

CHAPTER VI.

FRENCH AND INDIAN WARS, IN WHICH THE INHABITANTS OF RUMFORD TOOK AN ACTIVE PART.*

By what was called the "Treaty of Aix la Chapelle," in 1748, between France and England, there was a suspension of hostilities for a few years. The border towns, however, were constantly exposed to Indian depredations and massacres. Hence garrisons were kept up, and the people continued to go out, armed, in companies, to their work in the fields. The war, however, between France and England was renewed in 1754, and continued till 1762.

This long, bloody and savage war, which involved England and her colonies on the one side, and France, with her Indian allies on the other, arose out of unsettled boundaries.†

In these wars New-Hampshire bore a conspicuous part, and Rumford contributed her full share of men and means. The New-Hampshire troops were distinguished above most others for bold and daring enterprise, hardihood, expertness in shooting, and especially for their knowledge in all the arts of Indian warfare. They were, therefore, for the most part employed as

* See Documentary and Statistical Chapter.

† "By the construction of charters and grants from the crown of England, her colonies extended indefinitely *westward* from the Atlantic coast. The French, however, had settlements in Canada and Louisiana, and they meditated to join these distant colonies by a chain of forts and posts, from the river St. Lawrence to the Mississippi, and to extend the limits of Canada as far eastward as to command navigation in the winter, when the St. Lawrence is impassable. These claims of territory, extending, on the one part, from east to west, and, on the other, from north to south, necessarily interfered."—*Belknap*.

rangers and *scouts*—to lay in ambush—to make sudden attacks upon the enemy—to clear roads through woods, and, in short, to perform all the most difficult and dangerous services. Many of them were rangers under those fearless leaders, ROBERT ROGERS, JOHN STARK and WILLIAM STARK. Others were in more regular service under the command of Col. Joseph Blanchard, of Dunstable, and Col. Nathaniel Meserve, of Portsmouth. Soldiers from Rumford were in the first expedition to Crown Point in 1755; at Fort Edward, and in the terrible scene at Fort William Henry, in 1757. Some of them were also with General Amherst, under the command of Colonel Zaccheus Lovewell, at the reduction of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, in 1759, and shared in the glory of the victory at Quebec, when the brave General Wolfe was slain.*

Great pains have been taken to ascertain the names of all the soldiers from Rumford, engaged in the French and Indian wars, from 1754 till the peace in 1762. From the different muster rolls, found in the office of the Secretary of State, and from other sources, we have been able to collect the following.

1754.

In September, 1754, Capt. John Chandler had command of a company of nine men, “in His Majesty’s service,” for eight days only, viz.: from the 8th to the 17th of September. Probably they were engaged in a scouting service in the neighboring towns. The men were :

John Chandler, Captain, (charge),	£1	2	10
Obadiah Maxfield, sentinel,	0	15	8
Phineas Virgin, do.,	0	15	8
Moses Eastman, do.,	0	15	8

* In regard to the geographical position of the several places above mentioned, it may be noted, that (1.) *Crown Point* was at the southern extremity of Lake Champlain; (2.) *Ticonderoga*, near the junction of Lake George with Lake Champlain, and about ten miles south of Crown Point; (3.) *Fort William Henry* was at the southern end of Lake George; (4.) *Fort Edward* was about fifteen miles southeast of Fort William Henry, near the head waters of the Hudson river. (5.) *St. Francis Village*, where a terrible fight took place, 1759, between the Rangers, under Rogers, and the Indians, was on the river St. Francis, near the Thousand Isles in the river St. Lawrence, and some thirty or forty miles from the head waters of the Connecticut river.

In 1759, the troops from New-Hampshire cut almost a straight road from Charlestown No. Four to Ticonderoga.

Edward Abbot, jun., sentinel,	0	15	8
Jacob Potter, do.,	0	15	8
David Kimball, do.,	0	15	8
John Hoyt, do.,	0	15	8
Jonathan Fifield, do.,	0	15	8
Thomas Merrill, do.,	0	15	8
	—	—	—
	8	3	10
“ For subsisting the above men, at 1s. 3d. per day, £5	0	0	0
“ For furnishing ammunition,	0	7	6
	—	—	—
	13	11	4”

Which account was allowed and paid by the General Court of New-Hampshire, February 24, 1756.*

1755.

In 1755 Capt. *Joseph Eastman*, third son of Capt. Ebenezer Eastman, had command of a company of sixty-five men in Col. Joseph Blanchard's regiment, which was raised for the expedition against Crown Point.† This company was ordered to proceed to the Coös country, toward the head waters of the Connecticut, and to build a fort there; and thence to proceed to Crown Point, supposing that to be the most direct route. They first marched to Baker's Town, (now Franklin,) where they began to build batteaux, with which to navigate the waters, and cross rivers betwixt that place and Crown Point. Thus, much time was consumed and provisions spent to no purpose. They afterward performed a fatiguing march through the wilderness, over the height of land, to Number Four, Charlestown, and reached Albany. Gen. Johnson, who had command at Lake George, ordered the New-Hampshire Regiment to Fort Edward, where they remained for some time, but subsequently were employed mostly as rangers.

The men in this company from Concord, were — Joseph Eastman, captain; Nathaniel Abbot, lieutenant; David Copps, sergeant; Moses Eastman, sergeant; Nath'l Morse, clerk; David

* Muster roll, found among old papers.

† Muster roll in Secretary's office. See Document No. 1 for Chap. VI., in Documentary and Statistical Chapter.

Evans, corporal; Obadiah Maxfield, sentinel; Nath'l Rix, Jonathan Chase, Ebenezer Copps, Asa Kimball, Ebenezer Virgin, Ebenezer Simonds, James Farnum, Judah Trumble, Isaac Walker,* John Webster, Reuben Simonds, (?) Joseph Eastman, sentinels.

The company under Capt. Eastman were mostly in service from April to October. The journal kept by Nath'l Morse, the company's clerk, will be read with interest.†

1756.

In Captain *John Goffe's* company, of Col. NATHANIEL MESERVE'S regiment, raised for the Crown Point expedition, were, from Rumford: ‡

	Entered.	Time of service.	
		Mos.	Days.
Thomas Merrill, 2d lieutenant,	April 16,	8	8
Joseph Eastman, § sergeant,	May 12,	7	10
John Straw, sentinel,	May 1,	6	11
Jonathan Fifield,	May 1,	6	6
James Blanchard,	May 12,	7	10
Paul Fowler,	May 1,	7	22
Isaac Walker, 2d,	May 1,	7	10
Zebediah Farnum,	May 1,	7	17

In Capt. John Shepard's company, of Col. Meserve's regiment, 1756, Ezekiel Steel is enrolled as of Rumford.

Joshua Abbot, son of Lieut. Nathaniel Abbot, John Shute, Daniel Abbot, Benjamin Hannaford, Amos Eastman, Nathaniel Eastman, Joseph Eastman, Benjamin Bradley, Stephen Hoit, David Evans, Stilson Eastman and Philip Kimball, and no doubt others, for some time, were engaged in the French and Indian wars, either in the regular service or as rangers. But, as Belknap truly remarks, "The history of a war on the frontiers can be little else than a recital of the exploits, the sufferings, the escapes and deliverances of individuals, of single families or small parties," — so I shall proceed to give details of individual daring, hardihood and sufferings, which have been gathered from public documents or from family traditions.

* Son of William, a minor. † Doc. No. 1, for Chap. VI. ‡ See muster roll, Secretary's office.
§ Perhaps of Boscawen.

AMOS EASTMAN.

On the 28th of April, 1752, Amos Eastman,* of Rumford, son of Jonathan Eastman, (whose garrison was on the mill road,) in company with John and William Stark, of Derryfield, (now Manchester,) and David Stinson, of Londonderry, was on a hunting expedition near Baker's river, in Rumney. The company had been very successful, estimating their furs, &c., at £560 old tenor. Here they fell in with a party of ten Indians, of the St. Francis tribe. It being a time of peace, danger was not at first apprehended. But towards evening the Indians made prisoner of John Stark, who had separated from the rest, to collect the traps. Suspecting mischief, the party was proceeding down the river — William Stark and Stinson in a canoe, and Eastman on the bank — when the Indians came upon them, took Eastman prisoner, shot into the canoe and killed Stinson, who was afterward stripped and scalped; William Stark escaped through the intrepidity of John, who struck up the Indians' guns when they were leveled at his brother. Eastman and John Stark were carried captives to St. Francis, which they reached on the 9th of June.† Here they were compelled to undergo the ceremony of running the gauntlet. The young Indians of the settlement ranged themselves in to two lines, each armed with a rod, to strike the captives as they passed along. Eastman was severely whipped; but Stark snatched a club, and made his way through the lines, knocking the Indians down, right and left, whenever they came within his reach, and escaped with scarcely a blow. Eastman was sold to a French master, and was kindly treated: as was also Stark, who became a favorite among the Indians. Both were redeemed, after about six weeks, by a Mr. Wheelwright, from Boston, and Capt. Stevens, from Charlestown, who were sent from Massachusetts for the purpose of obtaining the release of prisoners. Stark paid for his redemption one hundred and three dollars, and Eastman sixty. They returned home by way of Albany.‡

When the news of the capture of Eastman and Stark reached

* Amos Eastman married *Mehetoble*, daughter of Abraham Bradley, Jan. 9, 1743.

† See Document No. 2, for Chap. VI.

‡ See life of Gen. Stark, pp. 172 - 4.

Rumford, a party was raised,* who proceeded to Baker's river, found and buried the body of Stinson in the woods, and brought home one of the paddles of the canoe, which was pierced with several shot holes. It was preserved a long time by the Virgin family.

BENJAMIN BRADLEY, son of Timothy, son of Abraham Bradley, was one of Rogers' rangers. He was with Rogers in the terrible fight at St. Francis, October 3, 1759. The particulars of this bloody scene are substantially these: The Indian village of St. Francis, which lay some thirty miles above the source of the Connecticut, was the head-quarters of the savages who committed the worst depredations on the border towns of New-England. Upon the reduction of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, Major Robert Rogers was despatched from the latter place, by Gen. Amherst, with about two hundred rangers, to destroy the village of St. Francis. After a fatiguing march of twenty-one days, over mountains and through swamps, they reached the place in the evening, and found the Indians engaged "in a wedding frolick." Arranging his forces, he waited till near morning, when the Indian revelry had ceased, and all were asleep; then the fatal attack was made. Some were killed in their houses; others were shot or tomahawked, as they attempted to flee. In the morning the rangers discovered about six hundred scalps hanging upon poles over the doors of the wigwams, that the Indians had taken, and also found great quantities of plunder from the English settlements. These were taken; about two hundred Indians were killed, and the whole village laid in ashes. Among the articles brought away were two hundred guineas, a silver image, weighing ten pounds, and a large quantity of wampum and clothing. The rangers also rescued five English prisoners, and took twenty Indians captive. In this fight it is related that Lieut. *Jacob Farrington*, of Andover, Massachusetts, and *Benjamin Bradley*, of Rumford—two of the stoutest men of their time—headed one of Rogers' parties. Coming to the door of the house, where the dance had taken place, they pushed against it so violently that the hinges broke, and Bradley fell in

* Jacob Hoyt, Esq., says that in this party were Phineas Virgin, Joseph Eastman, (called *deacon*), and Moses Eastman.

head-foremost among the sleeping Indians. Before they could make resistance, all the Indians in the room were killed. In returning, wearied, exhausted, cold and almost destitute of provisions from this expedition, the rangers struck Connecticut river, in the month of November, at the upper Coös, which they mistook for the lower Coös. Here they parted. Bradley took a point of compass which, from the lower Coös, would have brought him to the Merrimack; but at the upper Coös, would bring him out near the White Hills. He remarked on starting that if he was in his full strength, he would be at his father's house in three days. He started, tradition says, with a party of four or five men, but they never reached home. It is supposed they all perished with hunger and cold amid the snows of the wilderness. In the following spring a party of hunters found the bones of a man in Jefferson, near the White Hills. Near by were three half burnt brands piled together, and a quantity of silver broaches and wampum lay scattered about. The hair was long, and tied with a ribbon such as Bradley wore. No arms were with him, nor any signs of his companions.* Bradley was only twenty-one years of age.

Mr. Jacob Hoit relates that his uncle, *Stephen Hoit*, was with Bradley when they started from upper Coös, and that the following spring some clothes and other things were found on an island in the Winnepissiogee lake. Among them was a snuff-box, marked *Stephen Hoit*, found by Capt. Archelaus Miles, of Canterbury.

DAVID EVANS, of Rumford, was one of the rangers who was in the fight at St. Francis. He was a sergeant, and led a party from upper Coös down the Connecticut to Number Four. He stated that the rangers at times suffered every hardship which men could endure; that one night, while the men of his party were asleep in the camp, his own cravings for food were so insupportable, that he awoke from a sleep, and seeing a large knapsack belonging to one of his comrades, opened it, in hopes of finding something to satisfy his hunger; that he found in it *three human heads*; that he cut a piece from one of them, broiled and ate it, while the men continued to sleep; but said that he

* See Rem. of French War and Stark's Life, app., p. 160, 161.

would sooner die of hunger than do the like again. He observed "that when their distresses were greatest, they hardly deserved the name of human beings."*

NATHANIEL EASTMAN, fourth son of Capt. Ebenezer, was in the battle fought at Lake George, in September, 1755, between Gen. Johnson's forces on the one side, and the French Baron Dieskau's troops and Indians on the other. Mr. Eastman was in Col. Williams' regiment of twelve hundred men, who, nearly surrounded by the French, fought with the utmost desperation. Eastman was wounded in the knee. He, however, continued to fire at the enemy, till he was left almost alone by the retreat of the advanced guards. He then limped through the woods, and joined his company. Gen. Dieskau was wounded and taken prisoner. He praised the valor of Johnson's troops, saying, "that in the morning they fought like brave *boys*; at noon, like *men*; but in the afternoon like *devils*!" †

STILSON EASTMAN, a grandson of Capt. Ebenezer Eastman, was a ranger under Lieut. John Stark, and was in the bloody fight near Ticonderoga, in January, 1757: when Major Rogers was twice wounded, and the command devolved on Lieut. Stark. Eastman said that on receiving his second wound, Major Rogers advised a retreat; but Stark, taking the command, declared he would shoot the first man that fled, and that he would fight the enemy till dark; and then, if necessary, retreat. While Stark was speaking, a ball broke the lock of his gun; at the same time, observing a Frenchman fall, he sprang forward, seized his gun, returned to his place, and continued the fight.

At Crown Point Gen. Amherst had command of the army. The General was so fond of milk that he kept a cow in camp, which had liberty to run at large, to find the best feeding ground. It so happened after a while that the cow was missing, and could not be found; soldiers were sent in various directions, but could not find her. At length Eastman was sent with others, and he found her, to the great joy of the General, who, as a reward, ordered Eastman's canteen to be filled. Eastman at this was as well pleased as the General, for no one loved the good *crater*

* Rem. of French War and Stark's Life, app., p. 162.

† Reminiscences of French War, app., p. 143.

better than he. The cow had strayed away into a piece of meadow, where she found good feed. Well, for the sake of getting the good *crater*, he occasionally drove the cow to the same by-place, where no one could find her but himself, and whenever he brought in the cow he got his pay in the canteen.*

JOHN SHUTE and JOSEPH EASTMAN, both from Rumford, belonged to Rogers' rangers. They were mess-mates through the French war, equally distinguished for their enterprise, hardihood and trustworthiness. John was the son of Jacob Shute, and Eastman, born May 20, 1720, was probably a nephew of Capt. Ebenezer, and son of Joseph, of Salisbury. In 1760, General Amherst, at Crown Point, wished to send despatches to General Murray, at Quebec — the distance through the wilderness being estimated at five hundred miles. Major Rogers was directed to select men to bear the despatches; and on account of the difficult and dangerous nature of the service, a reward of fifty pounds was offered to any *four* who would volunteer to perform it. Sergeant Beverly, who had been a prisoner of war, and escaped from Canada the preceding year, with *John Shute, Joseph Eastman* and *Luaxford Goodwin*, volunteered for the hazardous enterprise.

Having received particular instructions and orders from Major Rogers, as to the route, they took the despatches, and also numerous letters from officers at Crown Point to their friends in Quebec, and first proceeded under a convoy to Missisqui Bay. Thence they were to travel on foot to Quebec, taking the route by St. Francis, which the rangers under Rogers had travelled the year before. In relating the incidents of this journey, as Mr. Shute often did, in after life, † he says:

With these instructions, they left the Bay, and proceeding many days through wet, marshy grounds, where they could scarcely find a dry spot to encamp upon at night, they reached the St. Francis one Sunday morning, striking the river just above a rapid. They now consulted whether it was better for them to *disobey orders*, and cross immediately, or to wait until night. They came to a conclusion that

* Tradition by Jonathan Eastman, Esq. For further notice of Stilson Eastman, see Biographical Chapter.

† This account was taken down from Mr. Shute's lips, by Samuel A. Kimball, Esq., about the year 1820.

they were far enough from the army to be their own masters, and determined to cross the river as soon as possible. For this purpose, they collected a quantity of driftwood and constructed two rafts, at some distance above the falls, in order that two of the party might first cross, and if they found no cause of alarm, notify the others to follow with the letters. By casting lots, it fell upon Shute and Eastman to cross first, who immediately pushed off; but as they had no better instruments than poles with which to work the raft, the current proving stronger than they expected, carried them some distance down stream, and they saved themselves by leaping upon a rock, just at the head of the falls, against the point of which their raft struck. They saved their guns and knapsacks, with all their provisions and ammunition.

After reconnoitering, and finding no traces of the enemy, they called to the others to come over, warning them to attempt the passage higher up the stream; but, not sufficiently regarding this caution, their raft was suffered to enter the current, where it soon became unmanageable. Finding that they must go over the falls, they threw down their poles and cried for mercy. Shute and Eastman told them to throw off their clothes and sit down, which they did; and the raft went down the rapids. From a tree which overlooked the stream, Shute and his companion watched their descent, as they alternately appeared and disappeared, passing through a rapid of nearly an eighth of a mile in extent. They then ran down to the foot of the fall, when they found Beverly climbing up the bank, and Goodwin clinging to a press of driftwood, whom they extricated from his perilous situation. By this disaster, two of the party had lost their arms, clothing, and provisions, together with all the letters. Shute and Eastman here divided their clothing and provisions with the other two, and the whole party again consulted as to the expediency of going forward, or returning. They considered that if they should fall into the enemy's hands without their papers, they would be in danger of being hanged as spies; and if they went back Rogers would call them cowards, and traitors, who had made up a false and improbable account, to excuse their own imbecility. They concluded rather to take their chance of the cruelty of the enemy, than meet the reproaches of Rogers, and proceeded on their journey. From this place they proceeded through a wet, swampy country, with scarcely any provisions for several days, until one Sunday morning, when they heard the sound of a bell. They followed the sound, and came in sight of people going to a Catholic Chapel. Concealing themselves until the services had commenced, and all was quiet, they entered a house whose occupants were at church, helped themselves to provisions and clothing, and retired.

From this they followed a foot path into the woods, which, at a quarter of a mile's distance, brought them to a log house, against the gable end of which a ladder rested, leading to a door fastened with a padlock, which, breaking open with their hatchets, they discovered a large chest, filled with female clothing of the richest quality.

Helping themselves to a share of the plunder,* they pursued their march in the woods, avoiding all roads, until nearly night, when they ventured again to approach the settlements. After the village people had retired to rest, they entered a barn in quest of a hog for provision. As they opened the door, a calf ran out, which they killed and divided into four parts. Then proceeding to the garden of a gentleman's house, they rifled it of what vegetables they had occasion for, and after doing all the mischief they could in the garden, it being part of the rangers' creed to do their enemies all the damage in their power, retreated. Retiring with their booty about four miles into the woods, they kindled a fire, refreshed themselves with part of their provision, dried the remainder in the smoke, and made moccasins of the skin.

Pursuing their march three or four days, they ascended a high hill, the top of which exhibited memorials of an Indian encampment the winter before.

From this eminence they saw, for the first time, the river St. Lawrence, and a large encampment of regular troops upon the bank. This was about twenty miles above Quebec. The party were here in doubt whether the troops were French or English; but sergeant Beverly determined, against the consent of the others, that he would ascertain whether they were friends or foes; and, if foes, would make a signal, that they might take care of themselves. His companions watched his progress, saw him stopped by the sentinel, and after a moment's pause, enter the camp, where several officers shook hands with him; upon this, they all followed and were received with open arms by the English. After stating their business to the commander, he put them on board a boat, to proceed to head quarters at Quebec, where they arrived at midnight, and were conducted to General Murray's kitchen. There they slept upon the floor until morning, when they were severally conducted into a large hall, lined with mirrors, in which were about one hundred officers. There, says Mr. Shute, "each man received a glass of liquor, such as I have never tasted before nor since, nor have I ever drank any thing so good in my life." After this they were directed to tell their several stories, which, as they had previously agreed upon a statement of facts, coincided very well, although they were separately examined. The General and the soldiers made them welcome, and invited them to remain as long as they pleased. After resting a few days they applied to the General for leave to return, who told them to wait a few days longer, and they should move with the army toward Montreal, and that he would give them four guineas each, extra pay. They did so, and joined their own corps at Montreal, in September. Rogers arriving soon after there, they witnessed the surrender of Canada, September 8, 1760.

General Murray is represented by Mr. Shute as a small, active old gentleman, prompt and decisive in all his movements, and a great

* Shute made himself a frock of one of the gowns, and brought home another, of the finest silk.

favorite with the soldiers. While he commanded the garrison at Quebec, after the surrender of that city to the English, some time before his advance to Montreal, Monsieur Levi made an attempt to recapture Quebec. Gen. Murray advanced to meet him at Sillery, with three thousand men; a severe action took place, and the English were driven back to the city, which they defended against the subsequent siege of the French General; who, after several attacks and ineffectual cannonade, drew off his troops, and retired toward Montreal.

After the war, Mr. Shute was accustomed to go on hunting excursions to the northern parts of New-Hampshire and Maine, accompanied only by his dog. One day,* when the snow was on the ground, he discovered that a catamount was on his track; and knowing, from the habits of the animal, that he would be likely to have an encounter, he went immediately to his camp and built a large fire, so that the catamount could not reach him without passing through the fire. Shute and his dog then lay down in the camp. The catamount soon made his appearance before the camp, and walked forward and back several times, growling frightfully. At length he stood up on his hind legs, and screamed terribly; (as Mr. Shute expressed it, "yelled like a serpent;") jumped through the fire into the camp, seized the dog, and turned to jump out. At that instant Mr. Shute discharged his gun into the bowels of the beast, which fell dead upon the fire. The dog was so injured by the teeth of the catamount and the fire, that he could do but little service afterward. At one time Mr. Shute brought home furs from a hunting excursion, sufficient, with the additional value of a heifer, to build him a barn. One of the double-spring steel traps which he used in hunting beaver is now in the possession of his nephew, Moses Shute, Esq. A sword which he owned was also preserved for many years by the same gentleman, but was taken from his house by some person unknown, and all trace of it lost.†

"BILL PHILLIPS."

One of Rogers' rangers, who spent several years of his life in Concord, was William Phillips, called *lieutenant*, and familiarly known as "Bill Phillips." He was part Indian — his father

* Tradition, as related by Rev. Ephraim Abbot, who heard the story from Mr. Shute himself.

† See further account in obituary notice of John Shute, 1829.

being of French or Dutch extraction. He came from the region of Albany, and enlisted in Rogers' company in 1755; soon after became a sergeant, and after the battle on Lake Champlain, January 21, 1757, he received a lieutenant's commission, which was signed by the Earl of Loudon.* In the bloody fight at Lake George, March 13, 1758, when Phillips and his company of about twenty men were nearly surrounded by about three hundred Indians, he said to Rogers, "if the enemy would give good quarters, he thought it best to surrender; otherwise he would fight while he had one man left to fire a gun!" He and his party were all taken, and then fastened to trees by the Indians, for the purpose of being shot or hewn to pieces. Phillips got one hand loose, took a knife from his pocket, which he opened with his teeth, cut the strings that bound him, and escaped.† He was in the fight at St. Francis, in 1759. On retreating from that place, he had command of a small party, which, one tradition says, separated from Lieut. Benjamin Bradley, at the "Upper Coös;" Phillips following the Connecticut river down as far as Haverhill, or "Lower Coös;" — thence he and his party struck across till they reached the Merrimack river, which they followed, and arrived safely at Rumford. But, on the other hand, the late Mr. Isaac Shute says: "My father, John Shute, always said that Lieut. Phillips led a party from St. Francis to Crown Point, and that he afterwards came to Concord." This agrees with what Rogers says in a note to his journal, (p. 94,) after the fight at St. Francis: "Upon our separation on the shores of Memphremagog lake, some of the parties were ordered to make Crown Point, that being the best route for hunting. One party, conducted by Phillips, an Indian, * * * * reached home without the loss of a man — returning by the route which I went to St. Francis." On the way, however, the party subsisted on bark and buds of trees; chewed the straps of their knapsacks, powder-horns and pouches, and some fed upon lumps of tallow. They were reduced to such extremity that they determined to kill and eat a captive boy they had brought from

* "This commission," says Hon. C. E. Potter, "I have seen a hundred times; yes, perhaps a thousand times; for it was the first I ever saw, and I used to creep slyly to Uncle Phillips' drawer, get it and peruse it with an eager curiosity."

† Tradition.

St. Francis, but fortunately shot a muskrat, which, cooked and divided among them, appeased for a time the gnawings of hunger.*

After the French war, Phillips lived for some time in Rumford; formed an acquaintance with Miss Eleanor Eastman, daughter of Ebenezer Eastman, jr., whom he married on a *forged license*. Tradition says that the marriage took place in Lieut. John Chandler's tavern, which is the identical building now occupied by Mr. Cyrus Farrar, as a silk dye-shop in the East Village. Instead of the parish minister, the marriage service was performed by a justice of the peace — Samuel Fowler, Esq., of Boscawen.† Phillips and his wife lived together a while in a small house which stood on the corner opposite Mr. John M. Dearborn's store. They had one son. About the year 1784 Phillips' wife left him and joined the Shakers at Canterbury, who had held meetings or "*dances*," as they were called, at Phillips' house, in which his wife joined; but Phillips said he "couldn't dance, and would not join." He afterward led a roving, unsettled life — fishing, hunting and *stealing*; sometimes working at the blacksmith's trade, of which he knew a little, and at other times working at days' labor. He lived a while with his wife's brother, Stilson Eastman, but at length became a pauper, and, according to usage of the times, was "bid off," to be supported at the town charge. He lived several years in the family of Richard Potter, of Anthony Potter, of Joseph Potter, and of Ebenezer Tenney, on the Loudon road. At length it was discovered by the selectmen that Phillips had once resided in Northfield, as a blacksmith, where he had gained "a residence;" and he was put upon that town, where he died about the year 1819, supposed to be nearly a hundred years of age. Phillips' wife, Eleanor Eastman, died at the Shaker settlement in Canterbury, November 17, 1816, aged seventy.‡

* Tradition, as related by C. E. Potter.

† This Esq. Fowler was a Quaker. In 1750 he entered his protest against paying the minister of Boscawen, "not from personal dislike, but for conscience sake."

Esteemed Friend:

‡ SHAKER VILLAGE, N. H., October 10, 1853.

Eleanor Eastman died of consumption, November 17, 1816, aged seventy years. She lived in Concord, near the fort, and was once married to a man by the name of Phillips. She resumed her maiden name after she united with the society of Shakers.

Miriam Eastman, sister of Eleanor, died of dropsy, June 1, 1813, aged fifty-seven years. She was never married.

Rev. N. BOUTON, Concord, N. H.

With perfect respect,

DAVID PARKER.

DANIEL ABBOT, son of Dea. George, enlisted in March, 1759, then not quite twenty-one years of age. He was breaking flax in his father's barn, in the forenoon, when a recruiting officer came along, and he enlisted, unknown to his parents, and went away to the rendezvous at one of the garrisons at the north end of Main street. Being soon missed, his friends feared he had been taken off by the Indians; but, as he returned at night, their fears were allayed. Soon after, he marched with his corps to join the army at Quebec. Arriving at or near the Canada line, they judged from the appearance of the country that a large body of Indians was in the vicinity. The company to which he belonged was sent out on a scout, and stopped for the night; but the commander ordered every man to stand upon his feet with his gun in his hands, ready for action in case of necessity. "About noon, next day," Mr. Abbot used to relate, "on our way back to the army, the captain, not perceiving any danger, gave orders to have us form into two ranks and lie down to rest about an hour. We soon fell into a sound sleep; and, while quietly reposing, the captain halloed, and waking up, we saw two Indians and two Frenchmen standing in about the middle of the two ranks, with their tomahawks and knives ready to commence the work of death; but we sprung upon our feet and made prisoners of them. They were surly and stubborn, and the captain gave orders to shoot them through if either of them stepped out of the ranks."

One day Daniel's turn came to go on a scout with another man. The night before he dreamed that he saw the Indians roasting meat and dancing and whooping around him. In the morning he told the man who was to accompany him that, according to his dream and the *dream-book*, he should be taken by the Indians that day. "Well," said the man, "if *you* are taken *I* shall not be taken." When ready to start the man drank *health* to Daniel. About noon, as pigeons were flying very plenty, the man said—"Come, let us sit down and rest, and shoot a few pigeons for our dinner." In about five minutes afterward, the Indians fired and halloed. Daniel ran for an old *wind-fall*, where he thought he might hide and then run back to the army; but, as he jumped over it, four Indians seized him and led him

back to his comrade, who was shot in the thigh. The poor fellow cried and begged for his life, but the Indians killed, scalped, stripped him, and left the body naked on the ground. Daniel was taken to the Indian village, where he met several of his acquaintances, prisoners, who said—"Daniel, we are glad to see you, but not to see you here." The old Indian chief, who had lost a son, adopted Daniel and treated him well. Sometimes he would be sent out to work; but he pretended not to know how to work—saying "he was a minister's son and never learned how to work." At one time they told him to cut down a large tree that shaded the corn. He hacked it down after a long while, but it fell into the corn-field. When hoeing corn he hoed up corn and weeds together.

While a prisoner he was a witness to the savage barbarity of the Indians. Several English prisoners were killed by torture. The Indians dug holes in the earth about three feet deep, put their victims in, pressing them down, and then filled up the holes with dirt till they were suffocated. Some they stuck full of splinters of pitch-wood and set them on fire. Others had logs piled up near them and set on fire, and were roasted to death. Some were *jointed*, as they called it—that is, they begun at one of the little toes, and cut off one joint a day until all the toes were cut off—something being put on to stop the blood. Next, the fingers were cut off in like manner; then the wrists, &c., till the poor victim died. An old Indian warrior that was taken from the English was put to death by being roasted alive on a large rock, which was heated for the purpose.

Young Abbot remained in captivity about a year; was then sold, with six or eight others, to the French, and exchanged for French prisoners that had been taken by the English. On their way to the English army they killed a heifer and cut off pieces of meat, but were afraid to stop to cook it until night. Kindling fire at night they placed their meat around it to roast, but they were so overcome by fatigue that they fell asleep, and on awaking found the meat all burnt up. When they reached the English army the doctor told them "it was a good hit to them that their meat did burn up; for, having been without meat or salt so long, you would eat enough to have killed the whole of you."

Daniel soon afterward returned to his friends in Concord. He settled on a farm on the west side of Long Pond, where his youngest son, Nathan K. Abbot, now lives.*

A Mr. Nutter, a soldier in the French war, in returning, came very near starving to death. When he came to Contoocook river, at the Mast Yard, he was so weak that he was unable to walk. He got a few old sticks of what is called drift-wood, and succeeding in getting upon them, he floated down the river. When he got below Broad Cove, he crawled from his raft to shore, and then crept perhaps one fourth of a mile, and became exhausted, and laid down by the side of a small bank, and expected to die there; but some person came along and discovered him, and had him carried to Mr. Enoch Webster's, where he soon after died. The Nutter brook, so called, is upon the farm formerly owned and occupied by Lieut. Ezra Abbot. Mr. Enoch Webster lived near where Capt. Samuel Knowlton's blacksmith shop now stands. Mr. Webster's house was afterward destroyed by fire.

ENOCH BISHOP.

Extract of a letter from an officer in Charlestown, otherwise called Number Four, in the Province of New-Hampshire, dated October 4, 1756:

“This day arrived here one Enoch Byshop, an English captive from Canada, who was taken from Contoocook about two years since. He left Canada twenty-six days ago, in company with two other English captives, viz.: William Hair, late of Brookfield, entered into General Shirley's regiment, and taken at Oswego; the other, (name unknown,) taken from Pennsylvania. They came away from Canada without gun, hatchet, or fire-works, and with no more than three loaves of bread and four pounds of pork. As they suffered much for want of provisions, his companions were not able to travel any further than a little on this side Cowass, where he was obliged to leave them last Lord's day, without any sustenance but a few berries. Six men were this evening sent out to look for them, but it is to be feared they perished in the wilderness.”†

* Family tradition, collected by George Abbot, Esq. See further notice of Daniel Abbot in Miscellaneous Chapter — ancient houses, customs, &c.

† Copied from the New-York Mercury of October 25, 1756, in the library of the N. Y. Hist. Society, by John L. Sibly.