

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK:

CAPTAIN JOHN LOVEWELL



A WEEK: It is stated in the History of Dunstable, that just before his last march, Lovewell was warned to beware of the ambuscades of the enemy, but "he replied, 'that he did not care for them,' and bending down a small elm beside which he was standing into a bow, declared 'that he would treat the Indians in the same way.' This elm is still standing [in Nashua], a venerable and magnificent tree."

PEOPLE OF
A WEEK

METACOM

CAPTAIN JOHN LOVEWELL

**LIFE IS LIVED FORWARD BUT UNDERSTOOD BACKWARD?
— NO, THAT'S GIVING TOO MUCH TO THE HISTORIAN'S STORIES.**



THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK:

JOHN LOVEWELL

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1691

October 14, Wednesday (Old Style): [Concord](#)'s Humphrey Barrett was deputy and representative to the General Court.

[John Lovewell](#) was born in what has since become Nashua, New Hampshire.

A WEEK: In the words of the old nursery tale, sung about a hundred years ago, –

“He and his valiant soldiers did range the woods full wide,
And hardships they endured to quell the Indian’s pride.”

In the shaggy pine forest of Pequawket they met the “rebel Indians,” and prevailed, after a bloody fight, and a remnant returned home to enjoy the fame of their victory. A township called Lovewell’s Town, but now, for some reason, or perhaps without reason, Pembroke, was granted them by the State.

“Of all our valiant English, there were but thirty-four,
And of the rebel Indians, there were about four-score;
And sixteen of our English did safely home return,
The rest were killed and wounded, for which we all must mourn.

“Our worthy Capt. Lovewell among them there did die,
They killed Lieut. Robbins, and wounded good young Frye,
Who was our English Chaplin; he many Indians slew,
And some of them he scalped while bullets round him flew.”

Our brave forefathers have exterminated all the Indians, and their degenerate children no longer dwell in garrisoned houses nor hear any war-whoop in their path. It would be well, perchance, if many an “English Chaplin” in these days could exhibit as unquestionable trophies of his valor as did “good young Frye.” We have need to be as sturdy pioneers still as Miles Standish, or Church, or Lovewell. We are to follow on another trail, it is true, but one as convenient for ambushes. What if the Indians are exterminated, are not savages as grim prowling about the clearings to-day? –

“And braving many dangers and hardships in the way,
They safe arrived at Dunstable the thirteenth (?) day of May.”

But they did not all “safe arrive in Dunstable the thirteenth,” or the fifteenth, or the thirtieth “day of May.”

PEOPLE OF
A WEEK

METACOM
MYLES STANDISH
BENJAMIN CHURCH
CAPTAIN JOHN LOVEWELL



THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK:

JOHN LOVEWELL

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

LIFE ISN'T TO BE UNDERSTOOD EITHER FORWARD OR BACKWARD.

NOBODY COULD GUESS WHAT WOULD HAPPEN NEXT



THE FUTURE IS MOST READILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT



THE FUTURE CAN BE EASILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT



“NARRATIVE HISTORY” AMOUNTS TO FABULATION,

Captain John Lovewell
Captain John Lovewell
Captain John Lovewell
Captain John Lovewell

“Stack of the Artist of Kouroo” Project
“Stack of the Artist of Kouroo” Project
“Stack of the Artist of Kouroo” Project
“Stack of the Artist of Kouroo” Project



THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK:

JOHN LOVEWELL

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

THE REAL STUFF BEING MERE CHRONOLOGY

DO I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION? GOOD.

CHANGE IS ETERNITY, STASIS A FIGMENT

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

Captain John Lovewell
Captain John Lovewell
Captain John Lovewell
Captain John Lovewell

"Stack of the Artist of Kouroo" Project
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THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK:

JOHN LOVEWELL

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1725

January 5, Tuesday (1724, Old Style): According to Lieutenant-Governor Hutchinson's THE HISTORY OF THE PROVINCE OF MASSACHUSETTS-BAY, FROM THE CHARTER OF KING WILLIAM AND QUEEN MARY, IN 1691, UNTIL THE YEAR 1750, when the government had "increafed the præmium for Indian fcalps and captives" to £100, [Captain John Lovewell](#) had in December raised a company of 40/50 volunteers to venture out upon "an Indian hunting," and on this day "brought to [Bofton](#) a captive and a fcalp, both which he met with above 40 miles beyond Winnepefiaukee lake."



(From another account we learn that they had discovered these two Abenaki, a man and a boy, in a wigwam, and that it was the child whom they had brought in alive.)

February 20, Saturday (1724, Old Style): A group of whites led by [Captain John Lovewell](#) attacked a native encampment in New Hampshire, to take ten scalps for which the local government would pay a bounty amounting to a total of £1,000. The white men had been authorized to take revenge for raids by the natives against their settlements. They had already had some success, as they had killed and scalped an Indian man and taken a child prisoner in December 1724. When they had come across an encampment, they had hid in the woods until 2 AM on this morning. Once they were sure that the natives were asleep, they fired volleys into the camp, killing nine and wounding one who was then chased down and killed by a war mastiff. In early March, Captain Lovewell would attire himself in a wig made from a number of the scalps for his triumphal entry into Boston, carrying plunder from the raid — blankets, moccasins, snowshoes, and rifles. (In 1820, an Allegheny Seneca headman named Cornplanter would allege that the redskins had been peaceful until these savage Europeans came. Skulls bearing evidence of scalping have, however, been found throughout the Americas, many of them dating to hundreds of years before European contact. What the Europeans had introduced was the practice of redeeming scalps for money. It seems likely that as scalping by whites became more common, Native Americans may also have begun taking more scalps, and that tribes which had not previously practiced scalping may have begun to do so in revenge for scalpings carried out against their people.)

March 3, Wednesday (1724, Old Style): According to Lieutenant-Governor Hutchinson's THE HISTORY OF THE PROVINCE OF MASSACHUSETTS-BAY, FROM THE CHARTER OF KING WILLIAM AND QUEEN MARY, IN 1691, UNTIL THE YEAR 1750, after collecting the [Boston](#) bounty for their previous kill and capture [Captain John Lovewell](#) and his merry crew of Indian hunters had returned to the wilderness to do yet more hunting. This time they had lucked upon a group of 10 fast asleep in wigwams with smoke rising from them and sometime after 2AM he had ordered a portion of his company to discharge a volley into the sleepers (some of whom were presumably women and children). As the surviving 7 struggled to escape they were mowed down by the portion of his company that had retained its weapons under charge. On this day, by this judicious tactic, the white killers were able to turn in at [Boston](#) 10 more scalps, for £1,000 bounty.



(From another account we learn that upon their return they paraded through the streets of [Boston](#) with [Captain Lovewell](#) attired in a wig he had put together out of the scalps.)



PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

April 16, Friday (Old Style): The chronology of Dummer's War offered by [Dr. Lemuel Shattuck](#) is confused. Here's the actual sequence of events:

[Captain John Lovewell](#) had led a 30-man white war party into the White Mountains of New Hampshire in response to the abduction of two white men from Dunstable (now Nashua) and the ambushing and killing of eight white men by Abenaki warriors, and on December 19, 1724 the group managed to kill and scalp an Abenaki man and capture an Abenaki boy.

For this they received a reward of £200, so on January 29, 1725 Captain Lovewell led 87 white men into the White Mountains, and on February 20 the group managed to sneak up on a group of 10 sleeping natives and kill 9 of them in a volley of rifle fire. After which the survivor, wounded, had been chased down and killed by a war mastiff.



For this in March they were awarded a victory parade and £1,000 (as they paraded through the streets of [Boston](#), Captain John Lovewell was attired in a wig made of a number of the scalps they had collected), so on April 16, 1725 Captain Lovewell led 46 white men on a 3d such expedition, that would construct a fort at Ossipee and garrison it with 10 of the 46, including the doctor and John Goffe, while the remaining 36 went on to raid the Abenaki town of Pequawket (where Fryeburg is now located, in Maine). On May 9th the raiding party would sight a solitary native. Both this native and their captain were killed in the ensuing gunfire, and then they were ambushed by native war parties led by Paugus and by Nat, with the natives losing at least Paugus and the whites losing eight men immediately while three more would die of wounds.

When Colonel Ebenezer Tyng arrived with a substantial number of militiamen, the only thing they were able to accomplish was to bury their dead and create a curious story-song:

Of worthy Captain LOVEWELL, I purpose now to sing,
How valiantly he served his country and his King;
He and his valiant soldiers did range the woods full wide,
And hardships they endured to quell the Indian's pride.

'Twas nigh unto Pigwacket, on the eighth day of May,
They spied a rebel Indian soon after break of day;
He on a bank was walking, upon a neck of land,
Which leads into a pond as we're made to understand.

Our men resolved to have him, and travelled two miles round,
Until they met the Indian, who boldly stood his ground;
Then up speaks Captain LOVEWELL, "Take you good heed," says he,
"This rogue is to decoy us, I very plainly see.

"The Indians lie in ambush, in some place nigh at hand,
In order to surround us upon this neck of land;
Therefore we'll march in order, and each man leave his pack;
That we may briskly fight them when they make their attack."

They came unto this Indian, who did them thus defy,
As soon as they came nigh him, two guns he did let fly,
Which wounded Captain LOVEWELL, and likewise one man more,
But when this rogue was running, they laid him in his gore.

Then having scalped the Indian, they went back to the spot,
Where they had laid their packs down, but there they found them not,
For the Indians having spied them, when they them down did lay,
Did seize them for their plunder, and carry them away.

These rebels lay in ambush, this very place hard by,
So that an English soldier did one of them espy,
And cried out, "Here's an Indian"; with that they started out,



PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

As fiercely as old lions, and hideously did shout.

With that our valiant English all gave a loud huzza,
To show the rebel Indians they feared them not a straw:
So now the fight began, and as fiercely as could be,
The Indians ran up to them, but soon were forced to flee.

Then spake up Captain LOVEWELL, when first the fight began,
“Fight on my valiant heroes! you see they fall like rain.”
For as we are informed, the Indians were so thick,
A man could scarcely fire a gun and not some of them hit.

Then did the rebels try their best our soldiers to surround,
But they could not accomplish it, because there was a pond,
To which our men retreated and covered all the rear,
The rogues were forced to flee them, although they skulked for fear.

Two logs there were behind them that close together lay,
Without being discovered, they could not get away;
Therefore our valiant English they travelled in a row,
And at a handsome distance as they were wont to go.

’Twas ten o’clock in the morning when first the fight begun,
And fiercely did continue until the setting sun;
Excepting that the Indians some hours before ’twas night,
Drew off into the bushes and ceased a while to fight.

But soon again returned, in fierce and furious mood,
Shouting as in the morning, but yet not half so loud;
For as we are informed, so thick and fast they fell,
Scarce twenty of their number at night did get home well.

And that our valiant English till midnight there did stay,
To see whether the rebels would have another fray;
But they no more returning, they made off towards their home,
And brought away their wounded as far as they could come.

Of all our valiant English there were but thirty-four,
And of the rebel Indians there were about fourscore.
And sixteen of our English did safely home return,
The rest were killed and wounded, for which we all must mourn.

Our worthy Captain LOVEWELL among them there did die,
They killed Lieut. ROBBINS, and wounded good young FRYE,
Who was our English Chaplain; he many Indians slew,
And some of them he scalped when bullets round him flew.

Young FULLAM too I’ll mention, because he fought so well,
Endeavoring to save a man, a sacrifice he fell:
But yet our valiant Englishmen in fight were ne’er dismayed,
But still they kept their motion, and WYMAN’S Captain made,

Who shot the old chief PAUGUS, which did the foe defeat,
Then set his men in order, and brought off the retreat;
And braving many dangers and hardships in the way,
They safe arrived at Dunstable, the thirteenth day of May.

One of the most fierce and obstinate battles in the annals of Indian warfare was fought May 8, 1725 at Pigwacket, near Fryeburg on Saco River. The Indians in that vicinity had become troublesome; and rewards were offered for their scalps. Capt. Lovewell with a company of men had killed 10 of them, and received at [Boston](#) £100 each for their scalps. Encouraged by this success he organized another company of 47 men to attack



PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

the villages of Pigwacket. They marched from Dunstable April 16th, 1725. After proceeding to Ossippee pond, they built a fort. Benjamin Kidder being taken sick, was left there, and also William Ayer, surgeon of the company, Nathaniel Woods, Zachariah Parker, John Goffe, Isaac Whitney, Obadiah Asten, and some others, and were not in the battle. Thirty-three proceeded on; and when they arrived near a point of land extending into Saco Pond, they were attacked, and during a most desperate battle 15 of them were killed, or mortally wounded; nine others were wounded, but were able to march. Paugus, the bold Indian chief, was killed by John Chamberlain under circumstances of bravery, which have consigned their names to the lasting remembrance of posterity.

The following are the names of this company.

From Dunstable

Captain John Lovewell - killed.

Lieutenant Josiah Farwell - wounded, lost on the way.

Lieutenant Jonathan Robbins - killed.

Ensign John Harwood - killed.

Sergeant Noah Johnson - wounded.

Sergeant Robert Usher - killed.

Sergeant Samuel Whiting - wounded.

From Andover

Jonathan Frye, Chaplain - wounded, lost on the way.

From Weston

Sergeant Jacob Fullam - killed.

From Nutfield

Corporal Edward Lynnfield.

From Woburn

Ensign Seth Wyman.

Thomas Richardson.

Timothy Richardson - wounded.

Ichabod Johnson - killed.

Josiah Johnson - wounded.

From Concord

Eleazer Davis - wounded.

Josiah Davis - killed.

Josiah Jones - wounded.

David Melvin.

Eleazer Melvin.

Jacob Farrar - killed [eldest son of Jacob Farrar and Susannah Reddit Farrar].

Joseph Farrar - wounded [cousin of Jacob Farrar].

From Billerica

Jonathan Kittridge - killed.

Solomon Kies - wounded.

From Groton

John Jefts - killed.

Daniel Woods - killed.

Thomas Woods - killed.



PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

John Chamberlain - wounded.
Elias Barron.
Isaac Lakin - wounded.
Joseph Gilsom.

From Haverhill
Ebenezer Ayer.
Abiel Asten.

A remnant of the company returned by the fort and arrived in Dunstable May 15th, 1725. Four others, Davis, Jones, Fry, and Farwell were left behind to endure the most excruciating suffering. After waiting several days, expecting that some one would return to their assistance, they proceeded on, though their wounds had become putrid and offensive, and they themselves nearly exhausted by hunger. After traveling several miles Fry was left and lost. Farwell was also lost a few miles from the fort. Eleazer Davis, after being out 14 days, came in to Berwick. He was wounded in the abdomen and the ball lodged in his body. He also had his right hand shot off. A tradition says that arriving at a pond with Lieut. Farwell, Davis pulled off one of his moccasins, cut it in strings on which he fastened a hook, caught some fish, fried and ate them. They refreshed him but were injurious to Farwell who died soon after. Josiah Jones, another of the four was wounded with a ball, which lodged in his body. After being out 14 days, in hourly expectation of perishing, he arrived at Saco, "emaciated and almost dead from the loss of blood, the putrefaction of his wounds and the want of food. He had subsisted on the spontaneous vegetables of the forest; and cranberries, which he had eaten, came out of wounds he had received in his body."¹ This is said to be the case of Davis. He recovered, but was a cripple. Davis, Jones, Johnson and several others of the unfortunate sufferers in this company, and their widows, were pensioners of the Province many years; and the Journals of the General Court show that they were treated with liberality. The township of Pembroke, N.H., originally Suncook, was granted them for their services, on the petition of David Melvin and 30 others, in 1729.^{2 3}

1. Smith's Journal, pages 141, 142.

2. Some of these facts, beautifully dressed up in fiction, in which Chamberlain is erroneously said to be from New Hampshire, were published in the Philadelphia "Album," in 1828. Another paper, describing the enmity of young Paugus towards Chamberlain, was published in "The Atlantic Souvenir," in 1829. From the former I extract an account of the interview between Chamberlain and Paugus, which is substantially confirmed by tradition. In the engagement their guns had become foul. While washing his out, Chamberlain discovered Paugus, whom he personally knew, engaged in the same act.

"They slowly and with equal movements cleansed their guns, and took their stations on the outer border of the beach. 'Now Paugus,' said Chamberlain, 'I'll have you;' and with the quickness and steadiness of an old hunter sprung to loading his rifle. 'Na — na — me have you,' replied Paugus, and he handled his gun with a dexterity, that made the bold heart of Chamberlain beat quick, and he almost raised his eye to take his last look upon the sun. They rammed their cartridges, and each at the same instant cast his ramrod upon the sand. 'I'll have you, Paugus,' shouted Chamberlain, as in his desperation he almost resolved to rush upon the savage, with the breech of his rifle, lest he should receive his bullets before he could load. The woods across the pond echoed back the shout. Paugus trembled as he applied his powder-horn to the priming; Chamberlain heard the grains of his powder rattle lightly upon the leaves beneath his feet. Chamberlain struck his gun breech violently upon the ground — the rifle primed herself; he aimed, and his bullets whistled through the heart of Paugus. He fell, and as he went down, the bullet from the mouth of his ascending rifle touched the hair upon the crown of Chamberlain, and passed off without avenging the death of its dreadful master."



THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK:

JOHN LOVEWELL

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

May 9, Sunday (Old Style): The Reverend Jonathan Frye, [Harvard College](#) class of 1723, was serving as chaplain to [Captain John Lovewell](#)'s band of 36 Dunstable militiamen on the raid against the Abenaki town of Pequawket (where Fryeburg is now located, in Maine). They had left their packs behind and were being led in prayer by their chaplain Jonathan Frye, when they spotted a lone Abenaki. Waiting until he was close, they fired on him but missed:



While he was praying before the company at daybreak on May 9, 1725, the troop spotted a lone Indian hunter in the woods near Pigwacket, Maine and ambushed him.

The Abenaki then fired, killing Lovewell. Ensign Seth Wyman, Lovewell's 2d in command, then fired, killing the Abenaki warrior. Chaplain Jonathan Frye then scalped the corpse. The thing is, Jonathan was in love with Susanna Rogers, the 13-year-old daughter of another minister, and Massachusetts was paying £100 for Indian scalps, and so Jonathan needed this money to lay aside, for his marriage. In fighting later that day, Frye would be able to take a second scalp promising him a second £100 to lay aside in his hope chest — but the Reverend would also be wounded — and would die of his wound.⁴

Meanwhile, two returning war parties of Abenaki, led by Paugus and Nat, had found the packs left behind by Captain Lovewell's militiamen and settled into an ambush position to await their return. Their initial volley killed 8 of the surviving 35, and then the battle continued for more than 10 hours. Finally, with only 20 of the militiamen still alive, Ensign Seth Wyman killed Paugus and the warriors faded into the forest. Three more of the militiamen would succumb to their wounds during the retreat through the forest to Dunstable. The dead included Jacob Farrar, eldest son of Jacob Farrar and Susannah Reddit Farrar, and his cousin Joseph Farrar was among the wounded. The Abenaki would desert their town of Pequawket and flee to Canada.

A WEEK: It is stated in the History of Dunstable, that just before his last march, Lovewell was warned to beware of the ambuscades of the enemy, but "he replied, 'that he did not care for them,' and bending down a small elm beside which he was standing into a bow, declared 'that he would treat the Indians in the same way.' This elm is still standing [in Nashua], a venerable and magnificent tree."

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METACOM

CAPTAIN JOHN LOVEWELL

3. [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. On July 16, 1859 he would correct a date mistake buried in the body of the text.)

4. When the historian Parson Symmes would write up this Sunday incident he would alter the date to May 8th — in order to fudge the fact that Chaplain Frye had been doing this bloody work on the Holy Day.



THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK:

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PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1728

August 6, Tuesday (Old Style): The General Court of the Massachusetts Bay colony granted six square miles of land in New Hampshire to the survivors, and the heirs of nonsurvivors, of [Captain John Lovewell](#)'s merry crew of race murderers. This grant would initially be known as "Lovewell's Town," but would almost immediately rename itself "Suncook" and eventually would be deemed to constitute "Pembroke."



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1730

December 9, Wednesday (Old Style): The Suncook, New Hampshire Proprietors drew for their first division of lots. The smallest size awarded was 40 acres of the very prime real estate, and all other award portions made up of somewhat less desirable real estate were so constructed as to be of a value approximately equal to these, regardless of their number of acres. Francis Doyen (one of [Captain John Lovewell](#)'s merry crew of race murderers) and his spouse had been the initial white inhabitants to winter in the township (1728/1729), and they may have been the initial permanent settlers.

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

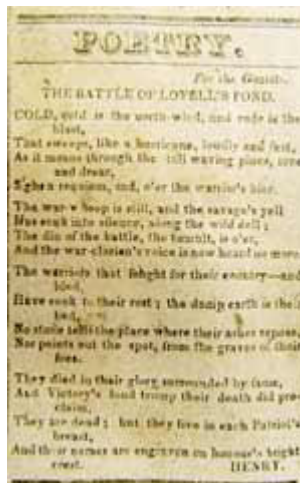
1820

November 17, Friday: A first poem by a new poet, "The Battle of Lovell's Pond" by [Henry Wadsworth Longfellow](#) (age 13), appeared in the Portland, Maine Gazette.

This is what the poet had looked like at age 8, in 1815:



And now, this is what the clipping would look like (after it had a chance to get nice and yellowish):



Cold, cold is the north wind and rude is the blast
That sweeps like a hurricane loudly and fast,
As it moans through the tall waving pines lone and drear,
Sighs a requiem sad o'er the warrior's bier.

The war-whoop is still, and the savage's yell
Has sunk into silence along the wild dell;
The din of the battle, the tumult, is o'er,
And the war-clarion's voice is now heard no more.

The warriors that fought for their country, and bled,
Have sunk to their rest; the damp earth is their bed;



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No stone tells the place where their ashes repose,
Nor points out the spot from the graves of their foes.

They died in their glory, surrounded by fame,
And Victory's loud trump their death did proclaim;
They are dead; but they live in each Patriot's breast,
And their names are engraven on honor's bright crest.

The topic was a dustup during [King Phillip's War](#) and you may well note that the “warriors that fought for their country, and bled” were not those pesky redskins. I'll leave it up to you to decide whether this 13-year-old's initial published poem was any improvement over the traditional one that had been recounting the event:

Of worthy Captain LOVEWELL, I purpose now to sing,
How valiantly he served his country and his King;
He and his valiant soldiers did range the woods full wide,
And hardships they endured to quell the Indian's pride.

'Twas nigh unto Pigwacket, on the eighth day of May,
They spied a rebel Indian soon after break of day;
He on a bank was walking, upon a neck of land,
Which leads into a pond as we're made to understand.

Our men resolved to have him, and travelled two miles round,
Until they met the Indian, who boldly stood his ground;
Then up speaks Captain LOVEWELL, “Take you good heed,” says he,
“This rogue is to decoy us, I very plainly see.

“The Indians lie in ambush, in some place nigh at hand,
In order to surround us upon this neck of land;
Therefore we'll march in order, and each man leave his pack;
That we may briskly fight them when they make their attack.”

They came unto this Indian, who did them thus defy,
As soon as they came nigh him, two guns he did let fly,
Which wounded Captain LOVEWELL, and likewise one man more,
But when this rogue was running, they laid him in his gore.

Then having scalped the Indian, they went back to the spot,
Where they had laid their packs down, but there they found them not,
For the Indians having spied them, when they them down did lay,
Did seize them for their plunder, and carry them away.

These rebels lay in ambush, this very place hard by,
So that an English soldier did one of them espy,
And cried out, “Here's an Indian”; with that they started out,
As fiercely as old lions, and hideously did shout.

With that our valiant English all gave a loud huzza,
To show the rebel Indians they feared them not a straw:
So now the fight began, and as fiercely as could be,
The Indians ran up to them, but soon were forced to flee.

Then spake up Captain LOVEWELL, when first the fight began,
“Fight on my valiant heroes! you see they fall like rain.”
For as we are informed, the Indians were so thick,
A man could scarcely fire a gun and not some of them hit.

Then did the rebels try their best our soldiers to surround,
But they could not accomplish it, because there was a pond,
To which our men retreated and covered all the rear,
The rogues were forced to flee them, although they skulked for fear.

Two logs there were behind them that close together lay,
Without being discovered, they could not get away;
Therefore our valiant English they travelled in a row,



PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

And at a handsome distance as they were wont to go.

'Twas ten o'clock in the morning when first the fight begun,
And fiercely did continue until the setting sun;
Excepting that the Indians some hours before 'twas night,
Drew off into the bushes and ceased a while to fight.

But soon again returned, in fierce and furious mood,
Shouting as in the morning, but yet not half so loud;
For as we are informed, so thick and fast they fell,
Scarce twenty of their number at night did get home well.

And that our valiant English till midnight there did stay,
To see whether the rebels would have another fray;
But they no more returning, they made off towards their home,
And brought away their wounded as far as they could come.

Of all our valiant English there were but thirty-four,
And of the rebel Indians there were about fourscore.
And sixteen of our English did safely home return,
The rest were killed and wounded, for which we all must mourn.

Our worthy Captain LOVEWELL among them there did die,
They killed Lieut. ROBBINS, and wounded good young FRYE,
Who was our English Chaplain; he many Indians slew,
And some of them he scalped when bullets round him flew.

Young FULLAM too I'll mention, because he fought so well,
Endeavoring to save a man, a sacrifice he fell:
But yet our valiant Englishmen in fight were ne'er dismayed,
But still they kept their motion, and WYMAN'S Captain made,

Who shot the old chief PAUGUS, which did the foe defeat,
Then set his men in order, and brought off the retreat;
And braving many dangers and hardships in the way,
They safe arrived at Dunstable, the thirteenth day of May.



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PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

A WEEK: In the words of the old nursery tale, sung about a hundred years ago, –

“He and his valiant soldiers did range the woods full wide,
And hardships they endured to quell the Indian’s pride.”

In the shaggy pine forest of Pequawket they met the “rebel Indians,” and prevailed, after a bloody fight, and a remnant returned home to enjoy the fame of their victory. A township called Lovewell’s Town, but now, for some reason, or perhaps without reason, Pembroke, was granted them by the State.

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Who was our English Chaplin; he many Indians slew,
And some of them he scalped while bullets round him flew.”

Our brave forefathers have exterminated all the Indians, and their degenerate children no longer dwell in garrisoned houses nor hear any war-whoop in their path. It would be well, perchance, if many an “English Chaplin” in these days could exhibit as unquestionable trophies of his valor as did “good young Frye.” We have need to be as sturdy pioneers still as Miles Standish, or Church, or Lovewell. We are to follow on another trail, it is true, but one as convenient for ambushes. What if the Indians are exterminated, are not savages as grim prowling about the clearings to-day? –

“And braving many dangers and hardships in the way,
They safe arrived at Dunstable the thirteenth (?) day of May.”

But they did not all “safe arrive in Dunstable the thirteenth,” or the fifteenth, or the thirtieth “day of May.”

PEOPLE OF
A WEEK

METACOM

MYLES STANDISH

BENJAMIN CHURCH

CAPTAIN JOHN LOVEWELL




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1832

 [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#)'s story "Roger Malvin's Burial" relied on tales of a famous, or infamous, interracial dustup that had occurred in what would become Maine on May 9, 1725.

THE BATTLE OF PEQUAKET

The house that eventually would become [the Alcott family](#)'s "Hillside" and [the Hawthorne family](#)'s "The Wayside" was purchased by Horatio Cogswell, who would make it his home during some of the time until 1845. (In 1836, however, the house would be occupied by Albert Lawrence Bull, brother of Ephraim Wales Bull.)

[Anonymous, by [Bronson Alcott](#)], "Principles and Methods of Intellectual Instruction Exhibited in the Exercises of Young Children," Annals of Education, II (January, 1832), 52-56; II (November, 1832), 565-570; III (May 1833), 219-223.



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1846

June 5, Friday: *MOSES FROM AN OLD MANSE* was published by Wiley and Putnam of New-York. In the Preface to this volume, [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#) reminisced about a visit of unknown date to the [Battle Bridge](#) in [Concord](#) with James Russell Lowell.⁵



The volume included [Hawthorne](#)'s story "Roger Malvin's Burial" that relied on tales of a famous, or infamous, interracial dustup that had occurred in what would become Maine on May 9, 1725.

THE BATTLE OF PEQUAKET



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1849

May 30, Wednesday: As the last Wednesday in May, this was Election Day.

James Munroe and Co. published [Henry Thoreau's A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS](#) with the notice in its endpapers, "Will soon be published, WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS. By Henry D.

5. It is likely that it was this occasion that Lowell would improve in his "Lines (Suggested by the Graves of Two English Soldiers on Concord Battle Ground)" that would be published in the March 29th, 1849 issue of [The Anti-Slavery Standard](#), the poem from which would be drawn the decoration of the graven stone that now adorns the site:



Question: Do we know that the Army soldiers who were killed in the dustup with the militia at the bridge were British enlistees rather than American? Had they actually come 3,000 miles from the places of their birth to kill people to keep the past upon its throne, or had they perhaps come merely 30 or 300 miles from the places of their birth to kill people to keep the past upon its throne? (A significant percentage in the enlistment of such Redcoats was of local colonial lads, you know.)



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Thoreau.”



TIMELINE OF WALDEN

The author had included comments on the captivity narrative of Hannah Emerson Duston in the “Thursday” chapter,⁶ recycling some material about the validity of historicizing which he had originally created while contemplating the captivity narrative of [Mistress Mary Rowlandson](#) of Lancaster after hiking past the rocky terrain on which Rowlandson had been ransomed and which he had previously incorporated into “A Walk to Wachusett”:

On beholding a picture of a New England village as it then appeared, with a fair open prospect, and a light on trees and river, as if it were broad noon, we find we had not thought the sun shone in those days, or that men lived in broad daylight then. We do not imagine the sun shining on hill and valley during Philip’s war, nor on the war-path of Paugus, or Standish, or Church, or Lovell, with serene summer weather, but a dim twilight or night did those events transpire in. They must have fought in the shade of their own dusky deeds.

CAPTIVITY AND RESTAURATION

Bob Pepperman Taylor has, in his monograph on the political content of [Thoreau](#)’s ideas **AMERICA’S BACHELOR UNCLE: THOREAU AND THE AMERICAN POLITY**. (Lawrence KA: UP of Kansas, 1996), provided a most interesting analysis of Thoreau’s accessing of the Hannah Emerson Duston story. The author starts his chapter “Founding” by offering three [Waldo Emerson](#) sound bytes by way of providing us with a typically

6. The version of the Reverend [Cotton Mather](#), the version of Friend [John Greenleaf Whittier](#), the [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#) version, and the [Thoreau](#) version of the Hannah Emerson Duston captivity narrative may now best be contrasted in Richard Bosman’s **CAPTIVITY NARRATIVE OF HANNAH DUSTON RELATED BY COTTON MATHER, JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE AND HENRY DAVID THOREAU, FOUR VERSIONS OF EVENTS IN 1697, INTERSPERCED WITH THIRTY-FIVE WOOD-BLOCK PRINTS BY RICHARD BOSMAN** (San Francisco CA: Arion Press, 1987). Also see Amer, Robert. “The Story of Hannah Duston: Cotton Mather to Thoreau.” [American Transcendental Quarterly](#) 18 (1973):19-23.



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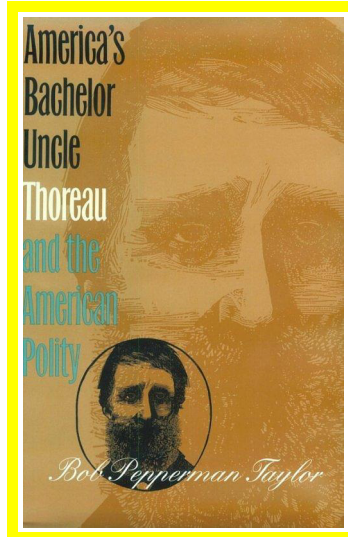
PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

trivial Emersonian take on the concepts of nature and freedom:

"The old is for slaves."

"Do not believe the past. I give you the universe a virgin today."

"Build, therefore, your own world."



Bob Pepperman Taylor points up in his monograph how tempted Emerson scholars have been, to presume that Thoreau would have shared such a perspective on nature and freedom, and offers C. Roland Wagner as a type case for those who have fallen victim to such an easy identification of the two thinkers. Here is Wagner as he presented him, at full crank:

Thoreau's uncompromising moral idealism, despite its occasional embodiment in sentences of supreme literary power, created an essentially child's view of political and social reality. Because his moral principles were little more than expressions of his quest for purity and of hostility to any civilized interference with the absolute attainment of his wishes, he was unable to discriminate between better and worse in the real world.

Taylor's comment on this sort of writing is that

if Thoreau holds an understanding of nature and freedom similar to that found in Emerson's writings, we cannot expect a social and political commentary of any real sophistication or significance. In this event, it is easy to think that Thoreau is little more than a self-absorbed egoist. There are good reasons to believe, however, that Thoreau's views are significantly different than Emerson's on these matters. In fact, these differences can be dramatically illustrated by looking at Thoreau's first book, A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS. In this work Thoreau immerses himself in American colonial history, specifically investigating the relationship between Indian and European settler. Far from encouraging us to escape our past, to cut ourselves off from our social legacies and the determinative facts of our collective



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lives, Thoreau provides us with a tough, revealing look at the historical events and conditions and struggles that have given birth to contemporary American society ... what is thought of as a painfully personal and apolitical book is actually a sophisticated meditation on the realities and consequences of the American founding.

In other words, Taylor is going to offer to us the idea that Emerson was not, and Thoreau was, a profound political thinker. He goes on in this chapter "Founding" to further elaborations upon the overlooked sophistication of the political analysis offered by Thoreau in [A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS](#):

Thoreau begins his book with the following sentence: "The Musketaquid, or Grass-ground River, though probably as old as the Nile or Euphrates, did not begin to have a place in civilized history, until the fame of its grassy meadows and its fish attracted settlers out of England in 1635, when it received the other but kindred name of *Concord* from the first plantations on its banks, which appears to have been commenced in a spirit of peace and harmony." Out of respect for historical chronology, Thoreau presents the Indian before the English name for the river. The river itself and, by implication, the native inhabitants are of ancient lineage, while "Concord" and the people responsible for this name are relative newcomers. In the second sentence of text, Thoreau explains that the Indian name is actually superior to the English, since it will remain descriptively accurate as long as "grass grows and water runs here," while Concord is accurate only "while men lead peaceable lives on its banks" -- something obviously much less permanent than the grass and flowing water. In fact, the third sentence indicates that "Concord" has already failed to live up to its name, since the Indians are now an "extinct race." Thoreau wastes no time in pointing out that regardless of the "spirit of peace and harmony" that first moved the whites to establish a plantation on this river, relations between the natives and the settlers soon exhibited very little concord indeed. In these opening sentences Thoreau presents us with an indication of a primary problem motivating his trip down the Concord and Merrimack Rivers: he hopes to probe the nature of the relationship between Indian and white societies and to consider the importance of this relationship for understanding our America. Joan Burbick, one of the few to recognize the primacy of the political theme underlying Thoreau's voyage, writes that in this book Thoreau "tries to forge the uncivil history of America." We know the end of the story already: one "race" annihilates the other. Part of Thoreau's intention is to not let us forget this critical truth about our society, to remind us that our founding is as bloody and unjust as any, try as we may to put this fact out of sight and tell alternative stories about our past. As the story progresses throughout the book, however, we see that another intention is to explain the complexity and ambiguity of the historical processes that led to and beyond this bloody founding. The history Thoreau presents is "uncivil" in two senses: first, and most obviously, it is about violent, brutal, uncivil acts; second, it is not the official or common



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self-understanding that the nation wants to hold. Thoreau's journey is not only aimed at personal self-discovery, despite the obvious importance of that theme for the book. On the contrary, the opening sentences and the problems they pose suggest that Thoreau is first and foremost interested in a project of discovery for the nation as a whole, the success of which will depend upon looking carefully at the relationship between settler and native. The project of self-discovery is to be accomplished within the context of this larger social history. Thoreau's personal and more private ruminations are set quite literally between ongoing discussions of events from the colonial life of New England. We are never allowed to forget for very long that our contemporary private lives are bounded by, in some crucial sense defined within, the possibilities created by this earlier drama of Indian and colonist.

Duston is taken from childbed by attacking Indians, sees "her infant's brain dashed out against an apple-tree," and is held captive with her nurse, Mary Neff, and an English boy, Samuel Lennardson. She is told that she and her nurse will be taken to an Indian settlement where they will be forced to "run the gauntlet naked." To avoid this fate, Duston instructs the boy to ask one of the men how to best kill an enemy and take a scalp. The man obliges, and that night Duston, Neff, and Lennardson use this information to kill all the Indians, except a "favorite boy, and one squaw who fled wounded with him to the woods" -- the victims are two men, two women, and six children. They then scuttle all the canoes except the one needed for their escape. They flee, only to return soon thereafter to scalp the dead as proof of the ordeal. They then manage to paddle the sixty or so miles to John Lovewell's house and are rescued. The General court pays them fifty pounds as bounty for the ten scalps, and Duston is reunited with her family, all of whom, except the infant, have survived the attack. Thoreau ends the story by telling us that "there have been many who in later times have lived to say that they had eaten of the fruit of that apple tree," the tree upon which Duston's child was murdered. Striking as it is, many of the themes of this story are repetitive of what has come before, a powerful return to the material from the opening chapters, primarily the violence in "Monday." Thus, Thoreau starkly conveys the grotesque violence on both sides of the conflict, and he concludes here, as he did earlier, that we are the beneficiaries, even the products, of these terrible events -- it is we, of course, who have "eaten of the fruit of that apple-tree." But this story is different too. Most obviously, it is a story in which women and children, traditional noncombatants, play a crucial role. The brutality in the Lovewell campaigns is between men who voluntarily assume the roles of warrior and soldier. The brutality in the Duston story is aimed primarily at those who are most innocent, children. And this brutality, like that among male combatants, is not confined to one side. The Indians murder Duston's infant, but she, in turn, methodically kills six children and attempts to kill the seventh (the "favorite boy" was a favorite within his family, not to Duston). In addition, this murder of children



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is conducted not only by men but by women and children as well. The violence and hostility between Indian and settler have reached a point at which all traditional restraints have vanished, where the weakest are fair game and all members of the community are combatants. Here, not in the Revolution, is the climax of the American founding. In this climax all colonists and Indians, even women and children, are implicated, and the entire family of Indians, not just the male warriors, is systematically killed off. This frenzy of violence, of escalating atrocity and counteratrocity, of total war, is the natural culmination of the processes Thoreau has been describing throughout the book. The Duston story represents the victory of the colonists and the final destruction of the Indians. Thoreau is returning down the river to his own home, as Duston had to hers 142 years earlier. His investigation into the nature of the American founding, his "uncivil history," is mainly complete. Consider Thoreau's use of the Hannah Emerson Duston story as the climax of a historical process set in motion by the collision of incompatible societies. He is appalled by the events, but he also understands that they are the culmination of huge political conflicts that are greater than the individual players.

Bob Pepperman Taylor goes on in this chapter "Founding" about the political content of [A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS](#) to consider each drama of Indian and colonist recounted there by [Thoreau](#), culminating in the last and perhaps most powerful of these major tales, that of the Hannah Emerson Duston odyssey in "Thursday":

It is instructive to contrast this analysis with [Cotton Mather](#)'s simple praise of Duston as a colonial heroine and with [Hawthorne](#)'s shrieking condemnation of her when he calls her "this awful woman," "a raging tigress," and "a bloody old hag" on account of her victims being primarily children. Thoreau's analysis is considerably more shrewd than either Mather's or Hawthorne's, and Thoreau resists the temptation of either of these simpler and much less satisfactory moral responses. Thoreau's conclusion about our political interconnectedness is built upon a hard-boiled and realistic political analysis combined with a notable moral subtlety. As we have seen, Thoreau believes that the forms of life represented by Indian and colonist are simply and irrevocably incompatible; the structure of each requires a mode of production and a social organization that makes it impossible to accommodate the other. This argument is compelling ... the Hannah Emerson Duston story in [A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS](#) represented for Thoreau the final destruction of the Indians at the hands of the white settlers.



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Joan Burbick, one of the few to recognize the primacy of the political theme underlying Thoreau's story of a riverine quest, points up the fact that in his [A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS](#) Thoreau was attempting to "forge the uncivil history of America." Here is our narrative as it is supposed to get itself narrated, within a basic-rate Western Union telegraph message of eleven words:

- 1 One
- 2 race
- 3 must
- 4 snuff
- 5 the
- 6 others
- 7 White
- 8 to
- 9 play
- 10 and
- 11 win

[Thoreau](#) is not going to allow his readers to indulge in any foundation myth that can serve as a legitimization scenario, but instead he is going to remind us that our founding as been quite as vicious, quite as bloody as any other. Thus we find, in the pages of his book, that when he refers to the three extraordinarily notorious Indian-killers [Captain Myles Standish](#) of the Plymouth Colony, [Captain Benjamin Church](#) of King Phillip's War, and [Captain John Lovewell](#) of the 18th Century, he does so by deployment of one single, solitary, unremarkable descriptor: "sturdy." These problematic individuals were, simply, sturdy men. They did what in their time seemed to need to be done, to wit, exterminate entire families of people, man, woman, and child, who threateningly differ from one's own sort.



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A WEEK: In the words of the old nursery tale, sung about a hundred years ago, –

“He and his valiant soldiers did range the woods full wide,
And hardships they endured to quell the Indian’s pride.”

In the shaggy pine forest of Pequawket they met the “rebel Indians,” and prevailed, after a bloody fight, and a remnant returned home to enjoy the fame of their victory. A township called Lovewell’s Town, but now, for some reason, or perhaps without reason, Pembroke, was granted them by the State.

“Of all our valiant English, there were but thirty-four,
And of the rebel Indians, there were about four-score;
And sixteen of our English did safely home return,
The rest were killed and wounded, for which we all must
mourn.

“Our worthy Capt. Lovewell among them there did die,
They killed Lieut. Robbins, and wounded good young Frye,
Who was our English Chaplin; he many Indians slew,
And some of them he scalped while bullets round him flew.”

Our brave forefathers have exterminated all the Indians, and their degenerate children no longer dwell in garrisoned houses nor hear any war-whoop in their path. It would be well, perchance, if many an “English Chaplin” in these days could exhibit as unquestionable trophies of his valor as did “good young Frye.” We have need to be as sturdy pioneers still as Miles Standish, or Church, or Lovewell. We are to follow on another trail, it is true, but one as convenient for ambushes. What if the Indians are exterminated, are not savages as grim prowling about the clearings to-day? –

“And braving many dangers and hardships in the way,
They safe arrived at Dunstable the thirteenth (?) day of May.”

But they did not all “safe arrive in Dunstable the thirteenth,” or the fifteenth, or the thirtieth “day of May.”

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MYLES STANDISH

BENJAMIN CHURCH

CAPTAIN JOHN LOVEWELL



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When the Reverend [George Ripley](#) would review [A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS](#), he would profess to be disturbed at what he took to be [Thoreau](#)'s irreverent stance:⁷

...he asserts that he considers the Sacred Books of the Brahmins in nothing inferior to the Christian Bible ... calculated to shock and pain many readers, not to speak of those who will be utterly repelled by them.

[Thoreau](#) inscribed a copy of his book for the Reverend [Orestes Augustus Brownson](#), writing on the front free endpaper: "Rev O.A. Brownson with the Regards of the author." This copy is now in the rare book collection of the University of Detroit and it is to be noted that after page 272 the text is unopened. Brownson had not read past that point:

7. In 1853 or 1854, in the creation of Draft F of WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS, Henry Thoreau would tack in what would be in effect a response to the Reverend [George Ripley](#)'s reaction to [A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS](#):

I do not say that the Reverend Ripley will realize all this; but such is the character of that morrow which mere lapse of time can never make to dawn. The light which puts out our eyes is darkness to us. Only that day dawns to which we are awake. There is more day to dawn. The sun is but a morning star.

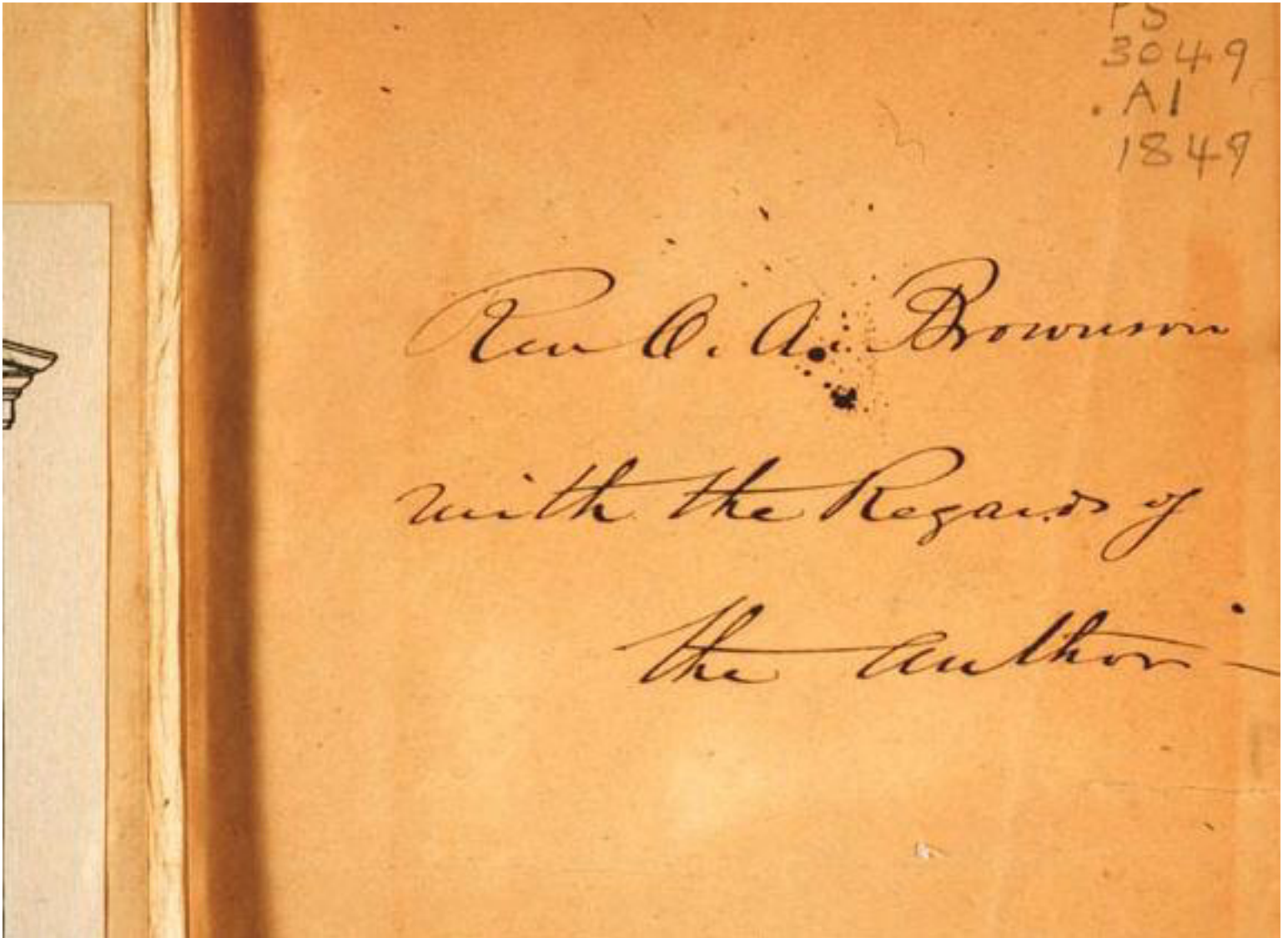
(Well, OK, what he would insert would not be so specific as this, actually he would distance the remark through the deployment of cartoon characters: instead of "the Reverend Ripley" he wrote "John or Jonathan.")



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“MAGISTERIAL HISTORY” IS FABULATION, HISTORY IS CHRONOLOGY



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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: August 2, 2014



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*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.



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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.