

GENERAL HISTORY.

NARRATIVE SKETCH.

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CHAPTER I.

SCENE OF THE HISTORY.—ABORIGINAL OCCUPATION.

The scene of the following historical narration lies within that portion of the present domain of New Hampshire which anciently bore the name of Penacook. This appellation of varied orthography, with civilized softening of savage gutturals, was sometimes applied to a region whose limits cannot now with certainty be defined. That region probably extended, in undefined width, along both sides of the Merrimack river, with the mouth of the Soucook, or the Suncook, in its southern line of demarcation, and that of the Contoocook in its northern. Out of this tract was subsequently carved for civilized settlement, a restricted grant having definite bounds, and bearing the same name—Penacook, as the Indian called “the crooked place,” formed by the singularly picturesque meanderings of the Merrimack, or “the place of the rapid current.” In this locality have occurred the events of savage and civilized occupation which make up the History of Concord.

In Penacook was the special abode of the Indian tribe bearing that name. The historic light of the seventeenth century falls only in flecks upon aboriginal life in the valley of the Merrimack, as the summer sunlight, in that distant day, must have flecked the wigwam or the pathway of the dusky hunter in the dark, primeval forest. It is historically certain, however, that the tribe occupying the soil of the present Concord was the leading one among kindred tribes that dwelt along the Merrimack and tributaries northward to Lake Winnepesaukee and beyond, and southward to the great bend near Pawtucket Falls. Those subordinates bearing such specific names as the Winnepesaukees, the Ossipees, the Amoskeags, the Souhegans, the Nashuas, and the Wamesits, or Pawtuckets, may, perhaps, be more properly characterized as bands than as tribes, and all of them Penacooks, with headquarters at the seat of the leading tribe. Possibly, too, the Indians living by the Merrimack, eastward to the sea—including the Squamscots and the Piscataquas, with the Accomintas and others along the western edge

of Maine, and others still, as the Wachusetts upon the northern rim of Massachusetts—were kindred to the Penacooks, as surely they were confederate subjects of the same grand sachemship.¹

The Penacooks, warlike representatives of the Algonquins, were in irreconcilable feud with the Mohawks, the fierce representatives of the Iroquois. In the days of their strength, these men of the Merrimack not only waged defensive war on the incursions of their traditional foes from beyond the Hudson, but sometimes avenged themselves in war offensive. At their first historical appearance, about 1621, they had been much weakened by war, and other causes—among which may have been the dread disease of 1616, which prevailed along the seashore and at an unknown distance inland. Tradition, without assigning dates, locates three ancient forts at the headquarters of the Penacooks: one upon the west bank of the river in Fort Eddy plain; another upon the east bank opposite, on the crest of Sugar Ball bluff; the third also on the east side of the Merrimack, near Sewall's island. Undoubtedly the Sugar Ball fort, occupying its excellent position, had for its special object defense against the Mohawks; and with it is connected the story of a desperate battle. As was not unusual, the Mohawks were paying these eastern parts a visit of mischief, and a party of them had suffered repulse in an encounter with the Penacooks. The latter, in precaution against their persistent foes, withdrew, men, women, and children, within the fort on Sugar Ball, along the strongly-built walls of which were stored their baskets of newly-harvested corn. The Mohawks, the more enraged for their repulse, appeared in force on Fort Eddy plain, and took threatening position. A time of mutual watch and of mutual defiance passed; for the Penacooks dared not "fight in the field, nor the Mohawks to attack the fort."² Then it was that a Mohawk was seen carelessly strolling across Sugar Ball plain, southward of the bluff, and at its foot. The decoy drew out of the fort warrior after warrior, in hot pursuit, while he sped away to the river. Meanwhile, the main force of the wily Mohawks, having crossed the river above, had, by a roundabout march, drawn near the Penacook stronghold, and hidden there. With a war-whoop more startling than that of the pursuers in the plain, they at last sprung from their ambush upon the fort, now thinned of defenders. But the warriors, lured into deceptive chase, were not slow to return, and to join obstinate battle for the possession of their fortress and its precious contents.

Tantalizing tradition tells not definitely the result. It leaves, however, the inference of an indecisive battle, in which both sides suffered

¹ See St. Aspenquid, in note at close of chapter; also, Potter's *Manchester*, 28.

² Bouton's *Concord*, 20.

severely; the baffled "Mohawks leaving their dead and wounded on the ground"¹ with those of the demoralized Penacooks. The diversity of skulls among the human bones unearthed in later times, in what is supposed to have been a burying-ground, northward of the fort, denotes a promiscuous burial of the Algonquin and the Iroquois dead. The traditional statement, "that from the fatal day the already reduced force of the Penacooks was broken into fragments, and scattered,"² seems exaggerated in view of what is known from other sources of information. The day may have been one of serious disaster; and may help to account for the weakened condition of the Penacooks in 1623, as well as tend to suggest the date of the battle as being toward the end of the sixteenth century or early in the seventeenth.

When, in 1620, the first permanent English settlement in New England was made at Plymouth, the strong chieftain, Passaconaway—or Papisseconewa, the "Child of the Bear"—was, as he had been for years, at the head of the Penacook nation, or confederacy. He is first historically mentioned by Christopher Levett, "His Majesty's Woodward, and one of the Council of New England," who, late in 1625, visited David Thomson, at his new plantation, taken up, that year, at Odiorne's Point, or Pannaway, in permanent occupation, as the first English settlement in New Hampshire. In a diary of this visit to the region of the Piscataqua, Levett records that he saw an Indian, whom he calls "Conway," in a natural English abbreviation of the real but lengthy Indian name. That the chief sachem of the Penacooks should have been in that vicinity at that time seems reasonable, both from his custom of making visits, or taking up temporary residence, among the subordinate sagamoreships in the region by the sea, and from the special interest he must have felt in the new white settlement within his domain.

He was now perhaps fifty or sixty years of age. To have gained the position of power and influence which he undeniably held with his warlike people, he must have been efficient upon the war-path, and the scalps of defeated foes must have hung from his wigwam pole. He had probably led in the wars, offensive and defensive, of which mention has already been made. And from all that is known of him, the inference seems just, that a superior discernment and moderation, together with an extraordinary skill in the arts of the juggler and the incantations of the medicine man, striking the imagination of the untutored red man as miraculous, and that of the superstitious white man as devilish, had quite as much to do in establishing his power, as his prowess in war. Morton, an ancient and

¹ Bouton's Concord, 20.

² Bouton's Concord, 26.

contemporary historian, quaintly writes of him : "That sachem is a Powah—that is, a witch, or sorcerer, that cures by the help of the devil—of greate estimation amongst all kind of salvages. There hee is at their Revels—which is the time when a greate company of savages meete from severall parts of the countree, in amity with their neighbours—hath advanced his honor in his feats or juggling tricks, to the admiration of the spectators, whome hee endeavoured to persuade that hee would goe under water to the further side of a river to broade for any man to undertake with a breath ; which thing hee performed by swimming over, and deluding the company with casting a mist before their eies that see him enter in and come out, but no part of the way hee has bin seene. Likewise, . . . in the heat of summer, to make ice appear in a bowle of faire water ; first, having the water set before him, he hath begunne his incantation—and before the same hath been ended, a thicke cloude has darkened the aire, and on a sodane a thunder-clap hath bin heard that has amazed the natives ; instant hee hath showed a firme peace of ice to floate in the midst of the bowle in the presence of the vulgar people, which doubtless was done by the agility of Satan, his consort."¹ With such power over the imagination of the red men of the forest, Passaconaway had inspired them with the reverential belief that he was endowed with supernatural powers, and that he who could do those wonderful things, and such others, as "make a dry leaf turn green, water burn and then turn to ice, and take the rattlesnake in his hand with impunity,"—must have control over their destinies, and, consequently, should have their obedience. Indeed, it was the case of the greatest mind finding its fit place as the ruling one.

Passaconaway was not at first a friend of the English who came to possess the Atlantic coast ; he disliked them as dangerous intruders, and would fain have prevented them from "sitting down here." He tried against them his mystic arts, but no sorceries could avail against the white man's encroachments. In 1631, the English settlements in his neighborhood were not so strong as necessarily to have precluded the idea of their extermination by war from the mind of the jealous chieftain. But his discernment and moderation now swayed his conduct ; he was too "politic and wise a man"—as the Apostle Elliot has characterized him—to resort to war. Military considerations do not seem to have actuated his early pacific policy ; for he had at least five hundred warriors at his command—a body of fighting men, who, practising the savage tactics of ruse and ambuscade, though in small force, were equivalent, for the destructive purposes of the Indian campaign, to many times the same number of white troops employing the usual

¹ Force's Hist. Tracts, Vol. 2; "N. E. Canaan," 25-26.

methods of civilized warfare. He could have put the eagle's "feather in the scalp-lock," and urged the hostile onsets of his fighting men, to the present woe of Hilton's Point and Strawberry Bank, and even of the three-hilled Boston in the strong colony of Massachusetts Bay. But he refrained; for with the clairvoyance of superior wisdom he appears to have realized the inherent strength of Anglo-Saxon civilization, that should go on conquering and to conquer, whatever aboriginal savagery might do to hinder. He bowed to the inevitable, and accepted such terms as destiny offered. In his forecast, war with the English was sure destruction to his race; and that forecast certainly found terrible verification, in 1637, in the annihilation of the Pequots. Hence Passaconaway's pacific intention, deliberately formed, was permanent, being strengthened, as the years went on, by a desire to keep the friendship of his English neighbors, and secure their protection against the hostile "Tarratines of the east and the Mohawk of the west." He overcame jealousy, and became willing to sell lands, with "fishing, fowling, hunting, and planting" rights reserved. As early as 1632 he cheerfully delivered up to Massachusetts an Indian who had killed a white trader. He also learned thoroughly the hard lesson, how to bear and forbear; for those whose favor he always sought to conciliate did not always reciprocate in acts of kindness or justice. Thus, in 1642, upon a false alarm of an Indian conspiracy, the Massachusetts authorities sent forty men to disarm Passaconaway, quietly abiding in his wigwam in the vicinity of Ipswich or Newbury. Prevented by a storm from reaching the sachem, the armed messengers contented themselves with investing the wigwam of his son, Wonolancet, and dragging him away, together with his squaw and little child. Breaking from the rope by which he was led along, Wonolancet attempted to escape, but, narrowly eluding the shots fired after him, was recaptured. Thereupon, the authorities, fearing that the outrage inflicted by their reckless agents upon the family of Passaconaway might disaffect him, sent him an apology, coupled with an invitation "to come to Boston and converse with them." To this, the chieftain made the reply, not lacking in dignity: "Tell the English, when they restore my son and his squaw, then I will, of my own accord, render in the required artillery." "Accordingly," says Governor Winthrop, "about a fortnight after, he sent his eldest son, who delivered up his guns." The same year, too, he gave his consent to the sale of lands at Pentucket, or Haverhill, "to the inhabitants thereof." But while putting away resentment, and showing an obliging disposition toward his white neighbors, "The Merrimack Sachem" did not hurry to come formally under the government of Massachusetts, and it was not till 1644 that he, with his sons,

“subscribed to articles” of submission. This result had been earnestly desired by the ambitious colony, which had just brought into a forty years’ union with itself, the then thinly inhabited region of New Hampshire, represented by its four settlements at Dover, Portsmouth, Exeter, and Hampton.

Though now a subject of Massachusetts, Passaconaway held to the manners and customs of his race. In the planting season, when the “oak leaf became as large as a mouse’s ear,” he found one favorite abode on Penacook (or Sewall’s) island, and another at Naticook near the mouth of the Souhegan. There and elsewhere along “the great river,” on the fertile intervals, were the fields of corn,—with beans, pumpkins, gourds, and melons interspersed,—which repaid rude cultivation by considerable crops. The withe-handled clam-shell hoe, wielded by a strong squaw, with a papoose strapped upon her back, proved a not very indifferent cultivator; and an alewife or two, or even a shad, placed in the hill was no ineffective fertilizer.

In the fishing season, the Penacook sachem, with sagamores and peoples, took temporary abode at Amoskeag or Pawtucket, where the salmon and other fish swarmed, or at Ahquedaukee,¹ as the Indians called “The Weirs,” where abounded the shad, having parted company with the salmon at the meeting of the Pemigewasset and Winnepesaukee confluent of the Merrimack. It was a lively season of utility and pleasure for the “salvages,” then gathered and quartered in the nomadic villages of wigwams, simple of construction, easily set up and easily removed.

It was during the fishing season of 1648 that John Elliot, the “Apostle of the Indians,” in his work of “gathering companies of praying Indians,” visited Pawtucket Falls, and here met Passaconaway, with two of his sons. Elliot writes: “This last spring, I did meet old Papassaconaway, who is a great sagamore, and hath been a great witch in all men’s esteem, and a very politic wise man. The last year, he and all his sons fled when I came, pretending feare that we would kill him. But this year, it pleased God to bow his heart to hear the word. I preached out of Malachi I:11, which I render thus to them: From the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, thy name shall be great among the Indians; and in every place prayers shall be made to thy name,—pure prayers,—for thy name shall be great among the Indians. . . . After a good space, this old Papassaconaway [did] speak to this purpose:—‘That indeed he had never prayed unto God as yet, for he had never heard of God before as now he doth.’ And he said further: that he did believe what I taught them to be true, and for his own part, he was

¹ Potter’s Manchester, 33.

purposed in his heart henceforth to pray unto God, and that he would persuade all his sonnes to do the same—pointing at two of them who were then present, and naming such as were absent. His sonnes present, especially his eldest sonne,—who is a sachem at Wadchusett,—gave his willing consent to what his father had promised, and so did the other who was but a youth. And this act of his was not only a present motion that soon vanished, but a good while after [he] said that he would be glad if I would come and live in some place thereabouts and teach them, and that if any good ground or place that hee had would be acceptable to me, he would willingly let me have it.”

Though Passaconaway seems himself to have been well convinced of the excellence of “praying to God,”—as the Indians called “all religion,”—yet “he had many men who would not believe,” or harken to him, and he “earnestly, importunately invited” Elliot “to come and live there, and teach them;” urging that ministrations more frequent than “once a year” were necessary to convince them. And the request was urged with such “gravity, wisdom, and affection” that the Apostle’s heart yearned “much towards them,” and he had “a great desire to make an Indian town that way”—up along the Merrimack.

Subsequent years must have been quiet ones for the aged chieftain, since nothing is heard of him for ten years. In 1659, Major Richard Waldron, of Dover, who was much engaged in Indian traffic, met, at their invitation, Passaconaway and several other sagamores, at Penacook, where they were with “a great many Indians, at the fort which was by the river’s side.”¹ The next year, 1660, there was a great gathering of Indians at Pawtucket Falls. They were of those subject to the authority of the “great sachem of Penacook.” Passaconaway was there, venerable and venerated; and feeling that the end of a long life was near, spoke, at the feast, impressive words of fatherly advice. The substance of that farewell speech, which was heard by an Englishman² present, has been transmitted thus in history³:

“I am now ready to die, and not likely to see you ever met together any more. I will now leave this word of counsel with you, that you may take heed how you quarrel with the English; for though you may do them much mischief, yet assuredly you will all be destroyed and rooted off the earth, if you do: for I was as much an enemy to the English on their first coming into these parts, as anyone whatsoever; and I did try all ways and means possible to have destroyed them,—at least, to have prevented their sitting down here,—but I could no way effect it [meaning by his incantations and

¹ N. H. Prov. Papers, Vol. I, 290. ² Daniel Gookin. ³ Hubbard’s New England.

sorceries]; therefore I advise you never to contend with the English nor make war with them."

In sad sequel to such pathetic words of unrepining appeal, came those of two years later, when the old chief, former lord of the Merrimack valley, but now threatened with utter dispossession, through English grants, petitioned the government of Massachusetts, on this wise: "The petition of Papisseconnewa in the behalf of himself, as also of many other Indians who now for a long time, o'rselves [and] o'r progenators [were] seated upon a tract of land called Naticot, . . . now in the possession of Mr. William Brenton of Rode Iland, marchant, . . . by reason of which tracte of lande beinge taken up as aforesaid yr pore petitionr with many others is in an onsetled condition. . . . The humble request of yr petitionr is that this honerd Courte wolde to grante vnto vs a parcell of land for o'r comfortable citation; to be stated for o'r Injoyment, as also for the comfort of oths after us." In answer to this petition of the aged and impoverished sachem, whose submission to the jurisdiction of Massachusetts had been anxiously sought and gladly accepted, twenty years before, the Court judged "it meete to grant to the said Papisseconneway, and his men or associates about Naticot, above Mr. Brenton's lands, where it is free, a mile and a half on either side Merrimack river in breadth, [and] three miles on either side in length;" including, at the suggestion of the surveyors, "two small islands,"¹ on one of which "Papisseconneway had lived and planted a long time,—and a small patch of intervale land on the west side of the river, by estimation, about forty acres, which joineth their land to the Souhegan river."² On this contracted estate, the old chieftain probably spent the remnant of his days, ever faithful to the English and praying to their God,—now his. It is supposed that his death occurred at the age of a hundred years or more, and between the years 1663 and 1669³: certainly, at the latter date, his son Wonolancet held the sachemship.

Six children of Passaconaway are mentioned in historical records, four sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Nanamocomuck, was, for a while, sagamore of the Wachusetts; the second, Wonolancet, was sachem of the Penacooks; of the two other sons, Unanunquoset and Nonatomenut, little or nothing, save their names, is known. One of the daughters married Nobhow, the sagamore of Pawtucket; Wanunchus,⁴ or Wenuchus, the other, became the wife of Montowampate, or James, as called by the English, sagamore of Saugus.

¹ See note at close of chapter.

² Mass. Archives, cited in Potter's *Manchester*, 61-2-3.

³ See note at close of chapter.

⁴ See Wanunchus, in note at close of chapter.

The latter marriage, which, as "The Bridal of Penacook," the poetic genius of Whittier has treated with fancy's graceful touch, has in its simple facts historic interest. According to Thomas Morton, who wrote in 1632, the young "sagamore of Saugus, when he came to man's estate, made choise of a lady of noble discent, daughter of Papasquineo, the sachem or sagamore of the territories neare Merrimack river—a man of the best note and estimation in all those parts, and . . . a great nigromancer,—and with the consent and good liking of her father," took her "for his wife. Great entertainment hee and his receaved" in Penacook, "where they were fested in the best manner . . . according to the custome of their nation, with reveling, and such other solemnities as is usual amongst them. The solemnity being ended," the father caused "a selected number of his men to waite upon his daughter" to the home of "her lord and husband—where the attendants had entertainment by the sachem of Saugus and his countrymen." At length, the young wife having "a great desire to see her father and her native country, . . . her lord, willing to pleasure her, . . . commanded a selected number of his owne men to conduct his lady to her father; where, with great respect they brought her, and having feasted there awhile, returned to their owne country—leaving the lady to continue there at her owne pleasure, amongst her friends and old acquaintance. . . . She passed away the time for a while, and, in the end, desired to return to her lord." Her father sent messengers "to the younge sachem, his sonne-in-law, to let him understand that his daughter was not willing to absente herself from his company any longer" and to request "the younge lord to send a convoy for her. But hee, standing upon tearmes of honor, and the maintaining of his *reputatio*, returned to his father-in-law this answe: that when she departed from him, hee caused his men to waite upon her to her father's territories, as it did bcome him; but, now [that] shee had an intent to returne, it did become her father to send her back with a convoy of his own people; and that it stood not with his reputation to make himself or his men so servile [as] to fetch her againe. Papasiquineo, having this message returned, was inraged to think that his son-in-law did not esteeme him at a higher rate than to capitulate with him about the matter, and returned him this sharpe reply: That his daughter's bloud and birth deserved more respect than to be so slighted, and, therefore, if he would have her company, hee were best to send or come for her. The young sachem, not willing to undervalue himselfe, and being a man of stout spirit, did not stick to say that he should either send her by his owne convoy, or keepe her, for he was not determined to stoope so low."

"So much," adds Morton, "these two sachems stood upon tearme of reputation with each other, [that] the one would not send her, and the other would not send for her, lest it should be any diminishing of honor on his part that should seem to comply; [so] that the lady, —when I came out of the country,—remained still with her father."

How long Wanunchus remained away from her punctilious lord, Montowampate, or how she returned to him, is not known. But she was back with him in August, 1632, when a hundred "eastern Indians, called Tarratines," coming "with thirty canoes, assaulted, in the night, the wigwam of the sagamore of Agawam," at Ipswich, where Montowampate, or James, and his wife, Wanunchus, were on a visit. "They slew seven men, wounded James, and carried others away captive, amongst whom was the wife of James."¹ The captives, however, were soon returned, with expectation of ransom.

The next year, "James, sagamore of Saugus, died of small-pox, and most of his folks," as says Winthrop. It is not thought that Wanunchus died with her husband, for she seems afterwards to have been "a principal proprietor of lands about Naumkeage, now Salem." A widow, after a chequered wedded life of five years, and still young, it is not an improbable surmise that she returned to her father at Penacook, where, certainly, were living, half a century or more later, 1686, two squaws, her granddaughters.²

As already seen, Wonolancet, the second son of Passaconaway, had by 1669—possibly four or five years earlier—succeeded his father as sachem of the Penacooks. He was born, probably, about 1619. His name, which signifies "breathing pleasantly," and which was received, it is supposed, according to the Indian custom, after reaching manhood, surely befitted his character. Mention has been made of his outrageous capture, in 1642, at the false alarm of Indian conspiracy. Afterward for years he dwelt upon the small island of Wickasauke, in the Merrimack, above the present Lowell. This pleasant home he was licensed by the General Court of Massachusetts, at his own request, to sell in 1659, to John Webb, in order to obtain money for redeeming his elder brother, Nanamocomuck, from imprisonment on a surety debt. For this generous act of brotherly kindness, he was granted a hundred acres "on a great hill about twelve miles west of Chelmsford, because he had a great many children and no planting grounds." Six years later, by new adjustments, Wickasauke was restored to him; and there he was living when he became sachem. After that event he seems to have had permanent residence awhile at Penacook.

¹ Hubbard's New England, cited in Bouton's Concord, 34.

² Felt's Salem, cited in Bouton's Concord, 34.

In 1669 or '70, he removed, with at least a part of his tribe, "to Pawtucket, and built a fort on the heights southeast of the river." This fort was only for refuge and better protection, especially against the Mohawks. That at Penacook was also kept in repair, and some of the more resolute and warlike of the tribe doubtless permanently occupied it and its neighborhood. Wonolancet had his home in the "desirable position" on Wickasauke, but continued to occupy, in their season, the planting grounds at Souhegan and Penacook, and the fishing-places at Amoskeag and elsewhere up the river. Whether or not his change of permanent residence had immediate connection—as elsewhere stated—with the deadly fight at the Penacook fort, before described, it is certain that he preferred an abode and refuge further down the river and nearer the compact English settlements.

Wonolancet was a man of peace,—an Indian with the warlike and revengeful element left out of his nature or eradicated from it. He would, as best he could, defend against Indian foes; but against the English he would never offend, however grievously provoked,—following in this both his own convictions and the injunctions of his father. But though in his life he had been wont to exemplify the Christian virtues, yet not till 1674 did he, "a sober and grave person, and of years between fifty and sixty," make profession of the Christian faith. "Many endeavors," writes Gookin, "have been used several years to gain this sachem to embrace the Christian religion; but he hath stood off.—A great reason that hath kept him off, I conceive, hath been the indisposition and averseness of sundry of his chief men and relations to pray to God, and which he foresaw would desert him, in case he turned Christian." But in May of that year, at his wigwam near Pawtucket Falls, after a sermon preached by Mr. Elliot, Wonolancet stood up and said: "You have been pleased for four years last past, in your abundant love, to exhort, press, and persuade us to pray to God. I am very thankful to you for your pains. I have all my days used to pass in an old canoe, and now you exhort me to change, and leave my old canoe, and embark in a new canoe, to which I have hitherto been unwilling. But now I yield myself up to your advice, and enter into a new canoe, and do engage to pray to God hereafter."

As his conversion had been deliberate, so was it permanent; and Gookin could say three years later: "I hear this sachem doth persevere, and is a constant and diligent hearer of God's word," . . . and though sundry of his people have deserted him since he subjected to the gospel, yet he continues and persists."

In 1675, King Philip's War came on; but the son of Passaconaway refused to side with the son of Massassoit in the attempt to

annihilate New England civilization. But friendly as well as hostile Indians were objects of suspicion to their white neighbors, and if those who were hostile did mischief, it was too often imputed to those who were friendly. Besides, the hostile Indians were pressing him to join their side. Thus, between two fires,—troublesome solicitation to hostility against the English and false suspicion of such hostility,—Wonolancet determined to maintain strict neutrality in the woods of New Hampshire, and thither he withdrew, “and quartered about Penacook.” The General Court of Massachusetts, because he did not return “after the planting season was over,” ordered “a runner or two” to be sent “to persuade him to come in again and live at Wamesit, and to inform the Indians at Penacook and Naticook that if they will live quietly and peaceably they shall not be harmed by the English.” Accordingly, early in October, 1675, the “runners” set forth with their message, and also bore Governor Leverett’s “safe conduct” in writing, for Wonolancet to have “free liberty in a party not exceeding six, of coming unto, and returning in safety from, the house of Lieutenant Thomas Hinchman at Naumkeke, and there to treat with Captain Daniel Gookin and Mr. John Elliot,” who were fully empowered “to conclude with” him, “upon such meet terms and articles of friendship, amity, and subjection as were formerly made and concluded between the English and old Passaconaway,” his “father, and his sons and people.” They did not get sight of Wonolancet, but sent him the message. He did not, however, see fit to comply, and thus bring himself into the entanglements of the fearful war of races then raging in Massachusetts. Now, his religious conversion having detached some of his people, and his pacific disposition having disaffected the more warlike spirits, he had not with him, at that time, above one hundred Penacook and Naumkeke Indians. The Massachusetts authorities imputed a hostile intent to the friendly chief’s non-return, and, through nervous fear, exaggerated his meager band into a dangerous enemy “at Penagog, said to be gathered there for the purpose of mischief.” Hence, straightway, Captain Mosely, who had been fighting with success to the southward, was sent up to Penacook, with a hundred men, to dispel the danger menaced from that quarter. Wonolancet, having “intelligence by scouts” that the English were at hand, withdrew with his men from the fort, “into the woods and swamps, where,” as Gookin says, “they had opportunity enough in ambushment, to have slain many of the English soldiers, without any great hazard to themselves,—and several of the young Indians were inclined to it.” But their sachem, by his wisdom and authority, restrained his men, and suffered not an Indian to appear or shoot

a gun ; while, within easy musket range of the red men in watching, the white soldiers burnt wigwams and destroyed the winter stores of dried fish. Thereupon, Wonolancet withdrew farther into the wilderness, and, with his people, passed the winter (1675-'76), or the greater part of it, about the head-waters of the Connecticut.

King Philip's War proper came to an end in the summer of 1676 ; but it had a bloody sequel in Maine and New Hampshire, which, commencing later than the war it continued, and from somewhat different motives, ended in 1678. This might be called Squando's war, after its chief instigator, the Saco sagamore and medicine-man, who was of great repute and influence in that country, and who, from personal wrong, hated the English, and sought revenge. Into this war the Ossipees and Pequawkets had been lured ; but having lost many men, and suffering from hunger in course of the winter, they came to terms with Major Waldron, prominent in military affairs in that region. Somewhat later, in the year 1676, a treaty "of peace and mutual good offices" was negotiated, at Cocheco, between the chiefs of "the Indians of the eastern parts" and a committee of the general court of Massachusetts. To this treaty, Wonolancet, having returned from his self-banishment, and having repaired to Dover, on invitation of Major Waldron, affixed his signature, as did Squando, with six other prominent Indians. But the "strange Indians,"—as those were called who had fought to the southward against the English,—now, in their hopeless defeat and fear of extirpation, sought the hospitality of the Penacooks, who had not participated in the war, and of the Ossipees, Pequawkets, and other tribes who had been hostile, but were now in peaceful submission under treaty. These cowering guests hoped thus to escape punishment, in becoming identified with their entertainers.

The Massachusetts authorities, however, had no tenderness for "strange Indians," and, in despatching two companies eastward where hostilities still continued, they ordered the captains, Syll and Hathorne, to seize "all who had been concerned with Philip in the war." Upon the arrival of the companies at Dover, on the 6th of September, 1676, they found assembled there four hundred mixed Indians,—and among them the kindly and innocent Wonolancet,—all relying upon the promise of good usage made by "their friend and father," Major Waldron. The captains would fain have fallen upon them all without delay, but were dissuaded by the Major from exposing both friends and foes to peril of life and limb in a "promiscuous onslaught." He, while owing, as they owed, obedience to Massachusetts, yet wishing to keep his word of protection to his red guests, suggested this stratagem : In a pretended military training, to array,

in sham fight, the Indians against the English, and by dexterous manœuver, surround, seize, and disarm the whole body, without personal harm. The stratagem was successful. "A separation was then made," says Belknap, "Wonolancet, with the Penacook Indians, and others who had joined in making peace . . . were dismissed; but the 'strange Indians' who had fled from the southward and taken refuge among them were made prisoners to the number of two hundred; and being sent to Boston, seven or eight of them, who were known to have killed any Englishmen, were condemned and hanged; the rest were sold into slavery in foreign parts." Waldron's action, though "highly applauded by the general voice of the colony," left revenge in many a savage breast, which the veteran's life-blood, just thirteen years later, could alone appease.

But it was with no revenge in his heart, though, doubtless, with much sadness, and a painful distrust of English faith, that, by order of the court, Wonolancet retired, with his people, to Wickasaukee and Chelmsford. There, under the "care" and "inspection" of Mr. Jonathan Tyng of Dunstable, he remained a year, conducting himself, says Gookin, "like an honest Christian man, being one that, in his conversation, walks answerably to his knowledge." The unreasonable suspicion of his English neighbors must have grieved him, still he could find some compensation in the happy consciousness of his honest and effective friendliness. He could point, with the triumph becoming a noble deed, to his bringing back from savage captivity a widow and five children, after saving them from the fires already kindled for their burning. With a smile upon a grave face where smiles were rare, he could say, "Me next," to the good minister of Chelmsford, who "desired to thank God," that the town had suffered so little from the Indian enemy.

This sachem "in the care" of Mr. Tyng had reasons to be ill at ease. His attendant band had dwindled to a few; "he had but little corn to live on for the ensuing winter, for the English had plowed and sown his land before he came in;" and "he lived at a dangerous frontier place," exposed to prowling Mohawks and Abenakis—they being still on the war-path to the eastward. Then it was that, in September, 1677, as Mr. Elliott says, "a party of French Indians,—of whom some were of the kindred of this sachem's wife,—fell upon this people,—being but few and unarmed,—and partly by persuasion, and partly by force, carried them away" to their settlement of St. Francis.

This captivity of Wonolancet was, it would seem, a voluntary withdrawal under color of force—an expedient for relief and security and with no hostile intent towards white men from whose presence

he, for a time, retired. The length of his stay at St. Francis is not known; but it was not permanent. He is frequently reported as tarrying at Penacook and other places along the Merrimack. Sachem he must always have remained; for by that title he is uniformly designated in the public records, and as such, to the latest years, disposed of lands belonging to the Penacook domain. But as early as 1685, his nephew Kancamagus was also recognized as a sachem of the Penacooks, and, in that capacity, signed treaties. It is probable that the uncle, "the only surviving son of the great Passaconaway," retained the grand sachemship, with special authority over the peaceable and "praying" Penacooks; while the nephew became the specially recognized sachem of the warlike majority of the nation.

At the head, then, of the peace party of his tribe, Wonolancet, at Penacook in 1685, a year of much apprehension of savage outbreak, relieved, to a degree, the fears of the provincial authorities—for New Hampshire had become a royal province—by the friendly assurance that his Indians there "had no intention of war," nor, "indeed were in any posture for war, being about twenty-four men besides squaws and papooses," Again, four years later, while the warlike party of the Penacooks, under Kancamagus, were busily intent upon hostile enterprises, he was still the man of peace, as testifies this record of the Massachusetts Council, made in 1689; "Wiolancet, the Penecooke sachem [and] Watamun [or Wattanummon], one of his chief captains, came down to the Council, manifesting their friendship to the English, and promised the continuance thereof."¹

Nine years later, Wonolancet was dwelling at Wamesit, and though still recognized as "chief sachem on Merrimack river," was again in care of Mr. Tyng, to whom, and others, he had transferred by deed, on several occasions, sundry lands in his domain. His years were now nearly fourscore. Where and how long he afterwards lived, neither history nor tradition says. But enough is known of the good sachem to warrant the assurance that, to the last, he obeyed the noble Passaconaway's dying injunction to his children; "Never be enemies to the English; but love them and love their God also, because the God of the English is the true God, and greater than the Indian gods."

In the latter years of Passaconaway's sachemship, and the early ones of Wonolancet's, Captain Richard Waldron and Mr. Peter Coffin, of Dover, having much fur trade with the Indians, had a trucking-house at Penacook, probably near the Sewall farm, and on the east side of the Merrimack. There was also an Indian fort in the vicinity. In the summer of 1668, Thomas Dickinson, an English employee of

¹ N. H. Prov. Papers, Vol. II, 47.

Waldron and Coffin, was killed at that trucking-house by a drunken Indian. In August of that year, the matter was, on warrant from Governor Bellingham of Massachusetts, investigated on the spot, by Thomas Hinchman "with sufficient aid;" the evidence of Indians in the case being admitted. Among the witnesses were Tahanto and Pehaungun, called "sagamores." The "examinants" testified that "one Thomas Payne and the Englishman slain sent several Indians to their masters, Captain Walderne and Mr. Peter Coffin, at Piscataqua," ordering the messengers to "bring from them guns, powder, shot and cloth, but instead thereof Captain Walderne and the said Peter Coffin returned those Indians to Pennycooke, loaded only with cotton cloth and three rundlets of liquors: with which liquors, there were at least one hundred of the Indians drunk for one night, one day and one half together." During "the time of their being so drunk . . . all the Indians went from the trucking-house, except one, who remained there drunk . . . and killed the Englishman—the other Englishman being at the time in the fort."

It also appeared in evidence, "that an Indian, hearing the slain Englishman cry out, swam over the river, and went to the trucking-house, where he found the Englishman dead; and that presently after he saw the Indian who killed" him "going towards the fort with his knife bloody in his hand." The murderer, being asked why he had done the deed, replied that he was "much sorry," and that "he had not done it, had he not been drunk." When told that "they must kill him for it," he said "he was willing to die for it," and that "he was much sorry for the death of the Englishman."

The record then proceeds: "The Indians then belonging to the fort, held a council what to do with the said murderer," and "after some debate, passed sentence that" he should be shot to death; which sentence was accordingly performed the then next ensuing day, about noon. The murderer died undauntedly, still saying "he was much sorry for the Englishman's death."

In further investigation, four English witnesses testified that "going to Pennycooke" in the "month of June and riding to the fort there were told" of the killing of the Englishman; and "that Tahanto, a sagamore, being afraid that" they "had brought liquors to sell, desired" them, "if" they "had any . . . to pour it upon the ground, for it would make the Indians all one Devill." This urgent appeal of the ancient sagamore, so strong in its simplicity, and so broad in application,—whatever its immediate effect,—was to perpetuate the name of Tahanto, as one to rally by in future organized efforts against the evils of strong drink.¹

¹ N. H. His. Society's Collections, Vol. III.

It should be added that, in this case of rum and murder, justice did not content itself with the Draconian penalty, paid by the guilty, but repentant, red man; it brought white men also to account. Heavy blame was found to rest upon the murdered man, and his associate Payne. The latter, upon confession, "that he sold rum to the Indians," and "that he did this when Thomas Dickinson was killed," was fined thirty pounds. Waldron exculpated himself under oath; but Coffin was so far implicated that he confessed "his grief for the miscarriage, and more especially for the dishonor of God therein;" and, throwing himself upon the mercy of the court, was found to have "traded liquors irregularly, and contrary to law," and was fined in "the sum of fifty pounds and all charges."

For the seven years onward from about 1683, Kancamagus, alias John Hogkins, or Hawkins, is more prominent in history than Wonalancet. He differed widely in character from the latter, as well as from his grandfather, Passaconaway. He loved the war-path, and was never in his element save when he was upon it. He was the "wild Indian" in his hatred of the whites, and in his sullen resentment and cunning revenge. His father, Nanamocomuck, Passaconaway's eldest son, having for some reason, come to fear, if not to hate, the English, left the Wachusetts, of whom he was sagamore, and retired to the country of the Androscoggins, in Maine, where his death occurred probably before that of Passaconaway. The son became prominent among the Androscoggin warriors, gained a chieftaincy, and "maintained a fort" in connection with Worombo, the sachem.

It was natural that the more warlike of the Penacooks should willingly come under the sway of the active and fiery grandson of their greatest sachem, and so, as has already been seen, they did. Their numbers now constantly grew by accretions of restless and disaffected men from various quarters, including many "strange Indians," among whom were not only the friends of those seized at Dover, in 1676, and sold into slavery at Barbadoes, but also some of the latter themselves, who had returned from banishment. By 1684, the Penacooks under Kancamagus had become a source of serious apprehension to their English neighbors. Finally, such alarm arose from the suspected hostile intents, not of the Penacooks alone, but of the eastern savages in general, that the provincial government of New Hampshire, in desperate resort, invited the Mohawks "to fight against the Indians of the East." Nothing loth, those eager warriors got ready to make descent upon New England in the summer of 1685; threatening to destroy all the Indians "from Narragansett to Pechypscott" (Brunswick), in Maine. Kancamagus, at Penacook, heard of this.

He hated the English no less, but he feared the Mohawks more. He applied to Governor Cranfield for protection, and promised submission, but he got no satisfaction from that official or any other. Such neglect did not strengthen the sachem's amiable intent, if any he really had. He forthwith retired with most of his men to the Androscoggins; while the Sacos and neighboring tribes, hearing of the Mohawk threat, withdrew inland to Penacook. The alarm caused by this movement prompted the government to send messengers to that place, to order back those who had retired thither from the seaboard and to learn the truth. The messengers obeyed orders, and returned, as has before been said, with Wonolancet's peaceful assurance. Negotiations followed, which resulted in a treaty of mutual aid and protection between the provincial council and the Indians of Maine and New Hampshire, which Kancamagus joined in signing, September 19, 1685, and which secured peace for four years.

"King William's War" was declared in 1689. Of course it meant, for New England, a border Indian war, instigated by the French, as meant all the wars of that period between France and Old England. There had been here, the year before, bloody premonitions of the coming struggle. For some of the Indians of Maine had undertaken hostile reprisal,—having grievances of their own against the English, and being also stirred up by the influential Frenchman, St. Castine, whose plantation at the mouth of the Penobscot had been wantonly despoiled by Andros, the Stuart viceroy of New England. Moreover, Kancamagus and his Penacooks had come into league with the Ossipees, Pequawkets, Sacos, Androscoggins, and other eastern tribes. With these were incorporated the "strange Indians." The Penacook sachem was a leading spirit in this savage conglomeration, and congenial with him were such warriors as Mesandowit, Metambomet, of Saco, and Wahowah, or Hope-Hood, son of Robinhood, sachem of Kennebec. Hope-Hood had been especially mischievous, and had come to be characterized as "a tiger, and one of the most bloody warriors of the age." In April, 1689,—about the time when the Andros government was overthrown in revolution, leaving New Hampshire with no government, and Massachusetts with a provisional one,—the temporary authorities of the latter province ordered the despatch of a messenger to Penacook "to ascertain the number and situation of the Indians there, and to concert measures for securing Hope-Hood and other hostile Indians." The "tiger" was not then secured; but he escaped, only to perish the next year, at the hands of friends who mistook him for a hostile Iroquois.¹

The confederate warriors had rendezvous at Penacook fort,—and

¹ Belknap's *New Hampshire* (Farmer's edition), 133.

there, in the early summer of 1689, they devised the surprisal of Cochecho, and made ready to wreak on Major Waldron, for alleged violation of faith and hospitality, the vengeance delayed for thirteen years, but not forgotten. Moreover, there existed grudges against the veteran Indian trader for alleged sharp practice in his business dealings with the red men, in which too often, as it was believed, his fist was made to answer "for a pound weight as against their furs."¹ But the deadly designs of the hostile chiefs leaked out; and, on the 22d of June, two friendly Indians, Job Maramasquand and Peter Muckamug, hastened down to Chelmsford to inform Colonel Hinchman of the speedy mischief designed "by a gathering of Indians at Pennecooke," against the English—especially Major Waldron, at Coheco. The informants also reported Hawkins as a "principal enemy and designer," who threatened "to knock on the head whosoever came to treat, whether English or Indians."² This startling intelligence was communicated to Thomas Danforth of the council, and by him to Governor Bradstreet, on the very day of its reception. But, for some unknown reason,—possibly, from the confusion resulting from the revolutionary deposition of the Andros government,—the matter did not receive attention till the 27th of June. Then a messenger was hurried off for Dover with a warning to Waldron, and with no time to spare, if the fell purpose of the savages was to be defeated. But time had to be spared, for the messenger met with unavoidable delay at Newbury ferry. He could reach his destination only on the morning of the 28th of June; too late, for during the previous night Kancamagus and his party had accomplished the surprisal of Coheco, and "with violence and rage destroyed, and laid waste before them." They had "crossed out their accounts" in gashes upon the breast of the dying Waldron; they had slain twenty-two others—men, women, and children; and, leaving in ashes six houses and "the mills upon the lower falls," they had taken away with them twenty-nine captives in unmolested retreat towards Canada.

After this bold achievement at Dover, Kancamagus never returned to Penacook. He and his following probably sought security in Canada and Maine. He was outlawed by the general court of Massachusetts, and a price was set upon his head. Captain Noyes was sent with soldiers to Penacook, but found nothing except corn to destroy. The Penacooks had disappeared,—either hidden or fled.

But, in 1690, Kancamagus came to severe fighting with Major Benjamin Church along the Androscoggin, in which he was worsted; and in November of the same year, under the alias of Hawkins, he

¹ Belknap's *New Hampshire* (Farmer's edition, 78). ² Potter's *Manchester*, 91-2.

was one of the six eastern sachems who signed the truce of "Sackatehock," running until 1692. Thenceforth nothing is heard of the last war sachem of the Penacooks. The conjecture that he died not long after the truce of 1690 derives likelihood from the fact that during the six remaining years of King William's War, and the nine of Queen Anne's which followed, no mention of him occurs; for Kancamagus, if alive, with his vigor unspoiled by age, with his ungovernable propensity for warfare, and his undoubted ability as an Indian captain, must have been, sometime and somewhere, in the conflicts of those days, and being in them would have been heard of in history. The inference, then, is reasonably safe that his death occurred before that of Wonolancet, who was living in 1697, the chief sachem on the Merrimack.

It has been seen that the immediate following of Kancamagus, directly engaged in the surprisal of Coheco, with perhaps some others, permanently left Penacook. Possibly others of his adherents did not at once do so. At any rate, in one of the Indian assaults upon Haverhill—probably, that of 1693—Isaac Bradley was one of the captives, and testified, some forty years later, that he "was taken prisoner by Indians, part of whom were of the Merrimack Indians, and others of them belonged to the Saco."¹ The term "Merrimack" seems a natural substitute enough for "Penacook"; especially in view of the broken condition of the tribe—part peaceful, part warlike. It is safe to conclude that the former, the adherents of Wonolancet,—who was still alive,—were not in the foray upon Haverhill. The latter, then, the recent followers of Kancamagus, must have been of those who were engaged in that attack, and who either still dwelt in the Merrimack valley, or had temporarily returned thither. Bradley leaves this point in uncertainty, though he says he "went with them hunting to Merrimack river above Penicooke."

Ultimately, however, these hostile Penacooks all left for Maine and Canada, to become parts of other Indian organizations. Thus some of them became merged with the Pequawkets, already composed of remnants of other tribes once belonging to the Penacook confederacy. The conglomerate Pequawkets, having located themselves upon the upper Saco and its branches, did much mischief for two or three years, till having been effectually humbled in Lovewell's fight at Fryeburg in 1725, they retired to the head waters of the Connecticut, and afterwards to St. Francis. Some of the peaceable Penacooks also removed to the latter place, where Wonolancet had once tarried; but most of them remained in their old haunts,—hunting, fishing, and planting. The soil, however, was no longer theirs, save at the suffer-

¹ N. H. State Papers, Vol. XIX, 319-20.

ance of those who had received it by deed from Wonolancet or his father, years ago. How far along into the next century they retained their distinct tribal organization is not known. But early in it, they had as a leading sagamore, resident at Penacook, one Wattanummon, or Walternummon, with whom Bradley, in his deposition already cited, says he "was well acquainted" after his return out of captivity about the year 1702, and while employed "for many years after as a pilot" up the river, and whom he styles "an Indian sachem and captain of the Merrimack Indians." In 1703 the Penacooks were represented by the same chief, under the name of Waternummon, in the conference held by Governor Dudley at Casco, with delegates from several Indian tribes.

In this connection, the following entry¹ made in the Colonial Records of Massachusetts, as late as August 21, 1733, may have significance, while being otherwise of historic interest: "Wanalawet, chief of the Penacook Indians, and divers others of the tribes attending, were admitted to the council. Wanalawet made demand of the lands at Penicook, from Suncook to Contoocook, as his inheritance, saying that they were never purchased of him or his fathers; and he, likewise, in behalf of the Indians resorting to Penicook, prayed that a trading-house might be set up there. The Governor thereupon acquainted the Indians that Wonalanset, Chief Sachem on Merrimack river, had sold all those lands to the English almost forty years ago; and the Secretary showed the Indians the record of his deeds, [at] which they expressed themselves satisfied, and acknowledged that the English had a good right to the said lands by those deeds. And then the Indians were dismissed."²

This occurred seven years after the permanent English occupation of Penacook; and the brief official record awakens curiosity to know more of the chief, who, at that late day, was demanding his "inheritance," as never having been "purchased of him or his fathers." And while history tolerates no mere conjecturing, it can permit the question,—May not Wanalawet have been of the royal line of Passaconaway, and the last sachem of the thin and fading race of the Penacooks?

It is recorded of the Indians who remained in Penacook until and after English settlement in 1725-'26, that they "were highly useful to the first inhabitants, supplying them with food in the winter of 1726-'27, when almost in a state of starvation."³ One of those who lingered in their old home after white occupation was Wattanummon, already mentioned as "one of the chief captains of Wonolancet," and as a sagamore. In 1683, as "Wattanummon," then resident at

¹ N. H. State Papers, Vol. XXIV; Town Charters, Vol. I, 56-7.

² See Wanalawet in note at close of chapter.

³ Bouton's Concord, 40.

Wamesit, he signed, with Joseph Traske, another Indian, a deed conveying to Jonathan Tyng, of Dunstable, a considerable tract of land lying on the west side of the Merrimack and along the Souhegan. It is also recorded of him under the name of Waternummon, that while living at Newbury, in 1689, he preserved by friendly interference, Colonel Dudley Bradstreet and family, in a murderous attack made upon Andover by "a company of thirty or forty Indians."

In 1726, the old and friendly sagamore, now living, as he had been for years, in Penacook, had his wigwam "on a knoll" beside the brook which, by the confluence of two smaller streams, becomes the outlet of the pond whose form has named it Horse Shoe. His rude dwelling stood near by and easterly from the site of the present highway bridge, which bridge has been named for the chieftain, as has also the brook in which he set his eel-pots. He occupied the land which lay northerly of the brook from its junction with the Merrimack, and, which extending along the right bank of the latter for a considerable distance, bore the name of Wattanummon's Field. It was into this open and extensive tract of tempting meadow that Captain Ebenezer Eastman one summer day went over from his own premises across the river, with his men, to make hay. But the old man, gun in hand, soon appeared with his two sons to forbid the trespass; asserting his claim to land and grass, and raising his gun to enforce it. The captain assented to the claim, called off his men from work, and invited the whole party to luncheon in the shade. A bottle was presented to the father, of which he drank freely and without scruple; but a cup of its contents being offered one of the sons, the old man hastily interposed with "He no drink!" snatched away the cup, and swallowed the dram himself with gusto. Generosity was born of the beverage, and the old sagamore-farmer, extending his arms, exclaimed, "My land! my grass! all mine—everything! You may cut grass—all you want!" "After this friendly interchange of property—rum for grass,"—says Dr. Bouton, "Captain Eastman and Wattanummon lived in peace on opposite sides of the river." What became of this former chief captain of Wonolancet, and true disciple of his pacific policy, is not known.

Contemporary with Wattanummon seems to have been Pehaungun, "a celebrated warrior, whose wigwam and planting-grounds were on the east side of the river."¹ He died in 1732, at an advanced age. But it seems hardly probable that his age was so great as it must have been, if he was the person, who, named Pehaungun and described as an "ancient Indian," testified with Tahanto in the rum-and-murder trial of 1668. If the identity really exists, he must have been one

¹ Bouton's Concord, 48.

hundred and twenty years old or more at his death, as some have supposed. But whatever his length of days, he certainly lacked, in the story told by tradition of his death, the moderation "which should accompany old age." It is related that the old warrior's wigwam was one night the scene of a "big drunk," with great noise and outcry that called Captain Eastman thither. Entering the wigwam he found the "ancient Indian" and his guests drinking heavily "from the bung-hole of a keg of rum." The English neighbor being invited to drink, "hoisted the keg to his mouth," but let more of the liquid fire run out than in. Pehaungun, angered at the ruse, as an insult to proffered hospitality, threatened to kill the offender. But with proper discretion, and in good order, Captain Eastman withdrew.

Pehaungun did not awake the next morning, but lay dead in his wigwam. When those who had reveled with him would bury him, the fear fell upon them that the old warrior might return in spirit to plague them. They laid him in the ground, encoffined in a hollow log of pine, with lid of slab, and close fastening of withes bound all about; and, to "make assurance double sure," they "stamped down hard" each layer of earth thrown in to fill the grave, repeating half triumphantly all the while, "He no get up. He no get up." Then the participants in this grotesque burial service, having, with "dancing, howling, wailing, and tearing of hair," set the grave about with boughs of willow, withdrew to conclude the last Indian funeral known to have been held in Penacook with another "big drunk"—at which Pehaungun did not preside.

Another incident of traditional Indian history, of date but little later than that of the white settlement of Penacook, finds here appropriate place. The story runs, that Peorawarra, a chief, having stolen the wife of another Indian living down the river, had, with his paramour, paddled his canoe to Sewall's island, and there landed for the night. The deserted husband, who had on foot traced the enamored pair to their landing place, lay in wait all night on the opposite east bank. At dawn Peorawarra and his stolen squaw took canoe for further flight up the river. But by a turn in the current, the couple were brought within range of the injured husband's gun. At one shot, "both were killed—fell overboard and sunk." "The report of the gun was heard by one of the settlers—tradition says Ebenezer Virgin—who afterwards met the Indian who had satiated his revenge."¹ The latter told what he had done, and said, "Peorawarra had good gun." Virgin verified the statement, by finding, in a search of the river, "Peorawarra's gun"—a "good" one—which still exists, a valued relic and heirloom.²

¹ Bouton's Concord, 47.

² See note at close of chapter.

The body of the woman was borne down stream and lodged upon the east bank of the Merrimack, where it was found bearing the bullet's mark. It was buried in a piece of land, which lies due west from Federal bridge, "bordering the river;"¹ and has since been known as the "Squaw's Lot," in remembrance of the Indian Helen whose Paris was Peorawarra.

The chief scene of a famous exploit, in which a woman led, in the last year of King William's War, lay within the former limits of Penacook, though later excluded from Concord by slight change of boundary. The story of that exploit has been often told, with many variations: its facts, without accretions of fancy, may here form an appropriate pendant to this chapter of Indian history. On the 15th of March, 1697, a band of Indians fell upon "the skirts of Haverhill,"² with intent to kill, ravage, burn, and captivate. Hannah Dustin, wife of Thomas, was lying at her home, still weak in child-bed, with her babe but seven days old, and with her nurse, Mary Neff, in attendance. Mr. Dustin, at work in his field, hearing the fearful war-whoop, hurried to his house. Ordering his children—seven of his eight, and of ages from two to seventeen—to make, with



Peorawarra's Gun.

all haste,
for "some
garrison
in the town," he thought to rescue his wife and infant child.

But the savages had come so near, that, in despair of effecting this intent, he seized his gun, and, mounting his horse, rode on after his fleeing children, resolving that, when he should reach them, he would snatch up the one he loved most, and ride away to safety—leaving the others "under the care of the divine Providence."² And now he had come up with the panting group—but he could not choose one from among them, all so loved; he must defend them all, and with all live or die. Bringing up the rear of the fugitives, he kept the pursuers at bay, as they skulked behind tree and fence, firing ineffectual shots, while he with presented gun repelled their too near approach, until the baffled red-skins gave over the chase, and at length he and his precious charge unharmed reached the garrison a mile or more away.

Meanwhile other "furious tawnies"² had invested the brave man's home, and, having taken prisoner the nurse seeking escape with the babe in her arms, had entered the house, and captured the astonished matron, who "saw the raging dragons rifle all that they could carry away, and set the house on fire."² Straightway Mrs. Dustin and her

¹ Bouton's, Concord, 46.

² Mather's Magnalia.

nurse, with "about a half a score of other English captives,"¹ were put upon their northward march—helpless prisoners "of those whose tender mercies were cruelties."¹ Indeed, they had not gone far, when before the dazed eyes of its mother, the merciless captors "dashed out the brains of the infant against a tree";¹ and, thenceforth, more than once, the hatchet was heard to crash out the life of some weary victim fainting by the way. Dreary and painful to the agonized mother, with but one shoe to her feet, was that journey, in an inclement season, through the wilderness, to the little island at the Contoocook's mouth, where her savage master tarried;² and where also were abiding another warrior, three women, seven children, and an English youth, Samuel Lannardson, taken captive at Worcester, the year before. Thence the prisoners were to be taken to Canada, and there sold to the French, for possible future release by ransom.

At length, notice was given the "poor women" that they would soon set out for "a rendezvous of savages, which they call a town, somewhere beyond Penacook; and . . . that when they came to this town, they must be stript, and scourged, and run the gauntlet through the whole body of Indians."¹ But Mrs. Dustin, pondering the woes that had befallen her, and dreading the woes that threatened her, at the hands of those whom she could esteem no better than the ravenous wild beasts, upon whose heads, as well as theirs, a price was set, felt herself nerved with strength for the heroic task of rescue. She braced up Mary Neff and the youth Lannardson to her purpose. Through the latter she sought instruction in the use of the tomahawk and scalping-knife. The youth asking his unwary master, where he would strike a man, if he wished to kill him instantly, and how he would take off a scalp, the latter replied,—laying his finger on his temple,—"*Strike here!*"¹ and added the desired information how to scalp adroitly. This information, communicated to the resolute women, found them apt learners.

A few weeks elapsed, and the fatal night came, when, "a little before break of day," the three captives, "with wise division of labor,"³ smote with tomahawks, deadly sure, the sleeping red-skins,—as they had been instructed,—and of them instantly killed ten. Mrs. Dustin slew her master, and Lannardson his, who had so unwittingly told him how to do it. One boy, purposely spared, disappeared in the darkness; and an aged squaw, left for dead, rallied from the blows dealt her, and escaping to another encampment where other prisoners

¹ Mather's *Magnalia*.

² See Mrs. Dustin's *Escape*, in notes at close of chapter.

³ Bancroft's *United States*, Vol. III, 188. Charles R. Corning's *Address: Proceedings of N. H. Historical Society*, Vol. II, 49.

were held, told Hannah Bradley, also a captive from Haverhill, what her neighbors, Hannah Dustin and Mary Neff, had done. The scalps of the victims were taken and wrapped in linen stolen from her own house, to be witnesses of the almost incredible feat; for else, who would believe their report? With these ghastly proofs, and with provisions gathered from the stores of the slain, Mrs. Dustin, taking also her dead master's gun and the tomahawk with which she slew him, set out, with her two companions, for Haverhill. However the journey thither was made, and whether on foot or in canoe, or partially by each, it was safely accomplished in the early days of April. On the twenty-first of that month, "after recovery from fatigue," Mrs. Dustin, accompanied by her husband, who had saved the children all but one, and by her late companions in captivity, arrived in Boston to ask of the General Court of Massachusetts recompense for "an extraordinary action in the just slaughter of so many of the barbarians." The scalps, gun, and tomahawk sufficiently enforced her petition, and, within a few weeks, a reward of fifty pounds was ordered to be paid—one half to Mrs. Dustin; the other half, in equal parts, to Mary Neff and Samuel Lannardson. The feat elicited general admiration and approval, of which the doers received many tokens in presents of substantial value, including a generous gift from the governor of Maryland. The exploit involved no unwomanly element of revenge. It was an achievement of righteous vengeance, in which Hannah Dustin glorified the heroic in woman.¹

Since the sixties of the eighteenth century and the French wars of that period no Penacook, or Indian of Penacook descent, has been seen in the valley of the Merrimack. Those red sons of the forest, branch of a still fading race, perished long ago, leaving to crumbling bluff or white man's excavations occasionally to reveal, as relics of aboriginal occupation, their buried bones.¹ The Penacook has become a memory; but a memory worthy to be preserved in history, as best it may be, from inadequate data, as well as perpetuated in the application of the names of such noblemen of nature as Wattanummon and Tahanto, Wonolancet and Passaconaway, to the uses of modern days.

¹See notes at close of chapter.

NOTES.

St. Aspenquid. There is a legend which would identify an Indian apostle of Christianity, called St. Aspenquid, with Passaconaway, grand sachem of the Penacooks. That Indian, in May, 1688, died, and was buried on Mt. Agamenticus, in Maine. His funeral was held there with much grotesque observance, and with the attendance of many sachems and warriors of various tribes. The legendary confusion of Passaconaway with St. Aspenquid has historical significance, as tending to show what the Penacook confederacy included in its eastward extension, and how widely prevalent was the authority and reverent estimation in which the great Penacook sachem was held. [See New Hampshire Historical Society Collections, Vol. III; also Thatcher's Indian Biography, Vol. I, 322-3; also Albee's New Castle, 62.]

Grant to Passaconaway. The grant of lands mentioned in the text included two small islands near Thornton's Ferry, later known as Reed's Islands. The whole tract afterwards reverted to the government, and was granted, in 1729, to Joseph Blanchard and others. [Bouton's Concord, 26.]

Date of Passaconaway's Death. The date 1665 has been assigned by some writers, but with no adequate reason given. [Plumer MSS. Papers in New Hampshire Historical Society Library.]

Wanunchus. Whittier calls the Bride of Penacook Weetamoo, a name more euphonious—whether historically authentic or not—than Morton's Wanunchus. The form Witamu is occasionally given.

Wanalawet and the Minister of Rumford. In the "Annals of Concord," it is said, in a note on page 30: "Rev. Mr. Walker, who was beloved by all his parishioners, was also esteemed by the Indians, and, when not in open war, they used to visit his house, where they were always well treated. At one time they came to his house complaining, in angry terms, that the white people possessed their lands unjustly. Mr. W. informed them that they were purchased of their chiefs, and that the deed signed by them was to be seen in Boston. He finally advised them to go and see it. To this they assented; and, on their return, called and took some refreshments, and said that they had seen the papers, and were perfectly satisfied. This deed is the famous instrument of Wheelwright, now generally believed to be a forgery."

The above statement assigns no date; but it is reasonable to suppose that the facts therein mentioned belong to the year 1733; that the Indians mentioned were Wanalawet and his party; and that they went to Boston to examine title deeds, at the suggestion of Mr.

Walker, the minister of Rumford. The deed which they saw in Boston was doubtless one of Wonolancet's, and not the forged Wheelwright instrument, which, if seen, could have afforded no satisfaction, for it did not cover the territory of Rumford, or any other, within more than twenty miles distant.

"Peorawarra's Gun." This gun—spoken of in the text, with illustration—descended at the death of Ebenezer Virgin to his son John; then to his grandson John, from whom it was obtained by Jonathan Eastman, Esq. The gun, identically the same, except the stock, as when held by Peorawarra, was carefully preserved by Mr. Eastman, and after his death descended to his grandson, Jonathan Eastman Pecker, in whose possession it still (1900) remains.

Mrs. Dustin's Escape. It is not definitely known, and, probably, never will be, to what tribe of Indians the captor, or "master," of Mrs. Dustin belonged. It is known, however, from the testimony of Isaac Bradley, cited in the text, that, in the attack upon Haverhill, in 1695, "Merrimack Indians" were engaged. It is not improbable that some of the same race may have had a hand in that of 1697. The man might have been of the party of Kancamagus removed to Maine or Canada; but at the instigation of Jesuit priests, and by French promises of reward for English scalps and captives, may have been induced to engage in hostile expeditions to the Merrimack valley, visiting familiar haunts and combining the hunt with war. On such an excursion the family might have accompanied the warrior, and been lodged in a place of security, like that to which Mrs. Dustin and Mary Neff were brought, and where the warrior would be, as it were, at home, as, indeed, this one was, if a Penacook. According to Cotton Mather the man was a "praying Indian," after French instruction—a fact not inconsistent with the supposition that he was a Penacook, thus instructed. But, if, as Sewall says in his Diary, "he had lived in the family of the Rev. Mr. Rowlandson, of Lancaster, and told Mrs. Dustin that 'when he prayed the English way, he thought it was good, but now he found the French way better,'" the supposition that he was a Penacook seems untenable.—It is commonly asserted that the heroine's return to Haverhill was made by canoe. She must have used a boat in escaping from the island; but there is no evidence that, when she reached the bank of the Merrimack, she retained the frail skiff and sailed therein all the way home, down the swollen and rapid river. The supposition seems reasonable, that she and her companions pursued their homeward way along the trail of the upward journey, which had not been hurried, and had doubtless left marks by which it could be easily retraced.—ANOTHER part of the story, as frequently told

is that she forgot, at first, to scalp the victims, and had to return in the canoe, land again, and finish the ghastly work. This may be true; but it seems rather improbable that the strong-nerved, heroic woman so far lost her head as to forget, even temporarily, that important finishing stroke of her deed of vengeance—a stroke in which she had taken pains to be specially instructed.—MR. CHASE, in his History of Haverhill, says that the tomahawk “was some years after lost in the woods near Mr. Dustin’s”; and that the piece of linen cloth, in which the scalps were wrapped, “Mrs. Dustin afterward divided among her daughters, and a part of it is still [1861] preserved by some of their descendants.” The “gun continued in possession of the male line to the year 1859, when it was presented to the Dustin Monument Association, of Haverhill, by Mrs. Luela H. Dustin, widow of Thomas Dustin, of Henniker, N. H.”

The Dustin Memorial. A granite memorial of Hannah Dustin’s exploit was erected in 1874, on the island at the mouth of the Contoocook. It stands upon the part of the island lying east of the Northern Railroad; this parcel of land having been conveyed in trust for the purpose, by John C. and Calvin Gage, to the Rev. Nathaniel Bouton and Eliphalet S. Nutter, of Concord, and Robert B. Caverly, of Lowell. Dr. Bouton, in his History of Concord, was the first to suggest the idea of erecting the monument; the other two trustees were especially efficient in giving the idea practical effect. Six thousand dollars were raised by subscription. The statue and pedestal were designed by William Andrews, of Lowell, sculptured in Concord granite, by Andrew Orsolini, James Murray, and Charles H. Andrews. It was unveiled on the 17th of June, 1874, with appropriate ceremonies, in the presence of many people. Addresses were made, among which were those of the Rev. Dr. Bouton, John H. George, and Ex-Gov. Onslow Stearns, of Concord; Charles C. Coffin, of Boston; Robert B. Caverly and D. O. Allen, of Lowell; George W. Nesmith and the Rev. William T. Savage, of Franklin; the Rev. Elias Nason, of Billerica; Benjamin F. Prescott, of Epping;



The Dustin Monument.

and Gen. Simon G. Griffin, of Keene. Governor James A. Weston accepted the deed, in trust for the state. The legislature of a later year made an appropriation for repairs about the monument, which was expended under the care of Eliphalet S. Nutter.

Indian Bones. About the site of the fort on Sugar Ball, Indian bones have been dug, and also found washed out and dropped at the foot of the bluff.—In November, 1855, human bones were found in digging a cellar for a dwelling west of Richard Bradley's house. Dr. William Prescott thus describes them in a communication printed in Bouton's History of Concord, *p.* 745 : "The whole number [of skeletons] found thus far is nine, comprised within a space of about ten by fifteen feet. Three of them were adults—one male of a very large size, and two females ; the others were children and youth. Considering the time that must have elapsed since they were interred, the bones were in a tolerable state of preservation. Two of the craniums were nearly perfect—that of the adult male, and one of the adult females. They were each enshrouded in a thick envelope, consisting of several thicknesses of pitch pine bark, the only exception being what appeared to be a female between two infants, all being enclosed in one general envelope. The skeletons all lay upon the right side, in a direction north and south, the face looking east ; the lower limbs somewhat flexed at about right angles, and the elbows completely flexed, the head resting upon the right hand."