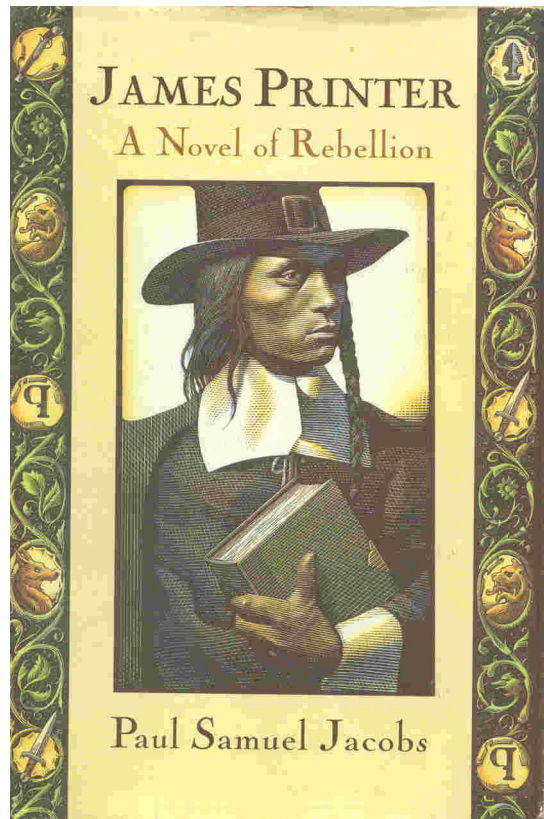


JAMES PRINTER, THE NATIVE TYPESETTER OF CAMBRIDGE



James Printer was born.

James Printer became a member of the Natick church.

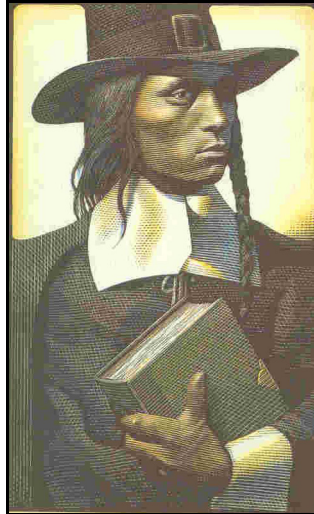
James Printer's brother Joseph Tukapewillin became a native minister of the Gospel.

JAMES PRINTER

JAMES PRINTER

1659

The native American who would become known as [James Printer](#) began his apprenticeship to Samuel Green, Sr. at the Cambridge Press. He would work there approximately until 1675, and then work there again after participating (on the native side) in the race war.



1675

~~August 30, Monday (Old Style):~~ Captain Samuel Mosely, acting upon available evidence which hardly rose above the level of race suspicion, arrested [James Printer](#) and 14 other of the Christian native Americans who happened to be in the Praying Indian village of *Hassanemesit* (today's Grafton MA), allegedly on suspicion of the murder of the seven whites at Lancaster on August 22nd. He had these detainees roped together at the neck as was his custom, and marched them from near Marlborough into Boston for their "trial."

"KING PHILLIP'S WAR"

(Note that one of the puns during this period, was for the white Christian English to refer to these red Christian natives, the so-called "Praying Indians," as the "Preying Indians.")

Though important services had been rendered to the country by the Praying Indians, yet such a great and indiscriminate prejudice had arisen among the common people against all natives, that the very name of Indian had become hateful. Under these circumstances the government passed an order, 30th August, 1675, to confine all the Praying Indians to five towns; and none were allowed to go a mile from any town under forfeiture of their lives. The same day, fifteen of the Christian Indians were unjustly seized at Marlborough and carried to Boston, bound neck to neck. They were confined in prison nearly a month before their trial, which resulted in their honorable acquittal. This was



JAMES PRINTER

JAMES PRINTER

done by a captain without authority, but was a most unfortunate occurrence for the company, and the cause of much of the subsequent trouble.¹

In October 1675, the government ordered that the militia of Suffolk and Middlesex be "put in a posture of war; and be ready to march at a minute's warning to prevent danger;" and at the same time authority was given to Capt. Timothy Wheeler "to impress an able gunsmith to repair to [Concord](#) to be resident there for the fixing up of arms from time to time during the war for this and the towns adjacent." "Committees of militia," somewhat resembling the committees of safety in the revolution of 1775, were appointed in the several towns. The Hon. Peter Bulkeley was chairman of that committee in Concord. He and Joseph Dudley were appointed in November to "attend the forces that are now to go forth against the enemy, and to be ministers unto them."²

September: [James Printer](#) and the 14 other Christian Indians who had been arrested by Captain Samuel Mosely for the murder of seven whites at Lancaster on August 22nd were found innocent by the court, whereupon they narrowly avoided being [lynched](#).

"KING PHILLIP'S WAR"

November 1, Monday (Old Style): On approximately this day a number of Christian Indians, among them [James Printer](#), were being taken captive at Magunkaquog, Chabanakongkomun, and Hassanamesitt (today's Grafton MA) by about 300 Nipmuc warriors who had enlisted in this race war after three of their fellows had been executed in Plymouth MA, and marched off into the forest. You are red people, you are out people: come fight these white fiends with us or we will have to kill you.

"KING PHILLIP'S WAR"

In retaliation, the English attacked the remainder of the town of Hassanamesitt. A battle was fought on Keith Hill, and the story is that the English were better at keeping their powder dry because they were wearing garments which could be used to cover their gun locks in the rainstorm.

1. The assertion of many writers, that these Indians were suspected of treachery, does not appear true after reading [Major Daniel Gookin](#)'s MS account of this affair.
2. [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.)

1676

February 10, Thursday (1675, Old Style), sunrise: 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 Nipmucs. 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,³ 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,⁴

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,

3. These surviving colonists of Lancaster, including the family of Daniel Hudson (1), would seek shelter in [Concord](#).

JAMES PRINTER

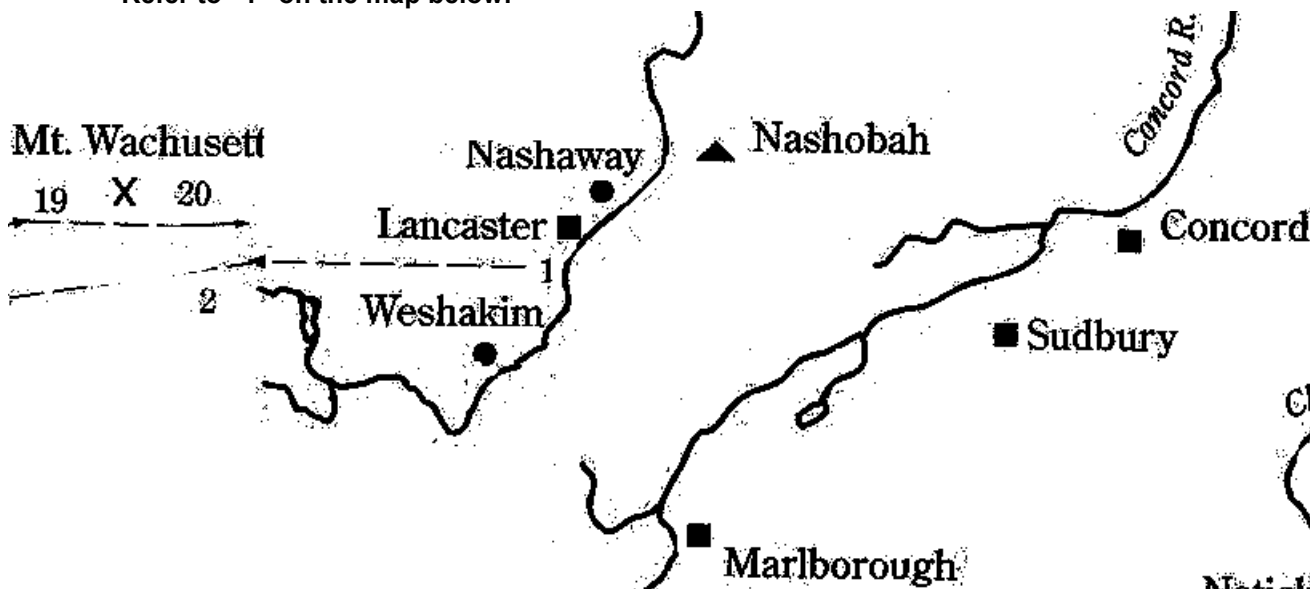
JAMES PRINTER

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 bulletts 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 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

4. 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!



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.

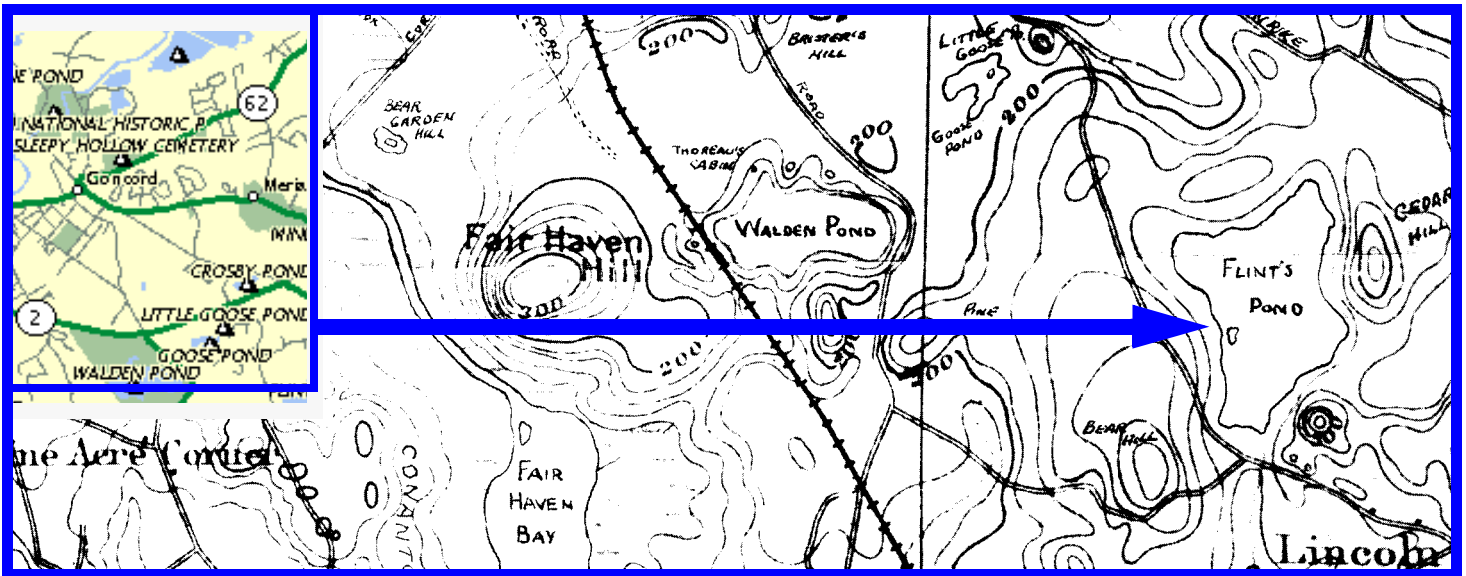
On the fourth day, Mistress Rowlandson would meet Robbert Pepper, who had been captured during the ambush at Beers Plain in Northfield the previous September. He would suggest that she put a poultice of oak leaves on her wound, as that had earlier cured a wound on his own leg. On February 18th, Mary's 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 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.

JAMES PRINTER

JAMES PRINTER

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 Eliot⁵ 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.⁶ "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:⁷

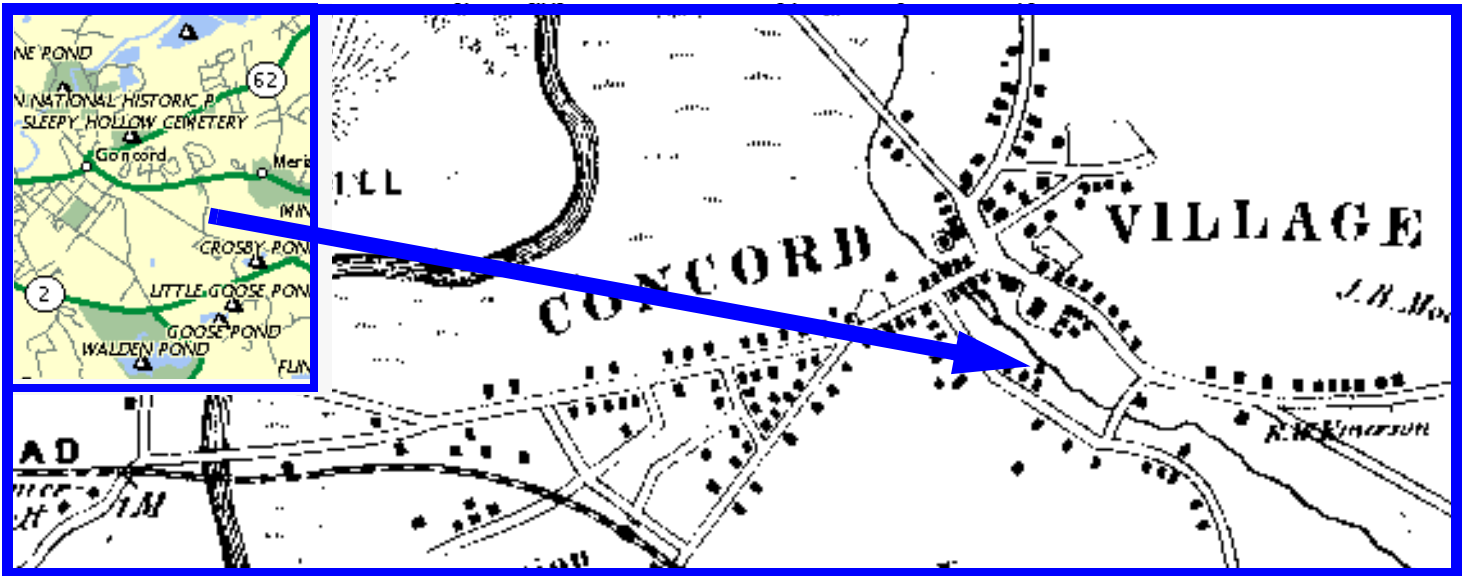
5. The Reverend John Eliot was doing what he could to shield his flock "when some of the people of Massachusetts, actuated by the most infuriate spirit, intended to have destroyed them" (ALLEN'S BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY), but his position was inevitably a compromised and therefore a compromising position.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

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

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

JAMES PRINTER

JAMES PRINTER



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].

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.⁸ 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 Petuhanit⁹ was in this group of hostages.

“KING PHILLIP’S WAR”

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*, *Ifaac* and *Jacob Sheppard* by Name, about the middle of *February*; and a young Maid that was fet to watch upon an Hill, of about 15 Years of Age, was carried Captive; who ftrangely efcaped away upon an Horfe that the *Indians* had taken from *Lancafter* 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.¹⁰

8. [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.

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

10. [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.)

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 “ftrangely efcaped” above.)

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!

~~REDACTED~~

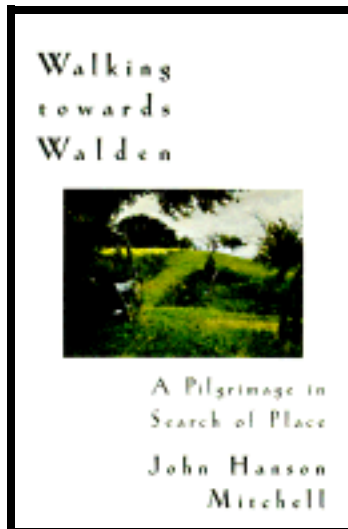
In 1947, Townsend Scudder told the story in the following manner, on pages 30-31 of his CONCORD: AMERICAN TOWN, making the incident responsible for the willingness of the Concordians to have the Praying Indians they had been protecting roped together by the neck and marched down to the racial concentration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

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.



According to the diary of Samuel Sewall,

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

April 27, Thursday (Old Style): [Simon Willard](#) was buried in Charlestown, Massachusetts.

The commander-in-chief of the white people in the New England race war arrived in [Concord](#) and designated that town as his place of rendezvous.

Tom Dublett (*Nepanet*, 3d husband of Sarah Doublett), with Peter Conway, or *Tatatiquinea*, returned with a letter written by [James Printer](#), alleging that “[Mrs Rolanson](#)” had said that the [Reverend John Rowlandson](#) her husband would be willing to pay £20 “in goodes” to ransom her.

The fortified house of the Woodcock family, in what was then [Rehoboth](#) but is now Attleborough, was attacked and burned, and Nathaniel Woodcock and another Englishman were killed and John Woodcock wounded.

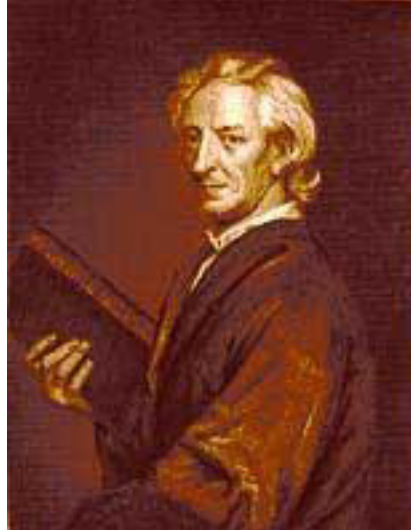
“KING PHILLIP’S WAR”

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

JAMES PRINTER

JAMES PRINTER

My Wife entertained her Majestie at Deptford, for which the Queene gave [me] thanks in the Withdrawing roome at White-hall.





JAMES PRINTER

JAMES PRINTER

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](#)



JAMES PRINTER

JAMES PRINTER

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

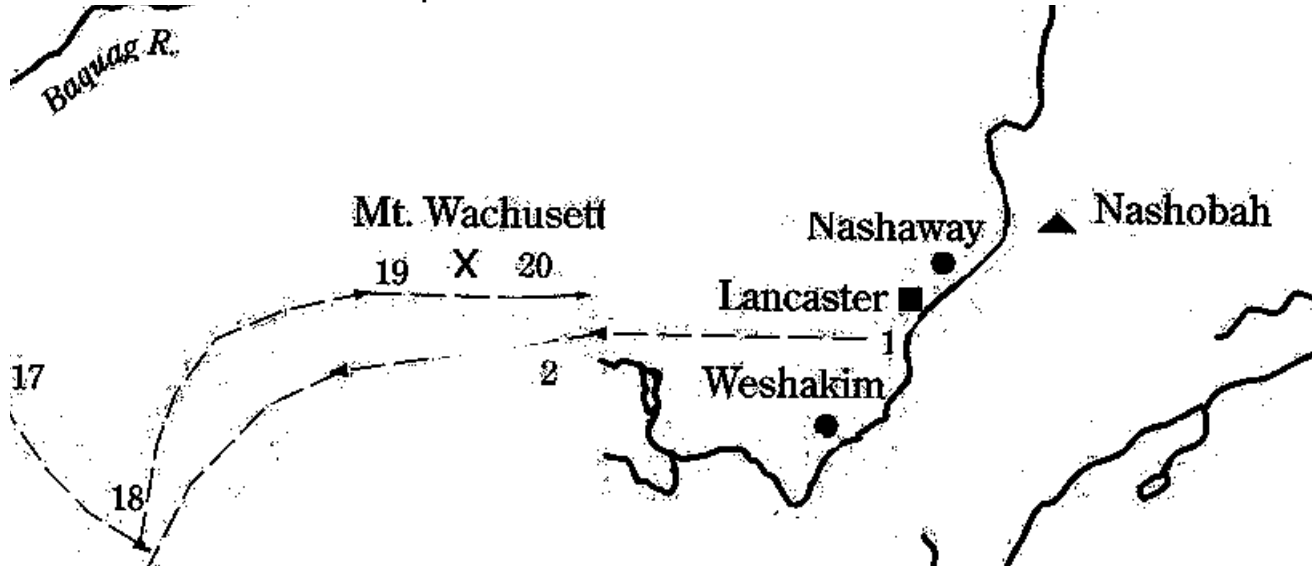
The Twentieth Remove: It was their usual manner to remove, when they had done any mischief, lest they should be found out; and so they did at this time. We went about three or four miles, and there they built a great wigwam, big enough to hold an hundred Indians, which they did in preparation to a great 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](#)

JAMES PRINTER

JAMES PRINTER

Refer to "20" on the map below:





JAMES PRINTER

JAMES PRINTER

METACOM

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 handfuls 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.

CAPTIVITY AND RESTAURATION



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

June 11, Sunday (Old Style): Captain Daniel Henchman wrote from Marlborough to the war council of the Massachusetts Bay Colony in Boston:

Some Indian scouts sent out this day have brought in Captain Thom, his daughter, and two children, being found about ten miles to the soudest of this place.



JAMES PRINTER

JAMES PRINTER

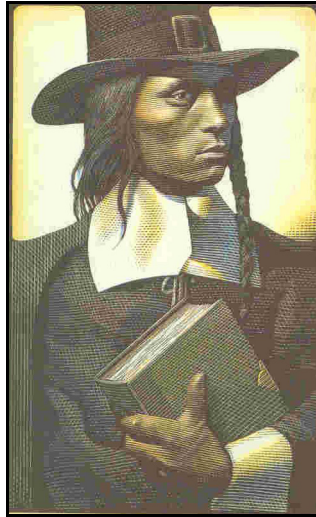
There was more of them, viz: two that were gone a fishing, so not lighted of. This company with some others at other places, of which James Prenter [perhaps this would be a reference to the Harvard-educated native American printer we know as "[James Printer](#)"] is one, did as they say leave the enemy by times in the spring with an intent to come in to the English, but dare not for fear of our scouts. These prisoners say that many of the enemy hearing that there was like to be a treaty with Samuel did intend to go in to him. Mr. Scott also coming from Concord yesterday informs me, that one of the old squaws there doth not question but that if she may have liberty to go to Samuel, he and his company will come in to the English.

"KING PHILLIP'S WAR"

JAMES PRINTER

JAMES PRINTER

July 2, Sunday (Old Style): At Cambridge, [James Printer](#) took part in the proclaimed amnesty, an amnesty which had



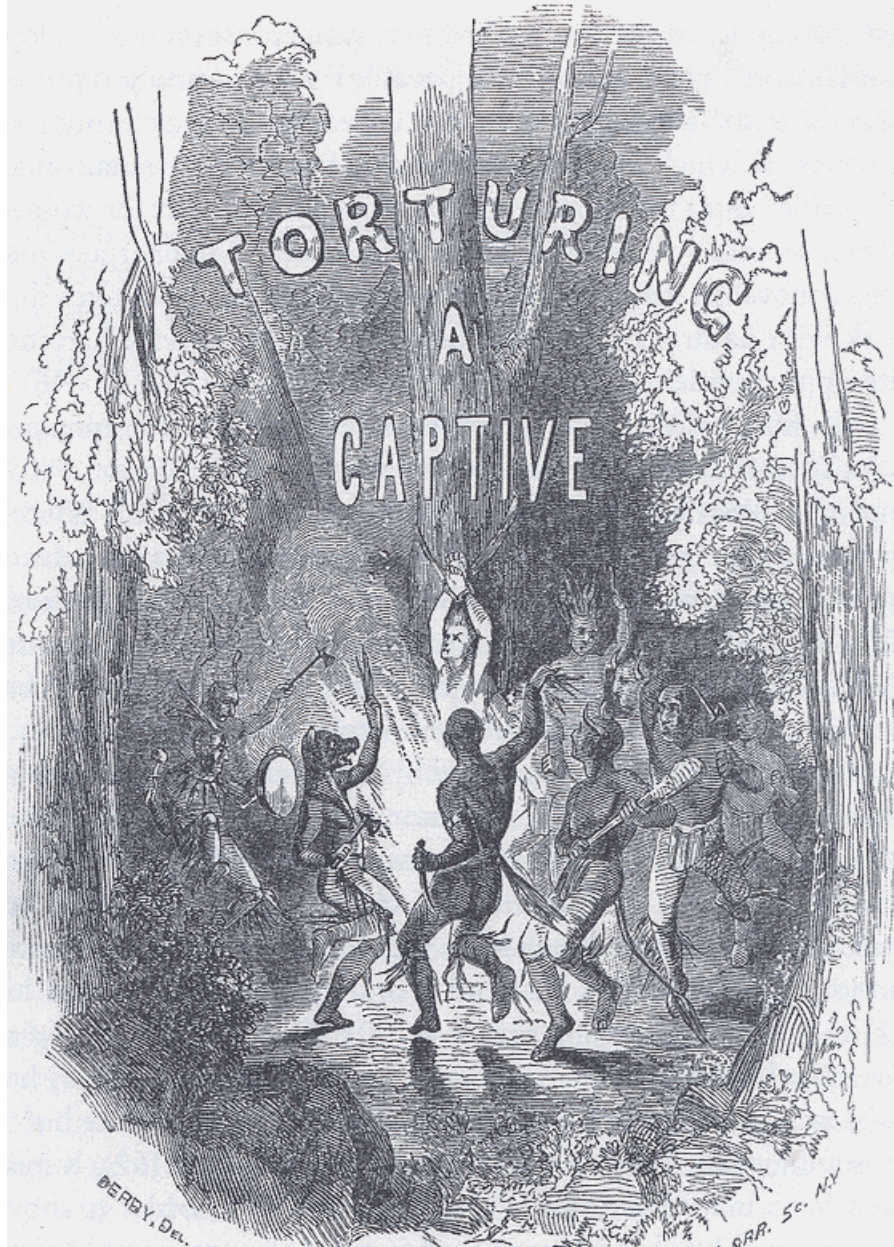
been extended to him in particular by the Massachusetts Council. These Boston Christians had charged [Major Daniel Gookin](#) to convey a special condition to him, that he should carry along with him as he came into Boston to surrender as proof of the sincerity of his repentance, “som of the enemies heads.” He forthwith came forward displaying the heads of two of his former compatriots of the forest, and was accepted back into the Christian fold.

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 Nipmunks. 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.

The 300 Connecticut troopers headed by Major John Talcott, with their Pequot and Mohegan auxiliaries, began a sweep of Connecticut and [Rhode Island](#), rounding up any remnant Algonquins. Quaiapen was the widow of Miantonomo’s eldest son Mexanno, and the sister of Ningret, sachem of the Niantics. She was therefore Squaw

JAMES PRINTER**JAMES PRINTER**

Sachem of one of these bands. The fugitives whom Quaiapen was leading, with her highly regarded chief counselor Potock, and with the chief native engineer, called by the English "Stone Wall John," the man who is said to have designed the Queen's Fort, are all presumed to have been slaughtered in one action at the south bank of the [Pawtuxet](#) River, near [Natick](#) (the body count afterward was 238 corpses). Although the English were not squeamish about offing people if it was inconvenient to hold them captive, they were exceedingly upset at the pleasure their Mohegan allies were deriving from the deliberate torture of captives.



As individuals were rounded up throughout this summer season, where convenient the English would be kindly and sell them as slaves to be transported off the continent. Potock, however, knew a whole lot, as he had been a high-level counselor, and so he was carefully interrogated. Presumably this questioning was accompanied by serious torture for, at the completion of the process, he was summarily executed.

"KING PHILLIP'S WAR"



JAMES PRINTER

JAMES PRINTER

At some later point in her life: [Mistress Mary Rowlandson](#) would ruminate on the meaning and significance of the sufferings imposed upon her:

Our family being now gathered together (those of us that were living), the South Church in Boston hired an house for us. Then we removed from Mr. Shepard's, those cordial friends, and went to Boston, where we continued about three-quarters of a year. Still the Lord went along with us, and provided graciously for us. I thought it somewhat strange to set up house-keeping with bare walls; but as Solomon says, "Money answers all things" and that we had through the benevolence of Christian friends, some in this town, and some in that, and others; and some from England; that in a little time we might look, and see the house furnished with love. The Lord hath been exceeding good to us in our low estate, in that when we had neither house nor home, nor other necessities, the Lord so moved the hearts of these and those towards us, that we wanted neither food, nor raiment for ourselves or ours: "There is a Friend which sticketh closer than a Brother" (Proverbs 18.24). And how many such friends have we found, and now living amongst? And truly such a friend have we found him to be unto us, in whose house we lived, viz. Mr. James Whitcomb, a friend unto us near hand, and afar off. I can remember the time when I used to sleep quietly without workings in my thoughts, whole nights together, but now it is other ways with me. When all are fast about me, and no eye open, but His who ever waketh, my thoughts are upon things past, upon the awful dispensation of the Lord towards us, upon His wonderful power and might, in carrying of us through so many difficulties, in returning us in safety, and suffering none to hurt us. I remember in the night season, how the other day I was in the midst of thousands of enemies, and nothing but death before me. It is then hard work to persuade myself, that ever I should be satisfied with bread again. But now we are fed with the finest of the wheat, and, as I may say, with honey out of the rock. Instead of the husk, we have the fatted calf. The thoughts of these things in the particulars of them, and of the love and goodness of God towards us, make it true of me, what David said of himself, "I watered my Couch with my tears" (Psalm 6.6). Oh! the wonderful power of God that mine eyes have seen, affording matter enough for my thoughts to run in, that when others are sleeping mine eyes are weeping.

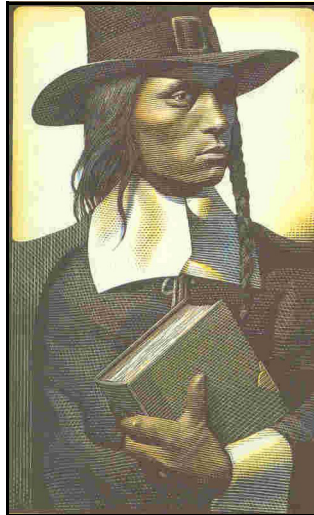
CAPTIVITY AND RESTAURATION

Jill Lepore would point out, on her page 148, that:¹¹

[Mary Rowlandson](#) reconciled herself to her captivity by writing about it; [James Printer](#) reconciled himself with the English by bringing in the scalps or heads of enemy Indians. Words and wounds are not equivalent, but they are sometimes analogous. James Printer picked up a hatchet and killed Indians, Mary Rowlandson picked up a pen and wrote about them. Both responses helped these former captives redeem themselves and return to English society.

1682

According to David L. Greene's "New Light on [Mary Rowlandson](#)" in Early American Literature in 1985 and Kathryn Zabelle Derounian's "The Publication, Promotion, and Distribution of Mary Rowlandson's Indian Captivity Narrative in the Seventeenth Century" in Early American Literature in 1988, the captivity narrative of Mrs. Mary Rowlandson was initially published at this point along with her husband the Reverend Joseph Rowlandson's final sermon. The volume would prove so popular that it would go through four printings in the first year. The Reverend Rowlandson had died on November 24, 1678, and on August 6, 1679, less than a year later, his widow had been remarried to Captain Samuel Talcott. We can imagine several overdetermining reasons why this 2d hubby would have needed to go unmentioned in the preface to the narrative as published. We are reasonably sure that another reluctant participant in King Philip's War, the literate native American known to us as [James Printer](#), set the type in Cambridge for this book 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.



11.  Jill Lepore. THE NAME OF WAR: "[KING PHILIP'S WAR](#)" AND THE ORIGINS OF AMERICAN IDENTITY. NY: Alfred A. Knopf, 1998



JAMES PRINTER

JAMES PRINTER

(He had taken part in the proclaimed amnesty, which was extended to him on special conditions by the white Boston Christians, by meeting with those special conditions and carrying along with him as he came into Boston to surrender, as proof of the sincerity of his repentance, the heads of two of his former compatriots of the forest.) This captivity-and-escape narrative would become the original American bestseller, going through three printings in this year in America plus one in England. Only four tattered copies have survived of that original edition, which was literally read to pieces by its contemporary audience, although 22 copies would survive of the corrected and amended 2d edition as now electronically republished in this “Kouroo” contexture:¹²

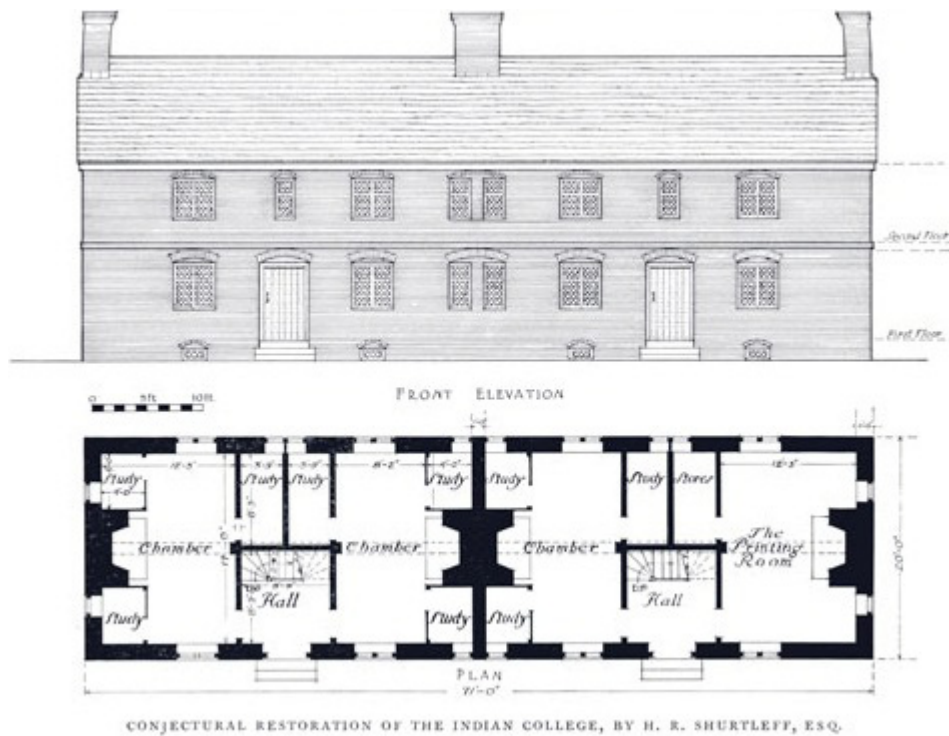
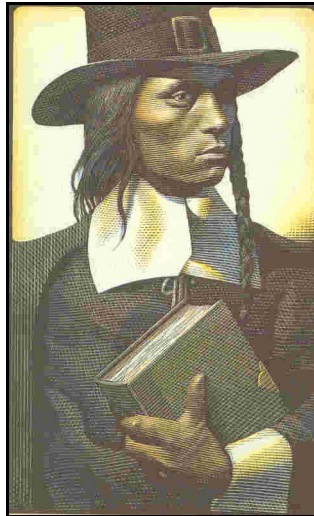
“AND I ONLY AM ESCAPED ALONE TO TELL THE NEWS.”

CAPTIVITY AND RESTAURATION

12. Jill Lepore would point out that our fascination with the trial and tribulation of the white woman who had been marched off into the forest has been entirely unmatched by any fascination with the trial and tribulation of the red man who had been marched off into the forest.

1709

In this year we have the last record of [James Printer](#)'s name appearing on a book imprint.





JAMES PRINTER

JAMES PRINTER

1717

James Printer died at Hassenemesit (Hassanamesit).



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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: October 20, 2013

JAMES PRINTER

JAMES PRINTER

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, upon someone's request we have pulled it out of the hat of a pirate that has grown out of the shoulder of our pet parrot "Laura" (depicted above). What these chronological lists are: they are research reports compiled by ARRGH algorithms out of a database of data modules which we term the Kouroo Contexture. This is data mining. To respond to such a request for information, we merely push a button.



JAMES PRINTER

JAMES PRINTER

Commonly, the first output of the program has obvious deficiencies and so we need to go back into the data modules stored in the contexture and do a minor amount of tweaking, and then we need to punch that button again and do a recompile of the chronology – but there is nothing here that remotely resembles the ordinary “writerly” process which 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 your requests with <Kouroo@kouroo.info>.
Arrgh.