

## INDIAN WAR IN THE COLONIES.\*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.



FALLING CREEK, VA. SITE OF THE FIRST  
IRON-WORKS, DESTROYED IN THE  
MASSACRE OF 1622.

I.

### THE EARLIER INDIAN WARS.

THE Virginia colony, in its early struggle with want, was saved from complete overthrow at the hands of the savages by the address of Captain John Smith, by the imperviousness of English armor to arrow-shots, and by the frightful detonations of match-lock guns and small cannon. After the marriage of Pocahontas there ensued an era of good feeling in which the confederated tribes of the Virginia peninsulas found it better to trade with white men than to fight them. Meantime, English religionists cultivated a sentimental enthusiasm about the Indians, founding a school and devising other things for the wild men as laudable in aim as they were impossible of execution. The eager pioneers, feeling secure and intent on opening ground

for growing tobacco, planted their cabins farther and farther apart along the inviting river-banks. They traded with the savages for corn, and hired them to shoot with English fowling-pieces the great bronze-breasted wild turkeys, the innumerable pigeons,—whose flight by millions sometimes obscured the sky and was thought an omen of evil,—and the water-fowl that gathered in countless flocks upon the bays and tributaries of the James River. These Indian hunters lived in the houses of their employers, penetrated the mystery of European habits, and became expert

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with fire-arms, so that the dread of the white man's magic charms and deadly thunderbolts wore away. Even the implacable old Opechancanough, who had come to the leadership on the death of Powhatan, seemed to be friendly. He accepted a house from the manager of the college lands, and found no end of delight in locking and unlocking the door. The savages entered freely the isolated and unfortified cabins of the settlers without so much as knocking; they ate from the planters' supplies, and slept wrapped in skins or blankets before the wide-open fire-places. The former hardships of the colonists were fast sinking into that happy oblivion which peace and prosperity bring.

But in 1622, on the 22d of March (Old Style), in the middle of the day, while the men were afield, the Indians fell upon the women and children in the houses and the men who worked unarmed abroad, killing the settlers with their own axes, hatchets, hoes, and knives, hacking and disfiguring their dead bodies, and then, fortunately, pausing to pillage and burn the dwellings. The unutterable outrages on living and dead, so familiar in the history of Indian massacres from that time to this, appeared in this first onslaught. The plan had been well laid to exterminate or drive away every Englishman from the coast. One Indian of those dwelling among white men and under missionary influence was touched with compassion. As he lay upon the floor the night before the massacre, he received from a companion the authoritative command of his tribe to kill the master of the house in which he lived; but he rose and whispered a warning to his benefactor, who carried the tidings across the water into Jamestown, so that the authorities were able to check the Indians after three hundred and forty-seven Europeans had been slain. The savages had not quite lost their fear of the English; they turned back from every show of force, even from an empty gun in the hand of a woman.

One-twelfth of the whole colony had fallen, almost within a single hour. The Virginia planters had no countrymen on this side of the sea except the remote handful of famine-stricken pilgrims beyond Cape Cod; and this destructive blow appalled the colonists, and there was talk of fleeing to the eastern shore of the Chesapeake for security. But, under prudent leadership, the settlers were drawn together into the stronger places and made to present a compact and undaunted front. They built palisaded houses and carried their arms in the field and to church. A savage ferocity, born of resentment and terror, showed itself, and the white men did not scruple to treat a perfidious foe with shameless

bad faith. How else could English soldiers, in cumbrous armor, ever come up with bowmen so fleet of foot and so light of baggage? Affecting to make peace, the English appointed the 23d of July, 1623, as a day on which to fall simultaneously upon the unsuspecting Indian villages, slaughtering the people, burning the wigwams, and cutting up the growing maize, so as to leave the savages to a winter of misery and starvation. Another attack was made in 1624, when eight hundred Pamunkeys and other Indians made a brave stand for two days, but were at length beaten by the odds of fire-arms and defensive armor.

In 1644, twenty-two years after this first massacre, when Opechancanough was shriveled and palsied with age, unable to stand on his feet or to open his eyelids without help, he was borne on a litter to command in a new attack. The Indians, hearing that there was civil strife in England, and having seen a battle between a king's ship and a parliament ship in the James River, thought it a good opportunity to make a clean sweep of the English. Five hundred were killed in two days, but the arrival of the governor with an armed force put the savages to flight. Opechancanough was afterward taken and carried into Jamestown, where a soldier appointed to guard him shot the unmollified centenarian, to whom were attributed so many woes.

Very different in origin and outcome from the Virginia war was the beginning of sorrows in New England. The Dutch purchased the Connecticut River country from the powerful Pequots, who had recently expelled the tribes formerly seated on its banks. Thereupon English settlers brought back the former owners, gave them the protection of an English fort, and from them acquired a rival title. This inflamed the jealousy of the Pequots, some of whom made themselves amends by killing the unarmed crew of a trading boat from Virginia. The allies of the Pequots on Block Island also slew John Oldham, trading thither from Massachusetts.

Captain Endecott, afterward governor of Massachusetts, commanded the force sent out in 1636, with orders to bring these Indians to reason by putting to death all their able-bodied men. Endecott was very brave in chopping down May-poles, banishing churchmen, and hanging Quakers, but he was not so well suited to contend with Indians. On Block Island, he burned the combustible wigwams and cut to pieces seven canoes, but the nimble savages retreated to hiding-places according to their wont. Flushed with triumph, Captain Endecott then sailed to "Pequot Harbor"—now known as the mouth of the Thames River—in Connecticut. Here the

Pequots outwitted him by keeping negotiations open until they could remove their families and household stuff. The English at length "beat up the drums" as a challenge to battle, giving fair warning to the fleet savages to get out of the way before the guns were discharged. The Pequots shot off some arrows and then ran away under fire. Endecott returned to Boston without losing a man or impairing the enemy's strength. The handful of settlers on the Connecticut, and the little garrison under Lieutenant Lion Gardiner at the mouth of that river, were left to endure as best they might the fury which this expedition had provoked. The insolence of the emboldened and enraged Pequots now passed all bounds. They made raids on the Connecticut settlers, killed and captured straggling soldiers from the fort at Saybrook, torturing every hapless white man that fell into their hands, and repeating within hearing of the garrison the cries, groans, prayers, and distressful ejaculations uttered by those whom they had tormented, mimicking and deriding their agonies, and wearing head-bands made of the fingers and toes of their victims.

In May, 1637, John Mason, who had won the favor of Fairfax in the war in the Netherlands, was given command of a little company drawn from the yet feeble Connecticut settlements, with the addition of twenty Massachusetts men under Captain Underhill. Mason was ordered to attack the Indians at Pequot Harbor, and his officers, impatient to return to their imperiled families, voted to obey the orders. But Mason, seeing the futility of this, appealed to higher authority by asking the chaplain to inquire the mind of the Lord. After a prayerful vigil, Chaplain Stone decided that Captain Mason was right, and the expedition sailed eastward. The deluded Pequots thereupon gave themselves over to feasting and to making preparations for a raid on the settlements, while Mason came about and assailed them on an unexpected side.

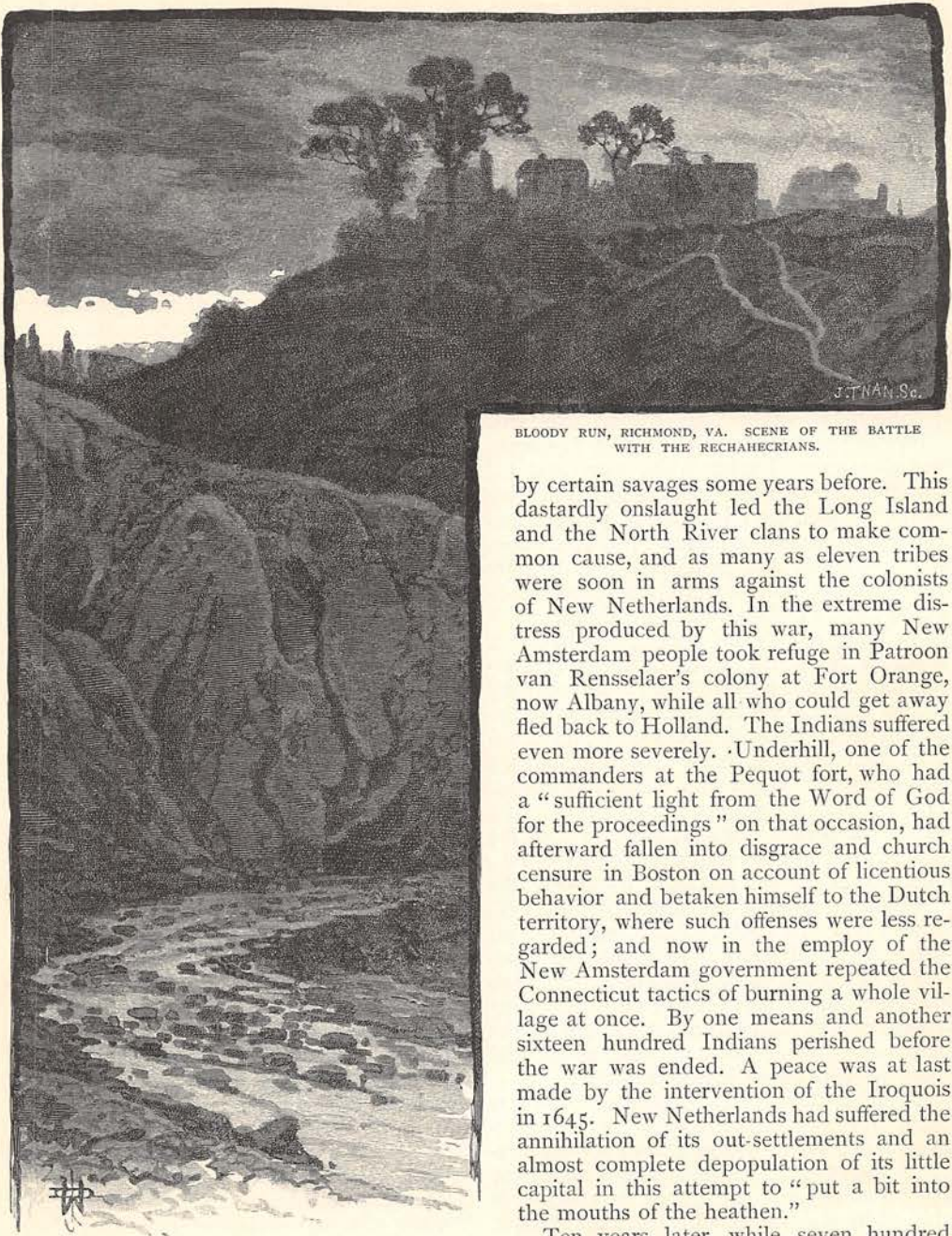
No more daring and brilliant surprise was seen in early colonial warfare than that accomplished by this forlorn hope of seventy-five. The Indian allies of the English fell back with terror as the troops approached in the night the strongholds of the dreaded chief, Sassacus. After an exhausting march, the Connecticut men slept a few hours at what is now called Porter's Rocks, and then at day-break surrounded the palisaded village at Mystic, where the barbarians, wearied with their revelry, were all asleep. In the first on-set Mason hit upon the dreadful expedient of setting the wigwams afire. In less than two hours, five or six hundred men, women, and children had perished. They were shot down

off the palisades, whither they climbed to escape the heat; those who essayed to break through the lines were put to the sword; those who succeeded in passing the English fell by the tomahawks of the Indian allies in the rear; and many, in mad desperation, threw themselves into the flames. A whole community was destroyed at a blow. So heart-rending were the cries of victims in the fire, so ghastly the aspect of the dead and dying about the fort, that the younger soldiers, unhardened by cruel scenes, were touched with compassion and horror; and it was necessary afterward to cite the massacre of the Canaanites, and David's "saws and harrows of iron," to justify this slaughter.

In the war which followed, the powerful Pequot tribe was obliterated. Fugitives were pursued toward the confines of New Netherland, and numbers of the doomed tribe were slain not only by the troops of Connecticut and Massachusetts, but by the neighboring savages, who were always ready to engage on the winning side and had many reasons for hating the Pequots. Trophies of heads and hands were sent to Boston, Hartford, and Windsor, as good-will offerings from the neighboring tribes to the English. Those of the enemy who obtained mercy when the sword was weary with the disgusting slaughter were either sold away to the consuming slavery of the West Indies, reduced to servitude in the colonies, or divided between the Narragansetts and Mohegans, and New England had peace for nearly forty years.

In Maryland, a conflict with the tribes broke out about the time of the close of the Pequot war in Connecticut. The first contest with the Susquehannas seems to have dragged its indecisive course through thirteen years, and when peace was made with this tribe there was still trouble from some of the bands on the eastern peninsula. The records are so defective that we are only able to see occurrences in a sort of historic twilight; the Indian wars appear to be without beginning or end. We catch a dim vision of the gallant figure of Colonel Cornwayleys, "the guardian genius of the colony," as, at a later period, we hear of the exploits of Colonel Ninian Beale. We are able to conjecture something of the distresses of the infant colony during a prolonged Indian war, to which were superadded religious dissensions, insubordination, and more than one revolution. Meanwhile, Virginia was never free for many years at a time from the scourge, and in 1656 her troops suffered a bitter defeat near the present site of Richmond, at a brook which still bears the name of Bloody Run.

During the prevalence of these wars in the

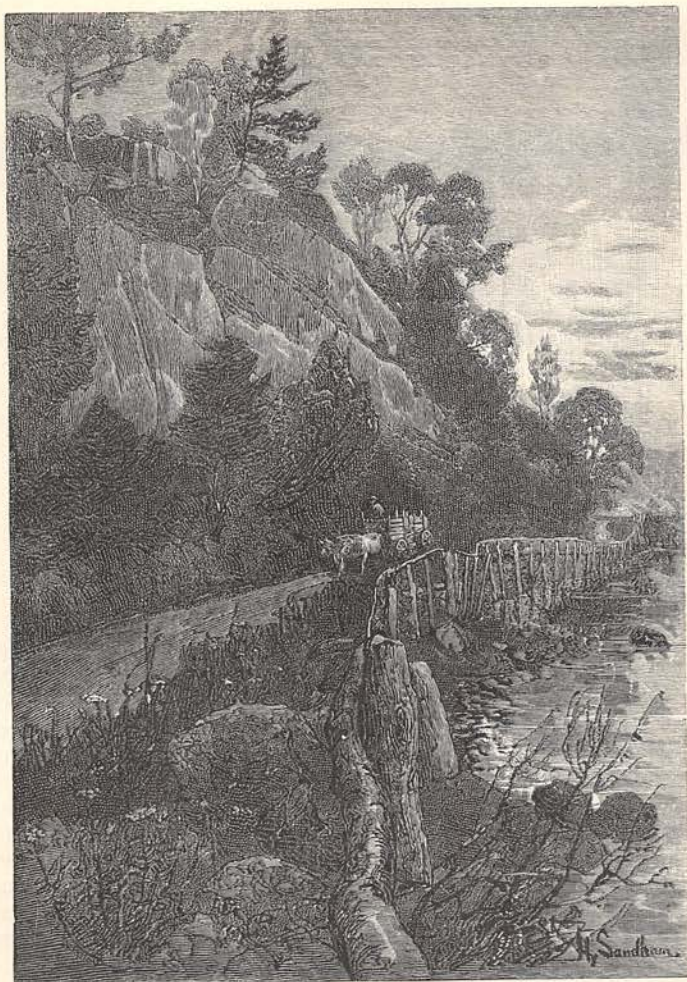


BLOODY RUN, RICHMOND, VA. SCENE OF THE BATTLE WITH THE RECHAHECRIANS.

by certain savages some years before. This dastardly onslaught led the Long Island and the North River clans to make common cause, and as many as eleven tribes were soon in arms against the colonists of New Netherlands. In the extreme distress produced by this war, many New Amsterdam people took refuge in Patroon van Rensselaer's colony at Fort Orange, now Albany, while all who could get away fled back to Holland. The Indians suffered even more severely. Underhill, one of the commanders at the Pequot fort, who had a "sufficient light from the Word of God for the proceedings" on that occasion, had afterward fallen into disgrace and church censure in Boston on account of licentious behavior and betaken himself to the Dutch territory, where such offenses were less regarded; and now in the employ of the New Amsterdam government repeated the Connecticut tactics of burning a whole village at once. By one means and another sixteen hundred Indians perished before the war was ended. A peace was at last made by the intervention of the Iroquois in 1645. New Netherlands had suffered the annihilation of its out-settlements and an almost complete depopulation of its little capital in this attempt to "put a bit into the mouths of the heathen."

Chesapeake country, the heedless and unscrupulous Kieft, who bore rule over the Dutch colony, provoked a conflict with the Raritans in 1640. Three years later, he took advantage of the distressed state of some Indians who were huddled near a brewery at Pavonia in mortal terror of the Mohawks, to fall upon their camp in cold blood, in order to avenge the death of two Dutchmen murdered

Ten years later, while seven hundred men from the Hudson were waging bloodless war for the subjugation of the Swedes on the Delaware, the Indians entered the very streets of New Amsterdam and committed outrages in retaliation for the killing of a squaw who had been shot while stealing peaches. The Staten Island and New Jersey settlements were ravaged. Again, in 1658, after many irritations on both sides, the rashness of some



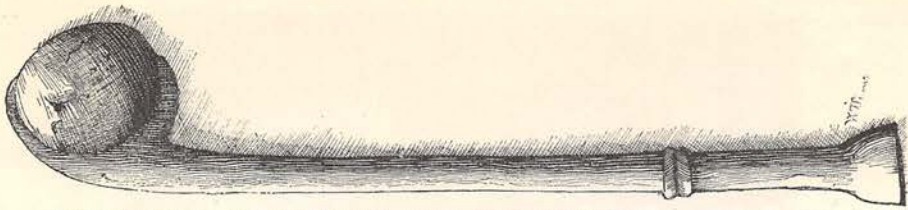
PORTER'S ROCKS, MYSTIC, CONN.

settlers at Esopus on the Hudson brought on a conflict, in which many colonists were killed and ten burned at the stake in plain sight of the fort.

In 1675, there came upon the thriving New England colonies that struggle between Indian ferocity and English endurance known as King Philip's war. Philip's father was Massasoit, the ally of the Pilgrims. His son and successor, Alexander—so called by the English—had been rudely put under arrest by the Plymouth authorities on suspicion of hostile intentions. Soon after his release he died, some thought of grief and humiliation. Philip, who succeeded his brother, was a typical Indian chief, arrogant and cringing by turns. It pleased his inordinate vanity to plot against the English, though he shrank from the actual collision, which appears to have been brought about at last, as so many Indian massacres have been, by the impetuous

valor of the young warriors,—members of that fierce democracy known in the western tribes at the present time as "the soldiers' lodge,"—a body which often carries the day against wiser counsel when war is in the making. But Philip's arrogance, matched by that of the General Court at Plymouth, rendered the collision inevitable sooner or later.

Had those in authority at Plymouth and Boston appreciated the immense advance in power which the Indians had made in acquiring the use of the white man's weapons, they might have found means to avoid a conflict which presently brought upon them, in addition to Philip's Wampanoags, the Nipmucks of the Massachusetts middle country, the populous clans of the Connecticut valley, the powerful Narragansetts of the coast south of Cape Cod, and after awhile the Tarranteens of the East. Little acquainted

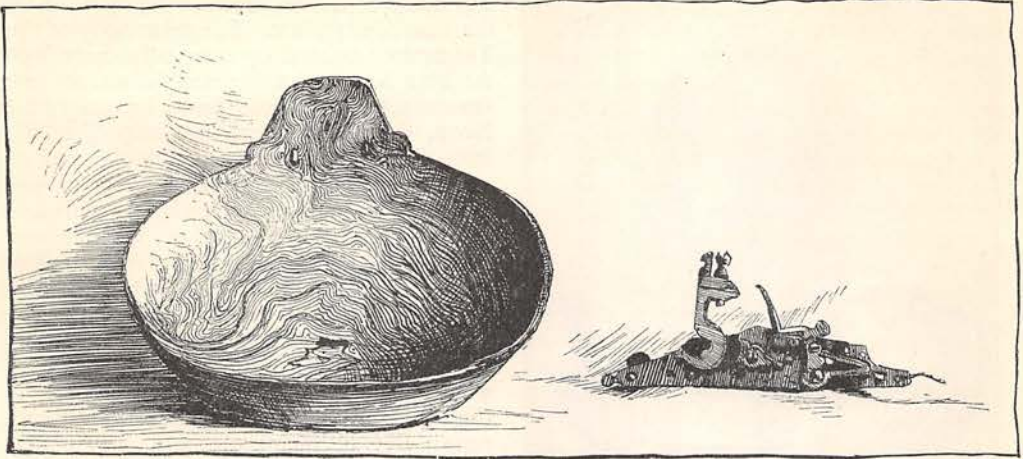


INDIAN WAR-CLUB. (FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY'S CABINET.)

with Indian warfare, the white men fell into one ambush after another and suffered surprise after surprise. Marching in close order, the strength of a party was easily reckoned and its ranks readily cut to pieces by the skulking foe. "Our men," says Gookins, "could see no enemy to shoot at, but yet felt their bullets out of the thick bushes." For a long time there was little but disasters of sudden massacre and overwhelming defeat, of families slain, hamlets in flames, and women and children carried into captivity. The Puritans sought to placate an angry deity by fasting and humiliations, and by laws against such abominations as the wearing of long hair by men and the wearing of short hair and too many ribbons by women. Young people were forbidden to drive together, and God was to be pleased by a renewed persecution of the Quakers. But, in spite of these reforms, Captain Hutchinson and sixteen men were cut off by an ambush near Brookfield; Captain Beers was slain with twenty of his men while on his way to Hadley; Captain Lathrop, attempting to reach Hadley a week later, was cut off with almost his whole troop of about a hundred men. Northfield and Deerfield were abandoned to be burned by the savages, and a considerable part of Springfield was destroyed. What seems now to have been a rather impolitic attack on the Narragansett stronghold resulted in a victory, purchased by a loss so great that the slender military force of the colonies was staggered by it. The scattering far and near of the enraged warriors of this powerful tribe, homeless and famine-stricken in a bitter winter, only aggravated the sorrows of New England. In midwinter, Lancaster was destroyed and forty of its people slain and captured. The daring enemy penetrated to within twenty miles of Boston, and assailed Medfield and Weymouth. Almost the whole of the old colony of Plymouth was laid waste, Warwick in Rhode Island was destroyed, and Providence was partly burned. Pierce and his whole party of fifty fell by an ambuscade, Wadsworth and a like number were cut off in the same way; and so numerous and disheartening were the disasters, that the total depopulation of Massachusetts colony began to be feared.

But, however inferior the colonists might be to the Indians in the skill needed for a forest war, it was soon shown in New England, as elsewhere, that civilization has superior staying quality. The infuriated savages at length exhausted themselves by the very energy of their attacks. Having no stores or resources, and no efficient organization, they could not hold together. As spring advanced, the Indians scattered in small hunting and fishing parties to avoid perishing. The Connecticut River tribes grew weary of wandering from place to place in hunger and continual terror of the persevering colonists, and Philip became unpopular as the author of their wretchedness; the Mohawks showed hostility to Philip, and the Nipmucks were overawed by the now successful white men. Philip and his immediate band doggedly returned eastward to their old haunt at Mount Hope. Here the first real frontier warrior of New England, Benjamin Church, at the head of a motley troop, was beating the savages at their own game of skulking, ambuscade, and surprise. The war was virtually ended in August, 1676, when Philip, seeking to make a timely escape from a swamp, as he had often done before, was killed by one of his own Indians who had deserted to Church's party. Vengeance was wreaked upon his dead body, which was quartered and hung upon trees. One of his hands was delivered to the man who killed him, to be carried round for a penny peep-show, and his head was taken into Plymouth on a public thanksgiving day, and stuck upon a gibbet after the barbarous fashion of that time. "God sent them the head of a leviathan for a thanksgiving feast," brags Cotton Mather, who, some years afterward, robbed the head of its jaw-bone, which he carried to Boston as a relic.

Never were thanksgivings more sincere than those offered in Plymouth and Massachusetts. Upward of two thousand Indians had been slain, the greater part of those who remained alive had been sold into West Indian slavery, and the danger to the colony had passed away. But never were public rejoicings more deeply tinged with regrets. The out-settlements were ruined; six hundred dwellings were in ashes; the accumula-



KING PHILIP'S SAMP-BOWL AND LOCK OF GUN WITH WHICH HE WAS KILLED. (FROM THE CABINET OF THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY, BY PERMISSION.)

tions of years had been wasted; and worst of all, the flower of Massachusetts' manhood — one-eleventh of all her able-bodied men — had been cut off untimely. Every family in the colony was in mourning.

The disasters of the war with Philip alarmed the more southern colonies and perhaps aggravated the severities of the Marylanders and Virginians in the difficulties on their own frontiers in 1676. The fierce Susquehannas, who had often and for long years together troubled the exposed settlements, were again at war with Maryland and with the Five Nations at the same time. The Virginians of the "northern neck" naturally sympathized with their neighbors across the Potomac, and aided

them against the Susquehannas by a party under Colonel John Washington, ancestor of him who commanded the forces of the United Colonies a hundred years later. The English colonists, under the rash lead of John Washington and others, perfidiously put to death chiefs who were sent out of a beleaguered Indian fort to sue for peace, and thus brought upon the Virginia frontiers the Susquehannas, in addition to their other enemies, the Doegs. Sir William Berkeley justly rebuked the commanders for this foolish perfidy; but the corruptions of Berkeley's despotic administration had lost him his early popularity, and since he was known to have a profitable interest in the Indian trade, and



TURTLE-SHELL RATTLES OF INDIAN MAKE. (FROM THE NEW YORK STATE CABINET OF NATURAL HISTORY.)



to be therefore averse to hostilities, his arguments in behalf of peace were not heard. The forts he built on the frontier were burdensome and of no use, except to favorites and perhaps to the old governor himself, who had almost lost human feeling in the transmutation of his passions into a senile avarice and vindictiveness. The people "at the heads of the rivers," as the frontiersmen above tide-water were called, saw themselves left exposed to the continual incursions of the savages in order that a clandestine Indian trade might not be interrupted. There was no printing-press, and few dared speak their thoughts in conversation; but certain tart proverbs passed from mouth to mouth, as that "No bullets could pierce beaver skins," and "Rebels' forfeitures would



OUTACITE, A CHIEF OF THE CHEROKEES (FROM AN OLD PRINT.)

be loyal inheritances." For the old governor, intent only on heaping up wealth from the Indian trade, and ready to make profit by the forfeiture of the estates of those who should be stung by accumulated grievances to break into rebellion, refused even to allow the frontiersmen to go against the Indians at their own charge. But three hundred of these put themselves under a gifted young orator and captain, one Nathaniel Bacon, the most romantic figure of his time, who wrung a commission from Berkeley by threats, and then attacked and defeated the savages, utterly destroying one fortified Indian village. On his return, he found himself outlawed by a proclamation of the governor; but he drove Berkeley to the eastern shore of the Chesapeake, and made himself famous as a premature patriot who sought to throw off the abuses of colonial government a hundred years before the time. "Bacon's Rebellion," as it was afterward called, was cut short by the sickness and death of the young leader; but the severe punishment he inflicted on the Indians was followed by a long peace to the Virginia border.

In 1680, the southern settlements of Carolina, yet in their infancy, were almost ruined by a war with the Westoes. In 1711, the Tuscaroras, encouraged by factious dissensions and intrigues among the North Carolina settlers, ravaged the borders of that colony, seizing and torturing to death Lawson, the accomplished surveyor-general of the province, and committing ingenious outrages and hideous practical jokes on those who fell victims to their fury. Through the intervention of Governor Spotswood of Virginia, peace

was made with a fragment of the tribe led by the chief, Tom Blunt. The main body of the Tuscaroras, assisted by some volunteers from the Five Nations, maintained the war for two seasons; but they were finally beaten by the North Carolinians, with the help of militia from South Carolina and Virginia and of some South Carolina Indians. Such as survived the war and escaped capture retreated through the back country of Virginia and Pennsylvania to New York, joining the kindred Iroquois Five Nations, which thenceforward took the name of the Six Nations.

But having once tasted victory, Indians do not easily stay their hands. The Yamassees, who helped to subdue the Tuscaroras in this war of 1713, and who made a pretty penny out of it by the sale, in Charleston, of hundreds of captives to be carried as slaves to the West Indies, were soon afterward seduced by the Spanish in Florida to attack the settlements in South Carolina. Indeed, every Indian tribe from Florida to Cape Fear River was drawn into this destructive conspiracy. In no Indian war had the odds against the European settlers been so fearful. Six or seven thousand warlike savages were under arms against a province whose enrolled militia counted but twelve hundred men. Even Charleston was in danger from an enemy so formidable, and each citizen was obliged to do guard duty every third night. Governor Craven gathered an army that included every man who could be of service; even trusty negroes were in its ranks. Appreciating the desperate extremity of risk, he marched with the utmost caution until, at length, he brought the Indians to a stand at a place called Saltcatchers, where, with the fate of the colony staked on a single cast, he fought and defeated the Indians, and delivered South Carolina from obliteration. But wandering scalping parties still inflicted outrages on the border until the Yamassees were finally beaten and driven off in 1718.

The history of the other Indian wars belongs to the story of that intercolonial struggle that drove France out of North America. Of this long conflict, the later Indian wars were but incidents.

## II.

### OCCASIONS OF INDIAN WAR.

NOTHING can be more erroneous than the popular notion that a neglect on the part of the colonists to purchase the lands on which they settled lay at the root of the ever recurring difficulty with the Indians. It was not always easy to acquire a sound and per-



petual land title from tribes who knew no such thing as ownership in severalty, nor any definite national boundaries, who rather occupied than appropriated land, and whose occupation was rarely of very ancient date. The only limit of savage migration or occasional wanderings was the fear of enemies. Until white men had educated the Indians to more definite notions, the payments for land probably seemed to them a kind of peace-offering, such as one migrating tribe might send to a powerful next neighbor, rather than an equivalent for that which they had never thought themselves to possess as a vendible article. Much has been said of Penn's purchases, but long before Penn's time the custom of purchasing the land prevailed, nearly all of the territory settled in Virginia, New England, New York, the Jerseys, Maryland, and Carolina having been purchased by treaty from the Indians. In many cases, at first, individual settlers paid the Indians a gun, a few yards of duffel cloth, a Stroud-water blanket, or some other trifles, for what land they could occupy; so that many good land titles in the older settlements have no other starting-point than "Indian rights." To prevent fraud upon the Indians, the minimum price was fixed by a Delaware court, in 1681, at one match-coat (a sort of blanket to be thrown over the shoulders) for six hundred acres of land, and above that at two match-coats; and, in the same year, we find one Brimble paying for six hundred acres three match-coats, twelve bottles of drink, and four double-handfuls of powder and shot. The low prices are not surprising, if we consider that there was yet nearly half a planet of virtually unoccupied land. The twenty-two thousand acres of New York City, included in Manhattan Island, only brought the Indian proprietors about twenty-four dollars in the year 1626; a township in Maine was purchased for a hogshhead of corn and thirty pumpkins; and an extensive tract in Woodbury, Connecticut, was long called Kettle-town, from the fact that it was bought for a brass kettle.

The land having no great value, boundaries were not accurately marked. The first land bought by the Swedes on the Delaware was described as "included between six trees." A tract on the Hudson river is defined as running back "two days' travel into the country," and a certain body of land in Connecticut was to extend "about a musket-shot" beyond a certain stream; while the land between two creeks was sold to Penn "backward as far as a man can ride in two days with a horse." Such doubtful and ambiguous grants were often sources of irritation between

the Indians and the colonists. In the case of the famous "walking purchase," the unscrupulous sons of William Penn defrauded the Delaware tribe out of about four hundred thousand acres by hiring the fastest walkers in the province to make the longest possible pedestrian journey, on a prepared path, in the day and a half stipulated by the treaty, and then running a cross-line at a false angle.

It is not surprising that the Indians, having parted with their hunting-ground, perhaps for an anker of brandy and a few Stroud-water blankets or match-coats, with some hoes and hatchets, to which may have been added a number of handfuls of powder and shot, a few little looking-glasses and perhaps a hundred jew's-harps, should rue the sale as the years went on. The perishable articles were worn out and forgotten, and even the jew's-harp lost its charm when the Indian saw the white men growing rich on land that he had thrown away. The instability of the "Indian giver" is a proverb in America to this day. Notions of property were confused among the half-communicistic tribesmen; whatever one could get and keep was his own until it had to be yielded to a stronger claimant or to some ancient and inflexible custom. If the purchased land was not at once occupied by settlers, the Indians who still hunted on it thought that it should be bought over again, and did not like the bringing forth of treaties and deeds signed with the totems of their chiefs and forefathers. Writing, complained one chief, had done the Indians much harm. King Philip was wont to claim and receive fresh payments for land ceded by his father on the ground that the boundaries had not been rightly understood.

Differences in modes of living caused many annoyances on both sides. The hogs which roamed at large ate up the clams on which the sea-coast Indians depended, and the indignant squaws pleased themselves by calling a pig a "dirty cut-throat." The cattle of the white men easily found their way into the unfenced fields of the Indians, and the latter sometimes revenged themselves by killing a trespassing cow or horse. To prevent such losses and consequent quarrels, laws were made in several colonies, obliging the town or neighborhood to help the Indian to fence his corn or to pay for the damages done. Sometimes neighboring Indians were conciliated by plowing their land for them. The sale of rum was a great grievance to the savages, who were rarely able to resist the seductions of the keg, but who always repented with bitterness when the debauch was ended and the winter's hoard of furs was foolishly expended. At such times, they

laid up a store of hatred against the trader who had fattened on their folly. Still more deadly was the hostility awakened by the dealers in Indian slaves, who bought the captives taken from one tribe by another or kidnapped in cold blood by white men, and sold them into slavery in the sugar islands. Laws were enacted against this traffic in Virginia, and Archdale, the humane Quaker governor, gave a temporary check to the trade in Carolina in 1695, but the large sales of Indians at the close of the Tuscarora war, in 1713, showed that the market was still open.

English notions of law and justice were often incomprehensible to savages. The colonists brought with them that hearty contempt for all aliens and pagans that belonged to their island ancestors, and they were quite unable to understand the Indian view of judicial and international concerns. The colonial authorities were wont to persuade the tribes to subject themselves to the English sovereign as became heathens. Unaccustomed to obey their own chiefs, the savages did not for a moment understand this ceremony in the English sense. The Massachusetts authorities perceived this in Philip's case, and represented to Plymouth that Philip had not meant to subject himself to the old colony in reality. Philip, who was proud and arrogant when he was not mean and cringing, seems to have been quite puffed up by the royal titles and functions which the first English colonists, in their inability to understand the real nature of a head sachem's office, were accustomed to attribute to him. His father had been extremely poor, as most of the sachems were; but the sale of lands probably increased Philip's revenues, and he adorned his coat and buskins lavishly with wampum wrought "in pleasant wild works and a broad belt of the same," and his whole accouterment was accounted worth at least twenty pounds, a large amount in that time. He came to adopt the pompous notions of his own dignity which the settlers had conferred upon him. After he secured a secretary from among the backslidden mission pupils, he subscribed himself "King Philip, His Majesty P: P," the last P, "write large," being his mark; and as his irritation against white men increased, he called himself the brother of King Charles, refusing haughtily to treat with anybody less royal than himself.

But Plymouth harshly exacted submission; and, throughout the war, the Indians were accounted rebels guilty of high treason. So the Yamassees in South Carolina were said to have "thrown off their allegiance,"—an allegiance no more real than that of a tribe of Carolina beavers might have been. Cere-

monies were cheap and were always pleasing to savages. The Cherokees, in 1730, at the suggestion of Sir Alexander Cumming, sent a deputation of seven chiefs to London with a crown, four scalps of their enemies, and five painted eagles' tails, all of which they solemnly laid at the feet of George II., in the presence of his "beloved men," as they styled the king's councillors. To them, this was a ceremony which meant no more than the transferring of their friendship from France to England.

The colonial courts assumed to hold jurisdiction over the Indians in some cases, and they often stretched their authority very imprudently. Their administration of justice to the Indians was usually fair, though the methods were inexplicable and contemptible to a savage. One Plaiستowe was condemned in Massachusetts, in 1631, to repay double for corn he had taken from the Indians, to pay £5, and to lose his right to the title "Mr.;" while his accomplices of lower rank were sentenced to be whipped. Two Indians, having assaulted some persons in Dorchester, in 1632, were sentenced to be put in the bilboes, and their own sachem was required to beat them. The Narragansetts were highly pleased with the severity of English justice when three white men who had killed and robbed an Indian, in 1638, were executed at Plymouth. But many of the criminal proceedings in the colonies were beyond the comprehension of an Indian. For example: Five Indians who seized a little vessel at Newfoundland, in 1726, were tried in Boston and hanged,—the court not finding a way to acquit them or to administer a lighter punishment, because the offense was technically piracy under English law. The savages probably never had the consolation of knowing that they were victims to the nicety of the Anglo-Saxon mind, which made a wide difference between the capturing of a cart in the road and the making prize of a boat on the water.

Among the Indians, there was a merciful provision for the prevention of endless vendettas by the payment of a ransom for the life of a homicide. It might have saved a destructive war in New Netherland if the Dutch had accepted a sufficiently heavy fine for such an offense, or had paid one in the case of the murder of an Indian by men who could not be detected. In Massachusetts, the son of a chief, Mattoonas, was accused and convicted of the murder of a white man. He was not only hanged, but his head was cut off and stuck upon a pole, where it remained for years, the colonists probably not suspecting the effect of such an exhibition on the Indians.

Naturally enough, the father of the young man thus used for a solemn example is said in Philip's war to have been "an old, malicious villain, who was the first that did any mischief within Massachusetts colony." The lust for inflicting justice upon offenders was the weakness of the Puritans, and, in a less degree, of the other English colonists. The trial at Plymouth of the men accused of the murder of Sassamon was a direct interference with Indian jurisdiction. Sassamon, an educated Indian, had betrayed Philip's plans for an attack on the settlement, and had, perhaps, made his information as important as he could. He was afterward found slain, no doubt by command of the chief and his council, in the secret and sudden Indian fashion. Three Indians were hanged for this crime, and the principal must have been guilty, for the body of Sassamon, who had been long dead, bled afresh when the accused murderer touched it, as such corpses had a way of doing at that day. Since Sassamon's death was no doubt a judicial execution, Philip had a show of reason when he declared that the English "had nothing to do with hanging Indians." It was an impolitic affront at a critical moment.

There were also forces at work among the Indians which have been rarely understood by white men, and least of all by officials. Rivalry with another chief will often force a head chief into hostile actions that he may retain his leadership. War of some sort is indispensable to the happiness of a young Indian, who is not a man until he has won reputation with his tomahawk. The savage nature pines for the excitement of slaughter; the Indian is held in contempt by the tribe until he is a warrior, and the very maidens often repel the advances of a man who has taken no scalps.

The Indian suffered much from unscrupulous fur-buyers. The cunning of Jacob, though low enough, was a step higher on the ladder of ascending civilization than the violence of Esau, but Esau could not easily restrain a disposition to repay the over-reaching craft of the trading brother with a knock on the head. It was in the very nature of a trader to defraud a savage, and equally in the very nature of a savage to settle the account in his own surprising way. When Major Waldron, at an outbreak of Indians in Maine, fell into the hands of his infuriated customers, they reminded him of a trader's easy mode of thrusting one hand into the scales for a pound weight. Having cut off the poor old major's fingers, they demanded: "Waldo! does your hand weigh a pound now?" Traders were often the earliest victims of Indian wars; ninety of them were cut off at the outbreak of the Yamassees in Carolina.

The rule of tribal retaliation, by which any man in a colony or tribe was liable to be slain for what a fellow-tribesman had done, seemed one of perfect equity to the Indian. A Susquehanna chief expressed the principle by an easy formula: "One pays for another." In 1626, an Indian was robbed of his peltries and killed by some Dutch farm-servants, who had waylaid him near a lonely pond of water, the site of which is now among the great warehouses of New York. His little nephew, who saw the deed, was bound by ancient custom and family duty to avenge upon some other Dutchman a crime of which the actual perpetrators could not be found. Fifteen years later, an honest old wheelwright, one Claes Smits, built himself a house and shop on the lonely, wooded road that skirted the shores of the East River, where now the wharves are crowded with ships. The grown-up nephew of the Indian long ago slain, with an Indian's inability to forget, settled the ancient score by one day killing with his hatchet the harmless and unsuspecting Claes and pillaging his house. The young man then returned to the bosom of his tribe with the approval of his own conscience and the applause of all good and brave Indians.

This incident was one of the chain of events that brought on Kieft's war, and in it we see the root of the whole difficulty: the standards of right and wrong, and the methods of righting a wrong, were so widely different and yet so tenaciously held on each side that collisions were unavoidable. Some jolly tars, ashore in Maine, as the easiest way of finding out whether the oft-told story were true that Indians can swim from their birth, tossed a chief's baby into the water. The mother saved the child by diving for it, but the baby died soon after, and the tribe wiped away the affront by tomahawking settlers all up and down the coast. This principle of vicarious atonement was the source of many wars. Since all white men were not saints, there would necessarily be provocations which could be revenged on honest people. The women and children of Carolina in their frontier cabins were made to pay with their lives for rash shots fired by Virginia rangers, and for the wantonness of young English officers at Fort George, who violated the wives of absent Cherokee hunters. When six Susquehanna chiefs had been treacherously killed by Virginians, the tribe proceeded to slay just sixty white men—ten for one, in view of the difference of rank; then they explained that the account was mathematically square, and demanded peace from the governor of Virginia.

To other occasions for hostility the thought-



ARMS IN THE FIRST HALF OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. (FROM "HEWITT'S ARMOR," BY PERMISSION.)  
 1. Musketeer and caliver-man. 2. Musket, caliver, and bandoliers. 3. Pikeman. 4. Wheel-lock pistol and matchlock of a musquet.  
 Sixteenth Century, from examples in the Tower of London. 5. Musketeer.

ful student of history will feel obliged to add the disinterested efforts of white men to Christianize and civilize the savages. Old superstition, however slumberous and passive, quickens into fanaticism when it is attacked. In the case of the Indians, the jealousy of the powwows and chiefs, who saw their influence melting away, was added to the natural religious antagonism. The outrageous treatment of the dead body of the kindly philanthropist, Thorpe, in Virginia, goes to show that Opechancanough and his men felt the Indian aversion to a new religion. Massasoit tried to stipulate with the Pilgrims that no effort should ever be made to change the religion of the Wampanoags; and his son

Philip saw with chagrin the towns of "praying Indians" quite drawn away from their allegiance to the sachems, and in his interview with Rhode Islanders, a week before the outbreak, he made the proselyting of his men a matter of complaint.

It is not more natural for acid to react upon alkali than for civilization—especially a half-civilization—to fall out with savagery. In the case of the long peace between Penn's colony and the Delawares, the circumstances were exceptional. The Delawares had been subjected by the all-conquering Iroquois and compelled to "put on the petticoat." Gallatin has well said that, since the Quaker and the Delaware were both forbidden to take

up arms, they alike had motives to avoid a collision. Penn was not more just in buying land than others had been before him; but he was, as sagacious in his plans for winning the favor of the Indians as he was adroit in insinuating himself at the royal court. He advised his agent to treat the savages with gravity: "They like not to be smiled upon." On the other hand, the grave proprietary made the Indians happy by sitting on the ground with them, eating their roasted corn, and showing his agility in one of their jumping matches.

## III.

## INDIAN MODES OF WARFARE.

LION GARDINER, to prove the force of Indian projectiles, sent to Boston a rib of one of his men, who had been transfixed and killed by an arrow which broke the bone on the side opposite to that at which it had entered. But in a fight in the open ground, the Indian arrows were of little avail against men in corselets and head-pieces; the soldiers even dodged the approaching missiles and then calmly picked them up. The Indians, however, began very early to secure fire-arms, and they were always ready to pay a high price for the best guns. Every effort was made by the English colonial authorities to restrict the supply of arms and ammunition sold to the Indians. The French, sure of their ascendancy, pursued a bolder course, and even sent gunsmiths to keep the pieces of their savage allies in repair.

Fire-arms added greatly to the effectiveness of Indian warfare, but the Indian's strategy did not change its essential character. To win by crafty device, by sudden surprise, and by unlooked-for perfidy, and to strike terror by ferocious cruelty, were principles of war grained in the very nature of the American savage. For the most part, Indian war was an ingenious system of assassination. A company of braves painted, as the first Dutch parson at Albany expressed it, to "look like the devil himself," and carrying no rations but a slender supply of meal of parched maize, would creep for days through swamps and thickets, stepping each in the track of his predecessor, to surprise and put to fire and hatchet some unsuspecting hamlet of peaceful settlers. If compelled to fight with armed troops, it was not in pitched battle, but rather by ambuscade and perhaps with feigned retreat. The more ingenious the trick, the greater the glory. Piskaret, the Algonkin, whose very name was a terror to the Five Nations, approached alone a village of the Iroquois, with his snow-shoes reversed, and

then, hiding in a wood-pile, entered the cabins night after night, and killed some of the enemy, returning each time to his place of concealment in the midst of enraged foes, who sent runners out to find him. The Catawbias planted, point upward, arrow-tips poisoned with rattlesnake's venom in the path down which their barefoot foes were sure to come in pursuit of them. Innumerable devices were resorted to for firing the garrison houses into which the settlers fled for defense, and even more ingenious tricks were played to decoy the defenders into the open field. In a Virginia fort, a young man eagerly loaded his gun to shoot a wild turkey, whose note he heard not far away; but the famous frontiersman, Hughs, promised him the turkey and went out himself, coming back with the scalp of an Indian who had imitated the note of the bird to decoy some one from the fort.

To analyze Indian warfare too closely would make these pages intolerable. Not only men, but sometimes women, and in rarer instances even children, were subjected to long-drawn deviltries of torment that cause the wildest imaginings of mediæval theologians and poets to seem tame. The Indian warrior deemed cruelty a virtue, and sometimes trained himself in boyhood for a warrior's career by exercising his inhumanity on the animals captured in the chase. On his own part, the brave was prepared to suffer the most extreme torments with the sublimest fortitude, provoking his enemies and inflicting on himself additional torture by way of ostentation. The women evinced as much fortitude in suffering and as much ferocity in inflicting pain as the men. This superfluous diabolism of savage nature vented itself on the dead by ghastly and grotesque mutilations. The frequent cannibalism in the northern tribes arose, no doubt, from a fondness for punishing an enemy after death, though it had a religious significance in some tribes, and was often a resort to satisfy hunger in war time. A Mohegan is said to have broiled and eaten a piece of Philip's body, probably with some notion of increasing his own strength. Acts of cruelty to the living and outrages on the dead were meant, like the painting of the warrior's face, to excite the enemy's fear, and consequently may be said to have had a legitimate place in Indian warfare.

## IV.

## THE COLONISTS' METHODS OF WAR.

FOR forest warfare, the Indian way of fighting, by ambuscade and surprise and with much individual independence, was certainly

more effective than a more orderly method would have been. The savages had an advantage, at the outset of a war, in the mobility of their villages and the smallness of their property stake. They always knew where to find the white man; but the latter could not always strike an enemy whose village might take flight in a night, leaving little behind but bare poles and the embers of yesterday's fires. It was only when the stubborn self-conceit of the English settlers had been overcome by many disasters, and when lessons in forest strategy had been learned from the enemy, that the settlers became equal to their foes. By the time of the outbreak of Philip's war, in 1675, the colonists had begun to see the folly of poking Indians out of a thicket with a pike, and the pikemen in the trainbands were required to be otherwise armed. But even so late as this some of the colonial troops were encumbered with the matchlock gun and the required "two fathoms of match," though the Indians all had the newer and better flint-lock or "snaphance." The cumbrous defensive armor of the English survived its usefulness. While the Indians shot only arrows, men in armor were tolerably safe, though for the most part rather harmless. The sixty coats of mail sent to Virginia by Lord St. John, in 1622, were probably of more service than the "old cast arms, unfit for modern use," which King James sent from the Tower. In the first year of the Pequot war, men "completely armed" with corselets, muskets, bandoliers for powder, portable rests from which to shoot, and swords, "did much daunt" the Indians, if we may believe the boastful Underhill; but, in fact, the nimble savages got out of the way, and laughed at the clumsy English methods. "We could not come at them in our armor," says Winthrop.

But out of the exigency comes the man. In the first rude onset of Philip's war, while yet social standing and even opinions about infant baptism went for much in the appointment of officers, and while the Massachusetts men were following orthodox leaders into fatal ambuscades and ineffective engagements, there appeared in Plymouth colony the first born Indian fighter of New England, of a type so often seen upon the frontiers since that time. Benjamin Church was not of any great figure in religious or civil affairs, and he was often treated with shabby neglect by the magnates of the Massachusetts General Court, but he could penetrate the device of an Indian before it was executed. With a keen relish for personal adventure and a hearty love of brave men, he drew around him a motley company of devoted followers, who could enter a thicket as nimbly and silently as the most

agile barbarian. Notwithstanding his inconspicuous rank, he was the most striking figure in Philip's war, and he afterward became the terror of the savages and the chief protector of the settlements in the tedious and sanguinary conflicts with the Indians of Maine and New Hampshire. He was always vigilant and never for a moment timid or irresolute. When he had entered a swamp, he took care to come out by another road, for fear of being waylaid. He marched with scattered ranks as the Indians did, that his strength might not be easily discovered, and that his whole force might not be cut off in an ambuscade. In his excursions against the savages of the coast of Maine, he first used in war the swift whale-boat, providing five good oars and fifteen or twenty paddles to each boat, and five bars that might be quickly inserted in leathern staples on the gunwales, so that the boat could be lifted over the rocks at a bad landing. "The want of small things prevents the completing of great actions," he said, with the admirable terseness of a man of deeds. He rested by day and rowed by night, and, in order not to give alarm, his rule was never to attack an Indian with a gun who could be reached with a tomahawk. Very careful of his soldiers, and possessing the qualities of a natural leader of men, he never lacked recruits for a new foray against the enemy. Having captured a party of Indians, he would perhaps select a young prisoner, promise him life and liberty and adopt him into his corps. Such captives soon became attached to him, and readily conducted him to their old friends, whom they treacherously entrapped by giving preconcerted signals, such as the wolf's bark, the owl's hoot, and those other well-known sounds of the forest which were the Indian pass-words. Though never actually cruel, he was not above tying prisoners to the stake and getting a small fire ready in order to extort secrets. Like many others of his class, he showed a grotesque humor. When seventeen malingerers, wishing to escape a hard expedition, complained of incipient small-pox, he secured a house already infected, and ordered them into it; but a sudden recovery saved them. One of the boldest of all his hazardous undertakings was the adventuring of himself alone, and against all warning, in the hostile camp of Awashonks, a squaw sachem and an ally of Philip, whose band he persuaded to surrender to the authorities of Plymouth, in spite of certain warriors who wished to kill him out of hand. When, after innumerable perils, this man with a charmed life made a hasty visit to his wife, near the close of Philip's war, the poor woman fainted for joy at

seeing him alive; and before she had time to recover breath, Church received intelligence of Philip's hiding-place, and was away on that hurried expedition which closed the great sachem's career. The capture of the chief, Annawon, soon after, in its antique single-handed daring, reminds one of a passage from the Book of Judges, or a Homeric story; and the picturesqueness of Church's figure is enhanced by his standing against the background of old New England primness and rigidity.

The disaster of Philip's war made the authorities willing to accept such help as offered. Piratical privateers threw themselves into the congenial fray, one of them agreeing to take his pay in captives and plunder. This is he of whom it is told that in battle he took off his wig and hung it on a tree in order to fight with more enjoyment; whereupon the Indians, seeing a scalp handled in this inconsiderate way, detected witchcraft and fled. Some of these pirates had a dog trained in their ways which would fetch them five or six pigs a day from Philip's own herds.

The mounted troops in this war with Philip wore back, breast, and head pieces, and buff-coats; but defensive armor seems to have disappeared soon afterward; one does not hear of it in the Eastern wars. The success of the Indians in ravaging the frontiers in the winter, when the white men were helpless from the snow, led to the purchase of snow-shoes for the troops in 1704. It had taken nearly a century to evolve the light-armed scout, with flint-lock gun, moccasins, and show-shoes, from his ancestor with pike and corselet, matchlock and gun-rest.

## V.

### PERSONAL ADVENTURES.

THE crafty ingenuity and bold decision that come of desperate perils lend a curious flavor of romance to the history of people in primitive conditions. The hanging of a hat on a stick to draw the fire of a hidden foe was so common in the Indian wars as to become trite. One "friend Indian" in New England, hiding behind the roots of a fallen tree, bored a port-hole in the earth that clung to the roots, and so saved himself by picking off the foe. If the old narratives of the Indian wars were not so dry, one could fancy himself reading Cooper when he comes upon the scout clad in vest and cap of green leaves that he might observe the savages from the bushes without detection. In 1694, when Oyster River suffered so severely, Thomas Bickford sent his

family out in a boat from the rear of his fortified house, he alone remaining. By frequently changing his hat and coat, and by appearing sometimes without a hat, and then without a coat, and then without either, putting himself through all possible permutations of costume, giving orders in a loud voice to imaginary soldiers here and there, and rejecting with scorn all propositions for surrender, he convinced the enemy that his house was too strongly garrisoned to be attacked with any hope of success.

The strenuous persistency of the savage warrior got into the white men after years of conflict. "Let me kill one more before I die," cried a young fellow wounded in a battle between Indians in canoes and the crew of a shallop on the coast of Maine; but death came on too swiftly for him to take another aim. So, after Lovewell's famous fight in Maine, one of the mortally wounded that had to be left behind asked that his gun might be charged, so that when the Indians should come to scalp him he might have the satisfaction of killing one more before he could be dispatched.

The women of those times developed a readiness and courage as remarkable as that of the men. The Swedish women near the site of Philadelphia, while boiling soap, were warned that the Indians were coming. They took refuge, soap and all, in the fortified church, blew the conch-shell horns to alarm the men, and when the Indians tried to undermine the building ladled the scalding soap upon them, and so saved themselves from destruction until their husbands arrived. The renowned Hannah Bradley, of Haverhill, in Massachusetts, who had more than her share of captivities and adventures, killed an Indian who was rushing into the open gate of her husband's garrison, by throwing boiling soap upon him; and when the savages came to capture her a third time, she saved herself by shooting the foremost one dead. In 1676, the battle which Talcott was fighting in defense of Hadley was decided by the promptness of the women, who loaded with small shot and nails a cannon that had just arrived from Boston and conveyed it to the defenders; these discharged it, to the dismay and rout of the savages. A story is told of a maid-servant in Dorchester who defeated an Indian single-handed by the use of a musket and a shovel-ful of live coals. A young girl in Maine shut a door and held it, and thirteen women and children had time to reach a block-house while the Indians were chopping down the door and knocking down, though they did not kill, its defender. Twelve years after Bickford's ingenious defense of his house at Oyster River,

some women at the same place imitated it. There being no men in the garrison, they fired an alarm, loosened their hair to appear like men, and used their guns so briskly that the savages fled. In 1712, Esther Jones saved Heard's garrison, in the township of Dover, in New Hampshire, by mounting guard and calling so loudly and confidently as to make the Indians believe that help was at hand. The stalwart Experience Bogarth, of Dunkard's Creek, in Pennsylvania, in a hand-to-hand fight in a door-way, in which two white men were killed, slew three Indians with an ax.

## VI.

## DEFENSE OF THE FRONTIER.

FORTIFICATIONS more or less elaborate were built in all the earlier and all the frontier settlements. The Pilgrims, with six cannon on the roof of their church, were not the only ones that made the house of worship a sanctuary from the savage. Fortified churches stood convenient to the water in some places in the middle colonies, that the cedar canoes of the settlers might reach them quickly in case of danger; and in all the colonies it was the custom to have a part or all of the men come to church on Sunday with arms in their hands. In many neighborhoods, houses were palisaded or inclosed with a wall of heavy, well-fitted logs, as a garrison for neighborhood resort in time of danger. Some of these houses were of stone or of brick, and we hear of one roof in Pennsylvania covered with lead. It was once proposed to inclose twenty towns of Massachusetts by a stockade, eight feet high, from the Charles to the Concord River. One of the early settlements on the James River and that part of Manhattan Island below Wall street were thus protected. The people of Milford, in Connecticut, inclosed with palisades their whole town plot in 1645, and the foiled Indians taunted them by shouting: "White men all same as pigs!" Among curious devices for defense was that of Lion Gardiner at Saybrook. He drove long nails "as sharp as awl-blades" through some old doors, and then placed these on the ground, so that the Pequots seeking to set fire to the redoubt trod on the nail-points in the dark.

During Bacon's war in Virginia, the widely scattered backwoodsmen above tide-water were compelled to bring the smaller families into the houses of those who were stronger, where palisades and redoubts were built; while strong companies of armed laborers, moving from place to place, did the work on

the farms in succession, with sentinels always on the lookout. No man stirred out of doors unarmed. In Maryland, three guns in succession were to be fired in case of alarm. On hearing the three guns, each plantation fired a new alarm, and help was dispatched in the direction of the first signal heard. The custom of firing three guns was apparently brought from England, as it was used in several of the colonies. In all the Southern colonies, the freemen were enrolled and trained and required to carry arms on going abroad. As late as the middle of the eighteenth century, arms were carried to church in South Carolina, and it was during this period of peril that the habit of carrying fire-arms became a fixed one. Among the isolated planters of the South, companies of half-savage woodsmen were employed as "rangers" to protect the frontiers.

Among the devices for defense, the keeping of fierce dogs was a common one; these dogs were sometimes used to track the foe, a custom suggested, no doubt, by the use of bloodhounds in England, in the seventeenth century, to follow the trail of moss-troopers, and on the Scottish border to pursue cattle thieves. The Indians had a horror of mastiffs; some of these were killed at their request just before the first Virginia massacre. At the destruction of the early Dutch settlement on the Delaware, the savages did not feel safe until they had shot the solitary mastiff with twenty-five arrows, though the dog was securely chained. In Massachusetts, dogs for the pursuit of Indians were regularly kept and used with the sanction of the authorities. A South Carolina planter, named Donovan, provided himself with a kennel of mastiffs, which he trained to seek, kill, and devour the savages, like veritable beasts of prey.

Here and there, settlers maintained themselves by courage and good fortune, in remote and isolated situations, though the settlements were usually made so that a combination of several families for defense was possible. The terror suffered by households in the more exposed places was often extreme and continual. Men might have been seen creeping along the trails with guns on the make-ready, expecting a war-whoop from behind every clump of bushes; women scanned even the dark corners of their own cabins for a skulking foe. Sometimes in the dead of night a courier would tap at a back window and whisper "Indians," whereupon old and young would rise swiftly, and, gathering in the dark a few needful articles, hurry away in dead silence to the fort. In the Appalachian region of Pennsylvania and Maryland, the dogs were trained never to bark without a command.





INDIAN WARRIOR OF FLORIDA IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.  
(FROM LE MOYNE'S ORIGINAL DRAWING IN THE  
BRITISH MUSEUM.)

The colonists often acquired a fortunate insensibility to imminent peril; the people of one exposed settlement in New Hampshire are found making merry together over "watermelons and flip" on the eve of an assault from the Indians.

#### VII.

#### CAPTIVITY IN THE WILDERNESS.

BUT the deepest tragedy of colonial life lay in captivity. For the last hundred years of the colonial period, in particular, the captivity of men and especially of women and little children became a household theme; there were few who had not some friend or acquaintance who had been lost in the impenetrable mystery of the wilderness, tomahawked by the way-side, tortured to death, adopted into a savage tribe, ransomed by friends, or sold into slavery in Canada. Every father on the long frontier looked upon his children with insecurity. Melancholy tales of captivity were the favorite fireside stories, and books of captivity came to be preferred even in New England to the weightiest sermons, and to take a place on the shelf beside the esteemed

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almanac. Mrs. Rowlandson, the wife of a minister at Lancaster, was carried away in the sacking of that place during Philip's war, and her narrative passed through many editions, as did that of the Rev. John Williams, the "Redeemed Captive," of Deerfield, who was carried off in 1704, and formed one of that long procession of captives sold into Canada, of whom I shall have occasion to speak in a future paper. The chapter of Indian captivities is too long and too harrowing to be entered upon here, except in so far as it throws light on human character and development in the colonial era. The pen falters at the outset of any attempt to mass and generalize sufferings, the recital of which served to harden the resentment of the colonists into implacable hatred. These sorrows fell most heavily upon women, who were obliged to travel half starved and with little clothing, under heavy burdens, through a wintry wilderness, until death seemed better than life. In many cases they saw their exhausted children dashed against trees or rocks. The women taken by northern and middle tribes were generally, though not always, saved from those worst forms of outrage, common enough now on the Western frontier, by a notion the Indians had that such offenses would render them unlucky. If pursued, the captives were generally slain, and every attempt at escape was visited, in case of recapture, by a linger-



INDIAN WARRIOR OF NORTH CAROLINA IN 1585. (FROM JOHN  
WHITE'S ORIGINAL IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.)



INDIAN VILLAGE ENCLOSED WITH PALISADES. (FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING  
IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM MADE BY JOHN WHITE IN 1585.)

ing and horrible death. Occasional torments of a milder type were the lot of many prisoners. The Indians were fond of dancing, and nothing made a dance so exhilarating as to have a prisoner in the midst. The dancers would kick him, or throw him into the air and let him fall flat on his back on the ground; or some shriveled hag would shovel hot embers into his bosom, while the rest would cry: "What a brave thing our old grandmother has done!" John Gyles, during his six years' captivity, learned to fly to a swamp whenever a dance was in preparation. Peter Williamson, a Pennsylvanian, was tortured every now and then for the diversion of his captors, with threats that if he cried out he would be put to death. In one case, where a child was just about to be roasted alive to satisfy the hunger of a party of captors, some Catholic Mohawks bought it for a gun.

Nothing can be more pathetic than the farewells of the wife of the Deerfield minister, Williams. She confessed to her husband that she must soon faint from exhaustion, and of course be dispatched by the tomahawk. Her words "justified God," says the stern Puritan husband in his account. A little while later she fell in wading through an icy river, and the fatal blow of the hatchet was given. One morning, during this march, another Deerfield matron came to bid her minister good-bye; she was sick, and knew that her strength would fail that day. She calmly quoted Scripture like a true disciple of such an iron-

side pastor, and was soon after lying dead in the path.

Now and then there were refreshing instances of compassion for captives on the part of squaws and even of warriors. Some of the prisoners taken in later wars experienced a good deal of kindness; it seems probable that the Jesuits had softened the character of Indian captivity among their converts. Running the gauntlet at St. Francis appears to have become a mere ceremony of tapping on the shoulder, a faint shadow of the old barbarity. It is a curious instance of kindness mingled with cruelty, that the inhuman band which laid Deerfield waste brought letters from captives already domesticated in the tribe, which they took pains to hang up in a bag by the road-side so that the settlers should get them. In one notable instance gratitude was shown. Church having released two Indian women and some children at Androscoggin, in Maine, the Indians afterward set free two old white women and five children at York. And let the Indian woman be remembered who brought back the lad Timothy Abbot to Andover, because she pitied his mother.

#### VIII.

#### ESCAPE, RESCUE, AND RETURN OF CAPTIVES.

STORIES of marvelous and ingenious escapes were the romance of the colonies, and such

adventures date back to the earliest Indian war in Virginia, where a man and his wife, who had been spared in the wholesale slaughter, found their opportunity while the Indians were dancing for joy over the acquisition of a white man's boat that had drifted ashore. These captives got into a canoe, and soon afterward surprised their friends in the settlements, who had believed them to be dead. Very like this was the escape of Anthony Bracket and his wife in Maine. They were left to follow on after their captors, who were eager to reach a plundering party in time to share in the spoil. Bracket's wife found a broken bark canoe, which she mended with a needle and thread; the whole family then put to sea in this rickety craft, and at length reached Black Point, where they got on board a vessel. A little lad of eleven years named Eames, taken in Philip's war, made his way thirty miles or more to the settlements. Two sons of the famous Hannah Bradley, previously mentioned, effected an ingenious escape, lying all the first day in a hollow log and using their provisions to make friends with the dogs that had tracked them. They journeyed in extreme peril and suffering for nine days, and one of them fell down with exhaustion just as they were entering a white settlement. A young girl in Massachusetts, after three weeks of captivity, made a bridle of bark, and catching a horse, rode all night through the woods to Concord. Mrs. Dean, taken at Oyster River in 1694, was left, with her daughter, in charge of an old Indian while the rest finished their work of destruction. The old fellow asked his prisoner what would cure a pain in his head. She recommended him to drink some rum taken from her house. This put him to sleep, and the woman and child got away. Another down-east captive with the fitting name of Toogood, while his captor during an attack on a settlement was disentangling a piece of string with which to tie him, jerked the Indian's gun from under his arm, and leveling it at his head got safely away.

Escaping captives endured extreme hardships. One Bard, taken in Pennsylvania, lived nine days on a few buds and four snakes. Mrs. Inglis, captured in the valley of Virginia, escaped in company with a German woman from a place far down the Ohio River. After narrowly avoiding discovery and recapture, they succeeded in ascending the south bank of the Ohio for some hundreds of miles. When within a few days' travel of settlements, they were so reduced by famine that the German woman, enraged that she had been persuaded to desert the Indian flesh-pots, and

crazed with hunger, made an unsuccessful attack on her companion with cannibal intentions.

The most famous of all the escapes of New England captives was that of Hannah Duston, Mary Neff, and a boy, Samuel Leonardson. These three were carried off with many others, in 1697, in the attack on Haverhill, Mrs. Duston's infant child having been killed by the Indians. When the captors had separated, the party to whom the two women and the boy were assigned encamped on an island in the Merrimac River. At midnight, the captives secured hatchets and killed ten Indians—two men, two women, and six children—one favorite boy, whom they meant to spare, and one badly wounded woman, escaping. After they had left the camp, the fugitives remembered that nobody in the settlements would believe, without evidence, that they had performed so redoubtable an action; they therefore returned and scalped the Indians, after which they scuttled all the canoes on the island but one, and in this escaped down the Merrimac, and finally reached Haverhill. This was such an exploit as made the actors immediately famous in that bloody time. The Massachusetts General Court gave Mrs. Duston twenty-five pounds and granted half that amount to each of her companions. The story of their daring deed was carried far to the southward, and Governor Nicholson, of Maryland, sent a valuable present to the escaped prisoners.

Many captives never returned. Besides those who were put to death, and those who died of famine, fatigue, and disease, a large number of the younger ones adopted Indian habits, intermarried with the savages, and remained in the tribes. These were spoken of with bitterness in New England as contributing to increase the enemies of their country. A lad, Timothy Rice, captured in Massachusetts during Philip's war, became one of the six chiefs of the Catholic Mohawks in Canada; and Eunice Williams, daughter of the Deerfield minister, married and remained in the tribe from which her family had suffered so much. She visited Deerfield in after years, wearing a blanket and a crucifix. Children were now and then recovered who had forgotten their mother-tongue and who had become savages in habit. When Mrs. Johnson, of New Hampshire, after a tedious captivity, got her children together again, one son was an accomplished savage, handling the bow and speaking only the Mohawk, and one daughter knew nothing but the language, religion, and culture of a Montreal convent. A lad from the mountains of Pennsylvania, when released, refused to return home; his father

Boston february 28-1675

Reader thou art desired not to suppress this paper, but to promote its designe which is to terrify those traitors to their King and Country; Guggins and Danford had some generous spirits have doned their destruction, as Christians are warne begin to prepare for death, for though they will destroye you, yet wee wish good health to their soules.

Ben<sup>i</sup> 1675

ONE OF THE PLACARDS POSTED IN BOSTON DURING PHILIP'S WAR, THREATENING GOOKINS ("GUGGINS") AND DANFORTH. (FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE MASSACHUSETTS ARCHIVES.)

visited him among the Indians of Ohio, and won his affection, and so brought him back, but he spent his life as a pioneer, and was to the last an Indian in habit and feeling.

Formal rites of adoption, not unlike those in use in some ancient communities, were sometimes performed in the case of adults who were taken to replace some dead tribesman. Colonel James Smith, who was captured while a young man in Pennsylvania and beaten to insensibility in running the gauntlet, was at length formally adopted to replace a chief. He was taken into the water, immersed, and roughly scrubbed by some young squaws to get all the white blood out of his veins. After living six years among the Indians, he returned home to find that his betrothed had married a few days before his arrival. The Indians usually insisted that adopted captives should marry. One Pennsylvania woman only accepted a husband after she had been tied to a stake and threatened with fire; and a Mrs. Bard, among the same Indians, avoided taking a husband by refusing to learn the language. Hugh Gibson, another Pennsylvania captive, was whipped for refusing the advances of a squaw, after which he contrived to escape, in company with two captive girls who had also been notified that they must marry in the tribe.

Curious complications arose from long captivities. A Pennsylvanian, taken in Chester County, reached home just as the administrator of his estate had finished selling off at auction all of his goods, which he proceeded to reclaim from his surprised neighbors before they had removed them. Tedious litigation in one instance resulted from doubt of the identity of a girl returned from captivity; and Mary Jamieson, who was taken from Penn-

sylvania in childhood and was twice married to Indians, spent her old age among white people in New York.

#### IX.

#### TREATMENT OF THE SAVAGES.

ONE of the worst results of Indian atrocities was their barbarizing effect on white men. During the greater part of the colonial period, the people were stirred to vindictive hatred by the ever-recurring cruelties of the savages, and it is strange that any philanthropic movements for the benefit of the Indians could outlive this irritation. Often, in an access of fury, the lower order of colonists did things unworthy of any but savages. One of the worst of the Pequots, captured by the Mohegans near Saybrook fort, was given over to them for torture, at their request, in retaliation for Pequot enormities. But the white men could not endure to see his sufferings, and Captain Underhill delivered the victim by shooting him. A captive Indian in Philip's war who would not tell secrets had them extorted by "woolding of his head with a cord."—a nautical torture in use a few years previous to this among the buccaners of the West Indies, and it is fair to suppose that the "pirates" in the Massachusetts troops had a hand in it. Toward the close of the war, one of Philip's men begged, with savage vanity, that he might be given over to the torture of the Mohegans, and so have the honor of dying like a brave. The soldiers, willing to gratify their savage allies, acceded to his request, and he endured infernal torments with unflinching firmness and exultant defiance to the end, though the white

men wept with horror and pity at sight of his prolonged sufferings. The most monstrous case recorded of cruelty on the part of white men is, perhaps, the sentencing of an old squaw at Hatfield, in Massachusetts, in 1675, to be "baited by dogs," after the manner of treating wild beasts in that time.

It is to be remembered that the seventeenth was not a humane century in Europe or America; nor was the first half of the eighteenth much better. And even in our own time, sudden massacres and scenes of savage cruelty have a tendency to extinguish pity in the bosoms of people on an exposed frontier. The slaughter at the Pequot fort had some extenuation in the dangerous situation of the feeble settlements and the horrible outrages of the Pequot tribe. It is more difficult to excuse the destruction by fire of the innocent and helpless in the Narragansett stronghold. Policy as well as humanity should have suggested a more lenient course in this case. The apologetic tone of the narratives of the Pequot affair shows that there was an adverse public opinion which even the citation of Joshua's destruction of the Canaanites could not allay; and some of the soldiers of the Narragansett fight "were in much doubt then, and afterward seriously inquired, whether burning their enemies alive could be consistent with humanity and the benevolent principles of the Gospel." But the "elders," whose voice had so much weight, spoke no word against these cruelties; and for the most part, the old New England histories of the affair, though written by clergymen, are perfectly ruthless. We learn that, after the Narragansett breastwork was carried, the Indians, "in most abject terms, begged for quarter," which the English refused. The troops had nothing to do but to load and fire upon a despairing mass of human beings of all ages, the enemy being penned up and huddled together in such a manner that scarcely a shot was lost, says Dr. Trumbull. Hubbard tells the story of the burning women and children without a qualm. "We have heard of two and seventy Indian captives slain and brought down to hell, all of them, in one day," exults Dr. Increase Mather in a sermon on the prevalence of prayer. The horrors of continued war had infuriated New England against the whole red race. The Christian Indians were in imminent danger, and Gookins and Danforth, their friends, were threatened by placards in public places. Those in authority were borne upon the same current of angry passion. The serious formality of Massachusetts laws was broken by the hot lava of wrath against the "barbarous crew," and week after week captive Indians were executed, the hanging tak-

ing place at the time of the weekly lecture, in order to augment the solemnity of the occasion, perhaps. The historian, Hubbard, calls Canonchet "a damned wretch"; but as the young sachem was already dead, this is to be taken in a pulpit, rather than in a profane, sense. Because Henshaw did not favor a massacre of friendly Indians, the Boston soldiers refused to march under him, and demanded the bloody-minded Thomas Oliver for their leader. A suspected Christian Indian was rather sacrificed to the fury of a Boston mob than executed; and the circumstances of his execution were most revolting, but they were surpassed in a similar cruel execution that occurred in New Amsterdam at an earlier period. In the rough, sea-faring town of Marblehead, the people were yet more uncontrollable than in Boston. The women coming out of meeting on Sunday, seeing two Indian prisoners led through the streets, fell upon them and beat them to death.

Fortunately for their fair fame, the records of the Southern colonies in the seventeenth century have not been so well preserved as those of New England; but it is easy to see that their retaliation on the Indians was not less sanguinary and cruel. Bacon put a whole Indian village to fire and sword upon suspicion of treachery. The South Carolinians suffered repeatedly from the horrible perfidy of the savages, and the whites became so incensed that they wrought many acts of positive barbarity. I shall have occasion, in speaking of the French wars, to show how remorselessly sanguinary the Pennsylvania borderer became under many provocations, and how Indian methods came to be adopted in all the colonies.

In the Northern and in the Southern colonies, the hopeless doom of most of the Indian prisoners—women and children as well as men—was to be sold away to slavery in the sugar islands. The prostrate colonies recovered a part of the cost of the wars by this measure, which at the same time cleared the forests of revengeful enemies. Only now and then a brave, but solitary and unheeded, voice, like that of the apostle Eliot, was lifted up against the monstrous inhumanity of this practice.

The Indian wars threw a shadow over all colonial life. Popular sympathy is deeply awakened now for parents whose child has wandered or has been abducted. But there were always many families in the colonies whose children were gone, no man knew whither,—lost in the obscurity and horror of hostile savagery. A certain melancholy came into the thought and feeling of the colonists,

through the ever-recurring bereavement and the bitterness of the never-ending strife. The somber features of the popular religious beliefs seem to have been intensified by the cruel assaults of the savages, which were sometimes regarded as visitations of divine wrath; and the gross notions of witches, tormenting fiends, and a material perdition of everlasting tortures, which filled so large a place in the thought of that time, were no doubt reënforced by the impressions which captivity and its accompanying barbarities had made upon the imaginations of men and by the vindictive feeling that is born of a chronic and cruel war. The military virtues of courage and fortitude and a daring spirit of enterprise were

fortified by such a strife. Rude and strenuous energy is inconsistent with elevation of feeling and refinement of manners; but it is a quality very necessary in nation-builders and the subduers of a savage continent, and this, by the Indian wars and other tempestuous buffetings, was developed in our forefathers and remains yet a characteristic trait of the planters of new states on the Western border and of many who carry forward great schemes of material improvement. In that hard time the perseverance, alertness, and hardihood persistent to-day in American national character were brought to maturity; learning and refinement were, for the most part, pushed to the wall.

### ORNAMENTAL FORMS IN NATURE.

A RIVULET runs past the door of the log-house that has stood for seventy years upon the edge of the road, squeezed between that and the nearly perpendicular wall of rock behind. The miserable little mountain farm through which it flows produces nothing salable but a stack or two of hay mixed with thistles. Its owners have to go off its bounds to earn their bread; but people who want to fill their eyes, not their mouths, might stay on it all the year round. It bears splendid crops of weeds. It is part wooded and rocky, part swampy; and in its patchy meadows, its stony and briery woods, a taste for what is beautiful may be gratified, one's interest may be excited over new objects, and his knowledge of art as well as of nature improved by the observation of countless forms, such as have furnished the types from which most of our stock of ornament has been derived.

The stream rises about a stone's throw from the house in an angle between a projecting rock and the shoulder of the mountain. It is formed by a great many films that trickle down and varnish the face of the cliff, flowing from springs in the wood far above. These collect in a gravelly trench at the foot of the rock and make a runnel which, in rainy seasons, is from two to four inches deep and from one to two feet across. Led through a dark channel of flat stones and a mossy wooden pipe, it soon finds its single place of usefulness in an old tub which is placed before the door. On the way, much of it escapes in dribblets that convert the old orchard at the side of the



THE STREAM.

house into a marsh overgrown with a semi-aquatic vegetation of water-cress and horse-tails. The greater part after overflow-

ing the tub (of many uses) burrows under the road-bed and makes off across some sloping meadows to the bottom of the valley, where it finds an outlet to the lowlands through a miniature