

INDIAN HISTORY.

CHAPTER I.

THE history of the PENACOOKS, a powerful Indian tribe that formerly occupied this soil, is full of interest. Our sources of information concerning them are much more reliable than is commonly supposed. Some things are merely traditional; others are authenticated by ancient historians, and by official documents on record or on file, both in the Secretary's office of Massachusetts and of New-Hampshire.

At the first settlement of New-England, there were five principal nations of Indians. 1. The *Pequots*, of Connecticut; 2. The *Narragansetts*, of Rhode-Island; 3. The *Pawkunnawkuts*, in the south-eastern parts of Massachusetts, including Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard; 4. The *Massachusetts*, situated about the Bay; and, 5. The *Pawtucketts*, which, says the historian Daniel Gookin, 1674, "was the last great sachemship of Indians. Their country lieth north and north-east from the Massachusetts, whose dominion reacheth so far as the English jurisdiction or colony of the Massachusetts doth now extend; and had under them several other smaller sagamores; as the PENNAKOOKS, Agowames, Naamkeeks, Pascataways, Accomintas, and others. They were a considerable people heretofore, about three thousand men, and held amity with the people of Massachusetts. But these were almost totally destroyed by the great sickness that prevailed among the Indians, (about 1612 and 1613,) so that at this day they are not above two hundred and fifty men, beside

women and children. This country is now inhabited by the English, under the government of Massachusetts.”*

That the Penacooks occupied the soil which is now Concord, all historians and public documents agree. The name itself is thought to indicate the locality; for Penacook means, “*the crooked place*,”† having reference to the broad sweeps and windings of the Merrimack as it flows through the township. Here, when first known by the English, were the head-quarters of the Penacooks, under a powerful chief whose name was PASSACONAWAY, and who extended his dominion over subordinate tribes, along the river, from the Winnepissiogee to Pawtucket Falls, and as far east as the Squamscots and Piscataquay.‡ In 1631, Gov. THOMAS DUDLEY, in his letter to LADY LINCOLN, estimates the Indians under Passaconaway, along the Merrimack, “at four or five hundred men.” On the east side of the river, upon a bluff called “Sugar Ball,” northeast of the main village, and in full view, was an ancient Indian fort. Tradition has so preserved and fixed the identity of this location with “Sugar Ball,” that it is presumption, at this time, to call it in question. Near the fort, a little to the north, is the spot which probably was their ancient burying-ground—as a considerable number of human skulls and bones have been dug and ploughed up, or washed away by the rains, and been picked up on the side or at the bottom of the bank.§

At this fort, according to tradition, there was once a terrible fight between the Penacooks and Mohawks. The traditionary

*Gookin’s Hist. of Indians. Mass. Hist. Coll., vol. 1, p. 147-9. 1st series.

†“From Pennaqui, (crooked,) and Auke, (place,)—a name strikingly appropriate to their fertile grounds embraced within the folds of the Merrimack at Concord.” Hon. C. E. Potter.

‡ For a more minute notice of Passaconaway, the curious reader is referred to Hon. C. E. Potter’s account, in the Farmers’ Monthly Visitor, vol. 12, No. 2. He there shows that Passaconaway’s name is on the famous Wheelwright Deed of 1729, and which Mr. P. does not believe to be a forgery. In the same article Mr. P. adventures the opinion that the Concord Indian fort was on the south side of Sugar Ball intervale—an opinion which we cannot entertain for a moment, in opposition to clear, unbroken, invariable tradition. The widow of the late Benjamin Kimball, now 88 years of age, who has lived on the said interval more than sixty years, points to the *north* bluff as the only supposable location of the fort. Robert Bradley, Esq., of Fryeburg, a native of Concord, now 83 years of age, says, “the tradition always and invariably was, that the old Indian fort stood on Sugar Ball,—the Sand Bluff, on the east side, nearly opposite his brother Richard’s house.”

§ Several of these skulls and bones are now in the possession of Hon. Chandler E. Potter, of Manchester, a native of Concord, who has made diligent researches into our Indian history.

account of this fight accords so exactly with what GOOKIN says of the Mokawks, that its correctness can hardly be questioned. In his history, 1674, he says: "These *Maquas* are given to rapine and spoil: they had for several years been in hostility with our neighbor Indians, as the Massachusetts, Pawtucketts, Pennacooks — and in truth, they were in time of war so great a terror to all the Indians before named, though ours were far more in number than they, that the appearance of four or five *Maquas* in the woods would frighten them from their habitations and cornfields, and seduce many of them to get together in forts; by which means they were brought to such straits and poverty that had it not been for the relief of the English, doubtless many of them had suffered famine. * * * * The *Maquas*' manner is, in the spring of the year, to march forth in parties several ways, under a captain, and not above fifty in a troop. And when they come near the place that they design to spoil, they take up some secret place in the woods for their general rendezvous—then they divide themselves into small parties, three, four or five—and go and seek their prey. They lie in ambushments by the path-sides in some secure places, and when they see passengers come, they fire upon them with guns; and such as they kill or wound, they seize on and pillage, and strip their bodies; and then with their knives take off the skin and hair of the scalp of their head, as large as a satin or leather cap; and so, leaving them for dead, they pursue the rest, and take such as they can prisoners, and serve them in the same kind."

The tradition of the bloody battle between the Penacooks and Mohawks is substantially this: The Mohawks, who had once been repulsed by the Penacooks, came with a strong force, and encamped at what is now called Fort Eddy, opposite Sugar Ball, on the west side of the river. Thence they watched their prey, determined either to starve the Penacooks, by a siege, or to decoy them out and destroy them.

Having gathered their corn for the season, and stored it in baskets around the walls of their fort, the Penacooks, with their women and children, entered within and bid defiance to their foes. Frequent skirmishes occurred between individuals of the parties. If the Penacooks went out of the fort, they were sure

to be ambushed ; if a canoe was pushed off from one bank of the river, others from the opposite side started in pursuit. Some time had thus passed, and no decisive advantage was gained by either side. The Penacooks dared not adventure a fight in the field, nor the Mohawks to attack the fort.

After a day or two of apparent cessation from hostilities, a solitary Mohawk was seen carelessly crossing Sugar Ball plain, south of the fort. Caught by the decoy, the Penacooks rushed out in pursuit: the Mohawk ran for the river. Band after band from the fort joined in the chase, till all were drawn out and scattered on the plain, when the Mohawks, who had secretly crossed the river above, and by a circuitous route approached in the rear, suddenly sprung from their hiding-place and took possession of the fort. A shriller war-whoop than their own burst on the affrighted Penacooks: they turned from the chase of the solitary Mohawk, and long and bloody was the battle. The Penacooks fought for their wives and children—for their old men—for their corn—for life itself;—the Mohawks for revenge and for plunder. On which side the victory turned, none can tell. Tradition says the Mohawks left their dead and wounded on the ground; and that from that fatal day the already reduced force of the Penacooks was broken into fragments, and scattered. A diversity in the skulls which have been dug up in the ancient burying-ground has induced the belief, that in it the dead of both the savage tribes were promiscuously buried.

What remains to be said of the Penacooks can best be narrated in connection with the biography of their principal chiefs or sagamores, as gathered from authentic historical documents.

Over the track of the Concord and the Northern Railroad, at this time, (1853,) are daily seen running three powerful engines, named PASSACONAWAY, WONALANCET and TAHANTO. A stranger to our history reads these names with wonder, and asks their origin. We are almost proud to answer, They are the names of three of the noble chiefs of the Penacook tribe—tried friends of the English in prosperity and in adversity—and one of them a bold advocate of temperance, against lawless traffickers in rum. These names are almost the only visible mementos of the race that has perished from our soil.

PASSACONAWAY.

THIS name is supposed to mean in the Indian tongue, “*the child of the bear*,” from *Papoeis*, child, and *Kunnaway*, a bear. How far the name corresponds with the character of the famous sagamore, must be judged by the sequel.*

The ancient historians, WOOD, THOMAS MORTON, and HUBBARD, all agree that he was regarded with the highest veneration by the Indians, on account of the wonderful powers which he possessed. He was a *Powow*, sustaining at once the office of chief, priest and physician, and having direct communication with the Great Spirit. WOOD, in his “*New-England Prospect*,” says: “The Indians report of one Passaconaw, that hee can make the water burne, the rocks move, the trees dance, metamorphise himself into a flaming man. Hee will do more; for in winter, when there are no green leaves to be got, he will burne an old one to ashes, and putting those into the water, produce a new green leaf, which you shall not only see, but substantially handle and carrie away; and make of a dead snake’s skin a living snake, both to be seen, felt and heard. This I write but upon the report of the Indians, who confidently affirm stranger things.”

THOMAS MORTON writes: “If we do not judge amisse of these salvages in accounting them witches, yet out of all question we may be bound to conclude them to be but weake witches:—such of them as wee cal by the name of Powahs,† some correspondency they have with the Devil, out of al doubts, as by some of their accions in which they glory is manifested;—Papasiquineo,

* Hon. C. E. Potter, on Indian names. *Farmers’ Visitor*, (Language of Penacooks,) Vol. 13, No. 11.

† Powahs are said to be “witches, or sorcerers, that cure by the help of the devil.” After Rev. Mr. Elliot began to preach to the Indians with success, “divers sachems and other principal men amongst them, met at Concord, Ms., in the end of Feb. 1646, and agreed “that there shall be no more *Powwowing* amongst the Indians. And if any shall hereafter *Powwow*, both he that shall *Powwow* and he that shall procure him to *Powwow* shall pay 20s. apiece.”

that sachem or sagamore, is a Powah of great estimation amongst all kinde of salvages ;—there hee is at their Revels—(which is the time when a great company of salvages meete from severall parts of the Country, in amity with their neighbours) — hath advanced his honor in his feats or jugling tricks, (as I may right tearme them,) to the admiration of the spectators whome he endeavored to persuade that he would goe under water to the further side of a river too 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 been seene ;—likewise by our English, 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 incantations according to their usual accustom, and before the same has bin ended a thick clowde has darkened the aire, and on a sodane a thunder clap hath bin heard that has amused the natives ; in an instant hee hath showed a firme piece of Ice to flote in the middle of the bowle in the presence of the vulgar people, which doubtless was done by the agility of Satan, his consort.” Such was the reputation of Passaconaway, when first known by the English.

He seems to have exercised his powers in vain against the English, on his first acquaintance with them : at least, he had the sagacity to perceive that opposition would be not only useless but ruinous : and hence he showed himself friendly, and sought in various ways to conciliate their favor. In 1632, he delivered up an Indian who had killed a white man by the name of *Jenkins*, who went into his country to trade. In 1642, upon an alarm of an Indian conspiracy from Connecticut, the government of Massachusetts sent a force of forty men to disarm Passaconaway. Failing to reach his wigwam, on account of a violent rain, they entered that of Wonalancet, his son, and seized him, together with his squaw and child. Tying him with a rope, they led him along ; but Wonalancet, watching his opportunity, slipped the rope and made his escape into the woods. The court fearing that this unjust assault upon the family of Passaconaway would provoke his displeasure, sent a messenger to apologize to him and invite him to come to Boston and speak with them : whereupon he

made the manly reply—"Tell the English, when they restore my son and his squaw, then I will come and talk with them."

Notwithstanding this provocation, Passaconaway cherished no resentment; but desirous of peace, "about a fortnight after, he sent his son and delivered up his guns" to the authorities. In 1644, Winthrop says, "Passaconaway and his son *desire* to come under this government. He and one of his sons subscribe the articles; and *he* undertook for the other." Soon after this, Winthrop again records, "Passaconaway, the Merrimack sachem, came in and submitted to our government."

At this period Passaconaway was an old man—his age variously estimated from eighty to one hundred. Hitherto he had stood aloof from Christian instruction, and from all the usages of civilized life. But the famous JOHN ELLIOT, known as the *Apostle of the Indians*, had previous to this gathered companies of praying Indians in various places in Massachusetts, and in pursuance of his apostolic labors, in 1647, he visited Pawtucket Falls, (now Dracut,) where he met Passaconaway with two of his sons. The result of this and a subsequent interview in 1648, is thus told by Elliot himself, under date of Nov. 12, 1648. "This last spring I did there meet old Papassaconnaway, who is a great *sagamore*, and hath been a great witche in all men's esteem, (as I suppose yourself have often heard,) 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 1: 11, which I thus render 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 Papassaconnaway 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 purposed in his heart from henceforth to pray unto God; and that he would persuade all his sonnes to do the same,' pointing at two of them who were there 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 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." * * * * *

Again, 1649, Elliot writes: "Papassaconnaway, whom I mentioned unto you the last yeere, who gave up himself and his sonnes to pray unto God, this man did this year shew very great affection to me, and to the word of God; he did exceedingly earnestly, importunately, invite me to come and live there and teach them; he used many arguments, many whereof I have forgotten; but this was one, '*that my coming thither but once in a yeere did them but little good, because they soone had forgotten what I taught, it being so seldom, and so long betwixt the times;*' further he said, That he had many men, and of them many nought, and would not believe *him* that praying to God was so good, but if *I* would come and teach them, he hoped they would believe *me*: He further added, 'That I did, as if one should come and throw a fine thing among them, and they earnestly catch at it, and like it well, because it looks finely, but they cannot look into it to see what is within it, and what is within, they cannot tell whether something or nothing, it may be a stock or a stone is within it; or it may be a precious thing;—but if it be opened and they see what is within it, and see it precious, then they should believe it—so, (said he,) you tell us of praying to God, (for so they call all Religion,) and we like it well at first sight, and we know not what is within, it may be excellent, or it may be nothing, we cannot tell; but if you would come unto us, and open it unto us, and show us what it is within, then we should believe that it is so excellent as you say.' * * * *

"Such elegant arguments as these did he use with much gravity, wisdom and affection; and truly my heart much yearneth towards them, and I have a great desire to make an Indian Towne that way."

Of Passaconaway we hear but little more till 1660. He

seems to have been at the Penacook fort, which was visited by Maj. WALDRON, of Dover, in 1659; but in 1660 he met the Indians subject to his authority, with their sachems, at Pawtucket Falls, and there made to them his farewell speech. An Englishman was present, probably DANIEL GOOKIN, "who was much conversant with Indian affairs along the Merrimack," and who was a witness of the scene. The substance of the speech, as reported by HUBBARD, was this: "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 any one 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 sorceries,] therefore I advise you never to contend with the English nor make war with them."

With a freer rendering of this Farewell Speech of the Great Sachem, we may imagine that the venerable old man, tremulous with five score years, stood in a circle of a thousand of his children and said: "Hearken to the last words of your dying father: I shall meet you no more. The white men are sons of the morning, and the sun shines bright above them. In vain I opposed their coming: vain were my arts to destroy them: never make war upon them: sure as you light the fires, the breath of Heaven will turn the flames to consume you. Listen to my advice. It is the last I shall ever give you. Remember it, and live!"

It is a sad conclusion of the noble old chief's history, that two years after this—his tribe reduced and scattered—his possessions encroached upon on every side, his physical force abated, and waiting only to die,—he was obliged to petition the General Court of Massachusetts in these humiliating terms:

"The humble request of yr petitionr is that this honord Courte wolde pleas to grante vnto vs a parcell of land for or comfortable situation, to be stated for our Injoyment; as also for the comfort of oths after vs; as also that this honerd Court wold

pleas to take into yr serious and grave consideration the condition and also the request of yr pore suplicant, and to a poynte two or three persons as a Committee to [assist] sum one or two Indians to vew and determine of some place and to Lay out the same, not further to trouble this honored Assembly, humbly craving an expected answer this present session I shall remain yr humble servante

Wherein yu Shall commande

Boston, 9 : 3 mon. 1662.

PAPISSECONEWA.”

The order of the Court upon this petition is as follows, viz. : “In answer to the petition of Papisseconneway, this Court judgeth it meete to grant to the saide 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, three miles on either side in length, provided he nor they do not alienate any part of this grant without leave and license from this Court first obtained.”

This grant included two small islands near Thornton’s Ferry, now known as Reed’s Islands. The whole tract afterwards reverted to the government, and was granted in 1729 to John Richardson, Jos. Blanchard, and others.

Here, however, probably Passaconaway closed his long and eventful life, in weakness and poverty, but a firm friend to the English, and praying to God. The date of his death is unknown. Drake says, there can be no doubt that he was dead some years before Phillip’s war. His son Wonalancet was chief of the Penacooks in 1669, and his dying charge—as this son testified—was : “*Never be enemies to the English ; but love them and love their God also, because the God of the English was the true God, and greater than the Indian gods.*”

Passaconaway left four sons and two daughters, viz. : Nanamocomuck, sachem of the Wachusetts ; Wonalancet, sachem of the Penacooks ; Unanunquoset ; Nonatomenut ; a daughter that married Nobhow, and a daughter that married the sachem of Saugus.

WONALANCET.

THOUGH Wonalancet was the successor of Passaconaway as sagamore of the Penacooks, yet his history belongs as much to Amoskeag, Chelmsford or Pawtucket as to Concord.* In his pacific temper and friendliness to the English, he resembled his father ; but his life seems to have been one of trial, disappointment and sorrow. He was wronged by the whites ; distrusted by the Indians ; a wanderer in the wilderness, in unknown but remote places from Penacook ; at one time a prisoner at Dover ; for many years under the watch and supervision of Col. TYNG, of Chelmsford ; and at last he died, like his father, in poverty. The first notice we have of him, as connected with Penacook, is in 1670 : “ He moved to Pawtucket and built a fort on the heights southeast of the river.” Hutchinson thus notices this event : “ The Penacooks have come down the river and built a fort at Pawtucket Falls. They *were* opposed to Christianity, and obstinately refused to pray to God. They joined in the expedition against the Mohawks, and were almost all destroyed. Since that time the Penacooks were several of them become praying Indians.”

In 1674, Wonalancet embraced the Christian faith. His conversion was regarded as an event of great importance, of which Gookin gives the following account : “ May 5, 1674, Mr. Elliot preached from Matt. 22 : 1-4, *the marriage feast*. We met at the wigwam of one called Wonalancet, about two miles from the town, near Pawtucket Falls, and bordering on Merrimack river. This person Wonalancet is * * a sober and grave person, and of years between fifty and sixty. He hath always been loving and friendly to the English. Many endeavours have been used several years to gain this sachem to embrace the

* See Hon. C. E. Potter's notice of Wonalancet, in *Farmers' Visitor*, 1852.

Christian religion ; but he hath stood off from time to time, and not yielded up himself personally, though for four years past he hath been willing to hear the word of God preached and to keep the Sabbath. 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 ; which he foresaw would desert him, in case he turned Christian. But at this time, May 6, 1674, it pleased God so to influence and overcome his heart, that it being proposed to him to give his answer concerning praying to God, after some deliberation and serious pause, he stood up, and made a speech to this effect :

“Sirs, you have been pleased for four years last past, in your abundant love, to apply yourselves particularly unto me and my people, 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, (alluding to his frequent custom to pass in a canoe upon the river,) 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 up myself to your advice, and enter into a new canoe, and do engage to pray to God hereafter.”

Brother Elliot was desired to tell this sachem, “that it may be, while he went in his old canoe, he passed in a quiet stream — but the end thereof was death and destruction to soul and body : But now he went into a new canoe, perhaps he would meet with storms and trials ; but yet he should be encouraged to persevere, for the end of his voyage would be everlasting rest.” Since that time, says Gookin, “I hear this sachem doth persevere, and is a constant and diligent hearer of God’s word, and sanctifieth the Sabbath, though he doth travel to Wamesit meeting every Sabbath, which is above two miles ; and though sundry of his people have deserted him since he subjected to the gospel, yet he continues and persists.”

During the period of Phillip’s War, as it is called, 1675, Wonalancet, to avoid being involved in any way in the war, withdrew with his men from the banks of the Merrimack into the woods, which excited the suspicions of the English ; and messengers were dispatched to search him out and invite him back. The

Court of Massachusetts assured him of a safe pass, if he would come back; but "he could not be persuaded on to return, but travelled up into the woods still further, and kept about the heads of Connecticut river all winter, where was a place of good hunting for moose, deer, and other wild beasts, and came not either to the English, or his own countrymen, our enemies."

Gookin says, that about the time Wonalancet withdrew into the woods, "Capt. Mosely, with a company of about one hundred soldiers, was sent to Penacook, where it was reported there was a body of Indians; but it was a mistake, for there were not above one hundred in all of the Penacook and Namkeg Indians, whereof Wonalancet was chief. When the English drew nigh, whereof they had intelligence by scouts, they left their fort and withdrew into the woods and swamps." But under these circumstances Wonalancet evinced his friendly disposition to the English; for he would not allow his men either to lie in ambush, nor in any case to shoot at them, although the English burned their wigwams and destroyed some dried fish.

Returning from his retreats, in 1676 he went to Dover, and submitted himself, with his men, to Maj. Waldron. He also brought back from captivity six English captives—a Widow Kimball and her five children, of Bradford—whom, it seems, he was the means of saving alive, after they had been condemned to death, and fires made ready to burn them. This year, also, Wonalancet and his men were, according to order of the court, placed near Mr. Jonathan Tyng's, at Dunstable, and under his inspection. He also resided next year awhile on land which had been granted him, at Chelmsford, and there he conducted himself, says Gookin, like "an honest Christian man, being one that in his conversation walks answerably to his knowledge. He prays in his family, and is careful of keeping the Sabbath; loves to hear God's word, and sober in conversation." Being particularly friendly to the minister of Chelmsford, Rev. Mr. Fiske, it is said that Wonalancet called on him after his return, at the close of the war, and asked him "if the town had suffered much from the enemy." Mr. Fiske replied, "they had not, for which he desired to thank God." "*Me next,*" said Wonalancet, with a smile, conscious of the influence he had exerted.

The last we hear of Wonalancet was in 1697, when he was again placed under the care of Jonathan Tyng, and the General Court allowed £20 for keeping him. The time and place of his death is unknown. But he never committed an act injurious to the English.

WANUCHUS,

THE DAUGHTER OF PASSACONAWAY; OR,

“THE BRIDAL OF PENACOOK.”

THE following story is related by Thomas Morton, in his “New English Canaan,” 1632.*

“The Sachem, or Sagamore of Sagus, made choise, (when hee came to man’s estate,) of a Lady of noble discent, Daughter to Papasiquineo, the Sachem or Sagamore of the territories neare Merrimack River—a man of the best note and estimation in all those parts, (and as my Countryman, Mr. Wood, declares, in his prospect,) a great Nigromancer. This Lady the younge Sachem, with the consent and good liking of her father, marries, and takes for his wife. Great Entertainment hee and his received in those parts at her father’s hands, where they weare fested in the best manner that might be expected, according to the Custome of their nation, with reveling, and such other solemnities as is usuall amongst them. The solemnity being ended, Papasiquineo causes a selected number of his men to waite upon his Daughter home; into those parts that did properly belong to her Lord and husband—where the attendants had entertainment by the Sachem of Sagus and his Countrymen. The solemnity being ended, the attendants were gratified.

* See Hist. Tracts, by Peter Force, vol. ii., 1838.

“Not long after, the new married Lady had a great desire to see her father, and her native country from whence shee came. Her Lord, willing to pleasure her, and not deny her request, (amongst them) thought to be reasonable, 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 a while, returned to their owne country againe—leaving the Lady to continue there at her owne pleasure, amongst her friends and old acquaintance: where she passed away the time for a while, and, in the end, desired to returne to her Lord againe. Her father, the old Papasiquineo, having notice of her intent, sent some of his men on ambassage to the younge Sachem, his sonne-in-law, to let him understand that his daughter was not willing to absent her selfe from his company any longer; and, therefore, (as the messengers had in charge,) desired 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 become him; but, now 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 to fetch her againe. The old Sachem, Papasiquineo, having this message returned, was enraged, to think that his young son-in-law did not esteeme him at a higher rate than to capitulate with him about the matter, and returne him this sharpe reply; that his daughter’s bloud and birth deserved no 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 younge Sachem, not willing to under value him selfe, and being a man of a stout spirit, did not stick to say that he should either send her, by his owne Convey, or keepe her, for hee was not determined to stoope so lowe.

“So much these two Sachems stood upon tearmes of reputation with each other, 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 seeme to comply, that the Lady (when I

came out of the Country) remained still with her father; which is a thinge worth the noting, that Salvage people should seeke to maintaine their reputation so much as they doe.”*

The poet Whittier has made the above story the foundation of a beautiful poem, called the “Bridal of Penacook,” whom he names “Weetamoo;” and the Sagamore-groom he calls “Winnipurkett.” The real name of the bride was *Wenuchus*, or *Wanunchus*, and of her husband, *Montowampate*. His English name was *James*, brother of John, of Lynn. Governor Dudley, in his letter to the Countess of Lincoln, March 12, 1631, says: “Vpon the river of Mistick is seated Saggamore John, and vpon the river Sawgus, Saggamore James, his brother, both so named by the English. John is a handsome young [a line missing,] conversant with us; affecting English Apparell and howses, and speaking well of our God. His brother James is of a perworse disposition, yet repaireth often to us. Both theis brothers command not above thirty or forty men, for aught I can learne. Near to Salem dwelleth two or three families, subject to the Saggamore of Agawam. This Saggamore is himself tributary to Saggamore James—having been before the last yeare in his [James’] minority.” This determines the age of the Saugus-groom to be about twenty.

How long his bride was absent, or how she got back, is matter of conjecture. Whittier, with poetic license, represents her as leaving her father’s home at Penacook in the spring, alone, in a canoe. She was seen going over the Falls of Amoskeag, where her frail bark was dashed in pieces, and the bride seen no more.

“Sick and a-weary of her lonely life,
Heedless of peril, the still faithful wife
Had left her mother’s grave, her father’s door,
To seek the wigwam of her chief once more.

“Down the white rapids, like a sear leaf whirled,
On the sharp rocks and piled up ices hurled,
Empty and broken circled the canoe,
In the vexed pool below—But where was ‘Wetamoo?’”

* See “New English Canaan,” by Thomas Morton, 1632, in second volume of Tracts, by Peter Force, 1838, pp. 27, 28.

Then follows the responsive dirge, chanted by the "Children of the Leaves:"

"The dark eye has left us,
The spring bird has flown;
On the pathway of spirits
She wanders alone—
The song of the wood-dove has died on our shore;
*Mat wonck Kunna-monee!** We hear it no more!

"Oh, dark water spirit!
We cast on thy wave
These furs which may never
Hang over her grave;
Bear down to the lost one the robes that she wore;
Mat wonck Kunna-monee! We see her no more!

"Oh mighty Sowanna! †
Thy gate-ways unfold,
From thy wigwam of sunset
Lift curtains of gold!
Take home the worn spirit whose journey is o'er,
'*Mat wonck Kunna-monee!* We see her no more!'"

This is indeed beautiful *poetry*; but the *fact* is, that "Wetamoo," *alias Wanuchus*, found means to get back alive to her sagamore lord. The remaining incidents in her history, and that of her husband, James, are thus related by ancient historians:

"On the 8th of August, 1632, about one hundred Tarrotines landed from their canoes, at Ipswich, in the night, and killed seven of Masconomo's men, wounded Monohaquaham and *Montowampate*, who were on a visit to that place, and carried away *Wanuchus*, the wife of Montowampate, a captive." Hubbard says: "About the same time, [5th of August, 1632,] came a company of Eastern Indians, called Tarrotines, and, in the night, assaulted the wigwam of the sagamore of Agawam. They were near a hundred in number, and they came with thirty canoes. They slew seven men, and wounded John and James, two sagamores that lived about Boston, and carried others away captive, amongst whom was the wife of the said *James*, which they sent again (that is, returned,) by the mediation of Mr. Shurd, of Pemaquid, that used to trade with them; and

* Indian phrase—*We shall see her no more.* † The south-west Heaven.

sent word by him that they expected something in way of ransom." On the 4th of September following, there is recorded a sentence of the court on Richard Hopkins, of Watertown, "for selling a gun and pistol, with powder and shot, to Montowampate, the Lynn sagamore"—to "be severely whippt, and branded with a hot iron on one of his cheekes." Winthrop writes, December 5, 1633—"John Sagamore died of the small-pox, and almost all his people—above thirty buried by Mr. Maverick, of Winiscemit, in one day." "*James*, Sagamore of Saugus, died also, and most of his folks."

But what finally became of Wanuchus, the "Bridal of Penacook?" It is unknown; but possibly, after the death of Monowampate, in 1633, she returned to her aged father; for that she had two grand-daughters living at Penacook, in 1686, appears from the following testimony: "September 17, 1686. Thomas Guakusses, *alias*, Capt. Tom, now living at Wamesit, neare Pawtucket Falls, aged about seventy-five years, testifieth and saith—'I know two squaws were living about Pennicooke, one named Pahpocksit, and the other's name I do not know; and I knew the grandmother of these squaws, named *Wanunchus*. She was a principal proprietor of those lands about Naumkeage, now Salem.'"*

TAHANTO.

IN the first notice we have of TAHANTO, he stands before us the earnest opposer of the rum traffic. In the summer of 1668 an Englishman, by the name of *Thomas Dickinson*, was murdered at Penacook by a drunken Indian. The particulars of the murder, with the evidence relative thereto, are detailed in official papers published in the third volume of the N. H. Historical Collections. The summary of the affair is this: By virtue of a

* History of Salem, by Felt.

warrant from Gov. Bellingham, of Massachusetts, Thomas Hinksman, with a sufficient aid, the 18th of August, 1668, "repaired to the trucking house of Capt. Richard Walderne, at Pennycooke, to make enquiry concerning the killing of an Englishman at the said trucking house, and, also, of what strong liquors have been sold there, and by whom, and when, taking the Indians' evidences therefor, about and concerning the same." Among others examined by Mr. Hinksman, was TAHANTO, sagamore, and Pehaungun, sagamore; and they say "that one Thomas Payne and the Englishman that is slain, sent several Indians to their masters, Capt. Walderne's and Mr. Peter Coffin's, to Piscataque, who told those Indians that they should bring from them guns, powder, shot and cloth; but instead thereof, Capt. Walderne, and the said Peter Coffin returned those Indians back to Pennycooke, loaded only with cotton cloth and three rundletts of liquors, with which liquors there were at least one hundred of the Indians drunk for one night, one day and one half together; in which time of their being so drunk, the Examinants say, that all the Indians went from the trucking house except one, who remained there drunk, and who killed the Englishman—the other Englishman being at the same time in the fort."

The Indians who were examined, further testified, "that an Indian, hearing the slain Englishman cry out, he swam over the river, and went to the trucking house, where he found the Englishman dead; and presently after he saw the Indian who killed the Englishman going towards the fort with his knife bloody in his hand. The murderer being examined why he had killed the Englishman, said 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, the murderer answered, he was willing to die for it, and that he was much sorry for the death of said Englishman."

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

In further investigations, it was testified by John Page, Robb.

Parris, Thomas Tarball and Joseph Bloud, October 27, 1668, "That going to Pennycooke on or about the month of June last, and riding to the fort there, they were told that an Englishman was killed by an Indian, and that all the Indians were drunk, else it had not been done. And further, they testify, 'That TAHANTO, a sagamore, *being afraid that we had brought liquors to sell, desired us, if we had any, that we would pour it upon the ground, for it would make the Indians all one Divill.*'"

In the sequel it appeared that the chief blame in this murderous affair was thrown upon Thomas Payne, who was in Peter Coffin's employ, and upon his associate, Dickinson, who was murdered. Capt. Walderne cleared himself, upon his oath, of having any participation in it; but Peter Coffin, who, it seems, was "licensed to trade with the Indians"—though he must do it according to law—was so far implicated with his man Payne, that he confessed "his grief for the miscarriage, and more especially for the dishonor of God therein;" and "I doe, therefore, cast myself upon the favor of this honored court, to deal with mee therein as in pytie they shall see cause." Accordingly the court, finding that "said Coffin hath traded liquors irregularly, and contrary to Law, do therefore Judge that he shall pay as a fine to the Country the sum of *fifty pounds*, and all charges which hath accrued thereby." The next year, May, 1669, it appears from the court record "that Thomas Payne, trader among the Indians at Pennecook, confessed he sold rum to the Indians; said he did this when Thomas Dickinson was killed by an Indian, and was fined £30."

In honor of Tahanto, for his noble-hearted remonstrance against the rum trade, a temperance society was formed in Concord, in 1835, under the name of *Tahantoes*, and his fame celebrated in the following stanzas, written by GEORGE KENT, Esq.:

Chieftain of a wasted nation!
 Thine no *words* of promise were —
 But, in hour of dark temptation,
 Thine to *do*, and thine to *dare*!
 When the white man, hovering round thee,
 Tempted oft thy feet to stray,
 Indian shrewdness nobly bound thee
 To the straight and narrow way.

With *fire-water* when invaded,
 Thine the evil to foresee —
 Nature's light alone pervaded
 Minds that ranged the forest free ;
 But — shame on thy Christian brother !
 He, with "light of life" endow'd,
 Sought, with "liquid fire," to smother
 Life's true light in death's dark shroud.

When approaching with temptation,
 Thine to see and shun the snare —
 Thine to utter, from thy station,
 Firmly the prevailing prayer :
 "Were, of liquor, they the vender,
 "On the ground at once to pour —
 "For the Indians it would render
 "All one devil, o'er and o'er."

Honor to the chieftain ever !
 High his name by fame enroll'd —
 From his bright example never
 Be our own departure told ; —
 Meet for Penacook to rally
 Under *his* tee-total name,
 Whose resolve, in her fair valley,
 Quench'd the demon's liquid flame !

KANCAMAGUS.

KANCAMAGUS, known by the English name *John Hogkins*, or *Hawkins*, was the last sagamore of the Penacooks. He was a grandson of Passaconaway, and probably son of Nanamocumuck. He is first mentioned in 1685, when some of the Penacooks, who had been to Albany, reported, on their return, that the Mohawks threatened to destroy all the Indians from Narragansett to Pechypscot, in Maine. He seems to have possessed some of the worst traits of Indian character — cunning, deceit, treachery and revenge. Conceiving himself slighted by Gov.

Cranfield, on his report against the Mohawks, he ever after—even amid professions of friendship, and when begging protection—cherished a spirit of revenge against the English. He seems to have acquired some education, and was able to write. Some letters, reputed to have been written by him, are preserved;* the first of which the following is a copy, addressed to Gov. Cranfield, of New-Hampshire :

“ May 15, 1685.

“ HONOUR GOVERNOR, MY FRIEND,—

“ You my friend I desire your worship and your power, because I hope you can do som great matters this one. I am poor and naked, and I have no man at my place because I afraid allways Mohogs he will kill me every day and night. If your worship when please pray help me, you no let Mohogs kill me at my place at Malamake river, called Panukkog and Nattukkog, I will submit your worship and your power. And now I want powder and such alminishon, shott and guns, because I have forth at my hom, and I plant theare.

“ This all Indian hand; but pray do you consider your humble servant,

JOHN HOGKINS.”

[Signed also by fourteen other Indians.]

Under pretence of fear of the Mohawks, Hogkins removed, in the fall of the same year, with the Penacooks, to the eastward; and soon after, together with the Saco Indians, entered into a treaty with the Council of New-Hampshire, of mutual aid and protection against the Mohawks and all other enemies, agreeing, also, to return and live near the English. Yet, with the old poison of revenge rankling in his bosom, he entered into a conspiracy with other Indians, in 1689, to make the attack on Dover, which ended in the death of Maj. Waldron and about twenty others. Through the friendship of two Penacook Indians, Maj. Hinksman, of Chelmsford, had notice of this conspiracy, and informed the government of Massachusetts, who hastily dispatched a letter to Maj. Waldron, giving him warning; but unfortunately detained on the way, it was too late to save him from savage revenge. In this letter they say there is a report of “ a gathering of some Indians in and about Penecooke, with designe of mischief to the English. Among the said Indians one *Hawkins* is said to be a principal designer; and that they have a particular

* See Appendix, Belknap's Hist. of N. H., Farmer's ed., vol. i., p. 508.

designe against yourself and Mr. Peter Coffin, which the Council thought it necessary presently to despatch advice thereof, to give you notice, that you take care of your own safeguard—they intending to betray you on a pretention of trade.”

Next we hear of Hawkins in a fort on the river Androscoggin, at a place (Pechypscott) which was attacked the 12th of September, 1690, by Maj. Benjamin Church and a body of soldiers, and was taken and burnt. Several Indians were captured, among whom was a brother-in-law of Kancamagus, and a sister of his was slain. On the 29th of November, 1690, a truce or treaty of peace was made by the government of Massachusetts “with the eastern Indian enemy, sagamores,” among whom was *John Hawkins*. The sagamores, six in number, “covenant, promise and agree for themselves, and all the eastward Indians now in open hostility with the English—from Pennecook, Winnepesseockeege, Ossipe, Pigwocket, Amoscongin, Pechepscut, Kennebeck river”—to keep the peace, &c. This treaty “was signed and sealed, interchangeably, upon the water, in canoes, at Sackatehock, (Maine,) when the wind blew;”* and this is the last we know of Kancamagus!

HOPE-HOOD.

THE name of this Indian is connected with the Penacooks, not as one of the tribe, but as acting with them in hostilities to the English, in 1685, and afterwards. In April, 1689, Col. Bartholomew Gidney, of Salem, is instructed by the Council of Massachusetts to dispatch 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. He is described as one of “the most bloody warriors of the

* Mass. Hist. Coll., 3d series, vol. i., pp. 112-114.

age." "A tiger," "killing, burning and destroying in every place where he found the people unguarded." He was killed, in 1690, in a fight with an Indian party, which he mistook for hostile Indians, but who were his friends and confederates.

After this the Penacooks continued to exist as a distinct tribe for many years, but their power was gone. They are mentioned in Penhallow's Indian Wars, in 1703, in a conference held by Gov. Dudley, at Casco, with delegates from several tribes. Those of them who were hostile to the English probably mixed with the eastern Indians, between whom and the Penacooks was a close affinity. As the Governor of Canada had encouraged the Indians who inhabited the borders of New-England to remove to Canada, it is likely that some of them went thither, and were incorporated with the tribes of St. Francis. But those who continued friendly to the English—of whom there had always been a small number—remained here until 1725, and after, and were highly useful to the first inhabitants; supplying them with food in the winter, when almost in a state of starvation.

WATTANUMMON.

WATTANUMMON is the name of an Indian chief who, at the time the first settlers came to Penacook, lived in a wigwam on the knoll or rise of ground on the south side of the brook which is the outlet of Horse-shoe Pond—where the Concord and Montreal Railroad now crosses. He was a friendly Indian, and owned the land which lies east of said brook, from its junction with the Merrimack, westward, to what is called Farnum's Eddy. This brook and field are called by his name. A tradition is well preserved, that soon after Capt. Ebenezer Eastman came hither, in the summer of 1726, he crossed over from the east side with his men, and began to cut the grass on Wattanummon's field:

Seeing which, the old Indian went forth with a gun and two of his sons, to prevent the trespass. As he approached, Eastman and his party ceased their labor and saluted him: "How do? how do?" His reply, in broken English, was: "My land! my grass! No cut! no cut!" and drew up his gun. Eastman replied: "Yes, this *is* your land, and your grass. Come, boys, put aside your tools and rest." Sitting down under a shade, the lunch and the bottle were brought forth and offered to the old chief. "Won't you take a drink?" "Yes, yes; me drink!" Capt. Eastman drank a little himself, and then offered a cup to one of Wattanummon's sons. The old Indian interposed, saying, "He no drink;" and taking the cup himself, drank it, exclaiming: "Hugh! good!" By this time the old Indian began to be very generous and friendly; and, stretching forth his arms, exclaimed: "My land! my grass!—all mine; every thing! *You* may cut grass—all you want!" After this friendly interchange of property—*rum* for *grass*—Capt. Eastman and Wattanummon lived in peace on opposite sides of the river. What finally became of old Wattanummon is unknown.

Some interesting facts are related, either of him or another of the same name, previous to this period. In May, 1689, mention is made of Watanum, "one of the chief captains" of Wonalancet. In 1689, March 5th, "a company of thirty or forty Indians made an attack on Andover, and killed five persons;" and Col. Dudley Bradstreet and family were preserved by the friendly interference of "Waternummon, an Indian who lived at Newbury." In June, 1703, Waternummon is mentioned as one of the chiefs of Penacook and Pigwacket who was at the conference in Casco.

"About the year 1720, (or 1712?) Capt. Thomas Baker, of Northampton, Massachusetts, set off with a scouting party of thirty-four men; passed up Connecticut river, and crossed the height of land to Pemigeswasset river. He there discovered a party of Indians, whose sachem was called *Waternummus*, whom he attacked and destroyed. Baker and the sachem levelled and discharged their guns at each other at the same instant. The ball from the Indian's gun grazed Baker's left eye-brow, but did him no injury. The ball from Baker's gun went through the

heart of the sachem. Immediately upon being wounded, he leaped four or five feet high and then fell instantly dead. The Indians fled, but Baker and his party pursued and destroyed every one of them." This affair took place, it is said, at the confluence of a small river with the Pemigewasset, (between Plymouth and Campton,) and hence has ever since had the name of Baker's river."* If the above story is correct, the Waternummus above named, said to have been killed in 1720, or earlier, could not be the Wattanummon of Penacook, 1726. It seems, however, probable that the person mentioned as "one of the chief captains" of Wonalancet, in 1689, and the one friendly to Col. Bradstreet, of Andover, was the old sagamore-farmer who lived, in 1726, on the bank of the *stream*, and cultivated the *field* that bears his name.*

MRS. DUSTIN.

AT the junction of the Contoocook river with the Merrimack, on the north line of Concord, and near where now is the flourishing village of Fisherville, is an island, known by common tradition as the scene where the captive woman from Haverhill, Mrs. HANNAH DUSTIN, performed the daring exploit of killing and scalping ten Indians, and making her escape. The Northern Railroad now passes directly across this island, and by many a traveler it is looked at as an object of strange curiosity. A monument ought to be erected on the island, to commemorate the deed of the heroic woman.

A part of the history of Mrs. Dustin belongs to Haverhill; yet, as the scene of her exploit lies chiefly in Penacook, we are required to give it a conspicuous place.

The attack on Haverhill was made by the Indians on the 15th

*See Hon. C. E. Potter's notice in the *Farmer's Visitor*, Vol. 13, No. 9.

of March, 1697. Mrs. Hannah, wife of Mr. Thomas Dustin, was confined to her bed with an infant child, seven days old, and attended by a nurse, Mary Neff. Hearing the war-whoop of the savages as they approached, Mr. Dustin ran from the field where he was at work, to his house, and ordered his children—seven in number—to flee; while he seized his gun, and finding it impossible to remove his wife and infant, mounted his horse and rode after his children—defending them against the savages who were in pursuit. Supposing it impossible to save them all, his first thought was to catch up one of them—even the one that he loved the most—and save that; but he was unable to make a choice; and, keeping in their rear, he retreated and fired, sometimes with fatal effect, till the Indians gave over their pursuit.

In the meantime a small party of Indians entered the house, took Mrs. Dustin and nurse prisoners, and set the house on fire. The babe was snatched from the arms of the nurse, and its brains dashed out against an apple tree. Feeble, and with but one shoe on, Mrs. Dustin was compelled to travel through the wilderness, in this inclement season, till they reached the home of her Indian captors, on the island above named. The Indians on the island were twelve in number: two men, three women, and seven children; and with them an English boy, named Samuel Lannardson, who was taken prisoner about a year before at Worcester.

After a few days the women were informed by the Indians that they would soon start for a distant settlement, and when they arrived there would be obliged to submit to Indian customs—of which one was to run the gauntlet, naked, between two files of Indians. On learning this, Mrs. Dustin formed her deadly plan. She told the boy Lannardson to ask his master *where* he would strike a man if he wished to kill him instantly, and *how* he would take off a scalp. The Indian laid his finger on his temple—“Strike ’em there,” said he; and then instructed the boy how to scalp. Engaging the nurse and the boy in her plot, they waited the midnight hour for executing it. With tomahawks in hand they struck the fatal blows on the heads of the Indians as they lay fast asleep. Ten were killed at

once. Mrs. Dustin killed her master, and Samuel Lannardson despatched the very Indian who told him where to strike and how to take off a scalp. A favorite Indian boy was spared, and one of the squaws whom they left for dead, jumped up and ran into the thicket. Mrs. Dustin, gathering up what provisions there were in the wigwam — taking the gun of her dead master, and the tomahawk with which she killed him, and, to prevent pursuit, scuttling the Indian canoes, except one — she embarked in that, with the nurse and boy Lannardson, on the waters of the Merrimack, to seek their way to Haverhill. They had not proceeded far, however, when Mrs. Dustin, perceiving that they had neglected to take the scalps, and fearing lest her neighbors — should she ever arrive at her home — would not credit her story, hastened back with her companions to the scene of death, took off the scalps of the slain, put them “into a bag, and, with these bloody witnesses of their feat, hastened again on their downward course to Haverhill. There they safely arrived.” On the 21st of April following, Mrs. Dustin and her two attendants went to Boston, carrying, as proofs of their exploit, the gun, tomahawk, and ten scalps, and received as a reward from the General Court, fifty pounds, besides many valuable presents from others.*

Mr. Dustin’s heroism in defending his children has been commemorated by Mrs. SARAH J. HALE, editor of the Ladies’ Magazine, in beautiful stanzas, called the “FATHER’S CHOICE.”

“Now fly, as flies the rushing wind !
Urge, urge thy lagging steed ;
The savage yell is fierce behind,
And life is on thy speed.

“And from those dear ones make thy choice ;
The group he wildly eyed :
When — “*father*” — burst from every voice,
And — “*child*” — his heart replied.

“There’s *one* that now can share his toil,
And *one* he meant for fame ;
And *one* that wears his mother’s smile,
And *one* that bears her name.

*See a more detailed and very interesting narrative of the whole affair in Merick’s Hist. of Haverhill.

- “ And one will prattle on his knee,
Or slumber on his breast ;
And one whose joys of infancy
Are still by smiles expressed.
- “ They feel no fear while he is near ;
He ’ll shield them from the foe ;
But oh ! his ear must thrill to hear
Their shriekings should he go.
- “ In vain his quivering lips would speak ;
No words his thoughts allow ;
There ’s burning tears upon his cheek,
Death’s marble on his brow.
- “ And twice he smote his clenched hand —
Then bade his children fly !
And turned, and e’en the savage band
Cower’d at his wrathful eye.
- “ Swift as the lightning, winged with death,
Flashed forth the quivering flame !
Their fiercest warrior bows beneath
The father’s deadly aim.
- “ Not the wild cries that rend the skies,
His heart of purpose move ;
He saves his children, or he dies
The sacrifice of love.
- “ Ambition goads the conqueror on ;
Hate points the murderer’s brand —
But love and duty, these alone
Can nerve the good man’s hand.
- “ The hero may resign the field,
The coward murderer flee ;
He cannot fear, *he* will not yield,
That strikes, sweet love, for thee.
- “ They come, they come — he heeds no cry
Save the soft child-like wail,
‘ Oh, father, save ! ’ ‘ My children, fly ! ’
Were mingled on the gale.
- “ And firmer still he drew his breath,
And sterner flashed his eye,
As fast he hurls the leaden death,
Still shouting — ‘ Children, fly ! ’

“No shadow on his brow appeared,
Nor tremor shook his frame,
Save when at intervals he heard
Some trembler lisp his name.

“In vain the foe — those fiends unchained —
Like famished tigers chafe;
The sheltering roof is near'd, is gain'd —
All, all the dear ones safe !”

It may here be added that Mrs. Dustin was the daughter of Michael and Hannah Emerson, and the eldest of fifteen children. She was born December 23, 1657, and married to Thomas Dustin December 3, 1677. She had thirteen children. She was forty years of age when captured by the Indians. Her descendants of the name of *Dustin*, and also her family connections of the name of *Emerson*, are numerous in New-Hampshire. Mr. Thomas Dustin, of Henniker, N. H., a descendant who has retained the name, is said to have in possession the identical gun which his heroic maternal ancestor took from her Indian captor.

“SQUAW LOT.”

ON the east side of Merrimack river, due west from Federal bridge, and bordering the river, is a lot known as the “Squaw lot.” The eastern bound — a dark stone — may be seen, close to the fence, on the road that runs by the house of Mr. George W. Moulton, and about one hundred paces from said house. The western bound of the lot — a stone — is also visible, about forty rods further on the same road. The lot now belongs to the heirs of the late Jeremiah Pecker, Esq. The tradition respecting this lot is, that soon after the first settlement of Penacook, an Indian chief, named Peorawarra, enamoured of the wife of another Indian, ran away with her from a settlement

below Penacook; and passing up the Merrimack in a bark canoe, had lodged for the night on Sewall's island. Missing his wife, the Indian, jealous of the cause, with his gun in hand, started in pursuit. Assured that he was on the track of the guilty pair, he sped his way on foot till near night fall, when he discovered the canoe, and saw the place of their landing on the island. Secreting himself in the bushes directly opposite, on the east side of the river, and near the late residence of Henry S. Thatcher, Esq., he impatiently waited the dawn of morning, to execute his purpose. At early dawn, Peorawarrah pushed off his canoe, to pursue their flight up the river. The revengeful husband watched his opportunity, and as a current in the river turned the course of the canoe, the guilty pair were brought within the range of his deadly aim. He fired, and 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. The Indian told him what he had done, and said—“*Peorawarrah had good gun.*” A few days after, the body of the squaw, with the mark of a bullet shot on it, was found washed up on the shore of the river. It was buried on the adjacent land, and ever since the lot has been called “the Squaw lot.”

Tradition further says that Ebenezer Virgin made search in the river for Peorawarrah's gun, and found it; that at his death the gun descended to his son *John*; then to his grandson *John*,* from whom it was obtained, by exchange for another gun, by Jonathan Eastman, Esq., about forty years ago, and is still in his possession, as fit for good service as ever. This gun, bearing marks of antiquity, identically the same “good gun,” except the stock, as when in the hands of Peorawarrah—the writer has seen and handled, and has no doubt of the substantial truth of the tradition. It is carefully kept, though in frequent service, by Esq. Eastman, now seventy-two years of age, and called “Peorawarrah's gun.” †

*This was the “Old John Virgin” whose life and death are noticed in another place.

† Mr. Eastman informed me that he intended the gun should go, after his death, to his grandson, Jonathan Eastman Pecker.

THE LAST OF THE PENACOOKS.

PEHAUNGUN.

TRADITION says that the last Penacook who died here was named PEHAUNGUN, a celebrated warrior, whose wigwam and planting grounds were on the east side of the river, upon the land afterwards owned and occupied by Stilson Eastman; subsequently, by John Miller; then by the late Mr. Samuel Blake, and now by two of Mr. Blake's sons. Pehaungun is mentioned in connection with Tahanto, at the trial of the Indian for the murder of Thomas Dickinson, in 1668. He is there called an "*ancient Indian*." He is supposed to have died about 1732, at the advanced age of one hundred and twenty years or more. The tradition respecting his death is, that the Indians had a "big drunk" at his wigwam—that they drank from the bung-hole of a keg of rum. Capt. Eastman, hearing the drunken revel and outeries, went to see what was going on, and was invited to drink; but, hoisting the keg to his mouth, he let more run *out* than ran *in*; seeing which, Pehaungun threatened to kill him. Capt. Eastman withdrew, and the next morning this "ancient Indian" was found dead. The Indians who partook of the revel feared that the spirit of the old warrior would come back and punish them; therefore, in burying him, they placed his body in a hollow trunk of pine, covered over with a slab; bound it round with withes, and, laying it in the ground, threw in dirt, and then stamped it down hard—crying out, "He no get out! he no get up!" They then stuck up willow boughs about the grave; some at the same time dancing, wailing, howling and tearing their hair. The whole ceremony was concluded with another "big drunk," which laid them all low on the ground.