

The Love of Heav'n, of Hell the Spight.
 The Countries Gapman, and the Face
 That Shone, but knew it not, with Grace.
 Hunted by Devils, but Reliev'd
 By Angels, and on High Receiv'd.
 The Martyr'd Pelican, who Bled
 Rather than leave his Charge Unfed.
 A proper Bird of Paradise,
 Shot, and Flown thither in a Trice.

Lord, Hear the Cry of Righteous Dummer's wounds,
 Ascending still against the Salvage Hounds,
 That Worry thy dear Flocks; and let the Cry
 Add Force to Theirs, that at thine Altar ly.

To Compleat the Epitaph of this Good man, there now
 needs no more, than the famous old Chaucer's Motto.

*Mors mihi ærumnarum Requies.*¹

ARTICLE XVI.

The Memorable Action at Wells.

A Vessel, the Name whereof I know not, (Reader, Let it be the *Charity*) being immediately dispatched unto Sagadahock, by the charitable Compassions of the more Southward Neighbours, with Effects to accomplish it, happily Effected the Redemption of many that were taken Captives at York. But the rest of the People in that Broken Town talking of Drawing off, the Government sent Captain Converse and Captain Greenleaf, with such Encouragements unto them, to keep their Station, as prevailed with 'em still to Stand their Ground. In February Major Hutchinson was made Commander in Chief, and Forces under the Command of Captain Converse, Captain Floyd, and Captain Thaxter, were by him so prudently posted, on the Frontiers, that by maintaining a continual Communication, it became a Difficult Thing for the Enemy to make any

¹ "Death is the end of my misfortunes."

more Approaches. Lieutenant Wilson particularly hearing of a man Shot at, in Quochecho-Woods, went out with a Scout of about Eighteen men, who came upon the Indians that had shot at the man; and killed and wounded all but one of the whole Company. But now, Reader, the Longest Day [of] the Year is to come on, and if I mistake not, the Bravest Act in the War, fell out upon it.¹—Modockawando is now come, according to his Promise a Twelve-Month ago. Captain Converse was lodg'd in Storer's Garrison at Wells, with but Fifteen men; and there came into Wells Two Sloops, with a Shallop, which had aboard Supplies of Ammunition for the Soldiers, and Contribution for the Needy. The Cattel this Day came Frighted and Bleeding out of the Woods, which was a more certain Omen of Indians a coming, than all the Prodigies that Livy reports of the Sacrificed Oxen. Converse immediately issued out his Commands unto all Quarters, but especially to the Sloops just then arrived. The Sloops were Commanded by Samuel Storer, and James Gouge, and Gouges being two miles up the River, he wisely brought her down undiscovered, unto Storers, by the advantage of a Mist then prevailing. A careful Night they had on't! The next Morning, before Day-Light, one John Diamond, a Stranger that came in the Shallop on a Visit, came to Captain Converse's Garrison, where the Watch invited him in; but he chose rather to go aboard the Sloops, which were little more than a Gun-Shot off; and, alas, the Enemy issuing out from their Lurking-places, immediately Seiz'd him, and haled him away by the Hair of the Head, (in spite of all the Attempts used by the Garrison, to Recover him) for an horrible Story to be told by and by concerning him. The General of the Enemies Army was Monsieur Burniff;² and one Monsieur Labroerce³ was a principal Commander; (the Enemy said, he was Lieutenant General:) there were also Divers other Frenchmen of Quality, Accompanied with Modockawando, and Moxus, and Egeremet, and Warumbo, and several more Indian Sagamores; The Army made up in all, about Five Hundred Men, or Fierce Things in the Shape of Men, all to Encounter Fifteen Men in one little Garrison,

¹ The attack and repulse at Wells occurred on June 10 and 11, 1692, old style; June 20 and 21, new style.

² Burniff is a corruption of Portneuf.

³ La Broquerie.

and about Fifteen more Men, (worthily called Such!) in a Couple of open Sloops. Diamond Having informed 'em How 'twas in all points, (only that for Fifteen, by a mistake he said Thirty,) they fell to Dividing the Persons and Plunder, and Agreeing, that such an English Captain should be Slave to such a one, and such a Gentleman in the Town should serve such a one, and his Wife be a Maid of Honour to such or such a Squaw proposed, and Mr. Wheelright¹ (instead of being a Worthy Counsellor of the Province, which he Now is!) was to be the Servant of such a Netop; and the Sloops, with their Stores, to be so and so parted among them. There wanted but One Thing to Consummate the whole matter, even the Chief Thing of all, which I suppose they had not thought of; That was, For Heaven to Deliver all this prize into their Hands: But, *Aliter Statutum est in Cælo!*² A man Habited like a Gentleman made a Speech to them in English, Exhorting 'em to Courage, and Assuring 'em, that if they would Courageously fall upon the English, all was their own. The Speech being Ended, they fell to the Work, and with an horrid Shout and Shot, made their Assault, upon the Feeble Garrison; but the English answered with a brisk Volley, and sent such a Leaden Shower among them, that they retired from the Garrison to spend the Storm of their Fury upon the Sloops.

You must know, That Wells Harbour is rather a Creek than a River, for 'tis very Narrow, and at low water, in many places Dry; nevertheless, where the Vessels ride, it is Deep enough, and so far off the Bank, that there is from thence no Leaping aboard. But our Sloops were sorely incommoded by a Turn of the Creek, where the Enemy could ly out of danger so near 'em as to throw Mud aboard with their Hands. The Enemy was also priviledged with a Great Heap of Plank, lying on the Bank, and with an Hay Stock, which they Strengthened with Posts and Rayles; and from all these places, they poured in their Vengeance upon the poor Sloops, while they so placed Smaller parties of their Salvages, as to make it impossible for any of the Garrisons to afford 'em any relief. Lying thus, within a Dozen yards of the Sloops, they did with their Fire Arrows, divers times desperately set the Sloops on Fire: but the brave Defendants, with a Swab at the End of a Rope

¹ Samuel Wheelwright.

² "It was ordered otherwise in Heaven."

tyed unto a Pole, and so dipt into the Water, happily put the Fire out. In brief, the Sloops gave the Enemy so brave a Repulse, that at Night they Retreated: when they Renewed their Assault, finding that their Fortitude would not assure the Success of the Assault unto them, they had recourse unto their Policy. First, an Indian comes on with a Slab for a Shield, before him; when a Shot from one of the Sloops pierced the Slab, which fell down instead of a Tombstone with the Dead Indian under it; on which, as little a Fellow as he was, I know not whether some will not reckon it proper to inscribe the Epitaph, which the Italians use to bestow upon their Dead Popes: When the Dog is Dead, all his Malice is Dead with him. Their next Stratagem was This: They brought out of the Woods a kind of a Cart, which they Trimm'd and Rigg'd, and Fitted up into a Thing, that might be called, A Chariot: whereupon they built a platform, shot-proof in the Front, and placed many men upon that platform. Such an Engine they understood how to Shape, without having Read (I suppose) the Description of the *Pluteus* in Vegetius!¹ This Chariot they push'd on, towards the Sloops, till they were got, it may be, within Fifteen yards of them; when, lo, one of their Wheels, to their Admiration, Sunk into the Ground. A Frenchman Stepping to heave the Wheel, with an Helpful Shoulder, Storer Shot him down; Another Stepping to the Wheel, Storer with a well-placed Shot, sent him after his Mate: so the Rest thought it was best to let it stand as it was. The Enemy kept galling the Sloops, from their Several Batteries, and calling 'em to Surrender, with many fine promises to make them Happy, which ours answered with a just Laughter, that had now and then a mortiferous Bullet at the End of it. The Tide Rising, the Chariot overset, so that the men behind it lay open to the Sloops, which immediately Dispensed an horrible Slaughter among them; and they that could get away, got as fast, and as far off, as they could. In the Night the Enemy had much Discourse with the Sloops; they Enquired, Who were their Commanders? and the English gave an Answer, which in some other Cases and Places would have been too true, That they had a great many Commanders: but the

¹ Vegetius was the chief Roman writer on the military art; the *pluteus* was a shed or penthouse to protect soldiers while attacking a fortification.

Indians Replied, You ly, you have none but Converse, and we will have him too before Morning! They also knowing, that the Magazine was in the Garrison, lay under an Hill-Side, Pelting at That by Times; but Captain Converse, once in the Night, sent out Three or Four of his men into a Field of Wheat, for a Shot, if they could get one. There seeing a Black Heap lying together, Ours all at once let Fly upon them, a Shot that Slew several of them that were thus Caught in the Corn, and made the rest glad, that they found themselves Able to Run for it. Captain Converse was this while in much Distress, about a Scout of Six men, which he had sent forth to Newichawannick,¹ the Morning before the Arrival of the Enemy, ordering them to Return the Day following. The Scout Return'd, into the very Mouth of the Enemy, that lay before the Garrison; but the Corporal, having his Wits about him, call'd out aloud, (as if he had seen Captain Converse making a Sally forth upon 'em) "captain, Wheel about your men round the Hill, and we shall Catch 'em; there are but a Few Rogues of 'em!" Upon which the Indians imagining, that Captain Converse had been at their Heels, betook themselves to their Heels; and our Folks got safe into another Garrison. On the Lord's-day Morning, there was for a while a Deep Silence among the Assailants; but at length getting into a Body, they marched with great Formality towards the Garrison, where the Captain ordered his Handful of men to ly Snug, and not to make a Shot, until every Shot might be likely to do some Execution. While they thus beheld a Formidable Crew of Dragons, coming with open mouth upon them, to Swallow them up at a Mouthful, one of the Soldiers began to speak of Surrendring; upon which the captain Vehemently protested, That he would lay the man Dead, who should so much as mutter that base word any more! and so they heard no more on 't: but the Valiant Storer was put upon the like protestation, to keep 'em in good Fighting trim, aboard the Sloops also. The enemy now Approaching very near, gave Three Shouts, that made the Earth ring again; and Crying out, in English, Fire, and Fall on, Brave Boys! The whole Body, drawn into Three Ranks, Fired at once. Captain Converse immediately ran into the several Flankers, and made

¹ Berwick.

their Best Guns Fire at such a rate, that several of the Enemy fell, and the rest of 'em disappeared almost as Nimbly, as if there had been so many Spectres: Particularly, a parcel of them got into a small Deserted House; which having but a Board-Wall to it, the Captain sent in after them those Bullets of Twelve to the Pound, that made the House too hot, for them that could get out of it. The Women in the Garrison on this occasion took up the Amazonian Stroke, and not only brought Ammunition to the Men, but also with a Manly Resolution fired several Times upon the Enemy. The Enemy finding that Things would not yet go to their minds at the Garrison, drew off, to Try their Skill upon the Sloops, which lay still abreast in the Creek, lash'd fast one to another. They built a Great Fire-Work, about Eighteen or Twenty Foot Square, and fill'd it up with Combustible matter, which they Fired; and then they set it in the way, for the Tide now to Float it up, unto the Sloops, which had now nothing but an horrible Death before them. Nevertheless their Demands, of both the Garrison and the Sloops to yield themselves, were answered no otherwise than with Death upon many of them, Spit from the Guns of the Beseiged. Having tow'd their Fire-Work as far as they durst, they committed it unto the Tide; but the Distressed Christians that had this Deadly Fire Swimming along upon the Water towards 'em, committed it unto God: and God looked from Heaven upon them, in this prodigious Article of their Distress. *These poor men cried, and the Lord, heard them, and saved them out of their Troubles:*¹ The Wind, unto their Astonishment, immediately turn'd about, and with a Fresh Gale drove the Machin ashore on the other side, and Split it so, that the Water, being let in upon it, the Fire went out. So, the godly men that saw God from Heaven thus Fighting for them, Cried out, with an Astonishing Joy, *If it had not been the Lord, who was on our Side, they had Swallowed us up quick; Blessed be the Lord, who hath not given us a prey to their Teeth; our Soul is Escaped, as a Bird out of the Snare of the Fowlers!*² The Enemy were now in a pittiful pickle, with Toiling, and Molling in the Mud, and black'ned with it, if Mud could add Blackness to such Miscreants; and their Ammunition was pretty well Exhausted: so that now they

¹ Psalm xxxiv. 6.

² Psalm cxxiv. 2, 3, 6, 7.

began to Draw off, in all parts, and with Rafts get over the River; some whereof breaking, there did not a few Cool their late Heat by falling into it. But first, they made all the Spoil they could, upon the Cattel about the Town; and giving one Shot more at the Sloops, they kill'd the only Man, of ours, that was kill'd aboard ¹em. Then, after about Half an Hours Consultation, they sent a Flag of Truce to the Garrison, advising 'em with much Flattery, to Surrender; but the Captain sent 'em word, That he wanted for nothing, but for men to come, and Fight him. The Indian replied unto Captain Converse, Being you are so Stout, why don't you come and Fight in the open Field, like a Man, and not Fight in a Garrison, like a Squaw? The Captain rejoined; what a Fool are you? do you think, Thirty men a Match for Five Hundred? No, (says the Captain, counting, as well he might, each of his Fifteen men to be as Good as Two!) Come with your Thirty men upon the Plain, and I'll meet you with my Thirty, as soon as you will. Upon this, the Indian answered; Nay, mee own, English Fashion is all one Fool; you kill mee, mee kill you! No, better ly somewhere, and Shoot a man, and hee no see! That the best Soldier! Then they fell to Coaking the Captain, with as many Fine Words as the Fox in the Fable had for the Allurement of his Prey unto him; and urged mightily, that Ensign Hill, who stood with the Flag of Truce, ¹ might stand a little nearer their Army. The Captain, for a Good Reason, to be presently discerned, would not allow That: whereupon they fell to Threatning and Raging, like so many Defeated Devils, using these Words, Damn ye, we'll cut you as small as Tobacco, before to morrow Morning. The Captain bid 'em to make Hast, for he wanted work; so, the Indian throwing his Flag on the Ground, ran away, and Ensign Hill nimbly Stripping his Flag ran into the Valley, but the Salvages presently Fired, from an Ambushment behind a Hill, near the place, where they had urged for a Parley.

And now for poor John Diamond! the Enemy Retreating (which opportunity the Sloops took, to Burn down the Dangerous Hay-Stock,) into the plain, out of Gun-shot, they fell to Torturing their Captive John Diamond, after a manner very Diabolical. They Stripped him, they Scalped him alive, and

¹ John Hill of Saco.

after a Castration, they Finished that Article in the Punishment of Traitors upon him; they Slit him with Knives, between his Fingers and his Toes; They made cruel Gashes in the most Fleshy parts of his Body, and stuck the Gashes with Firebrands, which were afterwards found Sticking in the wounds. Thus they Butchered One poor Englishman, with all the Fury that they would have spent upon them all; and performed an Exploit, for Five Hundred Furies to brag of, at their coming home. Ghastly to Express! what was it then to Suffer? They Returned then unto the Garrison, and kept Firing at it now and then, till near Ten a Clock at Night; when they all marched off, leaving behind 'em some of their Dead; whereof one was Monsieur Laboerce, who had about his Neck a Pouch with about a Dozen Reliques ingeniously made up, and a Printed Paper of Indulgencies, and several other Implements; but it seems none of the Amulets about his Neck would save him from a Mortal Shot in the Head. Thus in Forty-Eight Hours, was Finished an Action as Worthy to be Related, as perhaps any that occurs in our Story. And it was not long before the Valiant Gouge, who bore his part in this Action, did another that was not much inferiour to it, when he suddenly Recovered from the French a valuable prey, which they had newly taken upon our Coast.

I doubt, Reader, we have had this Article of our History a little too long. We will finish it, when we have Remark'd, That albeit there were too much Feebleness discovered by my Countrymen, in some of their Actions, during this War at Sea, as well as on Shore, yet several of their Actions, especially at Sea, deserve to be Remembered. And I cannot but particularly bespeak a Remembrance, for the Exploit performed by some of my Neighbours, in a Vessel going into Barbadoes. They were in sight of Barbadoes assaulted by a French Vessel, which had a good number of Guns, and between Sixty and Seventy Hands. Our Vessel had Four Guns, and Eight Fighting Men (Truly such!) with two Tawny Servants. The Names of these Men were Barret, Sunderland, Knoles, Nash, Morgan, Fosdyke, and Two more, that I now forget. A desperate Engagement ensued; wherein our Eight Marriners managed the matter with such Bravery, that by the Help of Heaven they kill'd between Thirty and Forty of the French

Assailants, without losing one of their own little Number: And they sank the French Vessel, which lay by their side, out of which they took Twenty-Seven prisoners, whereof some were wounded, and all crying for Quarter. In the Fight the French Pennant, being by the wind fastned about the Top-mast of the English Vessel, it was torn off by the sinking of the French Vessel, and left pleasantly flying there. So they sail'd into Barbadoes, where the Assembly voted them one Publick Acknowledgment, of their Courage and Conduct, in this Brave Action, and our History now gives them Another.

ARTICLE XVII.

The Fort at Pemmaquid.

His Excellency Sir William Phips being arrived now the Governour of New-England,¹ applied himself with all possible Vigour, to carry on the War: And the Advice of a New Slaughter some time in July made by the Indians, on certain poor Husbandmen in their Meadows, at the North Side of Merrimack-River, put an Accent upon the Zeal of the Designs, which he was now vigorously prosecuting. He Raised about Four Hundred and Fifty Men, and in pursuance of his Instructions from Whitehall, he laid the Foundations of a Fort at Pemmaquid, which was the Finest Thing that had been seen in these parts of America.² Captain Wing, assisted with Captain Bancroft, went through the former part of the Work; and the latter part of it was Finished by Captain March. His Excellency, attended in this matter with these worthy Captains, did, in a few Months, dispatch a Service for the King, with a Prudence, and Industry, and Thriftiness, Greater than any Reward they ever had for it. The Fort, called The William Henry, was built of Stone, in a Quadrangular Figure; being about Seven hundred and thirty-seven Foot in Compass, without the Outer Walls, and an Hundred and Eight Foot Square, within the Inner ones; Twenty-Eight Ports it had, and Fourteen (if not Eighteen) Guns mounted, whereof Six were

¹ Governor Phips arrived at Boston on Saturday, May 14, 1692.

² Early in August, 1692. Extensive remains of the fort are still to be seen.

Eighteen-Pounders. The Wall on the South Line, fronting to the Sea, was Twenty-Two Foot High, and more than Six Foot Thick at the Ports, which were Eight Foot from the Ground. The Great Flanker or Round Tower, at the Western End of this Line, was Twenty-Nine Foot High. The Wall on the East line, was Twelve Foot High, on the North it was Ten, on the West it was Eighteen. It was Computed, that in the whole, there were laid above Two Thousand Cart-Loads of Stone. It stood about a Score of Rods from High-Water Mark; and it had generally at least Sixty men posted in it, for its Defence, which if they were Men, might easily have maintained it against more than Twice Six Hundred Assailants. Yea, we were almost Ready to flatter our selves that we might have writ on the Gates of this Fort, as the French did over that of Namur, (yet afterwards taken by K. William) *Reddi, non Vinci potest.*¹ Now, as the Architect, that built the Strong Fortress at Narnic in Poland, had, for his Recompence, his Eyes put out, lest he should build such another; Sir William Phips was almost as hardly Recompenced, for the Building of This at Pemmaquid. Although this Fort thus Erected in the Heart of the Enemies Country did so Break the Heart of the Enemy, that indeed they might have call'd it, as the French did theirs upon the River of the Illinois, the Fort of Crevecoeur;² and the Tranquillity After Enjoyed by the Country, (which was very much more than Before) was, under God, much owing thereunto: Yet the Expense of maintaining it, when we were so much impoverished otherwise, made it continually complained of, as one of the Countryes Grievances. The Murmurings about this Fort were so Epidemical, that, if we may speak in the Foolish cant of Astrology, and Prognosticate from the Aspect of Saturn upon Mars, at its Nativity, Fort William-Henry, Thou hast not long to Live! Before the year Ninety-Six Expire, thou shalt be demolished. In the mean Time, let us accompany Major Church going with a Company to Penobscot, where he took Five Indians; and afterwards, to Taconet, where the Indians discovering his Approach, set their own Fort on fire themselves, and flying

¹ "It may be given up but it cannot be conquered."

² Fort Crèvecoeur was the fort which La Salle built in 1680, near the site of Peoria, Illinois.