

RE: TOMHEAGON

TOMHEGAN

Re: Tomhegan or Tom Heagon, Indian friend and neighbor of John and Abigail Southwick Clemons

from SACO VALLEY SETTLEMENTS AND FAMILIES, G. T. Ridlon, 1895:

Pages 16-17

After the fall of Quebec, and white men had pushed their settlements up the Saco Valley, a few members of the tribe (of Pequawkets) remained about the head waters of the Connecticut until the beginning of the Revolution. The last mention of the tribe living at Pequawket was in a petition to the General Court dated at Fryeburg, in which the able-bodied men asked for guns, ammunition, and blankets, for fourteen warriors, and these became soldiers on the patriot side; they served faithfully under their commander and were liberally rewarded by the government. After the war they came back to Fryeburg and lingered with their families in the vicinity of their old homes where they were well remembered by the venerable people of the last generation. Among these were TOM HEAGON, OLD PHILIP, and SWANSON.

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During the first seven years while the family were living near the ponds, Mrs. Clemons saw the face of but one of her sex, that of the dusky squaw of TOM HEAGON, the Indian hunter.

from HISTORY OF HIRAM, Sesquicentennial Edition, William Teg, 1964:

Page 50

TOM HEAGON, the famous Indian hunter and trapper, and his squaw lived in their wigwam on top of the ridge (esker) close to the largest of the two Clemons Ponds. They were living there when John Clemons and his family occupied the area. Records show that HEAGON was one of the "fourteen warriors" for whom a petition, asking for guns, ammunition and blankets, was sent to the General Court of Massachusetts shortly following the outbreak of the American Revolution. He was a native of Pequawket (now Fryeburg), but yearned for this solitude. The Heagons were the only near neighbors for seven years. The two families were always friendly toward each other. Here was no race-discrimination; here was equality; democracy in full swing!

When the time came for John Clemons and Abigail to leave this world, their remains were interred on the summit of the sandy, pine-clad ridge a few hundred feet to the west of the "Indian Mound." The Heagons also rest here -- it was their wish to be interred in this place.

from FRYEBURG, AN HISTORICAL SKETCH, John Stuart Barrows, 1938:

Page 9

The most famous of the Pequawket was PAUGUS (the Oak), who was among the killed at Lovewell's Pond . . . Others of the tribe who were known to the early settlers of Fryeburg were WATORA-NUNTON, HEAGON, SCAWESCO, ADEAWANDO, NATHANIEL, TOMHEAGON, PHILIP, SWARSON, SABATIS, MOLL OCKETT, MOLL SUSSUP. TOMHEAGON was in the attack on the settlers of Bethel (Aug. 3, 1781).



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- Susup, Molly
- Phillips, Captain (Pequawket Indian)
- Lewey
- Metallak, Arosaguntacook Indian, d. 1847

Collection

Featured Articles from The Courier

Full Text

Well-Known Indians of the Bethel Area

by Catherine Newell

Note on Indian Names: The names which have come down to us identifying certain Indians are usually corruptions of the French Christian names received at baptism in Canada. There are, for example, many Indians named Peol, or Pierre, and Susup, or Joseph. Mollyockett, really comes from the Christian name Marie Agathe (Mary Agatha) which Bethel's best-known Indian received at the time of her baptism by the French missionaries. The difficulty the Indians had in pronouncing the letter "r" led to an "l" sound, resulting in "Maliagat" or "Mollyockett," more familiar to English-speaking people.

MOLLYOCKETT:

The best-known Indian from Bethel's past is certainly Mollyockett, who was a familiar figure in the area from the first years of white settlement until her death in Andover in 1816. She was a noted authority on Indian healing arts, crafts and survival skills, and frequently shared her knowledge with her many white friends. Mollyockett was born in the early 1740's, in Saco, and is believed to have spent her early years in the Fryeburg area, the tribal area of the Pequakets, her tribe. She almost certainly was one of a group of Pequaket family members who were sheltered by the English, first in Scarborough and then in Plymouth, Mass., during a colonial war in 1749, the male members of the group having sided with the English. She was at the St. Francis Mission in Canada at the time of Roger's Raid in 1759, and told of saving herself by hiding in the bushes. She was married in Canada; her daughter being baptized at the Mission in 1764. By 1766, her first husband dead, Mollyockett was living in Fryeburg, with Sabattis, with whom she had three children. The family was friendly with many of the early settlers of Fryeburg. This period in Mollyockett's life came to an end about 1770, when Sabattis' first wife arrived from Canada, and the two women physically fought to settle claim to his affections. Mollyockett lost the prolonged battle, witnessed by Sabattis, lounging on a woodpile, and several settlers. She left and soon after

joined a group of Indians in Bethel, led by Capt. Swassin. This group was visited in 1772 by Henry Tufts, whose 1804 published account relates his healing by Mollyockett. Mollyockett's remaining years were spent travelling throughout the Androscoggin Valley, from northern N.H. and Vermont to Paris and Poland. She made frequent trips to Canada, visiting her children, one of whom was a chief in Canada. Many stories about Mollyockett were recorded by white settlers, and involve her healing powers, her simple religious faith, her determined insistence on her rights as an original proprietor of Bethel, and her generosity in sharing her skills and friendship with the settlers.

Mollyockett was probably in the Bethel area at the time of the Indian Raid, and it may have been at this time that she travelled through the woods to warn a Captain Clark of Boston that his life was in danger. She arrived too late to save two of Clark's friends from Tomhegan, but did warn Clark, who held himself forever in Mollyockett's debt for the alert.

METALLAK:

Metallak is most associated with the area of Northern New Hampshire near Lake Umbagog, and, like Mollyockett, remained in this area long after white settlement. He also developed strong friendships with whites and a reputation similar to that of Mollyockett. Lt. Segal identified Metallak as being at the St. Francis Mission, when the raiding party and captives arrived there after the Sudbury Canada incident, indicating that Metallak was known to residents of Bethel before 1781. Metallak served as a guide to many prominent figures during the latter part of his life, including Governor Lincoln of Maine, and Hon. Moses Mason of Bethel for whom Metallak drew a map of the Magalloway River on birch bark. The moose antlers on display in the Moses Mason Museum came from Metallak, as did the materials which Dr. Mason transformed into the unique moose-horn chair also in the museum collection.

Metallak traveled and camped throughout the region, with members of his family, and it was his group of Indians that brought Mollyockett to Andover at the time of her final illness in 1816. Metallak lived until the late 1840's, spending his last days, infirm and blind, in Stewartstown, N.H.

TOMHEGAN:

The full name of the villain in the Indian Raid saga was Tumtumhegan, who was the regional chief of the area, centered at Lake Umbagog, including the upper Androscoggin Valley. Tomhegan differed from most of the area Indians in siding with the British rather than the Americans in the Revolution. He led the attack on Sudbury Canada in 1781 and is identified with other similar episodes. Early sources link his motives with his Tory loyalties, and a "deep hatred" toward the settlers, to which certainly must be added the disputed claim to the tribal lands above Rumford Falls, threatened settlement. Tomhegan's attack on Col. Clark, a Boston trader and a favorite with other area Indians, was thwarted by Mollyockett's warning.

In his *Incidents in White Mountain History*, Willey describes Tomhegan's death, without giving any details as to circumstances, date, or place. "He was tied upon a horse, with spurs on his heels, in such a manner that the spurs continually goaded the animal. When the horse was set at

liberty, he ran furiously through an orchard, and the craggy limbs of the trees tore him to pieces."

SABATTIS:

Sabattis is most strongly identified with the Fryeburg area. He sympathized with the American forces in the Revolution, and accompanied Arnold's March to Quebec. He also led the rescue party from Fryeburg to Bethel at the time of the Indian Raid. He was friendly with many settlers and visited Bethel in intervals until 1800. He was particularly friendly with the James Swan family, whom he and Mollyockett had known in Fryeburg, and who later relocated to Bethel. Sabattis had a fondness for rum and apparently after indulging, attempted to wring Mr. Swan's neck. Swan soundly trounced him and Sabattis ever after considered him a friend to be treated to such delicacies as choice bits of moose.

CAPTAIN SWASSIN:

Swassin, also known as Swanson or Swarson, was the head of the small Indian group living in the Bethel area when Henry Tufts stayed with them in 1772-75. Swassin joined the American Revolutionary forces and was presented with a sword in recognition of his service. True identifies Swassin as a Pequaket.

MOLLY SUSUP:

Mollyockett's daughter, Molly Susup, was a child during the 1770's and lived with her mother in the Bethel area, attending school and playing with the children of the settlers. She was noted for her athletic prowess, and could outwrestle the schoolboys. Her later romance with the then-elderly Captain Swasin was a source of worry and embarrassment to her mother, who would not allow their marriage despite the birth of a child, Molly Peol, to Molly Susup. Molly Susup later married and left the area.

CAPTAIN PHILIPS:

Another Revolutionary War veteran, Captain Philips was mentioned by Henry Tufts, and identified by N. T. True as a Pequaket, and Mollyockett was recorded as living with his group of Indians in Andover in 1788.

LEWEY:

This Indian, renowned for his physical strength, called himself by the rank of sergeant, possibly for service in a colonial war.

Other Indians who visited Bethel frequently enough to be known to settlers by name included: PEOL, BLACK SUSUP, SANLOO, ASSABEEL, QUALLIMOSIT, and PASEEL, a son of Sabattis and his first wife.

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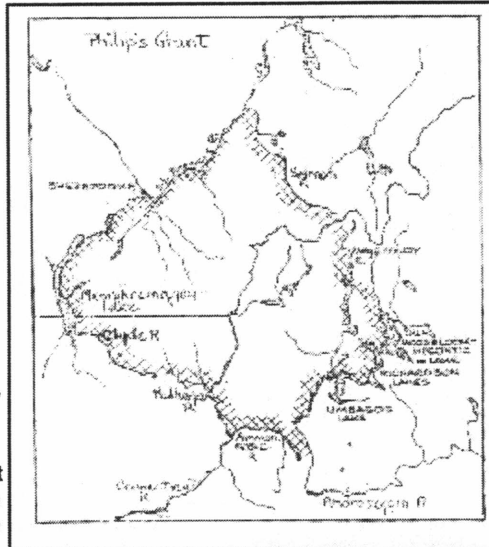
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Philip, Abenaki Indian Chief, and Philip's Grant (Orleans and Essex Counties)

By Bea Nelson



The Wabanaki (Abenaki) portions of the history of the Northeast Kingdom has been sadly neglected or overlooked by historians, ethno historians, archaeologists, and local historical societies. One of these is the background of Philip, Indian Chief and Philip's Grant. It seems ironic that Metallak, Philip's son, and Mali Agate (Molly Orcutt) members of his band, have more notoriety.

Philip

Philip, called by the English, was baptized Piel (Abenaki for Peter) or Pierre (French). He was born around 1730 near the Saco River in the vicinity of North Conway NH or Fryeburg ME and was considered a Pigwacket Abenaki whose family moved north into the Arosaguntacook, Nulheganook and Amarascoggin Abenaki Band areas when he was young.

At some point he married Molly Missile (Marie Michelle) a New Hampshire Indian who was famous for her moccasin making. They had several children the youngest being Metallak born about 1750, on the upper Adroscoggin River. Between war interruptions (French and Indian Wars, 1755-1760) the extended family operated a trapping and hunting circuit through most of what is now northeastern VT, northern NH, northwestern ME, and the Eastern Townships of Quebec, Canada; including stays at Odanak where some of the family eventually settled. After the fall of French Canada in 1760, Philip returned to live a traditional lifestyle until at least 1788. Henry Tuft's description of life among the Indians from 1772-1775 tells of two large family bands living between Lake Memphremagog and Lake Umbagog. Old Philip, Mali, Swasson, Susap, Tomhegan, are all names mentioned in his writings.

The Times

During the American Revolution (1775-1783) Philip was the leader of an Indian Band in northern NH that is usually identified as Cowasuck but in reality was Arosaguntacook, or St. Francis Indians. This band joined the rebel cause, which was unusual for Abenaki who tried to stay neutral. The English called Philip the Chief of the Cowasucks, a typical Euro American blunder that still confuses the historic record!

After the Revolution, when the peace accord was signed in 1783, the border was drawn along the 45th parallel. This boundary line between British Canada and Colonial United States cut right through the Abenaki homeland and territories. The Abenaki weren't considered in any of the agreements even though Abenaki men fought on both sides during the Revolution.

Vermont became the 14th state in 1791 and settlement pushed up the Connecticut River valley and on into the Memphremagog and Nulhegan watersheds. The Land companies claimed that no Indians lived in this area, and that they were just passing through on hunting trips. Vermont Abenaki descendants are still paying for this one!

On the British Canada side of the border, in 1792, Abenaki lands (taken over as Crown Wastelands) were opened to settlement by English speaking Protestants and loyalists, mostly New Englanders. All that the St Francis Indians retained were their age-old hunting grounds and family band village sites. Only 8,150 acres

were granted to 17 families in Dunham Township. In contrast, Asa Porter, a colonel in the British army was granted over 60,000 acres in Brome Township for his services.

Philip's Grant

In 1796 Philip, older and tired, was living in the Indian Stream Republic area and traveling to Memphremagog and the central Connecticut River valley. It was on one of these latter trips that he met up with some Anglo-American land speculators. We do not know the circumstances of the land sale, but we do know that Philip, Indian Chief, Abenaki from the St Francis tribe, (the same that inhabited the Memphremagog region) sold some 3,000 square miles straddling the border to four men; Thomas Eames and 3 associates that called themselves the Eastern Company. The price was a simple promise to keep Philip and his two wives well fed and clothed for the rest of their lives and allow all other band members fishing and hunting rights on the land in perpetuity.

The 3,000 square miles included: from Umbagog and Mooselookmeguntic Lakes in the East (the headwaters of the Megalloway and Androscoggin Rivers; South to the junction of the Ammonoosuc with the Connecticut; West to the western shore of Lake Memphremagog up the Clyde and along the Nulhegan; and North to the junction of the Salmon and St Francis Rivers. Some of the land had already been colonized by English and Anglo-American settlers. Sherbrook was begun in 1744 and the first US census of 1790 lists 700 white colonists in the upper Connecticut-Memphremagog region.

This land sale was actually illegal: since the Federal Non-Intercourse Act of 1791 prohibited any agency other than the US government from buying Indian lands within the territory claimed by the United States (as about half of this parcel did.) Also in 1793 the Continental Congress wrote up a law forbidding private citizens to buy land from the Indians. The state of NH had a similar law on the books as early as 1719. The land was of little agricultural use to the purchasers who turned around and resold it to naïve English settlers at considerable profit.

In 1798, Abenaki chiefs at Odanak sold virtually the same land to the Bedel Company for \$3,100.00. It was this sale that was the basis for New Hampshire's claim to the Indian Stream Territory. Canada at the same time was claiming it. But, the inhabitants were claiming independence from both and had formed the Indian Stream Republic with their own government: a constitution, bill of rights, courts and judges, and a code of laws. In 1835 the situation became volatile and the "Indian Stream War" came to a head when NH decided to send in its militia. It was not until 1840 that the town of Pittsburg was organized by the State of NH, which included the Indian Stream Republic and that portion of Philip's Grant.

Again a large section of Philip's Grant (Abenaki homelands) has become controversial due to its value for its wilderness, game, and beauty. Could this also be an illegal purchase? Or is it cultural preservation? Question is, ... whose culture and whose history?

Bea Nelson, Abenaki descendant, is an artist, writer, and retired educator. She is the Cultural Resource Manager for the Alnobak Heritage Preservation Center, editor and publisher of Nebesak News, and works with Historical Societies, and Statewide Agencies as a consultant, collaborator, and advisor.

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CONTAINING

FACTS RELATING TO THE DISCOVERY AND SETTLEMENT OF THE
MOUNTAINS, INDIAN HISTORY AND TRADITIONS, A MINUTE
AND AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF THE DESTRUCTION OF
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CHAPTER XVII.

SEGAR'S NARRATIVE.

ATTACK ON BETHEL. — SEGAR. — INDIANS. — CAPTURE OF SEGAR AND COMPANIONS. — MRS. CLARK. — THE JOURNEY TO CANADA. — PETTENGILL'S HOUSE. — HOPE AUSTIN. — CAPT. RINDGE. — MURDER OF POOR. — CLARK'S ESCAPE. — ENCAMPMENTS AT NIGHT. — UMBAGOG LAKE. — SUFFERINGS FROM HUNGER. — ARRIVAL AT ST. FRANCIS RIVER. — INDIAN DANCE. — BRITISH PROTECTION. — RETURN HOME.

“ With hearts unbent, and spirits brave,
They sternly bore
Such toils as meaner souls had quelled.”

ON the third of August, 1781, a party of six Indians from Canada, in the employ of British officers, made an attack upon Bethel, then Sudbury, Canada, and Shelburne, killing three men, and carrying as many more into captivity. It was the last of a long series of outrages upon the frontier settlements, commencing with King Philip's war, and ends the bloody Indian history of this region.

Segar, one of the three men captured, who published an account of this surprisal and captivity after his return, and whose narrative we have more particularly followed, had early removed to Sudbury, Canada, from Massachusetts. He had been a soldier in the revolutionary army on the breaking

out of war, had retreated from Bunker Hill, and had helped to garrison the fort at Ticonderoga.

With three others he had built a hut, and at the time of his capture was residing six miles from any white settlement. No danger was apprehended from the Indians. Since the decisive victories of Norridgewock and Pequawket, they had appeared perfectly subdued, and lived on the most friendly terms with their more powerful neighbors. Since the breaking out of war there had been some indications of returning hostility, but not enough to excite alarm. Frequently they had come to the settlements, painted and decorated for war, and occasionally, for a moment, assumed their old demeanor of insolent brutality; but their generally kind and frank manner quieted all fear, and no one imagined harm.

On the day above stated Segar and two others, Jonathan Clark and Eleazer Twitchell, were at work in the field some distance from any house. Suspecting nothing, they were entirely unarmed. Suddenly six Indians, headed by one Tomhegan, a bold, impudent fellow, well known to the settlers, painted and armed with guns, tomahawks and scalping-knives, with a shrill war-whoop, sprang from a piece of woods near by, and made captives of the three.

Having secured their prisoners they marched them to Clark's house, the nearest to the party. Here they bound them down, and, with threats of killing them if they attempted to escape, commenced plundering the premises. Clark's wife, a courageous, resolute woman, did not admire the operation, and determined by stratagem or fight to oppose it. While they were filling their bottles with some rum they had found in the cellar, she took her husband's valuable watch and hid it in the ashes. Some old clothing she allowed them to take, without making any objection: but when they demanded the

gold necklace on her neck, she plainly told them they could not have it, and summoned all her strength to fight it out. In the struggle which ensued, the string broke, the beads flew about the floor, and the Indians were never the richer by one. Not succeeding in obtaining the beads, they next demanded the silver buckles on her shoes; but the undaunted woman gave them to understand, in plain words and a shrill voice, that her feet and the buckles on them were her own, and their safety lay in not meddling with them; and so thoroughly were the fellows frightened, that they made no more attempts on her.

While this was going on, her husband and the others were quaking with fear that the Indians would become infuriated, and kill the whole party together. Says one of the trembling captives: "My fears were that they would kill her; she was very bold towards them, and showed no fears."

During the struggle with Mrs. Clark, another Indian joined the party with Mr. Benjamin Clark, whom he had just taken. Him they secured, and sat down to count their gains, and make their arrangements for escaping undetected with their prisoners. Twitchell, seeing them thus engaged, and somewhat emboldened by the courageous bearing of the woman and the timidity of the savages, slipped his fastenings, and left suddenly for the woods, where, hiding himself among the logs, he escaped the search made for him.

The Indians, having determined on their course, packed up their plunder into large, heavy bundles, which they fastened on the backs of their prisoners. Whether fearing to take Mrs. Clark or not, they left her unharmed, simply remarking, as the fearless matron followed her husband to the door, that, if she remained in the house, she would not be molested; but, if she attempted to follow, she would be killed,

for there were hundreds of Indians in the woods. Numbers, they might have thought, would terrify her, who, if they had undertaken to lead her off with them with their present forces, would have been quite likely to have turned upon them with

“Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day ;
No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.”

It was now late, and they could go but a few miles before it would be dark. With heavy hearts the poor men trudged on under their heavy burdens, their hands bound closely behind them, and their captors continually hurrying their speed, fearing their booty might be taken from them. Continuing on as long as they could see, the darkness at length compelled them to halt for the night in the hut of one Peter Austin, who, fortunately, chanced to be from home. Here they found but little to plunder. Two guns,—one of them not good for anything, which they broke to pieces,—and a little sugar, were all they could find.

Tightening the cords with which they were tied until their hands were benumbed, they compelled their captives to lie down, and, surrounding them, the savages went to sleep. Says our narrator : “Here we spent a gloomy night, which none can realize except those who have been in a like condition.” At daylight the Indians were astir, and lading their captives for the march. In Gilead, then Peabody’s Patent, they stopped at the house of one Pettengill. Pettengill himself was not in the house, but some distance from it, in sight ; and, the Indians calling him, he instantly came in. They searched the house, as usual, and found sugar and some cream in a tub, on which they breakfasted, “eating like hogs,” but gave none to the prisoners.

After finishing the repast, they told Pettengill he must go with them, and to make himself ready. But he pleaded his want of shoes; and fearing, perhaps, resistance, or the danger of having too large a number of captives, they left him, but strictly charged that he should not leave the house. Mrs. Pettengill and the children, remaining quiet, received no abuse.

They had gone but a short distance from the house when two of the Indians returned, captured and bound Pettengill, and gave him his load among the others. But, for some reason, they feared him. They dared not take him with them, and they dared not leave him free. But one course was left, and, after having proceeded but a little way, they killed him on the spot. His wife, a few days after, discovered his body, and friends from Bethel buried it.

At Shelburne the Indians became greatly alarmed. Questioning some children, whom they found at play near a small brook, concerning the number of men in an adjoining house, they replied there were ten, and that they all had guns. This so terrified them that they placed all the packs on the prisoners, and prepared themselves to take to their heels if attacked. The poor fellows, thus loaded down, were ordered to cross the Androscoggin river at a place where "it was never forded before or since." None of the men could swim, and how they succeeded in getting over, our narrator says he "cannot imagine." The fright, however, was groundless, as not a man was in the house. At the house of Hope Austin, which they passed, they found money, and other booty of less value, but left Mrs. Austin unharmed, bidding her remain in the house.

They were now on the very outposts of the scattered frontier settlements. Some miles after leaving the house of

Austin, Tomhegan, the instigator of these barbarities, left the party, and struck out into a by-path. He had not been gone long, when a gun was heard, and, soon after, Tomhegan returned with a negro, named Plato. He had been lurking round the premises of a Capt. Rindge, and, as one Poor and Plato were going out to work, Tomhegan had called to them to come to him. Poor, suspecting treachery, turned to run, when Tomhegan instantly shot him, and captured the black.

After learning from Plato that there was no one to fear but Capt. Rindge and wife, it was determined to march the captives to the house. Rindge was exceedingly terrified. He not only submitted patiently to the plundering of the savages, but even brought them articles they would never have found. Here the poor prisoners fared well. While they were eating, the Indians went out and scalped Poor. A boy named Ingalls was seized, but, by the persuasion of Rindge, was left.

Having satisfied their cupidity, they started on. Finding the number of captives too large to manage safely, they told Jonathan Clark he might return, provided he would keep the path they had travelled. Suspecting something was wrong, after going a short distance out of sight of the Indians, he left the path, and struck out into the woods. As he afterwards learned, it was the saving of his life; for, not long after he had taken the woods, two Indians who had been left behind came along the path, and would undoubtedly have killed him as a deserter.

Capt. Rindge's was the last house on the frontier, and an unbroken wilderness now lay between them and Canada. Shortly after leaving the house, the Indians took a large piece of spruce bark, and ordered Segar to write on it, that

if they were taken by Americans the prisoners would all be killed. This they fastened to a tree.

At the encampments at night the savages amused themselves by their brutal dances. Says our author, of one of these scenes: "During our tarry in this place, we were permitted to sit down and rest ourselves; but they would not permit us to sit together. This was a very rocky place. Here they took the hair of their scalps in their teeth, and began to shake their heads, to whoop, to jump from rock to rock, and conducted and acted in such a hideous and awful manner, as almost to make our hair stand upright upon our heads, and to fill us with fear and trembling. I had heard of an Indian powwow; but what tongue can tell, or imagination can describe, the looks and actions of these savages on such occasions? Such scenes are beyond description. Their actions are inconceivable. It would seem that Bedlam had broken loose, and that hell was in an uproar."

After reaching Umbagog Lake, the remaining distance was made in canoes, carrying them on their shoulders across the carrying-places. During the whole march the captives suffered exceedingly from hunger. For days nothing would be given them to eat; and, when so worn down that they could with difficulty move, old moccasins of moose-skin, tainted by the heat, would be broiled, and bits of it given them. But once after leaving the settlements until they reached the St. Francois river was anything eatable given them, and this was moose-meat, dried in the smoke. Most of this distance, too, they travelled with their hands tied fast behind them.

After reaching the St. Francois they fared better. Fish were plenty in these waters, and easily taken. Sturgeon were taken in large quantities by torchlight. As they came

among the remote settlers, milk frequently was obtained, and occasionally, says our narrator, "we had good bread and milk to eat, which was a very luscious dish, and highly pleasing to us, and we ate as much as we wanted."

But a short distance from their village the Indians commenced loud demonstrations of rejoicing. As they entered the encampment, it was dark; but the Indians made it as light as day with their torches. There were seventy Indian warriors at this place. "When we came near the shore, an Indian clinched me by the arm, and violently pulled me to him, swaggering over me as though he would have killed me. I was surrounded by the Indians on every side, with terrible countenances, and of a strange language which I did not understand. At this time there were great rejoicings among them over the prisoners, scalps and plunder, which they had taken in this nefarious enterprise."

The captives were readily given up to the British officers, except Clark. No abuse was offered them amid the wild carousal of their captors. Black Plato stood awhile as a mark at which they threw firebrands; but, crying lustily, was released uninjured.

Clark had completely taken the fancy of the Indians, or, perhaps, of the squaws. They determined on making him their chief, and had already "cut off his hair, painted him, and dressed him in an Indian dress," when they were prevailed upon to give him up. A bounty was paid the Indians by the British officers of eight dollars for a scalp, or for a prisoner.

"We were here under guard two days. After this, we were given up by the British guard to the Indians, with an interpreter, to carry us in their canoes to Montreal. About ten Indians took the charge of us. On account of contrary

head winds, we were many days in going up the river St. Lawrence. The prisoners were sometimes ordered to march by land, with a number of Indians to guard them. When we were in the canoes we were not permitted to wear our shoes. The canoes, as soon as we were on the land, left the shore even before I could pick up my shoes. When the Indians came up again, I immediately went for my shoes; but I could not find them. I asked for them, but an Indian told me they had sold them for pipes. I found some fault with them for their conduct; but they told me the king would find me shoes. These were the last things they could take from me. They had ordered me to give them my shirt before, and they gave me an old frock for it without giving me any back. I could not help myself, for I was a prisoner, and in their power.

“We at length arrived at Montreal, and were conducted to the commander. There were three of us. They examined us, and asked us many questions;—where we were taken prisoners; how long we had been in the American service, and many other like questions.

“The Indians requested the commander that they might keep Mr. Clark; but he would not grant their request. The Indians then took off all the ornaments from him, and every rag of clothes, except a very short shirt. They now received their bounty money for the prisoners and scalps. They took Plato away with them, and sold him to a Frenchman in Canada. Afterwards he was sent back to his old master, Capt. Rindge. The rest of us were given up to the British. We were ordered to go with a man, who conducted us to the jail, and delivered us to the guard, where were ten prisoners, and some of them confined in irons. Our situation now was truly distressing. We had been so worn down with hunger

and a fatiguing journey through the wilderness, and distressing fears in our minds, that we were almost ready to despond. Our allowance was not half sufficient for us. In this place were multitudes of rats, which would devour the whole allowance that was granted to us, and was of itself too small for us; but we took every measure to secure it from the rats. The lice which we caught of the Indians were a great annoyance to our bodies. We were, therefore, afflicted on every side."

After remaining in this situation some forty days, they were sent with others to an island, fifty miles up the St. Lawrence. Here they remained till the close of the war in 1782, enduring much from the extreme cold and want of food. On the general exchange of prisoners attendant upon peace, they were returned to Boston, after suffering sixteen months' captivity.

"I tarried at Newton some time to refresh myself, after I returned from captivity; and, soon after the peace, I returned to Bethel, and have made me a small farm, where I have resided ever since, and have reared up a large family. I have undergone all the hardships and self-denials which are incident to those who are engaged in settling new countries; but have lived to see the town rise from a howling wilderness into fruitful fields, and in flourishing circumstances, and peace and order promoted therein for the rising generations and those yet unborn."