were deluded, or under the Influence of Satan, read two Stories which were related and believed by the Indians.

The first; of a Boy who was carried away by a large Bird called a *Gulloua*, who buildeth her Nest on a high Rock or Mountain. A Boy was Hunting with his Bow & Arrow at the Foot of a Rocky Mountain, when the *Gulloua* came diving thro' the Air, grasp'd the Boy in her Talons; and tho' he was eight or ten Years of Age, she soar'd aloft, and laid him in her Nest, a Prey for her Young; where the Boy lay constantly on his Face, but would look sometimes under his Arms and saw two Young Ones with much Fish and Flesh in the Nest, and the old Bird constantly bringing more. So

that the young Ones not touching him, the old One claw'd him up and set him where she found him; who returned, and related the odd Event to his Friends. As I have, in a Canoe, pass'd near the Mountain, the Indians have said to me, *There is the Nest of the great Bird that carried the Boy away*: And there seem'd to be a great number of Sticks put together in form of a Nest on the Top of the Mountain. At another time they said; *There is the Bird, but he is now, as a Boy to a Giant, to what he was in former Days*. The Bird which they pointed to, was a large and speckled Bird, like an Eagle, tho' some what larger.

The other Notion is, That a young Indian in his Hunting was belated and lost his Way, and on a sudden he was introduced to a large Wigwam full of dry'd Eels, which prov'd to be a *Beaver's* House, in which he liv'd till the Spring of the Year, when he was turned out of the House, and set upon a Beaver-Damm, and went Home, and related the Affair to his Friends, at large.

A Description of several Creatures commonly taken by the Indians on St. John's River.

THE *Beaver* has a very thick strong Neck, his fore Teeth, which are two in the upper and two in the under Jaw, are concave and sharp like a Carpenter's Googe. Their side-Teeth are like a Sheep's, for they chew the Cud. Their Legs are short, the Claws something longer than in other Creatures; the Nails on the Toes of their hind Feet are flat like an Ape's, but join'd together by a Membrane as those of Water Fowl, their Tails broad and flat like the broad End of a Paddle. Near their Tails they have four Bottles, two of which contain Oil, the other Gum, the necks of these meet in one common Orifice; the latter of these contain the proper Castorum, and not the Testicles, as some have fancied, for the Testicles are distinct & separate from these, in the Males only; but the Castorum and Oyl-Bottles are common to Male and Female. With this Oyl and Gum they preen themselves, so that when they come out of the Water it runs off them, as it doth off a Fowl. They have four Teats, which are on their Breasts, so that they hug up their Young, and suckle them, as Women do their Infants. They have generally two and sometimes four in a Litter. I have seen seven or five in the Matrix: but the Indians think it a strange thing to find so many in a Litter, and they assert, that when it so happens, the Dam kills all above four. They are the most laborious Creatures that I have met with. I have known them to build Damms across Rivers which were thirty or forty Perch wide, with Wood & Mud, so as to flow many Acres of Land: in the deepest part of a Pond so raised, they build their Houses round in the Figure of an Indian Wigwam, eight or ten Feet in height, and six or eight Feet diameter on the Floor; which is made descending to the Water, the Parts near the Center about four, and near the Circumference between ten and twenty Inches above the Water: These Floors are covered with strippings of Wood like Shavings; on these they sleep with their Tails in the Water, and if the Freshits rise they have the advantage of rising on their Floor to the highest part. They feed on the Leaves and Bark of Trees and Pond-Lilly-Roots. In the Fall of the Year they lay in their Provision for the approaching Winter; cutting down Trees great and small, with one end in their Mouths they drag their Branches near to their House, and sink many Cords of it. [They will cut down Trees of a Fathom in

Circumference.] They have Doors to go down to the Wood under the Ice, and in case the Freshets rise, break down and carry off their Store of Wood, they often starve. They have a Note for conversing, calling & warning each other, when at Work or Feeding; & while they are at Labour they keep out a Guard, who upon the first approach of an Enemy so strikes the Water with it's Tail, that he may be heard half a Mile; which so alarms the rest, that they are all silent, quit their Labour, and are to be seen no more for that Time. And if the Male or Female die, the surviving seeks a Mate, and conducts him or her to their House, and carry on Affairs as above.

The *Wolverin* is a very fierce and mischievous Creature: about the bigness of a middling Dog, having short Legs, broad Feet, & very sharp Claws; and in my Opinion may be reckoned a Species of Cats. They will climb Trees, and wait for Moose and other Creatures who feed below, and when an Opportunity presents jump and strike their Claws in them so fast, that they will hang on them 'till they have gnaw'd the main Nerve of the Neck asunder, & the Creature dies. I have known many Moose kill'd thus. I was once travelling a little way behind several Indians, & heard them Laughing very merrily: when I came to them, they shew'd me the Track of a Moose, and how a *Wolverin* had climb'd a Tree, and where he had jump'd off upon the Moose; and the Moose had given several large Leaps, and happening to come under a Branch of a Tree, had broke the *Wolverin's* hold and tore him off: and by his Track in the Snow, he went off another, with short steps, as if he had been stun'd with the Blow. The Indians who impute such Accidents to the cunning of the Creature, were wonderfully pleased that the Moose should thus outwit the mischievous *Wolverin* !

These *Wolverins*, go into Wigwams which have been left for any Time, scatter the Things abroad, and most filthily pollute them with Ordure. I have heard the Indians say, that they have hal'd their Guns from under their Heads, while they were asleep; and left them so defil'd. An Indian told me, that having left his Wigwam with sundry Things on the Scaffold, among which was a Birch-Flask with several Pounds of Powder in it: At their return they were much surpriz'd and griev'd, for a light Snow had fallen, and a *Wolverin* visits their Wigwam, mounts the Scaffold, and—to plundering, heaves down Bag & Baggage; the Powder happ'ned to fall into the Fire, which fill'd the *Wolverin's* Eyes, and threw him and the Wigwam some Rods. At length they found the blind Creature rambling backward and forward, had the satisfaction of kicking and beating him about, which in great measure made up their Loss: and then they could contentedly pick up their Utensils, and rig out their Wigwam!

Our *Hedge-Hog* or *Urchin* is about the bigness of a Hog of six Months old, his Back and Sides and Tail are full of sharp Quills, so that if any Creature approach, they will contract themselves to a globular Form; if a Creature attack them, those Quills are so sharp and lose in their Skins that they fix in the Mouth of the Adversary and leave their own Skin. They will strike with great force, with their Tails; so that whatever falls under the lash of them, are certainly fill'd with their Prickles: But that they shoot their Quills, as some assert they do, is a great mistake as to the *American*, and I

believe as to the *African Hedge-Hog* or *Porcupine* also; as to the former I have taken them at all Seasons of the Year.

It is needless to describe the fresh-water Tortoise, whose Form is so well-known in all Parts: but their way of propagating their Species is not so universally known. I have observed that sort whose Shell is about fourteen or sixteen Inches wide: in their Coition or Treading they may be heard half a Mile, making a noise like a Woman washing her Linnen with a batting Staff—They lay their Eggs in the Sand; near some deep still Water, about a Foot beneath the surface of the Sand. They are very curious in covering them with the Sand, so that there is not the least mixture of it amongst them; nor the least rising of Sand on the Beach where they lie: I have often search'd for them with the Indians, by thrusting a Stick into the Sand, about the Beech at random, and brought up some part of an Egg clinging to it: and uncovering the Place have found near an hundred & fifty in one Nest. Both their Eggs & Flesh are good-Eating when boil'd &c. I have observed a difference as to the length of Time which they are hatching, which is between twenty & thirty Days, some sooner than others: Whether this difference ought to be imputed to the various Quality or Site of the Sand in which they lay (as to it's cold or heat &c) I leave to the Conjecture of the Virtuosi.—As soon as they were hatch'd, they broke thro' the Sand and betook themselves to the Water, as far as I could discover, without any further Care or Help of the Old Ones.

Of the *Salmon* I shall only note, that they come from the Sea early in the Spring, to the fresh Rivers; and with great pains ascend the Falls, till they come to the Heads of the Rivers; where the Water runs riffing over a coarse Gravel near some Pond or deep still Water: there they work Holes to lodge in, and in the Night resort to them, by two & two, the Male with his Female; thus lying together the Female ejects a Spawn, like a Pea; the Male a Sperm like Milk, which sink among the Gravel. I have often been fishing for them, with a Torch in the Night, when the Water hath been so shoal that they have lien with their Backs & Tails above the Water: and if our Spear miss'd it's stroke, the Fish darted at, would flutter & alarm the whole Shoal, (tho' it consisted of a vast Multitude) which immediately repaired to the deep Water, and return'd not in plenty for several Nights. When the Leaf falls they have done falls they have done Spawning, and return to the Sea.

Of their Feasting, &c.

WHEN the Indians determine for War, or are entering upon a particular Expedition, they kill a number of their Dogs, burn off their Hair, and cut them into Pieces; leaving only one Dog's Head whole; the rest of the Flesh they boil, and make a fine Feast of it: after which, the Dog's Head that was left whole is scorch'd, 'till the Nose and Lips have shrunk from the Teeth, and left them bare and grinning; this done; they fasten it on a Stick, and the Indian who is proposed to be Chief in the Expedition takes the Head into his Hand and sings a Warlike Song; in which he mentions the Town they design to Attack, and the principal Man in it, threatening that in a few Days he will carry that Man's Head and Scalp in his Hand, in the same manner. When the Chief hath Sung, he so places the Dog's Head as to grin at him

whom he supposed will go his Second: who, if he accepts, takes the Head in his Hand and sings, but if he refuse to go, he turns the Teeth to another; and thus from one to another 'till they have inlisted their Company. The Indians imagine that Dog's Flesh makes them bold and courageous! I have seen an Indian split a Dog's Head with a Hatchet, and take out the Brains hot, and eat them raw, with the Blood running down his Jaws!

When a Relation dies; in a still Evening, a Squaw will walk on the highest Land near her abode, and with a loud, mournful Voice exclaim, *Oh have, have, have*, with a long mournful Tone to each *have*, for a long time together. After the mourning Season is over, the Relations of the deceased make a Feast to wipe off Tears; and they may Marry freely. If the deceas'd were a Squaw, the Relations consult together and choose a Squaw (doubtless a Widow) and send her to the Widower: and if he like her he takes her to be his Wife, if not, he sends her back; and the Relations choose and send 'till they find one that he approveth of. If a young Fellow determines to marry, his Relations and the Jesuit advise him to a Girl: and the young Fellow goes into the Wigwam where she is, and looks on her; and if he likes her, he tosses a Chip or Stick into her Lap, which she takes, and with a reserv'd, side-Look views the Person who sent it; yet handleth the Chip with Admiration, as tho' she wondred from whence it came. If she likes him, she throws the Chip to him, with a modest Smile; and then nothing is wanting but a Ceremony with the Jesuit to consummate the Marriage; But if the Young Squaw dislike the Fellow, she with a surly Countenance throws the Chip aside, and he comes no more there.

If Parents have a Daughter marriageable, they seek a Husband for her, who is a good Hunter. And if he have a Gun and Ammunition, a Canoe, Spear and Hatchet; a Monoodah and crooked-Knife, a looking-Glass & Paint; a Pipe, Tobacco and Knot-Bowl to toss a kind of Dice in, he is accounted a Gentleman of a plentiful Fortune. [By their sort of Dice they lose much Time, playing whole Days and Nights together: and sometimes their whole Estate: tho' this is accounted a great Vice by the Old Men.] Whatever the new-married-Man procures the first Year belongs to his Wife's Parents. [If the young Pair have a Child within a Year and nine Months, they are tho't to be very forward, libidinous Persons.]

There is an old Story told among the Indians of a Family, who had a Daughter that was accounted a finished Beauty, and adorned with the precious Jewel of an Indian Education! She was So form'd by Nature and polish'd by Art they could not find for her a suitable Consort! At length, while they resided on the Head of *Penobscot River*, under the White-Hills called the *Teddon*, this fine Creature was missing; and her Parents could have no Account of her. After much Time spent, Pains, and Tears show'ed in quest of her; they saw her, diverting her self with a beautiful Youth, whose Hair like her's flow'd down below his Waste, Swimming, Washing, &c. in the Water; but the Youths vanished upon their Approach. This beautiful Person, whom they imagin'd to be one of those kind Spirits who inhabit the *Teddon*; they look'd upon him as their Son-in-Law: so that (according to Custom) they called upon him for Moose, Bear, or whatever Creature they desired, and if they did but go to the

Water-side and signify their desire, the Creature which they would have, came Swimming to them!

I have heard an Indian say, that he lived by the River at the Foot of the *Teddon*, and in his Wigwam, seeing the top of it thro' the Hole left in the top of the Wigwam for the passing of Smoke, he was tempted to travel to it: accordingly he set out early on a Summer's Morning, and laboured hard in ascending the Hill all Day, and the Top seem'd as distant from the Place where he lodged at Night, as from the Wigwam whence he began his Journey: and concluding that Spirits were there, never dare make a second Attempt. I have been credibly inform'd that several others have fail'd in the same Attempt: particularly, that three young Men tow'd the *Teddon* three Days and an half, and then began to be strangely disordered & delirious, and when their Imagination was clear, and they could recollect where they were, and had been; they found themselves return'd one Days Journey: how they came down so far, they can't guess, unless the Genii of the Place convey'd them! These White Hills at the Head of *Penobscot River*, are, by the Indians, said to be much higher than those, call'd *Agiockchoock*, above *Saco*.

But to return to an Indian Feast, of which you request a Bill of Fare, before you go; and if you dislike it stay at Home. The Ingredients are Fish, Flesh, or Indian Corn and Beans boil'd together, or Hasty-Pudden made of pounded Corn: Whenever and as often as these are plenty; an Indian boils four or five large Kettles full, and sends a Messenger to each Wigwam-Door; who exclaim, *Kub Menscoorebab!* i. e. *I come to conduct you to a Feast:* The Man within demands whether he must take, a Spoon, or a Knife in his Dish which he always carries with him. They appoint two or three Young Men to Mess it out, to each Man his Portion according to the number of his Family at Home; which is done with the utmost exactness. When they have done eating, a young Fellow stands without the Door, and crys aloud *Mensecommook*, Come & fetch! Immediately each Squaw goes to her Husband and takes what he has left, which she carries Home and eats with her Children. For neither married Women nor any Youth under twenty years of Age are allowed to be present: but old Widow-Squaws and Captive Men may set by the Door. The Indian Men continue in the Wigwam, some relating their Warlike Exploits; others something Comical; others give a Narrative of their Hunting; the Seniors give maxims of Prudence and grave Counsels to the Young Men: tho' every ones Speech be agreeable to the run of his own Fancy, yet they confine themselves to Rule, and but one speaks at a Time. After every Man has told his Story, One rises up, Sings a Feast-Song, and others succeed alternately as the Company see fit.

Necessity is the Mother of Invention. If an Indian have lost his Fire-Work, he can presently take two Sticks, the one harder than the other (the drier the better) and in the softest make an Hollow or Socket, to which they'll fit one end of the hardest Stick; then holding the softest Wood firm between their Knees; they fix the end of the hard Stick made fit into the Socket, and whirl it round in their Hand like a Drill, and it takes Fire in a few Minutes.

If they have lost or left their Kettle, 'tis but putting the Victuals into a Birch-Dish, leaving a vacancy in the middle, filling it with Water, and putting in hot Stones alternately: and they will thus thro'ly boil the toughest Neck of Beef.

Of my three Years Captivity with the French.

WHEN about six Years of my doleful Captivity had past, my second Indian Master dyed, whose Squaw and my first Indian Master disputed whose Slave I should be; and some malicious Persons advised them to end the Quarrel by putting a Period to my Life: but honest Father *Simon*, the Priest of the River, told them that it would be a heinous Crime, and advised them to sell me to the French. There came annually one or two Men of War to Supply the Fort, which was on the River about thirty four Leagues from the Sea: The Indians having Advice of the Arrival of a Man of War at the Mouth of the River, they, about thirty or forty in Number went aboard: For the Gentlemen from *France* made a Present to them every Year, and set forth the Riches & Victories of their Monarch &c. at this Time they presented a Bag or two of Flour with some prunes, as Ingredients for a Feast. I, who was dress'd up in an old greasy Blanket, without Cap, Hat or Shirt, (for I had no Shirt for the six Years, but that which was on my Back when I was taken) was invited into the great Cabin, where many well rigg'd Gentlemen were sitting, who would fain have had a full view of me: I endeavoured to hide my self behind the Hangings, for I was much ashamed; thinking of my former wearing Cloaths, and of my living with People who could rigg as well as the best of them. My Master asked me, Whether I chose to be sold aboard the Man of War, or to the Inhabitant? I replied with Tears, I shou'd be glad if you would sell me to the English from whom you took me; but if I must be sold to the French, I choose to be Sold to the lowest on the River, or nearest Inhabitant to the Sea, about twenty-five Leagues from the Mouth of the River: for I tho't, that, if I were sold to the Gentlemen aboard the Man of War, I should never return to the English. This was the first sight I had of Salt Water in my Captivity, and the first time that I had tasted Salt or Bread.

My Master presently went ashore, and after a few Days all the Indians went up the River; and when we came to the House which I mentioned to my Master, he went ashore with me and tarried all Night: the Master of the House spake kindly to me in Indian, for I could not then speak one Word of French: Madam also look'd pleasant on me, and gave me some Bread. The next Day I was sent six Leagues further up the River to another French House. My Master and the Fryar tarried with Monsieur Dechouffour, the Gentleman who had entertain'd us the Night before. Not long after, Father *Simon* came and said, Now you are one of us, for you are sold to that Gentleman by whom you were entertain'd the other Night. I replied;—Sold!—to a Frenchman!—I could say no more!—went into the Woods alone and wept till I could scarce see or stand! The word *Sold*, and that to a People of that Persuasion, which my dear Mother so much detested, and in her last Words manifested so great Fears of my falling into!—the Thoughts of these almost broke my Heart!

When I had given vent to my Passions, I rub'd my Eyes, endeavouring to hide my Grief: But Father *Simon* perceiving that my Eyes were swollen, called me aside; and

bid me not to grieve: for the Gentleman to whom I was sold was of a good humour, that he had formerly bought two Captives of the Indians, who both went home to *Boston*; this in some measure revived me. But he added, that, he did not suppose that I would ever incline to go to the English, for the French way of Worship was much to be preferred: also, that he should pass that way in about ten Days, and if I did not like to live with the French better than with the Indians, he would buy me again. On the Day following, Father *Simon* and my Indian Master went up the River six & thirty Leagues, to their Chief Village, and I went down the River six Leagues with two Frenchmen to my new Master: Who kindly receiv'd me, and in a few Days Madam made me an osnaburg Shirt and French Cap, and a Coat out of one of my Master's old Coats; then I threw away my greasy Blanket and Indian Flap, and look'd as smart as—. And I never more saw the old Fryar, the Indian Village, or my Indian Master, till about fourteen Years after I saw my Indian Master at *Port-Royal* whither I was sent by the Government, with a Flag on Truce, for exchanging Prisoners: and again about twenty-four Years since he came to *St. John's* to *George's* to see me, where I made him very welcome.

My French Master held a great Trade with the Indians, which suited me very well, I being thorough in the Languages of the Tribes at *Cape Sable's* and *St. John's*. I had not lived long with this Gentleman before he committed to me the Keys of his Store &c. and my whole Employment was Trading and Hunting; in which I acted faithfully for my Master, and never knowingly wrong'd him to the value of one Farthing. They spoke to me so frequently in Indian, that it was some time before I was perfect in the French Tongue. Monsieur generally had his Goods from the Man of War which came there annually from *France*.

In the Year 1696 two Men of War came to the Mouth of the River, which had taken the *New-Port*, Capt. *Paxton* Commander, and brought him with them: They made the Indians some Presents, and invited them to join in an Expedition to *Pemmaquid*, which Invitation they accepted, and soon after arrived there; and Capt. *Chubb* delivered the Fort, without much dispute, to Monsieur *D'Iberville* their Chief; as I heard the Gentleman say whom I lived with, who was there present.

Early in the Spring I was sent, with three Frenchmen, to the Mouth of the River, for Provision which came from *Port-Royal*. We carried over Land, from the River to a large Bay, where we were driven on an Island by a North-East Storm, and were kept there seven Days, without any Sustenance, for we expected a quick Passage and carried nothing with us; the Wind continuing boisterous, so that we could not return back, and the Ice prevented our going forward: After seven Days the Ice broke up, and we went forward, tho' we were so weak that we could scarce hear each other speak; and the People at the Mouth of the River were surprized to see us so feeble; and advised us to be cautious & abstemious in eating. By this Time, I knew as much of Fasting as they, and dieted on Broth, and recovered very well, as also one of the others did; but the other two would not be advised: and I never saw any Persons in greater Torment than they were, till they obtain'd a Passage, on which they recovered.

A Friar who lived in the Family invited me to Confession, but I excused my self as well as I could. One Evening he took me into his Apartment, in the dark, and advised me to confess to him what Sins I had committed: I told him, that I could not remember a thousandth part of them (they were so numerous:) Then he bid me remember and relate as many as I could, and he would pardon them; signifying that he had a Bag to put them in. I told him that I did not believe that it was in the power of any but GOD to pardon Sin. He asked me, whether I had read the Bible? I told him that I had when I was a little Boy, so long since, that I had forgot most of it. Then he told me, that he did not pardon my Sins; but when he knew them he prayed GOD to pardon them: when, perhaps I was at my Sports and Plays. He wish'd me well, and hoped that I should be better advised, and said that he should call for me in a little Time: Thus he dismiss'd and never call'd me to Confession more.

The Gentleman whom I lived with had a fine Field of Wheat, which great numbers of Black Birds, visited; and destroy'd much of. But the French said a Jesuit would come and banish them; who came at length, and all things were prepared, *viz.* a Bason of, what they call, Holy-Water; a Staff with a little Brush to sprinkle withal, & the Jesuit's white Robe, which he put on. [I ask'd several Prisoners, who had lately been taken by Privateers and brought hither, *viz.* Mr. *Woodberry*, *Cocks*, & *Morgan*, whether they would go and see the Ceremony? Mr. *Woodberry* ask'd me, whether I designed to go? I told him that I did. He said, that I was then as bad a Papist as they, and a d—n'd Fool. I told him that I believ'd as little of it as they did, but I inclined to see the Ceremony, that I might rehearse it to the English.] They entered the Field and walk'd through the Wheat in Procession, a young Lad going before the Jesuit with a Bason of their Holy-Water; then the Jesuit with his Brush, dipping it into the Bason, and sprinkling the Field on each side of him; next him a little Bell tingling, and about thirty Men following in order, Singing, with the Jesuit, *Ora pro Nobis*; at the End of the Field they Wheel'd to the Left about, and return'd. Thus they went through the Field of Wheat, the Birds rising before them and lighting behind them. At their return I said to a French Lad; The Fryar hath done no Service,—He had better take a Gun and shoot the Birds. The Lad left me a while (I tho't, to ask the Jesuit what to say) and when he returned, he said, the Sins of the People were so great, that the Fryar could not prevail against those Creatures. The same Jesuit as vainly attempted to banish the Muschetoes at *Signecto*, for the Sins of that People were so great also, that he could not prevail against them, but rather drew more as the French inform'd me.

Some Time after Col *Hanthorn* attempted the taking the French Fort up this River: * we heard of them some time before they came up the River, by the Guard that Governor *Villebon* had order'd at the River's Mouth. Monsieur, the Gentleman whom I lived with was gone to *France*; and Madam advised with me. She then desired me to nail the Paper on the door of our House, containing as follows:

I intreat the General of the English not to burn my House or Barn, nor destroy my Cattle. I don't suppose that such an Army come up this River to destroy a few Inhabitants; but for the Fort above us. I have shewn Kindness to the English Captives as we were Capacitated, and have bought two

Captives of the Indians and sent them to Boston: and have One now with us, and he shall go also when a convenient Opportunity presents, and he desires it.

This done, Madam said to me;

Little English; We have shewn you Kindness; and now it lies in your Power to serve or disserve us, as you know where our Goods are hid in the Woods, and that *Monsieur* is not at Home. I could have sent you to the Fort and put you under Confinement, but my Respects to you, and assurance of your Love to us; has disposed me to confide in you, persuaded that you will not hurt us nor our Affairs. And now if you will not run away to the English who are coming up the River, but serve our Interest, I will acquaint *Monsieur* of it at his return from *France*, which will be very pleasing to him: And I now give my Word, that, you shall have liberty to go to *Boston* on the first Opportunity (if you desire it) or that any other Favour, in my Power, shall not be deny'd you.

I replied;

Madam; It is contrary to the Nature of the English to requite Evil for Good. I shall endeavour to serve you and your Interest. I shall not run to the English, but if I am taken by them, shall willingly go with them, and yet endeavour not to disserve you either in your Persons or Goods.

This said, We embark'd and went in a large Boat and Canoe two or three Miles up an Eastern-Branch of the River that comes from a large Pond: and in the Evening sent down four Hands to make discovery; and while they were setting in the House the English surrounded it and took one of the four; the other those made their escape, in the dark, through the English Soldiers, and came to us, and gave a surprizing Account of Affairs.

Again, Madam said to me,

Little English; Now you can go from us, but I hope you will remember your Word!

I said,

Madam, Be not concern'd; for I will not leave you in this Strait.

She said,

I know not what to do with my two poor little Babes!

I said,

Madam, the sooner we embark and go over the great Pond the better.

Accordingly we embark'd and went over the Pond. The next Day we spake with Indians, who (were in a Canoe and) gave us an Account that *Signecto* was taken and burnt. Soon after we heard the great Guns at Governor *Villebon's* Fort, which the English engag'd several Days, kill'd one Man, and drew off and went down the River; for it was so late in the Fall, that had they tarried a few Days longer, in the River; they would have been froze in for the Winter. Hearing no report of the great Guns for several Days, I with two others went down to our House, to make discovery—: where we found our young Lad who was taken by the English when they went up the River: For the General was so honourable that, on reading the Note on our Door, he ordered that the House and Barn should not be burnt, nor their Cattle or other Creatures kill'd; except one or two, and the Poultry, for their Use: and at their return, order'd the young Lad to be put ashore. Finding things in this Posture, we return'd and gave *Madam* an Account:—She acknowledged the many Favours which the English had

shewn her with Gratitude; and treated me with great Civility. The next Spring, *Monsieur* arriv'd from *France* in the Man of War; who thank'd me for my Care of his Affairs, and said that he would endeavour to fulfill what Madam had promised to me.

And accordingly in the Year 1698, the Peace being proclaim'd, and a Sloop come to the Mouth of the River, with a Ransom for one *Michael Cooms*; I Monsieur in mind of his Word: I told him that there was now an Opportunity for me to go and see the English. He advised me to tarry, and told me that he would do for me as for his own &c. I thank'd him for his Kindness, but chose rather to go to *Boston*, for I hoped that I had some Relations yet alive. Then he advised me to go up to the Fort and take my Leave of the Governor: which I did, and he spake very kindly &c. Some Days after I took my Leave of Madam; Monsieur went down to the Mouth of the River with me to see me safe aboard, and asked the Master, Mr. *Starkee*, a Scotch Man, whether I must pay for my Passage? if so, he would pay it himself rather than I should have it to pay at my Arrival at *Boston*, but gave me not a penny. The Master told him that there was nothing to pay, and that if the Owner should make any Demand, he would pay it himself rather than a poor Prisoner should suffer, for he was glad to see any English Person come out of Captivity.

On the 13th of *June* I took my leave of Monsieur, and the Sloop came to Sail for *Boston*; where we arrived on the 19th of the same at Night. In the Morning after my Arrival, a Youth came on Board, and asked many Questions relating to my Captivity, and at length gave me to understand that he was my little Brother, who was at Play with some other Children, and upon hearing the Guns and seeing the Indians run, made their escape to the Fort, and went off with the Captain and People: and that my Elder Brother who made his Escape from the Farm, whence I was taken, and our two little Sisters, were alive, and that our Mother had been dead some Years, &c. as above related. Then we went ashore, and saw our Elder Brother &c.

On the second of *August* 1689, I was taken, and on the 19th of *June* 1698, arrived at *Boston*: so that I was absent eight Years ten Months and seventeen Days: In all which Time, tho' I underwent extreme Difficulties; yet I saw much of the Goodness of GOD. May the most powerful and beneficent BEING, accept of this publick. Testimony of it, and bless my Experiences to excite others to confide in his All-sufficiency, thro' the infinite Merite of JESUS CHRIST!