

## JOHN HOAR



**“NARRATIVE HISTORY” AMOUNTS TO FABULATION,  
THE REAL STUFF BEING MERE CHRONOLOGY**



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1644

Summer: In the battle between the Covenant of Grace and the Covenant of Works, the Reverend Peter Bulkeley of [Concord](#) had been advocating works while his junior minister, the Reverend John Jones, had been advocating



good works, which was one fine reason why this junior pastor would need in this year to consolidate those parishioners whom he could influence, including two of the Reverend Bulkeley's men, and move on. Only a limited amount of such theological disconcert could be tolerated. For instance, when [John Hoar](#) of Concord, son of Joanna Hinckman Hoare, was found guilty of having opined that "The blessing Master Bulkeley pronounced in dismissing the assembly in the Meeting House was no better than vain babbling," he was fined £10, and when Dr. Reid of Concord was found guilty of having opined that he could "preach as well as Mr. Bulkeley, who was called by none but a company of blockheads who followed the plowtail," and in addition mentioned as a physician of the body that the minister had kept one of his ailing patients standing far too long

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during the administration of the Lord's Supper, he was fined £20.



EDWARD HOARE ESQ<sup>s</sup>  
 FACTORY HILL.  
 CO: CORK.  
 1860



BASE SILVER  
 EARLY ARMORIAL SEAL  
 HAVING THE DATE 1517 ON THE FACET.

It formerly belonged to the ancient Family  
 of  
 HORE of RISFORD,  
 Parish of Chagford, Devonshire,  
 Now in the possession of their descendant,  
 CAPTAIN EDWARD HOARE  
 of Factory Hill, County of Cork.



The victory in the war against the Pequot having opened up the region termed *Uncaway*, one seventh of [Concord](#)'s citizens moved with their Reverend Jones justified by his good works to fairer fields near the port *Quinnipac* (New Haven) on Long Island Sound, and participated in the founding of Fairfield, Connecticut.

**NOBODY COULD GUESS WHAT WOULD HAPPEN NEXT**





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**1650**

It was in about this year that [Daniel Hoar](#) was born to the [John Hoar](#) and [Alice Hoar](#) who would settle in [Concord](#) in 1659. This would be an only son. He would resent his father's uses of him, and while cooling his heels in the Boston lockup awaiting his being hanged for race murder, feeling sorry not about the innocent victims he had slaughtered but instead about his own sad plight, in his petition to the court for clemency preserved in the Suffolk County Court Files (Massachusetts Archives 17:1506), he would instance to them how egregiously he had been mistreated by his daddy "Yo'r poore Petitioner hath lived as a servant unto his father all his dayes and hath gathered nothing for him self save his cloaths."<sup>1</sup>

**LIFE IS LIVED FORWARD BUT UNDERSTOOD BACKWARD?  
— NO, THAT'S GIVING TOO MUCH TO THE HISTORIAN'S STORIES.  
LIFE ISN'T TO BE UNDERSTOOD EITHER FORWARD OR BACKWARD.**

1. The sensitive reader will of course be reminded of the joke –I trust it is merely a joke– about a parent-murderer who boldly petitions for clemency as an orphan.

1675

In the coming race war in New England, one or two hundred white colonists would be killed and hundreds of outlying pieces of property destroyed from a total white population probably at this point approaching 40,000.<sup>2</sup>

[The race war which we term King Philip's War was] a war before television, before film, before photography ... even crude wood engravings were rare and printed books an uncommon commodity. When the English and Algonquian peoples of seventeenth-century New England went to war in 1675, they devastated one another. In proportion to population, their short, vicious war inflicted greater casualties than any other war in American history. Yet a single image of the fighting survives: half a dozen tiny, crouching figures shooting at one another along the creases of John Seller's map of New England printed in an English atlas in 1675. It tells us precious little.... [N]ot even Christian Indians loyal to the English were spared; in the fall of 1675 most were removed from their towns and imprisoned on barren islands, where many died of cold or hunger during the long winter. Always brutal and everywhere fierce, King Phil[ilip]'s War, as it came to be called, proved to be not only the most fatal war in all of American history but also one of the most merciless.



2. The total native American population of which they professed to be so fearful, including women and children, probably numbered at this point fewer than 20,000, and a very significant percentage of this native population was Christian or friendly or allied rather than in any way hostile.

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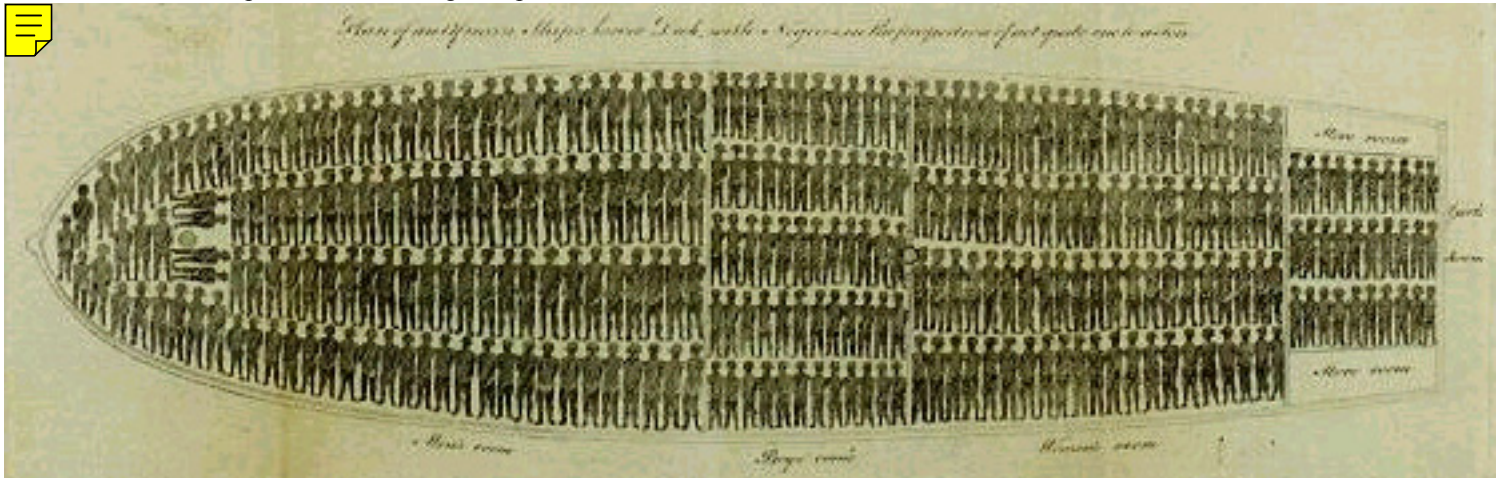
Actually, to speak very coldbloodedly about the matter, the statistics indicate that merely one person out of every 400 would die at best and one person out of every 200 would die at worst, and such statistics compare nicely with today's death rate due to peacetime automotive accidents! (A comparison statistic would be that four children die by having a heavy TV set fall on them in their home –perhaps while they are being thrilled by a videotape of “Jaws”– for every child that dies of a shark attack while swimming at the beach.) Face it, the genocide would turn out to be a really good deal from the standpoint of the white intrusives, despite what has been written about how “disastrous” [“King Phillip’s War”](#) had been. In fact, if you believe that such population simplifications can solve problems (I happen not to believe this, myself), then this amounted to minimal losses with maximal gains.

“The Whites, by law of conquest, by justice of civilization, are masters of the American continent, and the best safety of the frontier settlers will be secured by the total annihilation of the few remaining Indians.”

– Lyman Frank Baum, author of the Oz books



The intrusive culture had reached critical mass and the native culture of the *Wampanoag* and *Narragansett*, with their “Welcome, Englishman, Welcome, Englishman,” and with their “What cheer, nehtop,” was at this point doomed to be virtually extinguished. Previously, they had been the white man’s valued allies against the Pequots, but the fact was, the English were white and delightsome and these people were red and unenlightened. Uncounted thousands of the red previous allies would be offed outright and then the remnants would become available to be sold into the *international slave trade* for foreign life slavery for approximately £3 per head after being transported in a vessel somewhat like this one, the *Brooke*:



Or, if young enough and congenial enough, they might avoid all this by being resituated into domestic indentured service to white families, or exiled to tribes farther toward the wilderness of the interior.

[Below appears the rotting hulk of the slave ship *Jem*, as of the Year of Our Lord 1891 at Fort Adams near [Newport](#) on [Aquidneck Island](#).]

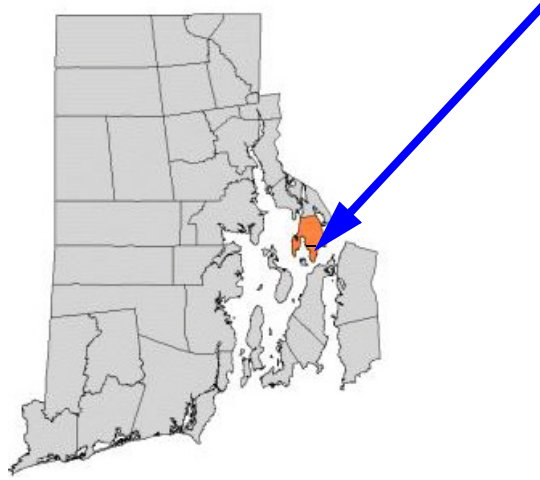




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By this point in time the promontory known as [Mount Hope](#) in the bay of [Rhode Island](#) was amounting merely to a little strip of de facto reservation land, approximately two miles wide and six long. The whites of [Swansea](#) had even erected “a very substantial fence quite across the great neck,” Bristol Neck, which was virtually preventing land access by the [Narragansett](#) to their little peninsula between Narragansett Bay and Mount Hope bay.





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**AS THE SITUATION WOULD BE REPORTED IN**

*The Present State of New-England*

*with respect to the Indian War.*

**The place where this King *Philip* doth dwell, is on a parcel of Land, called in *Engliffh*, *Mount-Hope*, about twelve Miles long, and judged to be the best Land in *New England* : And it was about thirty five Miles off of this Place to the Northward, that the first *Engliffh* that ever came there, Landed ; and by degrees built Houfes, and called the name of the place *New-Plimouth*, (becaufe *Plimouth* in *Old England* was the laft place they were at there).**

**[hearsay offered by a Merchant of Bofton]**

After the coming race war Captain Nathaniel Reynolds, ancestor of the [Concord](#) reverend who would officiate at [Henry Thoreau](#)'s funeral, would be taking possession of this one last little strip, renaming it [Bristol](#)



An attempt was made to separate the friendly Christian Indians from the wild savages, and some were brought in to Deer Island in Boston harbor. Others [primarily women and young children, and excluding any males of warrior age] were brought to [Concord](#) and entrusted to [John Hoar](#), who built a workshop and stockade for them next to his own house, which is now known as Orchard House. This caused a furor in Concord. Many considered the Christian Indians just spies and informers. The town defenses were in a precarious state [due to the fact that many of the white men were away, fighting in the race war].





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As you might imagine, the sachem *Metacom*'s take on the situation differed considerably from the attitude of the English in Plymouth and Boston.



**There are no authentic  
period depictions of  
this person.**



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Here I think that the attitude expressed by the amateur historian Reverend [Grindall Reynolds](#) of [Concord](#) is considerably more accurate and cogent than the attitude expressed by any of the professional historians of this period:

Read Philip's pathetic story recorded in Arnold's history [Arnold's RHODE ISLAND, Volume I, page 394] and you will know how it looked to the conquered. Said he to John Borden of Rhode Island:—

"The English who came to this country were but a handful of people, forlorn, poor, and distressed. My father was then Sachem. He relieved their distresses. He gave them land to build and plant upon. He did all in his power to serve them. Their numbers rapidly increased. My father's counsellors became uneasy and alarmed. They advised him to destroy them before they should become too strong. But my father was also the father of the English. His advice prevailed. It was then concluded to give victuals to the English. Experience had taught that the fears of my father's counsellors were right. By various means they got possessed of a great part of his territory. My elder brother became Sachem. They pretended to suspect him of evil designs. He was seized and confined, and thrown into sickness and died. After I became Sachem they disarmed all my people. They tried them by their own laws, assessed damages which they could not pay, and their land was taken. Thus tract after tract is gone. But a small part of the dominion of my ancestors remains. **I am determined not to live till I have no country.**"


So it is evident that life and death grapple, called King Philip's War, had to come. I am with those who doubt the accepted theory about it. Our fathers excited by natural, and for the most part well founded fears, exaggerated both the capacity and plans of Philip. They believed that he had formed a gigantic Indian Confederacy. This theory rested on slender foundations. The King Philip of the annals is certainly a creature of the imagination. The real Philip had not head enough to plan such a confederacy, nor courage enough to carry it into effect. His commanding influence, if he ever had any, began with the attack on Swanzy and closed with his flight to the Nipmucks. From that moment as a great figure he disappears. Indeed, if we suppose the affair at Swanzy to be the culmination of years of plotting, what further proof of Philip's weakness is needed? There was no preparation whatever for defense. A few hundred hasty levies in forty-eight hours swept his tribe out of existence. There is very slight evidence that he was in command at any of the later undertakings. He certainly fled for a time to the Mohawks. Had not a certain Nemesis brought him back to die on his own hearthstone, and so lent pathos to life's close, he might almost have been forgotten.





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Mary McCarthy, writing in 1946,  would term Hiroshima “a hole in human history.”

There is such a hole in human history, it would seem, at every point at which an atrocity has been committed by some group which then “won.” For instance, the hole in [Concord](#) history which resulted from the racial mass murder on Mount Misery at the watershed of Walden Pond as of the Massachusetts race war in 1675-1676, and the hole in human history which would result from the use of the Christian Dakota as hostages during the race war of 1863.

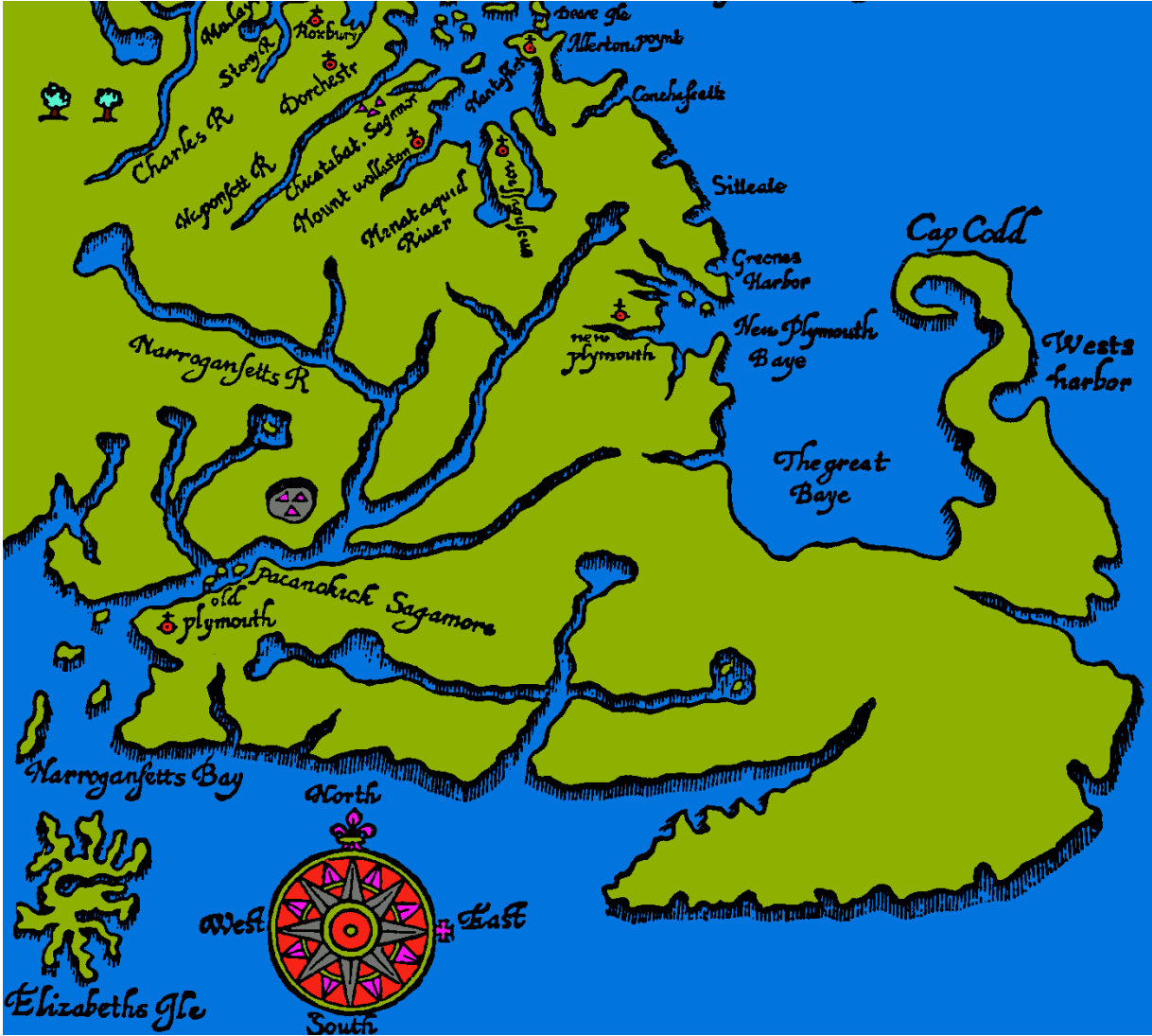


Writing thirty years after the fact of [Hiroshima](#) and [Nagasaki](#), Ralph Lapp, who had worked on the [A-bomb](#), would ask “If the memory of things is to deter, where is that memory?” He would add that “Hiroshima has been taken out of the American conscience, eviscerated, extirpated.”

With much of their territory sold or “mortgaged,” the sachems of the [Narragansett](#) became embroiled in the conflict that was intensifying between the English of Plymouth Colony and the [Wampanoag](#) sachem [Metacom](#) of [Mount Hope](#). However, when the United Colonies demanded Wampanoag women and children as hostages, they attempted to refuse.

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The following is the manner in which this sad history of hostaging is reflected in [Henry Thoreau's A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS](#):

[Daniel Gookin](#), who, in his Epistle Dedicatory to Robert Boyle, apologizes for presenting his

matter clothed in a wilderness dress,

says that on the breaking out of Philip's war in 1675, there were taken up by the Christian Indians and the English in Marlborough, and sent to Cambridge, seven

Indians belonging to Narragansett, Long Island, and Pequod, who had all been at work about seven weeks with one Mr. Jonathan Tyng, of Dunstable, upon Merrimack River; and, hearing of the war, they reckoned with their master, and getting their wages, conveyed themselves away without his privity, and, being afraid, marched secretly through the woods, designing to go to their own country.

However, they were released soon after. Such were the hired men in those days.

(Bear in mind, in excuse for [Henry Thoreau](#) here, that he did not have the unbiased, culture-independent historical materials available to him which we wonderful people have made so freely available today. All he had available were such materials as above, which he was able to cite and pay proper attention to despite their biased, culturally determined nature.)

At some point during this year, Peter Folger's poem "A Looking Glasse for the Times," of which no printed copy has survived, would comment upon the hostilities.

The Massachusetts Bay Colony enacted a special levy of the towns, to pay for the general race war. There were 49 towns. The tax for "Mendham," for instance, was £16 6s. 2d.

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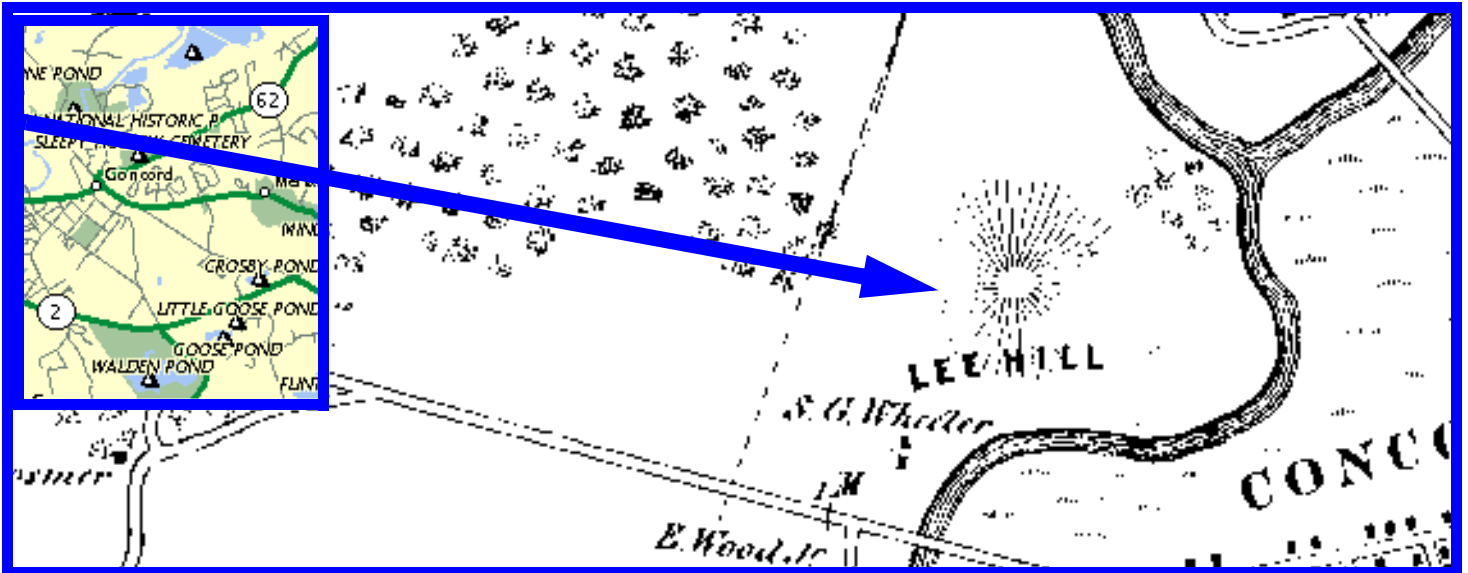
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June: News of troubles reached [Concord](#). The [Wampanoag](#), under [Metacom](#) the 2nd son of [Ousamequin](#) Yellow Feather the [Massasoit](#), had killed six Europeans at [Swansea](#) on Narraganset Bay.

**“KING PHILLIP’S WAR”**

The native villages of “Praying Indians” were [Punkapaog](#), [Natick](#), [Magunkaquog](#), [Hassanemesit](#), [Nashoba](#), and [Wamesit](#), situated more or less in a half circle around Concord. Their closest village was [Nashobah](#), which was six miles from Concord, on [Nagog Pond](#). The leaders there were [Tahattawan](#), and [Waban](#), and the [Squaw Sachem](#) to whom the armed white men had presented their hostess gifts and from whom the English town of Concord had “purchased,” allegedly, its land. The tribal remnant of the epidemics of 1617 and 1633 had moved from [Nawshawtucl](#) Hill at the junction of the Assabet and the Musketauit to beyond Nagog.



By 1675, possession and use of firearms was complete. Therefore:



An attempt was made to separate the friendly Christian Indians from the wild savages, and some were brought in to Deer Island in Boston harbor. Others [primarily women and young children, and excluding any males of warrior age] were brought to [Concord](#) and entrusted to [John Hoar](#), who built a workshop and stockade for them next to his own house, which is now known as Orchard House. This caused a furor in Concord. Many considered the Christian Indians just spies and informers. The town defenses were in a precarious state [due to the fact that many of the white men were away, fighting in the race war].



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The Reverend [John Eliot](#) jotted in his diary that:

*When the Indians were hurried away to an island at half an hours warning, pore soules in terror thei left their goods, books, bibles, only some few caryed thier bibles, the rest were spoyled & lost.*

Nearly a mile long and 210 acres in extent, this inner island Deer Island is the 2d-largest in Boston Harbor. Our National Park Service now refers to these detainees of ["King Phillip's War"](#) (a name designating the



blame for its initiation as his rather than ours) as "prisoners" and as "captives," evidently in order to create the false suggestion in the minds of current visitors that these people had been captured hostile warriors rather than what they actually were, the innocent families of the Christian allies of the white people. However, the National Park Service does acknowledge that of the approximately 500 nameless persons whom they denominate "prisoners" and "captives," the few who survived the 1675-1676 winter of exposure and starvation had been subsequently enslaved on the mainland.



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Awashonks, the Squaw Sachem of the *Wampanoag* band at Sakonnet, held a dance and invited [Benjamin Church](#), a notable English settler of Little Compton, [Rhode Island](#) who during the coming genocide would make himself a white hero. When Church arrived at the dance he found six Wampanoag of *Metacom*'s band were attending in their war gear. Awashonks's husband told Church he feared that Metacom's band was preparing itself for a war which it had come to consider inevitable. Church persuaded Awashonks that she needed to remain loyal to the English.



Notice the disparity here. Church, because he was a white man, could show up armed for this meeting (below is his actual rough-and-ready sword, with a grip made out of ash wood and a guard made out of a piece of bent iron by a local blacksmith) and that wasn't warlike and alarming — but when Indian braves attend this meeting in similar attire according to their own culture, because they are not white men that is warlike and alarming.)

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December 13, Monday (Old Style): After a night of milling about, the Massachusetts/Plymouth army arrived at Smith's garrison-house at [Wickford, Rhode Island](#).



Meanwhile, in Massachusetts, Major Simon Willard, the Reverend [John Eliot](#), and [Major Daniel Gookin](#) were being put in charge of the resettlement the Christian Indians of the Nashobah community with [John Hoar](#) in [Concord](#), in a workshop and stockade built next to his Orchard House.

About the last of November, the Nashobah Indians removed to Concord; and December 13th, Major Simon Willard, the Rev. Mr. John Eliot, and Major Gookin, were appointed to order their settlement. They were placed under the care and superintendence of Mr. John Hoar, "the only man in Concord," says Gookin, "who was willing to do it." He was compensated by being exempted from impressment and taxation. This man was very loving to them, and very diligent and careful to promote their good, and to secure the English from any fear or danger by them."<sup>3</sup> The excitement

3. Gookin's MS.



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generally was so great, that the [Natick](#) Indians had been previously carried to Deer Island for fear of being attacked by the English. From this time depredations continued to be frequently committed by the unfriendly Indians on the frontier settlements; and notwithstanding the precautions of the government, the friendly Indians occasionally suffered unjustly from the enmity of the whites. Companies of soldiers were often sent for the relief of these suffering towns, in which Concord was usually represented.<sup>4</sup>

“KING PHILLIP’S WAR”

4. Soldiers often volunteered on these occasions. When they could not be obtained in this manner, they were impressed into service. Precepts were issued by the committees of militia in the several towns to the constable; and none were freed from his arbitrary will, except by a special act of the government. Nathaniel Pierce, with several others of Concord, were pressed in September, 1675, went to Springfield, and continued in the service nearly a year, till they were thus liberated. Daniel Adams belonged to a party which went from Concord to Groton when that town was destroyed. He fired from Willard’s garrison and killed an Indian. It is impossible, however, to ascertain the names of all those who were engaged in this bloody war; but it is said that nearly all the able-bodied men bore arms in defence of their homes, at some time during this conflict.

[Lemuel Shattuck](#)’s 1835 [A HISTORY OF THE TOWN OF CONCORD;...](#) Boston: Russell, Odiorne, and Company;

Concord MA: [John Stacy](#)

(On or about November 11, 1837 [Henry Thoreau](#) would indicate a familiarity with the contents of at least pages 2-3 and 6-9 of this historical study.)




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1676

February 10, sunrise Thursday (1675, Old Style): In the absence from Lancaster of her minister husband Joseph, [Mistress Mary Rowlandson](#) and her family were attacked in their garrison house there by some 400 Nipmuc who had enlisted in this race war after three of their fellows had been executed in Plymouth MA. These were the same warriors who had marched into the Praying Indian villages on November 1st of the previous year and taken, among others, [James Printer](#). (Printer eventually would help produce Rowlandson's narrative at the Cambridge Press. Was he a willing participant in this attack? Does it matter?)



Printer realized that his future lay with her (and hers with him). In the coming weeks Printer served as scribe during negotiations for Mary Rowlandson's redemption. Then, when amnesty was offered to Christian Indians who had joined the enemy, Printer turned himself in to colonial authorities, bringing with him, as required by special instruction, the heads of two enemy Indians – testaments to his fidelity. Eventually Printer returned to his work at the press in Cambridge and, in 1682, in one of the most sublime ironies of King Philip's War, James Printer set the type for The Sovereignty and Goodness of God. Mary Rowlandson and James Printer are indeed a curious pair. Their intricately linked stories are at once uncannily similar and crucially divergent. Before the war, Mary's husband, Joseph Rowlandson, was the minister of her town, while James's brother, Joseph Tukapewillin, was the minister of his. Both Rowlandson and Printer spent the winter of 1675-1676 with enemy Nipmuks. Both returned to Boston months later to live, again, among the English. But while Rowlandson came to terms with her time among enemy Indians by writing a book, Printer supplied body parts.

Of the 50 white families resident at Lancaster, 37 whites had taken refuge in this particular garrison house. The first alert was hearing the sound of shots, as attacks were made on three of the other four garrison houses in the settlement. Four of the five fortifications would be able to withstand the attack,<sup>5</sup> but from her own garrison house and its surroundings, none of the pack of "six stout Dogs belonging to our Garrison," she would complain, would be willing to stir,<sup>6</sup>



though another time, if any Indian had come to the door, they were ready to fly upon him and tear him down. The Lord thereby would make us the more to acknowledge his hand, and to see that our help is always in him.

CAPTIVITY AND RESTAURATION

After two hours of assault, the attackers managed to set the house ablaze. Of the occupants, 12 would be killed, 5. These surviving colonists of Lancaster, including the family of Daniel Hudson (1), would seek shelter in [Concord](#).

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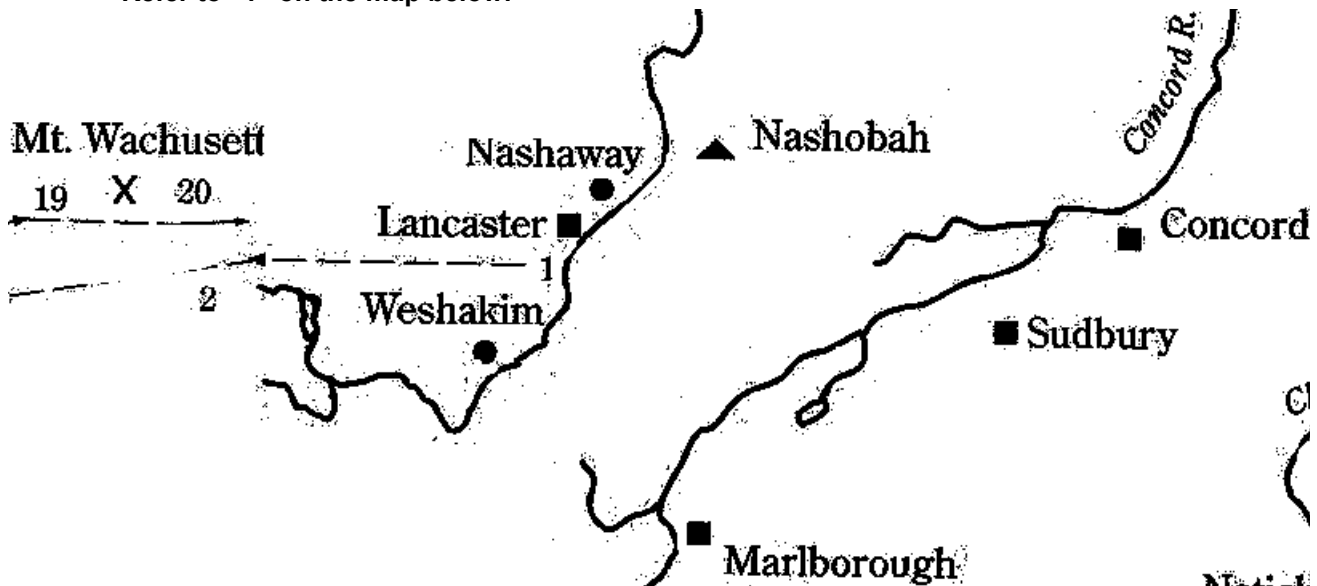
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one would escape, and 24 would be held for ransom.

By now, Indian captivity is just another roadside attraction. In Lancaster MA, a sign recounts where hostage [Mary Rowlandson](#) camped with Indians after they burned the town in 1676. In Letchworth State Park (NY) is a statue of Mary Jemison.... Virginia's Hungry Mother State Park... In eastern Kentucky, Jenny Wiley State Resort Park... Texas marks the spot where, in 1836, Cynthia Ann Parker was grabbed... You don't have to drive far in America to find the roadside story of a white woman in distress.



Refer to "1" on the map below:



Mistress Rowlandson would relate, "Then I took Children (and one of my sisters, hers) to go forth and leave the house: but as soon as we came to the dore and appeared, the Indians shot so thick that the bullets rattled against the House, as if one had taken an handfull of stones and threw them, so that we were fain to give back." Finally she was forced to leave the burning house. Immediately she saw her brother-in-law fall, dead from wounds; her nephew, whose leg was broken, killed, and her sister shot. She herself was shot through the side, the child she carried in her arms being struck by the same bullet. There were 13 killed and 24 taken captive.

According to her account, "I had often before this said, that if the Indians should come, I should chuse rather

6. You can consult [Mistress Mary Rowlandson's](#) captivity narrative THE SOVERAIGNTY AND GOODNESS OF GOD, TOGETHER WITH THE FAITHFULNESS OF HIS PROMISES DISPLAYED; BEING A NARRATIVE OF THE [CAPTIVITY AND RESTAURATION OF MRS. MARY ROWLANDSON](#) most conveniently (on paper) in Richard VanDerBeets's edition HELD CAPTIVE BY INDIANS: SELECTED NARRATIVES, 1642-1836 (Knoxville TN: U of Tennessee P, 1973). Also see Slotkin, Richard and James K. Folsom, ed., SO DREADFULL A JUDGEMENT: PURITAN RESPONSES TO KING PHILIP'S WAR, 1676-1677 (Middletown OH: Wesleyan UP, 1978). Those of us who interest themselves in this sort of thing will be interested to learn that, according to Friend [William Edmundson's](#) journal, pages 79-80 (Dublin, 1715), some [Quakers](#) of that period were carrying the doctrine of nonresistance to evil to such a point that when the Indian alarm was given, they were refusing to take refuge in the community blockhouses. Our history books tell us that this refusal to play war was very annoying to the other white people, to the point of beginning to persecute these refusers for their persistent utterly selfish refusal to stand guard in the common defense — strangely our history books do **not** inform us that nothing of the sort actually happened, because in fact despite what Friend William asserted, the Quakers did indeed seek refuge in blockhouses protected by guns. just like all the other white people!



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to be killed by them then taken alive but when it came to the tryal my mind changed; their glittering weapons so daunted my spirit, that I chose rather to go along ... then that moment to end my days....” Mary Rowlandson would sojourn as a servant with her captors for almost three months, as they journeyed westward to the Connecticut River and northward into Vermont and New Hampshire. Wounded in her side and carrying the wounded child, for the first three days there would be not only no roof over their head, but nothing whatever to eat. At times a warrior would carry the child for her, but when she and the child were put on a horse she fell off, not knowing how to ride bareback. Finally she and her feverish child would be able to ride behind a warrior.

On the fourth day, Mistress Rowlandson would meet Robbert Pepper, who had been captured during the ambush at Beers Plain in Northfield the previous September. He would suggest that she put a poultice of oak leaves on her wound, as that had earlier cured a wound on his own leg. On February 18th, Mary’s child would die in her arms and be buried by the warriors on a hillside. Her other daughter was in the custody of another warrior and she would soon learn that her son was alive, in a nearby encampment. Although she was a captive, the natives would make no attempt to prevent her from seeing her children. They would give her a Bible to read. At the end of February, Mary Rowlandson and her master and mistress would leave the main body of warriors behind, so she would not see her daughter again until she was ransomed. In March the small warrior band with which she traveled moved on to Miller’s River (Baquaug) in Orange, Massachusetts, followed closely by a troop of English. Again, according to her account, “... then they made a stop, and chose some of their stoutest men, and sent them back to hold the English Army in play whilst the rest escaped: And then, like Jehu, they marched on furiously, with their old, and with their young: some carried their old decrepit mothers, some carried one, and some another.” When the group would reach Miller’s River, everyone would begin cutting dry trees to make rafts to cross the stream on that very cold day. Mistress Rowlandson would rejoice at being able to cross without chilling her feet. “The chief and commonest food was [Ground-nut](#): They eat also Nuts and Acorns, Harty-choaks, Lilly roots, Ground-beans, and several other weeds and roots, that I know not. They would pick up old bones, and cut them to pieces at the joynts, and if they were full of wormes and magots, they would scald them over the fire to make the vermine come out, and then boile them, and drink up the Liquor, and then beat the great ends of them in a Morter, and so eat them. They would eat Horses guts, and ears, and all sorts of wild Birds which they could catch: also Bear, Vennison, Beaver, Tortois, Frogs, Squirrels, Dogs, Skunks, Rattle-snakes; yea, the very Bark of Trees; besides all sorts of creatures, and provision which they plundered from the English.” Rowlandson would be part of a very large Amerindian encampment at Squakeag (Northfield, Massachusetts). While the group remained there, her son Joseph would be able to come for a short visit. During her stay in this area, she would meet Metacom and he would offer her a pipe of [tobacco](#), which she would decline “though I had formerly used Tobacco, yet I had left it ever since I was first taken. It seems to be a Bait, the Devil layes to make men loose their previous time: I remember with shame, how formerly, when I had taken two or three pipes, I was presently ready for another, such a bewitching thing it is. But I thank God, he has now given me power over it; surely there are many who may be better employed than to ly sucking a stinking Tobacco-pipe.” Mrs. Rowlandson would make clothes and barter them to her captors. In this way, for instance, she would obtain a broth thickened with the bark of a tree, and a knife. When



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Metacom would give her a shilling for making a shirt for his boy, she would offer the shilling to her master and he would allow her to keep it. From Squakeag, the tribe would move up into New Hampshire near the Ashuelot valley and then up to Chesterfield. During this period of her captivity, Mistress Rowlandson would see her son several times, but then he would be sold to a new master and she wouldn't see him again until he would finally be ransomed in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Finally, when she thought she would never be taken eastward again, the group began to retrace its route to Miller's River, then to Petersham, and finally to Mount Wachusett. Here negotiations for her ransom would begin toward the end of April. On May 2, 1676, Mary Rowlandson would be exchanged at Redemption Rock for a ransom of twenty English pounds. When she would return to Lancaster, there would be not a single English to be seen and not a single house still standing.

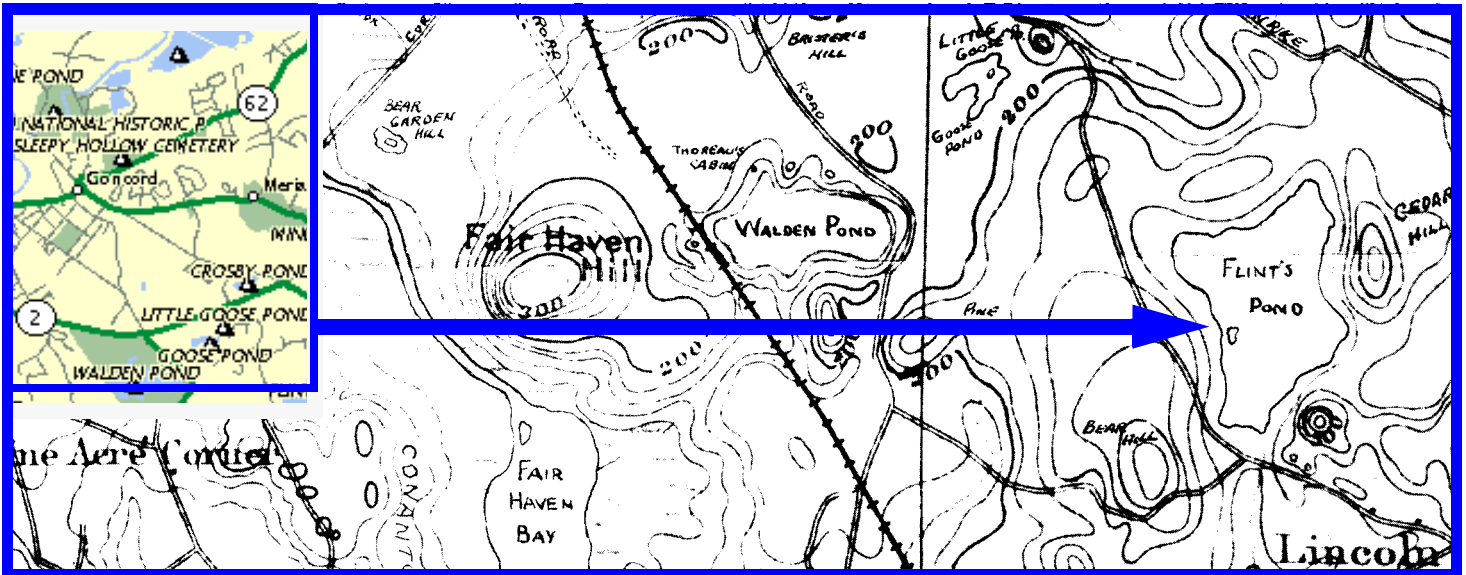
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On this same date, or perhaps a week later than this: When the Praying Indians of [Concord](#), who were Nashobah, were restricted to within a mile of their settlement on Flint's Pond or Sandy Pond,

["KING PHILLIP'S WAR"](#)



(or to within a mile from the outskirts of beautiful downtown [Concord](#), for it doesn't seem to be clear where the white people intended their local free-fire zone to begin and end) one of the things this meant was that they would starve. For this restriction prevented them from cultivating their cornfields. During a period of heavy snow the Native American villages of the Concord area, praying-ized by the Reverend John Eliot<sup>7</sup> and not, were surrounded while in their lodges by troops from Marlborough led by Captain Samuel Mosely, roped together at the neck, and herded through Concord to what can only be described as a concentration camp on barren Deer Island, a site chosen of course because no white people had been able to subsist there.<sup>8</sup> "Tis Satan's policy, to plead for an indefinite and boundless toleration." Most of the hostages would die there of exposure and starvation. There were only 58 of the Reverend Eliot's Praying Indians left in the Concord area, mostly Nashobah women and children. [John Hoar](#) of Concord delegated himself to supervise these people, and built a stockade for them, with workshops, near his home south of the millpond:<sup>9</sup>

7. The Reverend John Eliot was doing what he could to shield his flock "when some of the people of Massachusetts, actuated by the most infuriate spirit, intended to have destroyed them" (ALLEN'S BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY), but his position was inevitably a compromised and therefore a compromising position. It was much easier to make them be Christians than it was to force Christians to treat them like Christians.

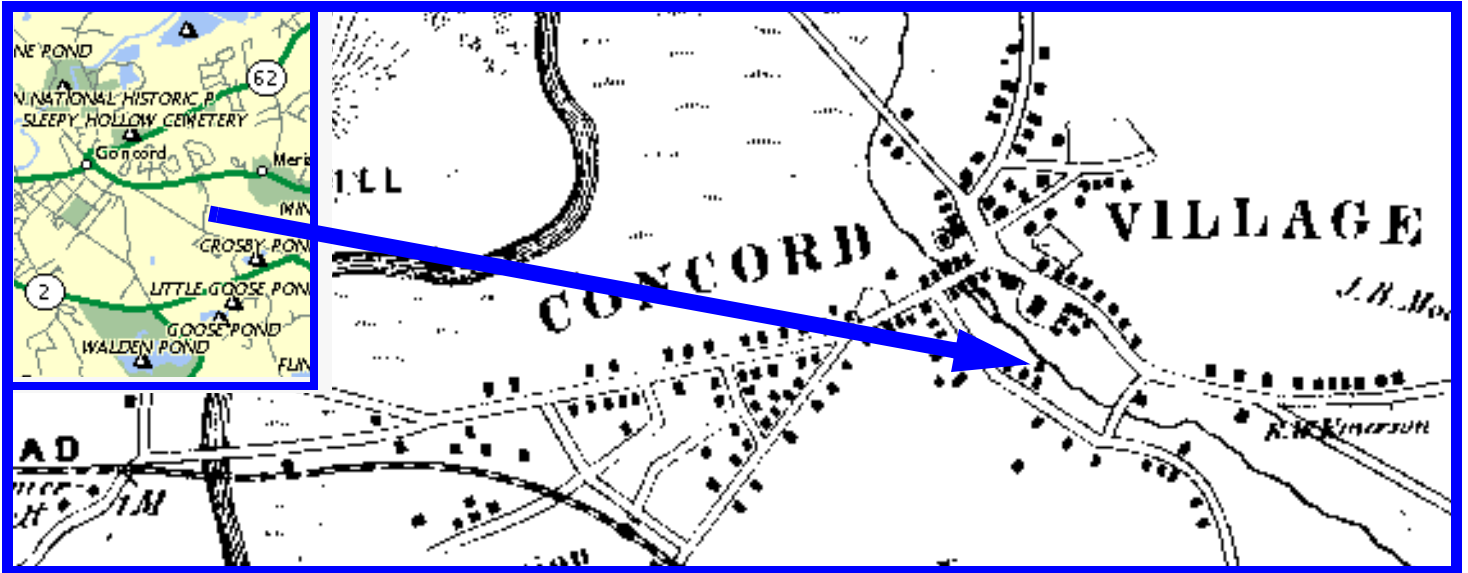
8. A concentration camp for Praying Indian hostages would also be set up on Clark's Island, off Plymouth MA.

9. The [John Hoar](#) stockade was near where the Alcott home known as "Orchard House" would one day stand.

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These people worked during the day and were locked into the stockade at night, at least in part for their own defense. At one point [John Hoar](#) hitched up an ox team and went back the eleven miles to Nashobah Plantation, to retrieve some of the supply of corn that had been laid by for their winter sustenance. Because of this, these people would be in the very last of the detachments sent out to Deer Island. However, some townspeople were not in favor of this, and surreptitiously sent word to the infamous Captain Samuel Mosely.



An attempt was made to separate the friendly Christian Indians from the wild savages, and some were brought in to Deer Island in Boston harbor. Others [primarily women and young children, and excluding any males of warrior age] were brought to [Concord](#) and entrusted to [John Hoar](#), who built a workshop and stockade for them next to his own house, which is now known as Orchard House. This caused a furor in Concord. Many considered the Christian Indians just spies and informers. The town defenses were in a precarious state [due to the fact that many of the white men were away, fighting in the race war].



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One Sunday soon afterward Captain Samuel Mosely, acting on his own authority, came with his soldiers to [Concord](#) worship, and afterward addressed the congregation. He then marched out to the Hoar stockade, followed by a rabble of townspeople, and demanded that [John Hoar](#) allow him to “inspect” the remaining Praying Indians. He placed his soldiers on guard around the stockade that night, and the next morning caused the Native Americans to be assembled and marched between two files of horsemen to internment on Deer Island. His soldiers of course stripped the Nashobah even of their shirts and shoes, stealing anything worth taking.<sup>10</sup>



### VALUES TO DEFEND!

The town council of Concord did not reprove Mosely: of course not, for the Nashobah being gone meant more arable fields that could be seized by white farmers.

We have a note that the wife of Joseph Petuhanit<sup>11</sup> was in this group of hostages.

**“KING PHILLIP’S WAR”**

10. [Major Daniel Gookin](#), “An Historical Account of the Doings and Sufferings of the Christian Indians in New England in the Years 1675, 1676, 1677,” 1836 edition, pages 495-7; MASSACHUSETTS STATE ARCHIVES XXX, 185a.

11. She had a name, but we don’t know it, do we?



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In this timeframe [Nathaniel Wilder](#) and Mary Sawyer Wilder fled to Sudbury, near [Concord](#).

Meanwhile, it has been alleged, on February 10th at their farm near [Concord](#), the white brothers Isaac and Jacob Shepard were being killed by Americans, and their 15-year-old sister Mary Shepard was being kidnapped. —That, however, on the night of the 12th this intrepid Mary would be able to take a saddle from under her kidnapper's head as he slept, and saddle a horse he had stolen in Lancaster, and swim the Nashua River to safety:



two Men were killed at a Farm about *Concord*, *Isaac* and *Jacob Sheppard* by Name, about the middle of *February*; and a young Maid that was set to watch upon an Hill, of about 15 Years of Age, was carried Captive; who strangely escaped away upon an Horse that the *Indians* had taken from *Lancaster* a little before.

[Lemuel Shattuck](#) tells us he obtained his information as to this incident from page 25 of “Hubbard. Foster’s Century Sermon”:

About the middle of February, Abraham and Isaac Shepherd were killed near Nashobah in Concord village while threshing grain in their barn. Apprehensive of danger, says tradition, they placed their sister Mary, a girl about fifteen years old, on a hill a little distance off to watch and forewarn them of the approach of an enemy. She was, however, suddenly surprised and captured, and her brothers were slain. She was carried captive into the Indian settlements but with great heroism made her escape. While the Indians were asleep in the night, probably under the influence of spiritous liquors, she seized a horse, which they had a few days before stolen at Lancaster, took a saddle from under the head of her Indian keeper, mounted, swam across the Nashua river and rode through the forest to her home.<sup>12</sup>

Unfortunate for this atrocity story, we can corroborate only that one such [Concord](#) farmer was killed, with the report of the brother seeming to have been merely a doubled report of that one killing, and, since Mary “got away from the Indians” so readily, and since no other traces of these marauding Americans ever turned up, there is a raw possibility, even a probability, that what we had here was a very ordinary family murder,

not interracial at all, involving no strangers at all — a very ordinary family murder of the too-familiar Susan “A Nigger Must Have Done It” Smith variety followed by a criminal fabrication, in which this Mary had offed her loving bro and then blamed the bleeding corpse on persons unknown of another race. (That’s problematic, of course, but please do note, it would be quite as problematic to accept at face value the “strangely escaped” above.)

12. [Lemuel Shattuck](#)’s 1835 [A HISTORY OF THE TOWN OF CONCORD:...](#). Boston: Russell, Odiorne, and Company; Concord MA: [John Stacy](#)  
(On or about November 11, 1837 [Henry Thoreau](#) would indicate a familiarity with the contents of at least pages 2-3 and 6-9 of this historical study.)



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The same source lists under the date of March 10th what is apparently yet another version of or exaggeration of the same rumor, that:



At *Concord*, two Men going for Hay, one of them was killed.

We can see here how it has been, that the actual 100-200 white body count of this 18-month race war would become exaggerated over time and retelling, to the point that the war has been characterized as the bloodiest, in terms of percentage of deaths among the white population, of any war in our history, bloodier even than the US Civil War of 1862-1865!



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In 1947, Townsend Scudder told the story in the following manner, on pages 30-31 of his CONCORD: AMERICAN TOWN, making the incident responsible for the willingness of the Concordians to have the Praying Indians they had been protecting roped together by the neck and marched down to the racial concentration camp that had been established on Deer Island:



At Nagog Pond, near the deserted Praying Indian village of Nashoba, Isaac Shepard, with his brother Abraham, was threshing grain in the barn. News of the attack on Lancaster had increased the household's caution. To warn of danger, the men posted their fourteen-year-old sister, Mary, on a boulder part way up the snow-covered hillside behind the house. But the pounding of the flails drowned the girl's shriek. A moment later, Isaac Shepard sprawled in death near the musket he had not had time to fire; his brother Abraham lay unconscious near him. From the barricaded house, the two men's wives saw Indians make off with the girl. Abraham Shepard rallied enough to set out through the snow with his dead brother's wife, his own wife, and his wife's small baby, for refuge at Concord. A week later the Shepard girl rode into the village. She told how the Indians had taken her on a three days' journey inland to Winnisimmet – their camp northwest of ruined Brookfield. Many Indians, she said, were at this place. She thought they had other prisoners with them. There, in the night, she had slipped from her captor's wigwam, untethered a horse, then followed her back track home. Concord felt no mood to temporize. The neighborhood was rife with rumors that Praying Indians still at large had taken part in the Lancaster massacre and raid on the Shepard farm. On the Sunday following Mary's return, just as the people were filing into meeting, a troop of horsemen clattered into town. At their head was Captain Samuel Moseley.... If the citizens wished it, he would take these vermin to Deer Island.



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Now more recently, on page 58 of John Hanson Mitchell's WALKING TOWARDS WALDEN: A PILGRIMAGE IN SEARCH OF PLACE (Reading MA: Addison-Wesley, 1995), an extrabogus version of the Mary Shepard story has resurfaced without references being cited. According to this author Mitchell's inventive elaborations, the native Americans were under the influence of a Warrior Queen, a "renegade leader," and had killed not two white men but three (the father, in addition to the two brothers), and the sister had been taken to a *wickiup* near Mt. Wachusett, from which she then escaped. Thus it is that history gets rewritten to serve the self-respect of the descendant children of the victor:

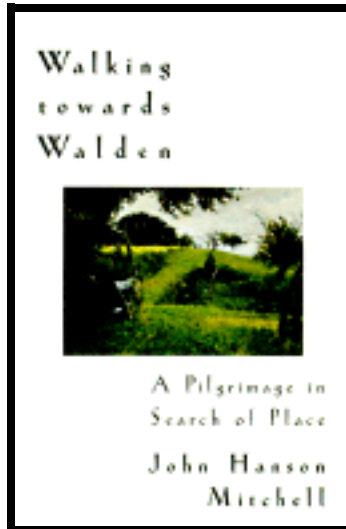


On the western slopes of the hill, in the place known as Quagana Hill, there was a farm held by a family from Concord named Shepard. There were three children in the Shepard family, the youngest of whom, Mary, in 1675 was a fair young woman of some fourteen years. According to the local histories, one February afternoon in 1676, during the hostilities of "King Phillip's War", Isaac Shepard and his two sons went out to thresh wheat in the barn at the base of Quagana Hill. Mary was posted at the summit to watch for Indians. As subsequent events indicate, Mary was a feisty, independent young woman, but she was not a good guard. Sometime in the afternoon, a small raiding band of Indians fighting in alliance with the great renegade leader Queen Weetamoo attacked the Shepard family; they killed the father and brothers and took Mary prisoner. She was carried down to Weetamoo's camp at Weninessit near present-day Mount Wachusett and imprisoned in one of the wickiups, guarded by the women or one of the warriors, possibly Weetamoo's consort, Netus. That same night, the story goes, she stole a horse and a blanket and escaped. She fled through the primeval wilderness, swam the horse across the Nashua River, and some days later arrived in Concord to report the atrocity.



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According to the diary of [Samuel Sewall](#),

2 1676. Feb. 10, 7. Mr. Sanford dyes.

**DIARY OF SAMUEL SEWALL**


**THE FUTURE IS MOST READILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT**



~~February 21, Monday (1675, Old Style): [Mistress Mary Rowlandson](#) sat reading her BIBLE in the native encampment and waiting out her period of affliction.~~

**CAPTIVITY AND RESTAURATION**

Matters were not nearly so settled on this day in the town of [Concord](#). In particular, it seems nobody there was reading the Bible — or, if they were indeed reading that book, they were not reading it **very carefully**:

 Near the end of 1675, [John Hoar](#) took a step that, although conforming to the interest of the colony's government,



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effectively sealed his marginality in Concord. In November, the General Court, having sent the Natick Indians to Deer Island, decided to pull the Nashobah Indians into Concord, "under such care and conduct as might quiet and compose men's minds in those parts." A committee composed of [Gookin](#), Major Simon Willard, and John Eliot rode to Concord to inspect the Indians and find someone to supervise their care, but "there was no man in Concord appered [*sic*] willing to take care of and secure those Indians, but Mr. John Hoare [*sic*], whome [*sic*] the Counsill [*sic*] accepted and approved."

As someone on the community's margins, Hoar may have found it easier to sympathize with the Christian Indians, who were outside both Indian and English society. He soon found his decision sorely tested. Hoar had to feed the fifty-eight Nashobahs who pitched their wigwams on his land, and costs piled higher as he began building a "house sutable [*sic*] for to teach them in manufactures." Like Eliot, Hoar apparently had plans to "civilize" the Indians under his protection by teaching them English skills. Unfortunately, his undertaking came at a time when his neighbors were more than usually unsympathetic to such a project. Writing to the General Court in January 1674/75, Hoar asked, "What way I shall be directed to save the Indians from the insolency of the English, being daily threatned [*sic*] to be shott [*sic*], and one snapt at thrice at my own dore [*sic*] by a Lankastsheir [*sic*] souldier [*sic*]."

The citizens of Concord soon found the presence of Indians intolerable. On February 21, 1676 [this day being described], some of them quietly sent for Samuel Mosely, a man well known for his hatred of Indians. Mosely came with a company of volunteers on the Sabbath, while the town was at worship. He entered the church, waited until the minister had finished speaking, then addressed the congregation: he had heard that the "heathen" living in Concord were a "trouble and disquiet," and he offered to remove them. Taking a few voiced encouragements as general assent, as soon as the services were dismissed Mosely and his men marched to Hoar's house, followed by most of the congregation – "a hundred or two of the people, men, women, and children, at their heels." Hoar, absent from church again, was home when Mosely beat on his door. He permitted Mosely to enter and count the Nashobahs, all of whom were crowded indoors. Mosely said he would provide a corporal and soldiers to guard the Nashobahs, but Hoar insisted that they were secure with him. Nevertheless, Mosely left an armed mob outside the Hoar home that night, where they amused themselves with abusive speeches to the Indians. The next morning, Mosely returned and stated his intention to take the Nashobahs to Boston. Hoar insisted that Mosely produce an order from the Council for their removal. Mosely growled that "his commission to kill and destroy the enemy" was order enough. Hoar, in return, protested that the Nashobahs were not foes but friends and legally under his care. In response, Mosely ordered his men to break down the door and seize the Indians. In the process, Mosely's crew made off with



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the Nashobahs' clothing, dishes, shoes, and other belongings, despite their leader's command to the contrary.

This scene is rife with examples of the wartime chaos that had replaced the orderly pattern of peacetime authority. Instead of appealing for relief to the Governor and Council at Boston or even to their local leaders, the people of Concord sent for a virtual vigilante, noted for animosity toward all Indians, not only Mosely's own volunteer company of former pirates, privateers, and boys too young for impressment, but also a crowd of two hundred men, women, and children lent support to his actions. Backed by Concord *en masse*, Mosely confronted Hoar, the Indians' lawful guardian, broke down his door and carried the Nashobahs away to Boston and from there to Deer Island. Mosely's flouting of legitimate authority was contagious: his men ignored his orders and helped themselves to the Indians' belongings.

Young Daniel Hoar must have witnessed this episode.... Six months later at Hurtleberry Hill, Daniel in one murderous act both embraced and rejected his father's ambiguous example.

This is how the matter was recorded by [Daniel Gookin](#) in his HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS OF THE INDIANS IN NEW ENGLAND:

there befel another great trouble to the Christian Indians of Nashobah, who sojourned in Concord. The Council had by several orders empowered a committee, who with consent of the selectmen of Concord, settled those Indians at that town, under the government and tuition of Mr. John Hoar. The number of those Indians was about 58, of all sorts, whereof were not above 12 able men, the rest were women and children. These Indians lived very soberly and quietly and industriously, and were all unarmed, neither could any of them be charged with any unfaithfulness to the English interest. In pursuance of this settlement, Mr. Hoar had begun to build a large and convenient work-house for the Indians near his own dwelling, which stood about the midst of the town, and very nigh the town watch-house. This house was made, not only to secure those Indians under lock and key by night, but to imploy them and set them to work by day, whereby they earned their own bread; and in an ordinary way with God's blessing, would have lived well in a short time. But some of the inhabitants of the town, being influenced with a spirit of animosity and distaste against all Indians, disrelished this settlement, and therefore privately sent to a captain of the army (probably Captain Mosely), that quartered his company not far off at the time, of whom they had experience that he would not be backward to put in execution any thing that tended to distress the Praying Indians. For this was the same man that had formerly without order, seized upon divers of the Praying Indians at Marlborough, which brought much trouble and disquiet to the Indians, and was a great occasion of their defection. This captain accordingly came to Concord with a party of his men upon the Sabbath day, into the meeting-house, where the people were convened in the worship of God. And after the exercise was ended, he spake openly to the congregation to this effect: "that he understood, there were some heathen in the town



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committed to one Hoar, which, he was informed, were a trouble and disquiet to them; that if they desired it he would remove them to Boston." To which speech of his, most of the people were silent, except two or three that encouraged him, he took, it seems, the silence of the rest for consent, and immediately after the assembly were dismissed, he went with three or four files of men, and a hundred or two of the people [with] men, women and children at their heels, and marched away to Mr. Hoar's house; and there demanded of him to see the Indians under his care. Hoar opened the door and showed them to him and they were all numbered and found there. The captain then said to Mr. Hoar that he would have a corporal and soldiers to secure them; but Mr. Hoar answered there was no need of that for they were already secured, and were committed to him by order of the Council, and he would keep and secure them. But yet the captain left his corporal and soldiers there, who were abusive enough to the poor Indians by ill language. The next morning the captain came again to take the Indians and send them to Boston. But Mr. Hoar refused to deliver them unless he showed an order of the Council; but the captain could show him none but his commission to kill and destroy the enemy. Mr. Hoar said these were friends and under order; but the captain would not be satisfied with his answer, but commanded his corporal forthwith to break open the door; and take the Indians all away, which was done accordingly; and some of the soldiers plundered the poor creatures of their shirts, shoes, dishes, and such other things as they could lay their hands upon, though the captain commanded them to the contrary. They were all brought to Charlestown with a guard of twenty men. And the captain wrote a letter to the General Court, then sitting, giving them an account of his action. This thing was very offensive to the Council that a private captain should, without commission or some express order do an act so contradictory to their former orders, and the governor and several others spake of it at a conference with the deputies at the General Court, manifesting their dissatisfaction at this great irregularity in setting up a military power in opposition to the chief authority of the country. This thing was very offensive to the Council that a private captain should, without commission or some express order do an act so contradictory to their former orders, and the governor and several others spake of it at a conference with the deputies at the General Court, manifesting their dissatisfaction at this great irregularity in setting up a military power in opposition to the chief authority of the country, declaring of what evil consequence such a precedent was, instancing the evil effects of like practices in England in later times, urging that due testimony might be borne against the same, by the whole court. The deputies seemed generally to agree to the reason of the magistrates in this matter yet, notwithstanding, the captain who appeared in the Court shortly after upon another occasion, met with no rebuke for this high irregularity and arbitrary action. To conclude this matter, those poor Indians, about 58 of them of all sorts,



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were sent down to Deer Island, there to pass into the furnace of affliction with their brethren and countrymen. But all their corn and other provision, sufficient to maintain them for six months, was lost at Concord, and all their other necessaries, except what the soldiers had plundered. And the poor Indians got very little or nothing of what they lost, but it was squandered away, lost by the removal of Mr. Hoar, and other means, so that they were necessitated to live upon clams as others did, with some little corn provided at the charge of the Honorable Corporation for the Indians, residing in London. Besides, Mr. Hoar lost all his building and other cost, which he had provided for the entertainment and employment of those Indians, which was considerable.

A comment has been added to this by [Lemuel Shattuck](#):

It appears from a manuscript letter of Mr. Hoar in my possession, that the English were very insolent to the Indians, and threatened to destroy them. One of the Lancaster soldiers, stationed at Concord, snapped his gun three times at one of them while standing at Mr. Hoar's door. It is believed, however, that this prejudice existed rather among the soldiers who had witnessed the horrid barbarities of the Indians in other places, and who did not distinguish justly between the friends and enemies of the English, than among the citizens generally. By the influence of this class of men, the unfortunate occurrences detailed above were brought about.<sup>13</sup>

“KING PHILLIP’S WAR”

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April 28, Friday (Old Style): The Massachusetts Council sent out yet another letter, this time asking for “a plaine & direct answer to our Last Letter,” pointing out that the previous letter had been undated and unsigned. This letter was carried by Tom Dublett (*Nepanet*, 3d husband of Sarah Doublett), Peter Conway, or *Tatatiquinea*, and a lawyer of Concord, [John Hoar](#).

“KING PHILLIP’S WAR”

MARY ROWLANDSON

[John Evelyn](#)'s diary entry for this day was in part as follows:

13. [Lemuel Shattuck](#)'s 1835 [A HISTORY OF THE TOWN OF CONCORD:...](#) Boston: Russell, Odiorne, and Company; Concord MA: [John Stacy](#)  
(On or about November 11, 1837 [Henry Thoreau](#) would indicate a familiarity with the contents of at least pages 2-3 and 6-9 of this historical study.)



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*The University of Oxford presented me with the Marmora Oxon: Arundell: the Bish[op] of Oxford writing to me, that I would introduce Mr. Prideaux the Editor (a most learned young man in Antiquities) to the Duke of Norfolck, to present another, dedicated to his Grace, which I did, & we both din'd with the Duke at Arundel house: & supped at the Bish[op] of Rochesters with Isa: Vossius.*





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A Sabbath later in April: [Mistress Mary Rowlandson](#) was being hauled along with the Americans in their flight from the English army, she clutching her Bible and her faith, attempting to deal as best she could with her distress and her hunger, but at least at this point there were contacts, and active negotiations by Concord's [John Hoar](#)



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and Tom Dublett (*Nepanet*, 3d husband of Sarah Doublett) and Boston's [James Printer](#):

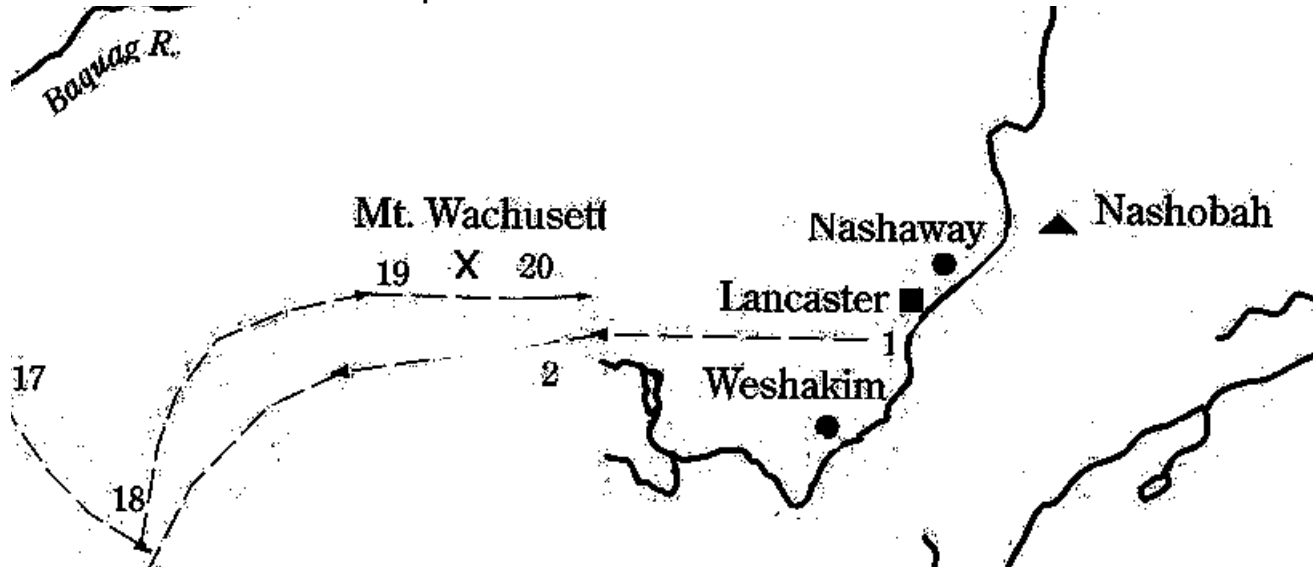
The Twentieth Remove: It was their usual manner to remove, when they had done any mischief, lest they should be found out; and so they did at this time. We went about three or four miles, and there they built a great wigwam, big enough to hold an hundred Indians, which they did in preparation to a great day of dancing. They would say now amongst themselves, that the governor would be so angry for his loss at Sudbury, that he would send no more about the captives, which made me grieve and tremble. My sister being not far from the place where we now were, and hearing that I was here, desired her master to let her come and see me, and he was willing to it, and would go with her; but she being ready before him, told him she would go before, and was come within a mile or two of the place. Then he overtook her, and began to rant as if he had been mad, and made her go back again in the rain; so that I never saw her till I saw her in Charlestown. But the Lord requited many of their ill doings, for this Indian her master, was hanged afterward at Boston. The Indians now began to come from all quarters, against their merry dancing day. Among some of them came one goodwife Kettle. I told her my heart was so heavy that it was ready to break. "So is mine too," said she, but yet said, "I hope we shall hear some good news shortly." I could hear how earnestly my sister desired to see me, and I as earnestly desired to see her; and yet neither of us could get an opportunity. My daughter was also now about a mile off, and I had not seen her in nine or ten weeks, as I had not seen my sister since our first taking. I earnestly desired them to let me go and see them: yea, I entreated, begged, and persuaded them, but to let me see my daughter; and yet so hard-hearted were they, that they would not suffer it. They made use of their tyrannical power whilst they had it; but through the Lord's wonderful mercy, their time was now but short. On a Sabbath day, the sun being about an hour high in the afternoon, came Mr. John Hoar (the council permitting him, and his own foreward spirit inclining him), together with the two forementioned Indians, Tom and Peter, with their third letter from the council. When they came near, I was abroad. Though I saw them not, they presently called me in, and bade me sit down and not stir. Then they caught up their guns, and away they ran, as if an enemy had been at hand, and the guns went off apace. I manifested some great trouble, and they asked me what was the matter? I told them I thought they had killed the Englishman (for they had in the meantime informed me that an Englishman was come). They said, no. They shot over his horse and under and before his horse, and they pushed him this way and that way, at their pleasure, showing what they could do. Then they let them come to their wigwams. I begged of them to let me see the Englishman, but they would not. But there was I fain to sit their pleasure. When they had talked their fill with him, they suffered me to go to him. We asked each other of our welfare, and how my husband did, and all my friends? He told me they were all well, and would be glad to see me.

CAPTIVITY AND RESTAURATION

JOHN HOAR

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Refer to "20" on the map below:





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JOHN HOAR

Amongst other things which my husband sent me, there came a pound of tobacco, which I sold for nine shillings in money; for many of the Indians for want of tobacco, smoked hemlock, and ground ivy. It was a great mistake in any, who thought I sent for tobacco; for through the favor of God, that desire was overcome. I now asked them whether I should go home with Mr. Hoar? They answered no, one and another of them, and it being night, we lay down with that answer.

In the morning Mr. Hoar invited the Sagamores to dinner; but when we went to get it ready we found that they had stolen the greatest part of the provision Mr. Hoar had brought, out of his bags, in the night. And we may see the wonderful power of God, in that one passage, in that when there was such a great number of the Indians together, and so greedy of a little good food, and no English there but Mr. Hoar and myself, that there they did not knock us in the head, and take what we had, there being not only some provision, but also trading-cloth, a part of the twenty pounds agreed upon. But instead of doing us any mischief, they seemed to be ashamed of the fact, and said, it were some matchit Indian that did it. Oh, that we could believe that there is nothing too hard for God! God showed His power over the heathen in this, as He did over the hungry lions when Daniel was cast into the den. Mr. Hoar called them betime to dinner, but they ate very little, they being so busy in dressing themselves, and getting ready for their dance, which was carried on by eight of them, four men and four squaws. My master and mistress being two. He was dressed in his holland shirt, with great laces sewed at the tail of it; he had his silver buttons, his white stockings, his garters were hung round with shillings, and he had girdles of wampum upon his head and shoulders. She had a kersey coat, and covered with girdles of wampum from the loins upward. Her arms from her elbows to her hands were covered with bracelets; there were handfults of necklaces about her neck, and several sorts of jewels in her ears. She had fine red stockings, and white shoes, her hair powdered and face painted red, that was always before black. And all the dancers were after the same manner. There were two others singing and knocking on a kettle for their music. They kept hopping up and down one after another, with a kettle of water in the midst, standing warm upon some embers, to drink of when they were dry. They held on till it was almost night, throwing out wampum to the standers by. At night I asked them again, if I should go home? They all as one said no, except my husband would come for me. When we were lain down, my master went out of the wigwam, and by and by sent in an Indian called James the Printer, who told Mr. Hoar, that my master would let me go home tomorrow, if he would let him have one pint of liquors.



JOHN HOAR

JOHN HOAR

CAPTIVITY AND RESTAURATION

METACOM

Then Mr. Hoar called his own Indians, Tom and Peter, and bid them go and see whether he would promise it before them three; and if he would, he should have it; which he did, and he had it. Then Philip smelling the business called me to him, and asked me what I would give him, to tell me some good news, and speak a good word for me. I told him I could not tell what to give him. I would [give him] anything I had, and asked him what he would have? He said two coats and twenty shillings in money, and half a bushel of seed corn, and some tobacco. I thanked him for his love; but I knew the good news as well as the crafty fox. My master after he had had his drink, quickly came ranting into the wigwam again, and called for Mr. Hoar, drinking to him, and saying, he was a good man, and then again he would say, "hang him rogue." Being almost drunk, he would drink to him, and yet presently say he should be hanged. Then he called for me. I trembled to hear him, yet I was fain to go to him, and he drank to me, showing no incivility. He was the first Indian I saw drunk all the while that I was amongst them.

At last his squaw ran out, and he after her, round the wigwam, with his money jingling at his knees. But she escaped him. But having an old squaw he ran to her; and so through the Lord's mercy, we were no more troubled that night. Yet I had not a comfortable night's rest; for I think I can say, I did not sleep for three nights together. The night before the letter came from the council, I could not rest, I was so full of fears and troubles, God many times leaving us most in the dark, when deliverance is nearest. Yea, at this time I could not rest night nor day. The next night I was overjoyed, Mr. Hoar being come, and that with such good tidings. The third night I was even swallowed up with the thoughts of things, viz. that ever I should go home again; and that I must go, leaving my children behind me in the wilderness; so that sleep was now almost departed from mine eyes.

CAPTIVITY AND RESTAURATION





**JOHN HOAR**

**JOHN HOAR**

authorities):

**METACOM**

On Tuesday morning they called their general court (as they call it) to consult and determine, whether I should go home or no. And they all as one man did seemingly consent to it, that I should go home; except Philip, who would not come among them. But before I go any further, I would take leave to mention a few remarkable passages of providence, which I took special notice of in my afflicted time.

1. Of the fair opportunity lost in the long march, a little after the fort fight, when our English army was so numerous, and in pursuit of the enemy, and so near as to take several and destroy them, and the enemy in such distress for food that our men might track them by their rooting in the earth for ground nuts, whilst they were flying for their lives. I say, that then our army should want provision, and be forced to leave their pursuit and return homeward; and the very next week the enemy came upon our town, like bears bereft of their whelps, or so many ravenous wolves, rending us and our lambs to death. But what shall I say? God seemed to leave his People to themselves, and order all things for His own holy ends. Shall there be evil in the City and the Lord hath not done it? They are not grieved for the affliction of Joseph, therefore shall they go captive, with the first that go captive. It is the Lord's doing, and it should be marvelous in our eyes.

2. I cannot but remember how the Indians derided the slowness, and dullness of the English army, in its setting out. For after the desolations at Lancaster and Medfield, as I went along with them, they asked me when I thought the English army would come after them? I told them I could not tell. "It may be they will come in May," said they. Thus did they scoff at us, as if the English would be a quarter of a year getting ready.

3. Which also I have hinted before, when the English army with new supplies were sent forth to pursue after the enemy, and they understanding it, fled before them till they came to Banquaug river, where they forthwith went over safely; that that river should be impassable to the English. I can but admire to see the wonderful providence of God in preserving the heathen for further affliction to our poor country. They could go in great numbers over, but the English must stop. God had an over-ruling hand in all those things.

**CAPTIVITY AND RESTAURATION**



**JOHN HOAR**

**JOHN HOAR**





**JOHN HOAR**

**JOHN HOAR**

4. It was thought, if their corn were cut down, they would starve and die with hunger, and all their corn that could be found, was destroyed, and they driven from that little they had in store, into the woods in the midst of winter; and yet how to admiration did the Lord preserve them for His holy ends, and the destruction of many still amongst the English! strangely did the Lord provide for them; that I did not see (all the time I was among them) one man, woman, or child, die with hunger. Though many times they would eat that, that a hog or a dog would hardly touch; yet by that God strengthened them to be a scourge to His people.

The chief and commonest food was ground nuts. They eat also nuts and acorns, artichokes, lilly roots, ground beans, and several other weeds and roots, that I know not. They would pick up old bones, and cut them to pieces at the joints, and if they were full of worms and maggots, they would scald them over the fire to make the vermine come out, and then boil them, and drink up the liquor, and then beat the great ends of them in a mortar, and so eat them. They would eat horse's guts, and ears, and all sorts of wild birds which they could catch; also bear, venison, beaver, tortoise, frogs, squirrels, dogs, skunks, rattlesnakes; yea, the very bark of trees; besides all sorts of creatures, and provision which they plundered from the English. I can but stand in admiration to see the wonderful power of God in providing for such a vast number of our enemies in the wilderness, where there was nothing to be seen, but from hand to mouth. Many times in a morning, the generality of them would eat up all they had, and yet have some further supply against they wanted. It is said, "Oh, that my People had hearkened to me, and Israel had walked in my ways, I should soon have subdued their Enemies, and turned my hand against their Adversaries" (Psalm 81.13-14). But now our perverse and evil carriages in the sight of the Lord, have so offended Him, that instead of turning His hand against them, the Lord feeds and nourishes them up to be a scourge to the whole land. 5. Another thing that I would observe is the strange providence of God, in turning things about when the Indians was at the highest, and the English at the lowest. I was with the enemy eleven weeks and five days, and not one week passed without the fury of the enemy, and some desolation by fire and sword upon one place or other. They mourned (with their black faces) for their own losses, yet triumphed and rejoiced in their inhumane, and many times devilish cruelty to the English. They would boast much of their victories; saying that in two hours time they had destroyed such a captain and his company at such a place; and boast how many towns they had destroyed, and then scoff, and say they had done them a good turn to send them to Heaven so soon. Again, they would say this summer that they would knock all the rogues in the head, or drive them into the sea, or make them fly the country; thinking surely, Agag-like, "The bitterness of Death is past."



**JOHN HOAR**

**JOHN HOAR**

CAPTIVITY AND RESTAURATION



**JOHN HOAR**

**JOHN HOAR**





**JOHN HOAR**

**JOHN HOAR**

Now the heathen begins to think all is their own, and the poor Christians' hopes to fail (as to man) and now their eyes are more to God, and their hearts sigh heaven-ward; and to say in good earnest, "Help Lord, or we perish." When the Lord had brought His people to this, that they saw no help in anything but Himself; then He takes the quarrel into His own hand; and though they had made a pit, in their own imaginations, as deep as hell for the Christians that summer, yet the Lord hurled themselves into it. And the Lord had not so many ways before to preserve them, but now He hath as many to destroy them.

But to return again to my going home, where we may see a remarkable change of providence. At first they were all against it, except my husband would come for me, but afterwards they assented to it, and seemed much to rejoice in it; some asked me to send them some bread, others some tobacco, others shaking me by the hand, offering me a hood and scarfe to ride in; not one moving hand or tongue against it. Thus hath the Lord answered my poor desire, and the many earnest requests of others put up unto God for me. In my travels an Indian came to me and told me, if I were willing, he and his squaw would run away, and go home along with me. I told him no: I was not willing to run away, but desired to wait God's time, that I might go home quietly, and without fear. And now God hath granted me my desire. O the wonderful power of God that I have seen, and the experience that I have had. I have been in the midst of those roaring lions, and savage bears, that feared neither God, nor man, nor the devil, by night and day, alone and in company, sleeping all sorts together, and yet not one of them ever offered me the least abuse of unchastity to me, in word or action. Though some are ready to say I speak it for my own credit; but I speak it in the presence of God, and to His Glory. God's power is as great now, and as sufficient to save, as when He preserved Daniel in the lion's den; or the three children in the fiery furnace. I may well say as his Psalm 107.12 "Oh give thanks unto the Lord for he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever." Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom He hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy, especially that I should come away in the midst of so many hundreds of enemies quietly and peaceably, and not a dog moving his tongue. So I took my leave of them, and in coming along my heart melted into tears, more than all the while I was with them, and I was almost swallowed up with the thoughts that ever I should go home again. About the sun going down, Mr. Hoar, and myself, and the two Indians came to Lancaster, and a solemn sight it was to me. There had I lived many comfortable years amongst my relations and neighbors, and now not one Christian to be seen, nor one house left standing. We went on to a farmhouse that was yet standing, where we lay all night, and a comfortable lodging we had, though nothing but straw to lie on. The Lord preserved us in safety that night, and raised us up again in the morning, and carried us along, that before noon, we came to Concord.



**JOHN HOAR**

**JOHN HOAR**

**CAPTIVITY AND RESTAURATION**

**CONCORD**



**JOHN HOAR**

**JOHN HOAR**





**JOHN HOAR**

**JOHN HOAR**

Now was I full of joy, and yet not without sorrow; joy to see such a lovely sight, so many Christians together, and some of them my neighbors. There I met with my brother, and my brother-in-law, who asked me, if I knew where his wife was? Poor heart! he had helped to bury her, and knew it not. She being shot down by the house was partly burnt, so that those who were at Boston at the desolation of the town, and came back afterward, and buried the dead, did not know her. Yet I was not without sorrow, to think how many were looking and longing, and my own children amongst the rest, to enjoy that deliverance that I had now received, and I did not know whether ever I should see them again. Being recruited with food and raiment we went to Boston that day, where I met with my dear husband, but the thoughts of our dear children, one being dead, and the other we could not tell where, abated our comfort each to other. I was not before so much hemmed in with the merciless and cruel heathen, but now as much with pitiful, tender-hearted and compassionate Christians.

In that poor, and distressed, and beggarly condition I was received in; I was kindly entertained in several houses. So much love I received from several (some of whom I knew, and others I knew not) that I am not capable to declare it. But the Lord knows them all by name. The Lord reward them sevenfold into their bosoms of His spirituals, for their temporals. The twenty pounds, the price of my redemption, was raised by some Boston gentlemen, and Mrs. Usher, whose bounty and religious charity, I would not forget to make mention of. Then Mr. Thomas Shepard of Charlestown received us into his house, where we continued eleven weeks; and a father and mother they were to us. And many more tender-hearted friends we met with in that place. We were now in the midst of love, yet not without much and frequent heaviness of heart for our poor children, and other relations, who were still in affliction. The week following, after my coming in, the governor and council sent forth to the Indians again; and that not without success; for they brought in my sister, and goodwife Kettle. Their not knowing where our children were was a sore trial to us still, and yet we were not without secret hopes that we should see them again. That which was dead lay heavier upon my spirit, than those which were alive and amongst the heathen: thinking how it suffered with its wounds, and I was no way able to relieve it; and how it was buried by the heathen in the wilderness from among all Christians. We were hurried up and down in our thoughts, sometime we should hear a report that they were gone this way, and sometimes that; and that they were come in, in this place or that. We kept inquiring and listening to hear concerning them, but no certain news as yet.



**JOHN HOAR**

**JOHN HOAR**

CAPTIVITY AND RESTAURATION



JOHN HOAR

JOHN HOAR

About this time the council had ordered a day of public thanksgiving. Though I thought I had still cause of mourning, and being unsettled in our minds, we thought we would ride toward the eastward, to see if we could hear anything concerning our children. And as we were riding along (God is the wise disposer of all things) between Ipswich and Rowley we met with Mr. William Hubbard, who told us that our son Joseph was come in to Major Waldron's, and another with him, which was my sister's son. I asked him how he knew it? He said the major himself told him so. So along we went till we came to Newbury; and their minister being absent, they desired my husband to preach the thanksgiving for them; but he was not willing to stay there that night, but would go over to Salisbury, to hear further, and come again in the morning, which he did, and preached there that day. At night, when he had done, one came and told him that his daughter was come in at Providence. Here was mercy on both hands. Now hath God fulfilled that precious Scripture which was such a comfort to me in my distressed condition. When my heart was ready to sink into the earth (my children being gone, I could not tell whither) and my knees trembling under me, and I was walking through the valley of the shadow of death; then the Lord brought, and now has fulfilled that reviving word unto me: "Thus saith the Lord, Refrain thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from tears, for thy Work shall be rewarded, saith the Lord, and they shall come again from the Land of the Enemy." Now we were between them, the one on the east, and the other on the west.

Our son being nearest, we went to him first, to Portsmouth, where we met with him, and with the Major also, who told us he had done what he could, but could not redeem him under seven pounds, which the good people thereabouts were pleased to pay. The Lord reward the major, and all the rest, though unknown to me, for their labor of Love. My sister's son was redeemed for four pounds, which the council gave order for the payment of. Having now received one of our children, we hastened toward the other. Going back through Newbury my husband preached there on the Sabbath day; for which they rewarded him many fold.

CAPTIVITY AND RESTAURATION

WILLIAM HUBBARD

After 11 weeks in the custody of this native American couple, a [Narragansett](#) man and a [Pocasset](#) (now [Tiverton, Rhode Island](#)) woman, [Mistress Mary Rowlandson](#) was successfully ransomed, for only about £20

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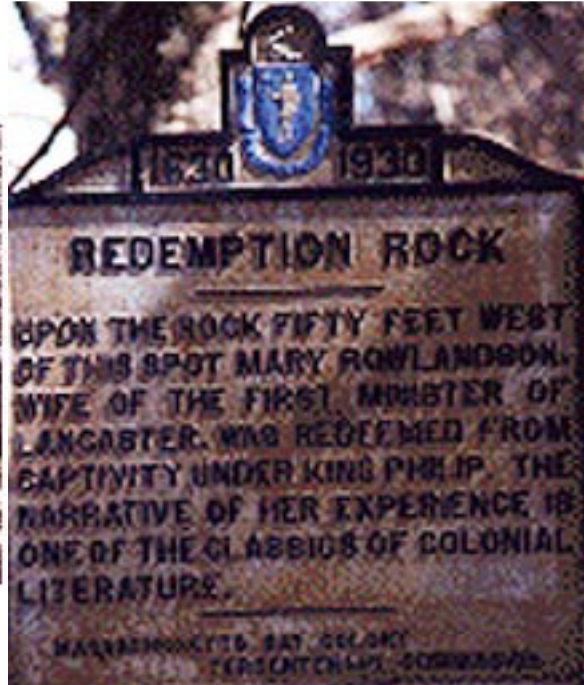
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# JOHN HOAR

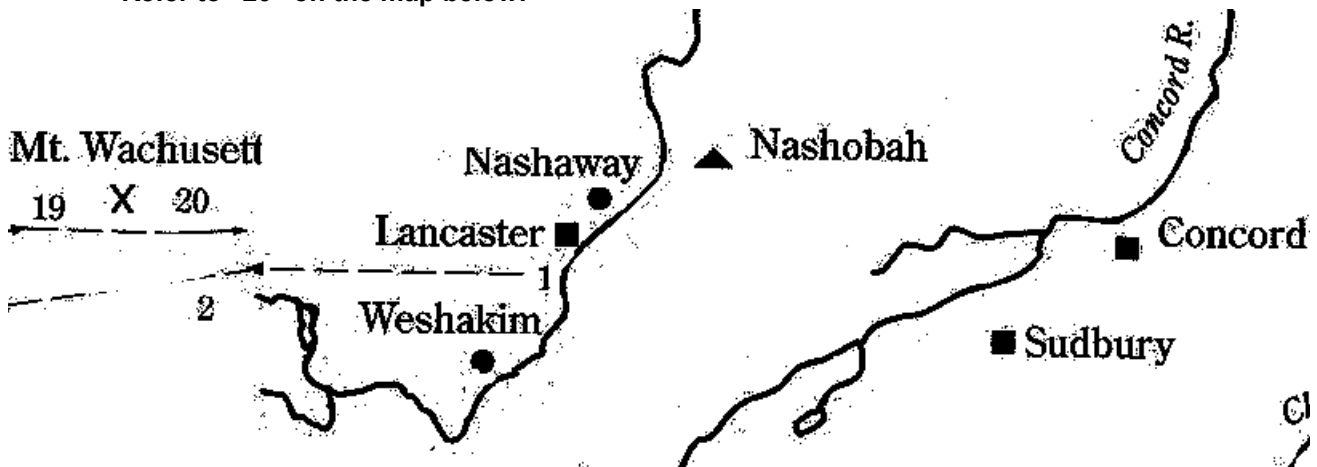
# JOHN HOAR


worth of trade goods, by [John Hoar](#), at an outcropping now known as “Redemption Rock” (near which the



town of Princeton MA eventually would be founded, after this decimation of the woodland natives had rendered it possible).<sup>14</sup> They made their way back to [Concord](#) and she would reunite with the Reverend Joseph Rowlandson and with their two surviving children.

Refer to “20” on the map below:



14. On July 19th, 1842 [Henry Thoreau](#) would begin a hike from [Concord](#) to Mount Wachusett,  between Worcester and Fitchburg, and while on his way back home on July 22d, after parting from his walking companion, he would pass the sites on the Nashua and the North Nashua streams of Lancaster (now part of Leominster State Forest) at which these events had occurred. You can also visit the rock in question, on which the redemption was enacted: it is to be found where a small used-car lot intersects Main Street in South Lancaster MA.



JOHN HOAR

JOHN HOAR

The white soldiers in the mainland countryside had been following a scorched-earth policy similar to the city-versus-village warfare in Vietnam, in the hope that by starving the women and children they could avoid having to fight the men. Anything which might sustain a family in the countryside was systematically being put to the torch.

When Mary Rowlandson would get back from her captivity to this all-encompassing civilization, however, she would deliver to the governor the significant military intelligence that the scorched-earth policy alone was not succeeding in its objective, and that therefore the white soldiers would be needing to go out and find their enemy and exterminate them — they would not be able simply wait for these families hiding in the forests to be starved into a surrender:



It was thought, if their corn were cut down, they would starve and die with hunger: and all their corn that could be found, was destroyed, and they driven from that little they had in store, into the woods in the midst of winter ... they would eat that, that a hog or a dog would hardly touch ... old bones ... full of worms and maggots ... horse's guts, and ears ... the very bark of trees ....

#### CAPTIVITY AND RESTAURATION

As Mrs. Rowlandson was making her way back to civilization, the Massachusetts Council was becoming alarmed at the condition of the Christian natives being held on the islands in Boston Harbor. Like half of them had already died. If steps were not taken immediately, the survivors would not be worth anything on the slave market. Arrangements were made for “a man with a boate” to pick up a crew of Praying Indian men who were still capable of labor despite their exposure and starvation, to be “employed in catching of fish for their supply.”

We should note that this famous man of Concord, lawyer [John Hoar](#) the intrepid ransomer, was not universally admired in his home community. I quote Jenny Hale Pulsipher's “Massacre at Hurtleberry Hill”: “John Hoar spent most of his life in bitter contention with the authorities of Massachusetts Bay and with his fellow townsmen. He sued neighbors—including Concord's minister Peter Bulkeley—over land, and he was censured by local and general courts for failing to attend worship services, for ‘profane speech,’ and for accusing the magistrates of illegal proceedings, this last offense culmination in permanent disbarment and a sizable fine. Hoar was thus well known to the magistrates and not well admired.”



## JOHN HOAR


## JOHN HOAR

August 6, Sunday (Old Style): [Weetamoo](#), the squaw sachem of [Pocasset](#) (now [Tiverton, Rhode Island](#), and not to be confused with Pocasset, Massachusetts) who had allied with her kinsman [Metacom](#), was captured by twenty men of Taunton at Gardiner's Neck in Swansea, along with her few remaining followers. She made a break for it on a hastily constructed raft, attempting to get across the Taunton River. When her drowned body was discovered the English mutilated it and, cutting off the head, carried it into [Taunton](#) where they mounted it atop a pole on the village green.<sup>15</sup>

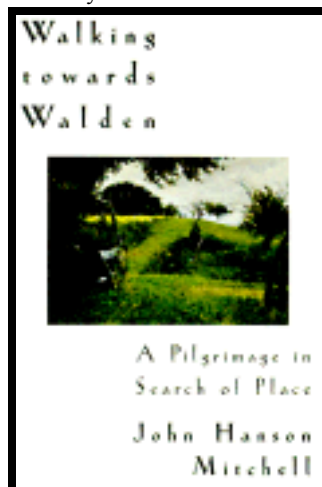


“KING PHILLIP’S WAR”

THE MARKET FOR HUMAN BODY PARTS

In American history it is ordinarily, unfortunately, no accident when it is women and children of color who are the ones being offed. In fact the white colonists typically considered it to be of more long-term benefit to them, to kill off the women and children of the natives, than to kill off their adult males, their warriors. The reason for this attitude was simple: these warriors represented only the present of the group of color, whereas women and children of color represented the future of the breed. Thus it would come about that, when in one of the military actions only 52 adult red males had been offed but all of 114 red women and children had been offed, the Reverend [William Hubbard](#) would celebrate the statistics of this as a “*signal Victory, and Pledg [sic] of Divine Favour to the English*” — for these 114 defenseless women and children had been “*Serpents of the same Brood*” (fast forward, if you please, to November 29-30, 1864  and the Reverend John Milton Chivington of the Sand Creek reservation massacre just at the edge of Denver, and to the explanation that this

15. In John Hanson Mitchell’s *WALKING TOWARDS WALDEN: A PILGRIMAGE IN SEARCH OF PLACE* (Reading MA: Addison-Wesley Publishing Company, 1995, page 259) there is a gratuitous reference to “...a raiding party under the control of Queen Weetamoo...” which would seem to suggest that this squaw sachem, although separated from her consort Quinnapin, had something to do with the hostilities. Such an imputation is of course utterly false. These tribal groupings on occasion did have female leaders, but a female leader would have functioned only in a peacetime context and would have had nothing whatever to do with warfare. After the race war Quinnapin would be tried and executed: he definitely had been a wartime leader.





**JOHN HOAR**

**JOHN HOAR**

lay reverend race murderer offered to us all, that “*nits breed lice*”).



**VALUES TO DEFEND!**

On this same day, in [Concord](#), according to the historian [Daniel Gookin](#), superintendent of the native encampment at Deer Island, some white citizen sighted three of the local native American women with three of their children<sup>16</sup> wandering a bit too far from their official encampment on the shore of Flint’s Pond, onto the “Hurtleberry Hill” just to the southwest of [Walden Pond](#) — the geographical feature that eventually would come to be known by the curious name [Mount Misery](#). This little group, led by John Stoolmester (a native American, who was armed because he had just been released from military service with the whites and had not yet had an opportunity to turn in his weapon), was, presumably, merely out picking “hurtleberries” or huckleberries or whatever, but the countryside around and about Concord had been declared to be a Vietnam-style “free fire zone.” They had ventured than the permitted one mile, indeed they had gone as the crow flies about one and one half miles, from their recognized habitation, all the way to the other side of Walden Pond

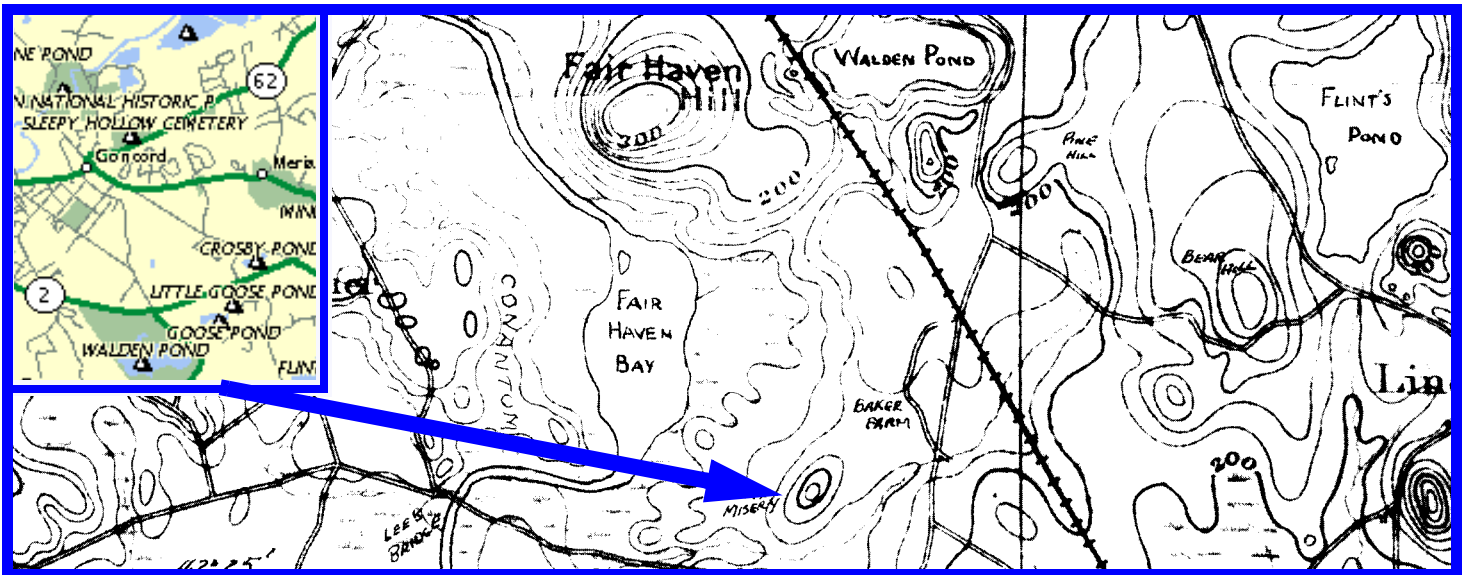
16. Six people who of course had names, but their names would be no part of the record kept by the people who terminated them for having committed this extreme error.

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## JOHN HOAR

## JOHN HOAR

and onto the Hoar farm! So after the local white men had exchanged some bread and cheese for some of the berries, four of them, [Lieutenant Daniel Hoar](#) (a nephew of [John Hoar](#)), [Daniel Goble](#) and his nephew [Stephen Goble](#) (who had no wife or child and probably was no more than 22 years of age), [Nathaniel Wilder](#), went out to make themselves the death of this pic-nic. The three women and three children were chased and then murdered on the north slope of the hill. Their bodies were stripped of their coats and left to lie exposed. When the bodies would be found, some would be noticed to have been “shot through” while others would be noticed to have had “their brains beat out with hatchets.”<sup>17</sup>



17. A brief but indicative record of this race atrocity has been preserved in [Lemuel Shattuck's](#) 1835 [A HISTORY OF THE TOWN OF CONCORD](#).... The form of Shattuck's record is more informative than its content. His record appears only in the 2d footnote on his page 62, indicating, quite clearly, that as far as he is concerned, any race atrocities which involve white perpetrators and nonwhite victims could be at best mere footnotes to the **significant** events of a town's past. His note is preceded by an invidiously false but intendedly exculpatory declaration, that “Strict regard was paid to the rights of friendly Indians by the government.” He proceeds to refer to the murdered wives as “squaws” and to this racial mass murder of them and their children as their having been “killed.” Making no mention in such a context of the town of [Concord](#), he situates this act of genocide “on a hill in Watertown, now in Lincoln.” He makes no mention of the fact that the six Concordians who were thus executed had been Concordians, as if, after all, they had only been reds rather than real people, nor does he make any mention of the fact that the four perps had been Concordians or, for that matter, of the obvious fact that such an egregious atrocity could only have been constructed by construing it, at that time, as having constituted an official military engagement of the Concord Militia.



# JOHN HOAR

# JOHN HOAR



In the days of King Philip's War, the Indians had spared the town of Concord. They burned the neighboring settlements, Sudbury, Chelmsford, Stow, but one of their chieftains said, as they glanced over Concord from a hill-top, "We shall never prosper if we go there. The Great Spirit loves that town." This was an Indian legend, and one could well believe it. Plain, low, quiet, the village had no obvious distinction.



— Van Wyck Brooks, THE FLOWERING OF NEW ENGLAND

Later, when Andrew Pittimee, a local Native American who had been serving as a sergeant of the red guides for the white troops fighting in the race war, would return to Concord, he would not be able to find his family.<sup>18</sup> His wife had simply disappeared and was nowhere to be found. His two sisters also had disappeared; they were nowhere to be found. Inquiries revealed that three Indian women and three Indian children had been killed while out huckleberrying –where had they been buried — had their bodies even been buried– and Pittimee started going around making much trouble, talking of equal [hanging](#) for all. A lot of red men were being judged, why shouldn't some white men be judged? The white militiamen who had set up this afternoon's fun, [Lieutenant Daniel Hoar](#) (in charge, giving the orders, defending his family's farm), [Stephen Goble](#) and [Daniel Goble](#), and [Nathaniel Wilder](#), eventually found themselves judged, not only by red people whose opinions really did not count for much, but also by landowners, selectmen, white men whose opinions really did count, to be guilty of the crime of murder. But, gee whiz, weren't they just "following orders"?



[see next screen]

18. The fact that the white Concord soldiers were willing to be led through the forest by this Andrew Pittimee the red Concordian did not imply that they considered him human or of equivalent standing and rights with themselves, for according to the Reverend William Ames's (October 6, 1605-January 11, 1654, a [Harvard College](#) graduate) CONSCIENCE WITH THE POWER AND CASES THEREOF (pages 188-9), "as it is lawfull to use the helpe of beasts, as of Elephants, Horses, &c. So also is it lawfull to use the aid of beastlike men."

## AT A COUNCIL Held in BOSTON,

August 30, 1675.

**T**he Council judging it of absolute Necessity for the Security of the English, and the Indians that are in Amity with us, that they be Restrained their usual Commerce with the English, and Hunting in the Woods, during the Time of Hostility with those that are our Enemies,

Do Order, that all those Indians that are delirous to Approve themselves Faithful to the English, be Confined to their several Plantations underwritten, until the Council shall take further Order; and that they so order the setting of their Wigwams, that they may stand Compact in some one Part of their Plantations respectively, where it may be best for their own Provision and Defence. And that none of them do presume to Travel above one Mile from the Center of such their Dwelling, unless in Company with some English, or in their Service near their Dwellings; and excepting for gathering and fetching in their Corn with one Englishman, on Peril of being taken as our Enemies, or their Abettors : And in Case that any of them shall be taken without the Limits abovesaid, except as abovesaid, and do lose their Lives, or be otherwise damnified, by English or Indians; The Council do hereby Declare, that they shall account themselves wholly Innocent, and their Blood or other Damage (by them sustained) will be upon their own Heads. Also it shall not be lawful for any Indians that are in Amity with us, to entertain any strange Indians, or receive any of our Enemies Plunder, but shall from Time to Time make Discovery whereof to some English, that shall be Appointed for that End to sojourn among them, on Penalty of being reputed our Enemies, and of being liable to be proceeded against as such.

Also, whereas it is the Manner of the Heathen that are now in Hostility with us, contrary to the Practice of all Civil Nations, to Execute their bloody Infolencies by Stealth, and Sculking in small Parties, declaring all open Decision of their Controversie, either by Treaty or by the Sword.

The Council do therefore Order, That after the Publication of the Provision abovesaid, It shall be lawful for any Person, whether English or Indian, that shall find any Indians Travelling or Sculking in any of our Towns or Woods, contrary to the Limits abovesaid, to command them under their Guard and Examination, or to Kill and destroy them as they best may or can. The Council hereby declaring, That it will be most acceptable to them that none be Killed or Wounded that are Willing to surrender themselves into Custody.

The Places of the Indians Residencies are, *Natick, Punquapaog, Nashoba, Wameit, and Hassanemedit*: And if there be any that belong to any other Plantations, they are to Repair to some one of these.

By the Council.

*Edward Rawson*. Secr.



JOHN HOAR

JOHN HOAR

Now more recently, on page 57 of John Hanson Mitchell's TRESPASSING: AN INQUIRY INTO THE PRIVATE OWNERSHIP OF LAND (Reading MA: Addison-Wesley, 1998), an extrabogus version of the Concord genocide story has resurfaced without references being cited. According to this author Mitchell's inventive elaborations and suppressions, no native children were involved and only one woman was offed, her innocent activities at the time remain unspecified, only one white perpetrator was involved, who had been a passing stranger, the offense had been against town laws, it not being mentioned whether this was a Concord town law or a Boston statute — and the local militia of course had nothing whatever to do with the incident. Thus it is that history gets rewritten to serve the self-respect of the descendant children of the victor:



By the 1670s this Puritan concept of written law, of a higher doctrine, had become so established that during King Philip's War, when the wife of one of the sometime residents at Nashobah was killed by a passing Englishman at Hurtleberry Hill, the town fathers, finding the white man guilty under the aegis of town laws, felt compelled to hang him.

That is not to say that the native peoples of the Americas did not also have a concept of law or, for that matter, a concept of the division of land.



JOHN HOAR

JOHN HOAR



"Denial is an integral part of atrocity, and it's a natural part after a society has committed genocide. First you kill, and then the memory of killing is killed."



— Iris Chang, author of THE RAPE OF NANKING (1997), when the Japanese translation of her work was cancelled by Basic Books due to threats from Japan, on May 20, 1999.



"Historical amnesia has always been with us: we just keep forgetting we have it."



— Russell Shorto

September 4, Monday (Old Style): The Boston Court of Assistants heard the case of the four Concord race murderers. There was no questioning the evidence which was presented as to the murders or their circumstances, nor was there even any attempt on anyone's part to question any part of it. The witnesses included Thomas and John Wilder, Thomas Goble, Sr., Thomas Goble, Jr., William Keene, Stephen Matcock, Philip Negro, two illegible names, and the Concord resident Daniel Deane. The concerned father, and attorney, John Hoar may also have testified. Instead of challenging any element of the evidence, the four defendants simply pleaded innocent — on the ground that they had, in offing these three defenseless women and these three defenseless children, in fact violated no law. Guilty? —Please advise us, guilty of precisely what?

"KING PHILLIP'S WAR"  
WHITE ON RED, RED ON WHITE

JOHN HOAR

JOHN HOAR



"...the merciless Indian Savages, whose known rule of warfare, is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes and conditions."

– Declaration of Independence



THE FUTURE CAN BE EASILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT



October 11, Wednesday (Old Style): [John Evelyn](#)'s diary entry for this day was in part as follows:



*I went to Lond[on] with Mrs. G[odolphin]*

"Stack of the Artist of Kouroo" Project

John Hoar



## JOHN HOAR

## JOHN HOAR

Although [Stephen Goble](#) and [Daniel Goble](#) had been [hanged](#) on Boston Common, the death sentences of the other two [Concord](#) race murderers, the youth [Nathaniel Wilder](#) and his commanding officer, militia Lieutenant [Daniel Hoar](#), were commuted to time served and a small fine (“on payment of cost, and some £10. each to the Indians,” “payment of a sum of money to the Indians and costs of prosecution” — see COLONIAL RECORDS V).



“KING PHILLIP’S WAR”

[Nathaniel Wilder](#) would go on and, in Sudbury and back in Lancaster, with his wife Mary, have seven children between 1677 and 1694, including Ephraim Wilder, born on April 16, 1677, Mary Wilder, born on May 12, 1679, and Elizabeth Wilder, born on February 14, 1681. The couple would open an inn in Lancaster and accumulate a sizeable estate. He would have risen to the rank of lieutenant in the local militia when killed by native Americans during an attack upon the garrison, on July 31, 1704.

[Daniel Hoar](#), a nephew of the troublesome attorney [John Hoar](#) of Concord, would marry on July 19, 1677 with Mary Stratton, daughter of Samuel Stratton, and they would have a son John Hoar, born on October 24, 1678, Daniel Hoar, born about 1680, Leonard Hoar, Jonathan Hoar, Joseph Hoar, Benjamin Hoar, Mary Hoar, born on March 14, 1689, Samuel Hoar, born on April 6, 1691, Isaac Hoar, born on May 15, 1695, David Hoar, born on November 14, 1698; and Elizabeth Hoar, born on February 22, 1701. He would thus become a grandfather of Concord’s righteous Squire Samuel Hoar and a great-grandfather of Edward Sherman Hoar, George Frisbie Hoar, Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar, Elizabeth Sherman Hoar, etc. Having pumped eleven children through his 1st wife Mary Stratton Hoar, he would then on October 16, 1717 take a Mary Lee as his 2nd wife.

Anonymous: **A TRUE ACCOUNT** Of the most **CONSIDERABLE OCCURRENCES** That have hapned in the **WARRE BETWEEN THE ENGLISH and the INDIANS IN New-England,** From the Fifth of *May, 1676*, to the Fourth of *August* last; as also of the Successes it hath pleased God to give the *English* against them : As it hath been communicated by Letters to a Friend in *London*. The most Exact Account yet Printed. ... Licensd, *October 11. 1676. Roger L'Estrange.* LONDON, Printed for *Benjamin Billingsley* at the Printing-Press in *Cornhill, 1676.* March of America Facsimile Series, Number 29. Ann Arbor: University Microfilms, Inc., 1966

“KING PHILLIP’S WAR”



JOHN HOAR

JOHN HOAR

1677

July 16, Monday (Old Style): [Daniel Hoar](#), the race-murderer nephew of the troublesome attorney [John Hoar](#) of [Concord](#), got married with Mary Stratton, daughter of Samuel Stratton, and they would have a son John Hoar, born on October 24, 1678 and named after its grandfather (he would become a [pirate](#) in the Persian/Arabian Gulf, and would be killed in the pirate haven of Saint Mary's Island in 1697, thus predeceasing the grandfather after whom he had been named, who would survive until 1794), Daniel Hoar, born about 1680, Leonard Hoar, Jonathan Hoar, Joseph Hoar, Benjamin Hoar, Mary Hoar, born on March 14, 1689, Samuel Hoar, born on April 6, 1691, Isaac Hoar, born on May 15, 1695, David Hoar, born on November 14, 1698; and Elizabeth Hoar, born on February 22, 1701. He would thus become a great-grandfather of Concord's righteous Squire Samuel Hoar and a great-great-grandfather of [Edward Sherman Hoar](#), George Frisbie Hoar, Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar, [Elizabeth Sherman Hoar](#), etc.

[John Evelyn](#)'s diary entry for this day was in part as follows:



*I went to Wotton to see my deare Brother.*

**DO I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION? GOOD.**



JOHN HOAR

JOHN HOAR

1683

Peter Bulkeley of [Concord](#) was again an Assistant and Counsellor.

John Flint was again the [Concord](#) town clerk.

In [Concord](#), Edward Oakes was deputy and representative to the General Court.

[Daniel Hoar](#) and Mary Stratton Hoar were living in [Concord](#), caring for his aged relatives [John Hoar](#) and [Alice Hoar](#).

1660 Episcopacy restored in England and Scotland.  
The people of Denmark, being oppressed by the nobles, surrender their privileges to Frederick III. who becomes absolute.

1662 The Royal Society established at London by Charles II.

1663 Carolina planted; 1728, divided into two separate governments.

1664 The New Netherlands, in North America, conquered from the Swedes and Dutch, by the English.

1665 The plague rages in London, and carries off 68,000 persons.

1666 The great fire of London began September 2, and continued three days, in which were destroyed 13,000 houses, and 400 streets.  
Tea first used in England.

1667 The peace of Breda, which confirms to the English the New Netherlands, now known by the names of Pennsylvania, New York, and New Jersey.  
St. James's Park planted, and made a thoroughfare for public use, by Charles II.

1670 The English Hudson's Bay company incorporated.

1672 Louis XIV. over-runs great part of Holland, when the Dutch open their sluices, being determined to drown their country, and retire to their settlements in the East Indies.  
African company established.

1678 The peace of Nimeguen.  
The habeas corpus act passed.

1680 A great comet appeared, and from its nearness to our earth, alarmed the inhabitants. It continued visible from November 3 to March 9.  
William Penn, a Quaker, receives a charter for planting Pennsylvania.

1683 India stock sold from 360 to 500 per cent.

1685 Charles II. dies, aged 55, and is succeeded by his brother James II.  
The duke of Monmouth, natural son to Charles II. raises a rebellion, but is defeated at the battle of Sedgmoor, and beheaded.  
The edict of Nantes infamously revoked by Louis XIV. and the Protestants



JOHN HOAR

JOHN HOAR

1695

December: Captain [William Kidd](#)'s *Adventure Galley* was launched at Deptford on the Thames. This was a fast and highly maneuverable 34-gun galley with oars, a formidable privateering vessel. The nearly 70 seamen the captain hand-picked were mostly married, with families in England, because he supposed such men would be less likely to transform themselves into [pirates](#). The plan was to recruit 80 more such seamen in New-York before setting off toward the Indian Ocean.



Captain [John Hoar](#) received a [privateering](#) commission from Governor Benjamin Fletcher of New-York. He sailed from Boston harbor for the [pirate](#) haven of Madagascar and then the rich looting-grounds of the Red Sea.

CHANGE IS ETERNITY, STASIS A FIGMENT



**JOHN HOAR**

**JOHN HOAR**

**1696**

April: Captain [John Hoar](#) made a stopover at Madagascar on his way to the Red Sea. There he joined Dirk Chivers to seize several Indian ships as well as European ships. One of these was the *Rouparelle*. He would then sail to the Persian Gulf and there capture a large Indian ship laden with cloth. He would then sail for Saint Mary's Island, a [pirate](#) haven, arriving in February 1696/97.



JOHN HOAR

JOHN HOAR

1697

[Alice Hoar](#) died.

February: When Captain [William Kidd](#)'s *Adventure Galley* stopped off at the island of Mehila in the Comoros for some urgently needed repairs, 50 crewmen were lost to fever and disease.

PRIVATEERING

When Captain [John Hoar](#) arrived at Saint Mary's Island, a [pirate](#) haven, the natives attacked and the Captain was killed (to keep these people of identical name straight, notice that this namesake of [John Hoar](#), a son of [Concord](#)'s race-murderer [Daniel Hoar](#), thus predeceased the grandfather after whom he had been named).

The Board of Trade wrote from England to [Rhode Island](#) to warn that "due care should be taken for the future, that no pirates or sea-robbers be anywhere sheltered or entertained, under the severest penalties." Their letter went on to explain that they were well aware of the sort of stunts that the Rhode Island settlement had been pulling off: "We are obliged, in giving you this notice, to recommend it so much the more particularly to your care, by reason that upon occasion of the late trials of some of Avery's crew here, several informations have been transmitted to us, wherein mention is made of Rhode Island as a place where pirates are ordinarily too kindly entertained; some of the expressions in those papers are as follows: 'William Mews, a pirate, fitted out at Rhode Island. Thomas Jones is concerned in the Old Bark, with Captain Want, and lives in Rhode Island. Want is gone into the Gulf of Persia, and in all probability is either at Rhode Island or Carolina by this time. Want's wife lives there. Want broke up there about three years ago, after a good voyage, and spent his money there, and in Pennsylvania.' These, and such like things, we say, obliges us to more strictly require of you that an extraordinary care be henceforwards taken in that Island for the preventing and suppressing such like practices; and particularly that all persons who are anyways involved in that guilt, be sought out and punished, according to the utmost severity of the law; of which we expect a particular account."

READ EDWARD FIELD TEXT

WHAT I'M WRITING IS TRUE BUT NEVER MIND  
YOU CAN ALWAYS LIE TO YOURSELF



**JOHN HOAR**

**JOHN HOAR**

**1704**

April 2, Sunday (Old Style)[John Hoar](#) died.



**JOHN HOAR**

**JOHN HOAR**

**1842**

July 19, Tuesday-22, Friday On July 19th, [Henry Thoreau](#) and [Margaret Fuller](#)'s brother [Richard F. Fuller](#) began a hike from Concord to Mount Wachusett “who like me / standest alone without society,” between Worcester and Fitchburg, via Princeton, studying [Virgil](#)'s *GEORGICS* along the way so Richard would be ready for his matriculation exams that fall at [Harvard College](#), and while on his way back home on July 22d, after parting from his walking companion, he passed the sites on the Nashua and the North Nashua streams of Lancaster (now part of Leominster State Forest) at which the ransom of [Mistress Mary Rowlandson](#) by [John Hoar](#) of [Concord](#) had occurred on May 3, 1676.

[CAPTIVITY AND RESTAURATION](#)

Later he would write about this, as “A WALK TO WACHUSETT”.

A WALK TO WACHUSETT:

**The needles of the pine,  
All to the west incline.**

Summer and winter our eyes had rested on the dim outline of the mountains in our horizon, to which distance and indistinctness lent a grandeur not their own, so that they served equally to interpret all the allusions of poets and travelers; whether with Homer, on a spring morning, we sat down on the many-peaked Olympus, or with Virgil and his compeers roamed the Etrurian and Thessalian hills, or with Humboldt measured the more modern Andes and Teneriffe. Thus we spoke our mind to them, standing on the Concord cliffs:-

*With frontier strength ye stand your ground,  
With grand content ye circle round,  
Tumultuous silence for all sound,  
Ye distant nursery of rills,  
Monadnock, and the Peterboro' hills;*

...  
*Upholding heaven, holding down earth,  
Thy pastime from thy birth,  
Not steadied by the one, nor leaning on the other;  
May I approve myself thy worthy brother!*

At length, like Rasselas, and other inhabitants of happy valleys, we resolved to scale the blue wall which bounded the western horizon, though not without misgivings that thereafter no visible fairyland would exist for us. But we will not leap at once to our journey's end, though near, but imitate Homer, who conducts his reader over the plain, and along the resounding sea, though it be but to the tent of Achilles. In the spaces of thought are the reaches of land and water, where men go and come. The landscape lies far and fair within, and the deepest thinker is the farthest traveled.

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT



**JOHN HOAR**

**JOHN HOAR**

For a detailed description of that walking trip, consult William Howarth's commentary, which is merely excerpted here.

On July 19, 1842, Thoreau left Concord with Richard Fuller, a Harvard undergraduate and the brother of Margaret Fuller, Thoreau's editor at The Dial. The hikers had knapsacks, some provisions, and a tent. The tent was heavy, so they took turns carrying it. Starting before dawn, they marched over twenty-five miles to a village (now West Sterling) on the Stillwater River. In the morning, they ascended Wachusett and camped there overnight, enjoying a fine sunrise view on July 21. Then they descended and walked to Harvard, where they spent the night. On July 22 they parted company, Fuller going home to Groton and Thoreau back to Concord....

Howarth has reconstructed the jaunt for those who do not understand that this is history and are therefore condemned to repeat it: the two young men left Concord on Lexington Road, which is now MA2A, and went down Main Street, which is now MA62, to the Concord Turnpike, which is now MA2, to Acton (MA111) to Willow Street, took West Acton Road to Stow, walked via MA117 to Bolton, via MA62 through Sterling, via MA140 to West Sterling, via MA140 to Wachusett Mountain State Reservation, on the Bolton Pond Trail to Old Indian Trail, and to the summit. Thence they walked via MA140 to Sterling, via MA62 to Still River, via MA110 to Harvard, and Thoreau continued via MA2 to Concord while Fuller went home to Groton. But as the TV stunt person says, don't you try this without expert assistance:

For instance, Helen Gere Cruickshank has commented:

Though the climb to the summit of Wachusett Mountain is popular today, few would care to walk from Concord to the base of the mountain as Thoreau did. The unpaved road which made a pleasant footpath a century ago is now paved and congested with roaring cars. But once on the mountain trails, Red-eyed Vireos, Phoebes, Robins, and Cuckoos can be heard in spring and summer. From the summit, the surrounding country looks like a relief map and the climber sees many of the landmarks which birds must note as they travel above them.

*P. VIRGILII AENEIDOS LIB. III. 160*

Nec longo distant curfu: modo Juppiter adfit,  
Tertia lux claffem Cretæis fiftet in oris.

- Sic fatus, meritos aris maclavit honores,  
Taurum Neptuno, taurum tibi, pulcher Apollo;  
120 Nigram Hiemi pecudem, Zephyris felicibus albam.  
Fama volat, pulfum regnis ceffiffe paternis  
Idomenea ducem, defertaque litora Cretæ;  
Hofte vacare domos, fedesque aflare relictas.  
Linquimus Ortygiæ portus, pelagoque volamus:  
125 Bacchatamque jugis Naxon, viridemque Donyfam,  
Olearon, niveamque Paron, fparfasque per æquor  
Cycladas, et crebris legimus freta confita terris.  
Nauticus exoritur vario certamine clamor:  
Hortantur focii, Cretam, proavosque petamus.  
130 Profequitur furgens a puppi ventus euntes;  
Et tandem antiquis Curetum allabimur oris.  
Ergo avidus muros optatæ molior urbis;  
Pergameamque voco: et lætam cognomine gentem  
Hortor amare focos, arcemque attollere tectis.  
135 Jamque fere ficco fubductæ litore puppes:  
Connubiis, arvisque novis operata juvenus:  
Jura domosque dabam: fubito quum tabida membris,  
Corrupto cœli tractu, miferandaque venit  
Arboribusque fatifque lues, et lethifer annus.  
140 Linquebant dulces animas, aut ægra trahebant  
Corpora: tum fteriles exurere Sirius agros,  
Arebant herbæ, et victum feget ægra negabat.  
Rurfus ad oraclum Ortygiæ, Phœbumque, remenfo  
Hortatur pater ire mari, veniamque precari:  
145 Quem feffis finem rebus ferat: unde laborum  
Tentare auxilium jubeat: quo, vertere curfus.



**JOHN HOAR**

**JOHN HOAR**

The hour of departure on July 19 was early; Fuller said they were underway "about quarter to five." The small stream where they rested ... is Great Brook, which crosses MA 117 just east of Meadow Road. Fuller said they cut the walking staves in a woods "between Concord and Stowe." Their hilltop view of Wachusett ... was possibly from Wataquadock Hill (600')....

Wachusett Reservation is a year-round state park, replete with Visitor Center (maps and displays) and auto road. Carriage roads first appeared here in the 1850s; today's paved surface is a two-mile, one-way loop. The road is free, easy to "climb," and just two hours' driving time from greater Boston. Hence, Wachusett is one of the busiest mountains in North America. A quarter of a million visitors ascend each year; ten thousand a day come during the fall foliage season. Not all of them leave behind "the gross products of plains and valleys." Near the lower gate a sign reads: NO SKATEBOARDING ON ROAD.

Walking time via Thoreau's route, the Bolton Pond and Old Indian trails, is about forty-five minutes. Changes in mountain vegetation since his visit reflect the species succession that occurs on undisturbed land. The sugar maples he saw have given way to hemlocks, part of the climax forest. Fallen hemlock needles, rich in tannin, create an acidic "duff" or humus for evergreen shrubs like mountain laurel and rhododendron. This soil is thick and damp, but easily eroded by rain and hikers. Along the path, most tree roots are exposed, making dark gnarled shapes against the gray-green lichens on rock shelves and ledges.



JOHN HOAR

JOHN HOAR

The trail is steep and wet, but at intervals it crosses flat shoulders open to the sky. These "benches" are forested or farmed patches where trees were cleared early in the twentieth century. Recovery is slow at this elevation: the new growth is small and wind-stunted. At 1,200 feet, the trail enters a large artificial clearing, the West and Long John ski trails. Both trails form long slashes of meadow, attracting flowers and birds, but also human traffic. New trails and chair lifts are planned, enough to accommodate 1,900 skiers an hour.

The exact elevations of Wachusett (2,006') and Princeton (1,175') differ from Thoreau's figures. Wachusett is not above the normal tree line, yet its summit is bare. Three hundred years of erosion, partially induced by fires and storms, have removed the thin topsoil and exposed sandstone, shale, and gray-banded gneiss. On the same observatory foundation that Thoreau climbed, Harvard University built a weather station in the 1850s. A long succession of summit houses (offering meals and beds) ensued; last in this line was a refreshment stand, now [1982] boarded up. A fire tower and microwave antenna are the main structures today. Monadnock (3,165') is twenty-eight miles northwest....

Camping is no longer permitted on Wachusett, but the auto road is open at sunrise and sunset, when low-angled light provides the best views. Thoreau's cold, windy night in July was no exaggeration. Evening temperatures can drop to 50 degrees, and gusts of 20 m.p.h. will produce a wind-chill equivalent of 32 degrees.

The "immense landscape" Thoreau saw after sunrise ... was about forty-five miles in diameter. Maximum visibility attained has been 120 miles, but today's hazy, polluted air usually reduces the view to twenty or thirty miles. To the east is Boston, with its prominent Hancock tower; north and west are Monadnock and Hoosac, where Thoreau was to travel in 1844. He was mistaken to think of these mountains as parts of a common ... "range," but accurate in describing their similar configurations....

If America's subsequent history has not confirmed this optimism, Wachusett still poses the alternatives Thoreau saw. East of the mountain are Fitchburg and Lowell, once thriving industrial centers but now fallen into decay. West and southwest are many acres of forest and wildlife sanctuary, a protected land where "progress" may never come.



**JOHN HOAR**

**JOHN HOAR**

**“MAGISTERIAL HISTORY” IS FANTASIZING: HISTORY IS CHRONOLOGY**



JOHN HOAR

JOHN HOAR



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"It's all now you see. Yesterday won't be over until tomorrow and tomorrow began ten thousand years ago."

- Remark by character "Garin Stevens"  
in William Faulkner's INTRUDER IN THE DUST



Prepared: January 21, 2015



JOHN HOAR

JOHN HOAR

# *ARRGH AUTOMATED RESEARCH REPORT*

## *GENERATION HOTLINE*



This stuff presumably looks to you as if it were generated by a human. Such is not the case. Instead, someone has requested that we pull it out of the hat of a pirate who has grown out of the shoulder of our pet parrot "Laura" (as above). What these chronological lists are: they are research reports compiled by ARRGH algorithms out of a database of modules which we term the Kouroo Contexture (this is data mining). To respond to such a request for information we merely push a button.



**JOHN HOAR**

**JOHN HOAR**

Commonly, the first output of the algorithm has obvious deficiencies and we need to go back into the modules stored in the contexture and do a minor amount of tweaking, and then we need to punch that button again and recompile the chronology – but there is nothing here that remotely resembles the ordinary “writerly” process you know and love. As the contents of this originating contexture improve, and as the programming improves, and as funding becomes available (to date no funding whatever has been needed in the creation of this facility, the entire operation being run out of pocket change) we expect a diminished need to do such tweaking and recompiling, and we fully expect to achieve a simulation of a generous and untiring robotic research librarian. Onward and upward in this brave new world.

First come first serve. There is no charge.  
Place requests with <Kouroo@kouroo.info>. Arrgh.