



SQUAW SACHEM WEETAMOO OF THE WAMPANOAG

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



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1661

Massasoit died and was succeeded by his 1st son, Wamsutta, the one who had been nicknamed “Allexander” (sic) by the whites.¹

Att the earnest request of Wamsitta, desiring that in regard his father is lately deceased, and hee being desirouse, according to the custome of the natives, to change his name, that the Court would confer an English name upon him, which accordingly they did, and therefore ordered, that for the future hee shalbee called by the name of Allexander Pokanokett; and desiring the same in the behalfe of his brother, they have named him Phillip.



Allexander Wamsutta was married to Squaw Sachem Weetamoo of Pocasset. He sold Attleboro lands to the Plymouth colony. This sachem would be signing the land sale documents presented to him by the English sometimes with

an **A** sometimes with a **W** and sometimes with a **M**

(these things are complex, for in fact he had in addition another name beginning with the letter M) as his younger brother Metacom, when he would in his turn become the sachem of the Wampanoag, would be signing these ubiquitous documents with

a big inky **P**

Phillip alias Metacom
his **P**mark

(it all was made to seem so legitimate and respectful and congenial).

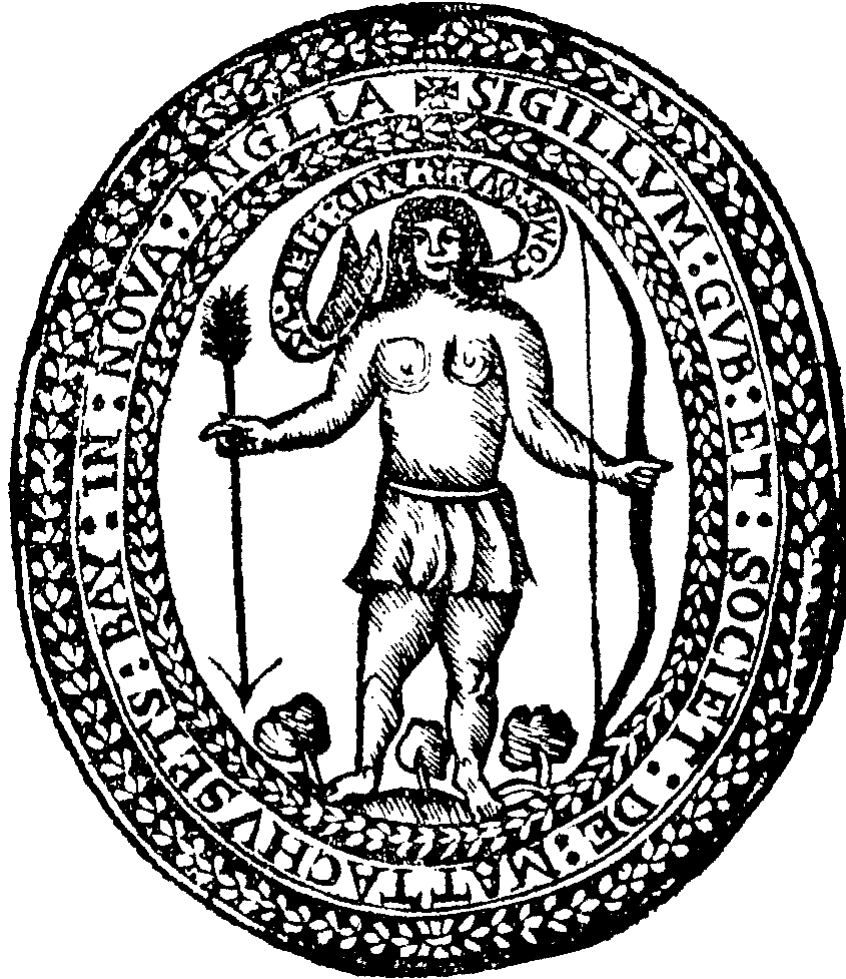
This was the year of the property transaction known as the “Northern Purchase.” The English of Rehoboth

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1. When the seal of the Massachusetts Bay Colony depicted an American native with a cartoon bubble coming out of his mouth, going “Come over and help us,” the reference of course was to the Book of the Acts of the Apostles in the Christian Bible, which has the Apostle Paul dreaming of a Macedonian who is pleading that he “Come over into Macedonia, and help us.”



On that basis, for the whites to have assigned to two Native American sachems the names “Phillip” (*sic*) and “Alexander” (*sic*) two well-known kings of ancient Macedonia, would seem rather innocent. However, bear in mind that it was the naming convention of the period, to refer to persons of color by the deployment of offensively grandiloquent and therefore implicitly derogatory nicknames. The dusky brothers [Wamsutta](#) and [Metacom](#) were therefore nicknamed Alexander and Phillip more or less in the mode in which masterly whites were in the habit of condescending magisterially to their black slaves: such ostentatious names (in the case of black slaves, master-assigned names such as those which Dr. LeBaron of [Plymouth](#) tried to enforce upon his house slaves, such as Pompey and Julius Caesar — starving one of his slaves, Quasho Quando, as punishment when the man absolutely refused to respond to such a name) implicitly gestured toward their low standing in the eyes of the righteous, marking them as pretenders, as con artists, implicitly warning fellow whites not to take them seriously as human beings or as leaders.

In what significant manner does this differ from the period in Central Europe during which Jews were being required to register and to receive family names and were being assigned names, by a sympathetic constabulary, which translate into the ordinary English as “gold-grubber” and as “money-bags”?



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(chartered in 1643 by the [Plymouth](#) Colony, and the birthplace of public education in North America) hired



Thomas Willett to negotiate for them with [Wampanoag](#) sachems for what is now Attleboro and North Attleboro. This 1661 deed still exists and very clearly is signed by Willett and by [Wamsutta](#).² The land in question has clearly belonged to the white man since way back. One of the terms and conditions of this deed document, however, is that part of the property in question had been set aside for perpetual use by the natives. Since there aren't any natives there any longer, and since continuous occupancy is normally taken by our courts to be the signal of native title, this clause would seem to be ancient history — but as of the Year of Our Lord 2003 there is a case pending in the [Rhode Island](#) courts which alleges that legal title to the land district that had been set aside, that seems to amount to [Cumberland](#) and east [Woonsocket](#), is open to challenge.



The bite in this antique document comes from the fact that since the early 1660s, colonial law, and the federal law that followed after this colonial law upon our national independence, has consistently held that no native tribal land could be validly conveyed to another unless that conveyance had the blessing of a federal court, or

2. [Metacom](#) had such a high regard for Captain Thomas Willett that during the race war he ordered that the Willett family not be harmed. When someone who had not heard of this brought the head of Hezekiah Willett to Metacom, thinking that he would be pleased, Metacom did what he could: he adorned the head of Willett's son with wampum, and combed its hair.



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of the US Congress. Since there exists no federal legislative or judicial record whatever, that these lands which had been formally set aside for native use in this Wamsutta/Willett title document have subsequently legitimately been conveyed to anyone else, and since the tribe in question, the Seaconke [Wampanoag](#), happens to be still in existence, it is abundantly clear that the land in question –whatever that land amounts to and whoever now resides upon it– still belongs to them and to them alone. (After the natives lost in this race war known as “[King Phillip’s War](#)”, we understand that very naturally the victorious white colonists simply moved in and took over by eminent domain, selling the red survivors of the war into slavery or packing them off to other lands. However, that makes the situation of these native inheritors similar to, say, the situation of an Israeli Jew who is holding a WWII-era title document to a family home in the Polish town of Oswicum, the German form of the name being “Auschwitz” — a family home now inhabited and defended by non-Jewish Poles who definitely have some sort of piece of paper asserting their invalid title. It seems clear that the legal implications of World War II for its survivors, and the implications of King Phillip’s War for its survivors, have yet to be fully worked out.)

But you can’t please everybody all the time. Soon [Wamsutta](#) fell under suspicion of not favoring one English colony over another, but instead, of the evil practice of selling merely to the highest bidder, favoring his own interest and the interest of his band over the interest of others. He was therefore taken captive by an indignant Major Josiah Winslow and marched rapidly to Duxbury at gunpoint, as part of a strategy to put the arm on him and to induce him to favor the [Plymouth](#) colony over the [Rhode Island](#) colony. They needed for him to pledge to sell no more native American territory to settlers out of the [Rhode Island](#) group, even if those white people were to offer his people a better deal.

Did he not understand who his real friends were? However, while being held under guard in Duxbury, Alexander [Wamsutta](#) became seriously ill, so ill that the guards feared to be blamed for his death and released him to hike home — and in his fever he didn’t make it all the way back.

[Metacom](#), the second son of the *Massasoit*, the one who had been nicknamed “Phillip” by the whites, was at that time 24 years of age, and suspected or professed to suspect that the whites had poisoned his brother, or had caused his illness because of the overexertion of being force-marched at gunpoint, or at the very least had sadly neglected his brother during his fever. That suspicion, well or poorly grounded, was going to cause one hell of a lot of trouble.

[Weetamoo](#), a Pocasset, had been the consort of [Metacom](#)’s older brother [Wamsutta](#). With his death, as his younger brother became Sachem, she became not merely a widow but the Squaw Sachem.

The Reverend [Roger Williams](#), William Field, the Reverend Thomas Olney, Jr., Joseph Torrey, Philip Taber (1605-1672), and John Anthony were associated together in [Providence](#), Rhode Island and Providence Plantations.

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**Inauthentic representation of Metacom
by Paul Revere, for whom an Indian was
an Indian was an Indian, at the Library
of Congress. Done in 1772.**



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NOBODY COULD GUESS WHAT WOULD HAPPEN NEXT





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1676

January 14, Friday (1675, Old Style): The English captured Joshua Tift among the savage enemy, presumed the man to have “gone native,” and hanged and quartered him for this presumed race treason.³

AS THE SITUATION WOULD BE REPORTED IN

The Present State of New-England,

with respect to the Indian War.

Our Scouts brought in Prisoner one [*Joshua*] Tift, a Renegadoe English man, who having received a deserved punishment from our General, deserted our Army, and fled to the Enemy, where he had good entertainment, and was again sent out by them with some of their Forces ; he was shot in the Knee by our Scouts, and then taken before he could discharge his Musket, which was taken from him and found deep charged, and laden with Slugs : He was brought to our Army, and Tried by a Council of War, where he pretended that he was taken Prisoner by the *Indians*, and by them compelled to bear Arms in their Service ; but this being proved to be false, he was Condemned to be Hanged and Quartered, which was accordingly done.

[hearsay offered by a Merchant of Boston]

“KING PHILLIP’S WAR”

3. This presumption was as much a piece of gender politics as of race politics. What actually had happened, to the best of our understanding, was that when Tift had been captured by the native Americans, to save his skin at least for the time being he had agreed to be a sachem’s slave. In precisely the same manner [Mistress Mary Rowlandson](#), to save herself, during her captivity agreed to serve the [Narragansett](#) leader Quinnapin and the squaw sachem [Weetamoo](#) of Pocasset (now [Tiverton](#)). What was legitimate for a white female to do, as consonant with the submissiveness expected of a woman, it appears was not considered legitimate for a white male.



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THE FUTURE CAN BE EASILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT



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



Printer realized that his future lay with her (and hers with him). In the coming weeks Printer served as scribe during negotiations for Mary Rowlandson's redemption. Then, when amnesty was offered to Christian Indians who had joined the enemy, Printer turned himself in to colonial authorities, bringing with him, as required by special instruction, the heads of two enemy Indians – testaments to his fidelity. Eventually Printer returned to his work at the press in Cambridge and, in 1682, in one of the most sublime ironies of King Philip's War, James Printer set the type for The Sovereignty and Goodness of God. Mary Rowlandson and James Printer are indeed a curious pair. Their intricately linked stories are at once uncannily similar and crucially divergent. Before the war, Mary's husband, Joseph Rowlandson, was the minister of her town, while James's brother, Joseph Tukapewillin, was the minister of his. Both Rowlandson and Printer spent the winter of 1675-1676 with enemy 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,⁴ but from her own garrison house and its surroundings, none of the pack of "six stout Dogs belonging to our Garrison," she

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"Stack of the Artist of Kouroo" Project

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



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would complain, would be willing to stir,⁵



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, 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.

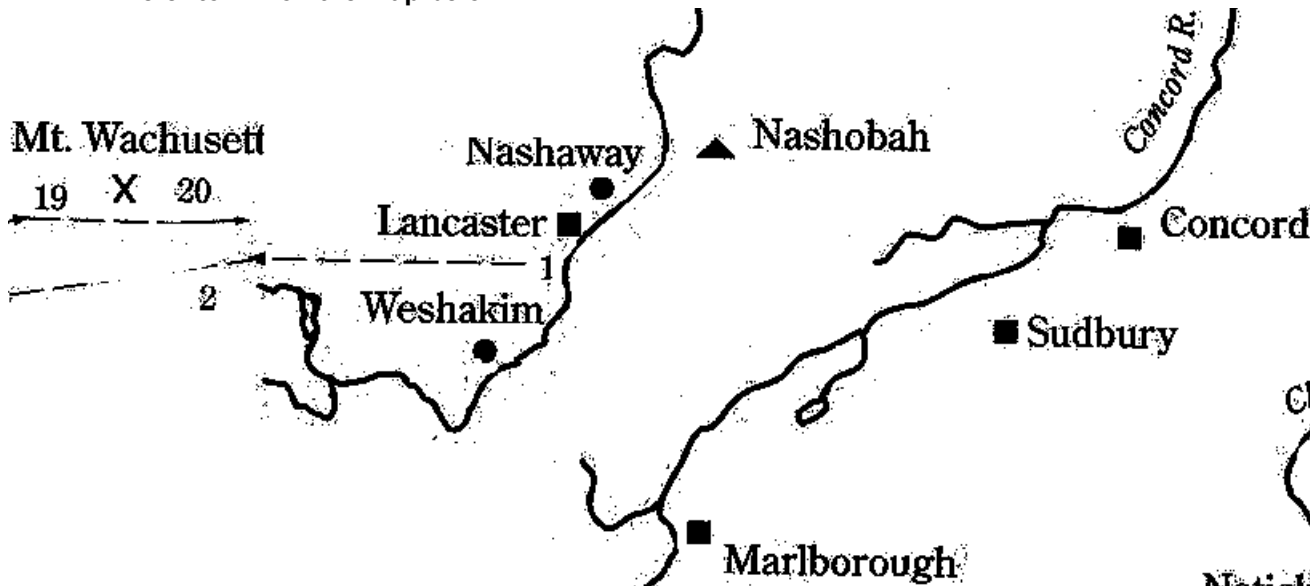
5. You can consult [Mistress Mary Rowlandson](#)'s captivity narrative THE SOVERAIGNTY AND GOODNESS OF GOD, TOGETHER WITH THE FAITHFULNESS OF HIS PROMISES DISPLAYED; BEING A NARRATIVE OF THE [CAPTIVITY AND RESTAURATION](#) OF MRS. MARY ROWLANDSON most conveniently (on paper) in Richard VanDerBeets's 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!

~~just like all the other white people!~~

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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 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,



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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.

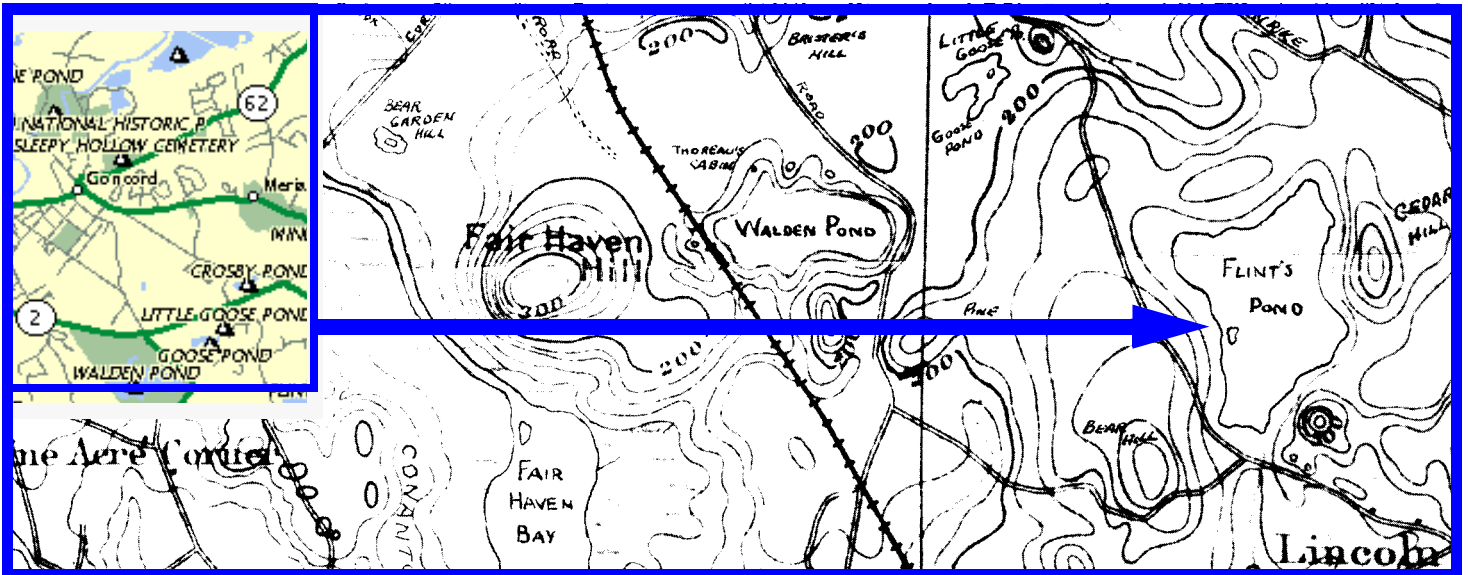
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On this same date, or perhaps a week later than this: When the Praying Indians of [Concord](#), who were Nashobah, were restricted to within a mile of their settlement on Flint's Pond or Sandy Pond,

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(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 Eliot⁶ 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.⁷ "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:⁸

6. 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.

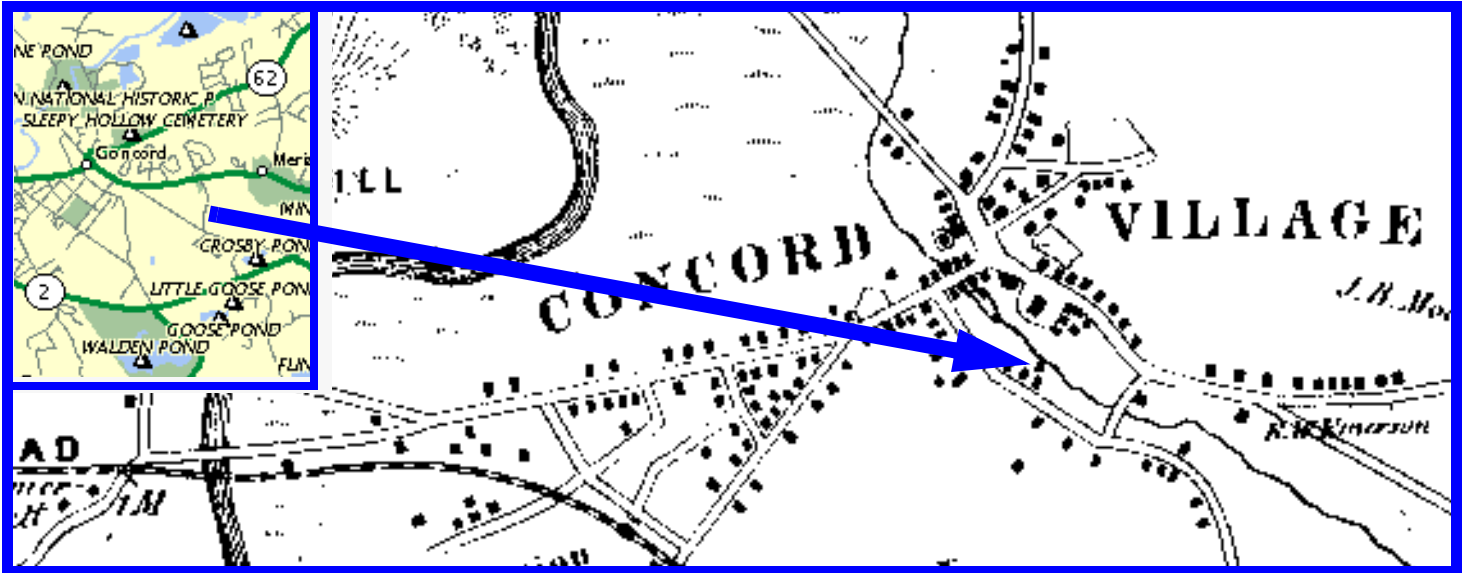
7. A concentration camp for Praying Indian hostages would also be set up on Clark's Island, off Plymouth MA.

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

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



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



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One Sunday soon afterward Captain Samuel Mosely, acting on his own authority, came with his soldiers to [Concord](#) worship, and afterward addressed the congregation. He then marched out to the Hoar stockade, followed by a rabble of townspeople, and demanded that [John Hoar](#) allow him to “inspect” the remaining Praying Indians. He placed his soldiers on guard around the stockade that night, and the next morning caused the Native Americans to be assembled and marched between two files of horsemen to internment on Deer Island. His soldiers of course stripped the Nashobah even of their shirts and shoes, stealing anything worth taking.⁹



VALUES TO DEFEND!

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

We have a note that the wife of Joseph Petuhanit¹⁰ was in this group of hostages.

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9. [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.

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



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

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



two Men were killed at a Farm about *Concord*, *Isaac* and *Jacob Sheppard* by Name, about the middle of *February*; and a young Maid that was fet to watch upon an Hill, of about 15 Years of Age, was carried Captive; who strangely escaped away upon an Horse that the *Indians* had taken from *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.¹¹

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

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

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



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



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

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



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



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



SQUAW SACHEM WEETAMOO

SQUAW SACHEM WEETAMOO

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:

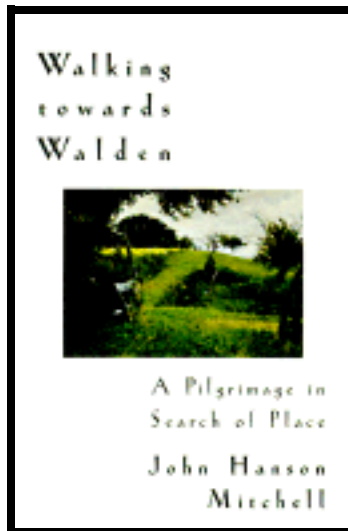


On the western slopes of the hill, in the place known as Quagana Hill, there was a farm held by a family from Concord named Shepard. There were three children in the Shepard family, the youngest of whom, Mary, in 1675 was a fair young woman of some fourteen years. According to the local histories, one 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.



SQUAW SACHEM WEETAMOO

SQUAW SACHEM WEETAMOO



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

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

DIARY OF SAMUEL SEWALL

THE FUTURE IS MOST READILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT





SQUAW SACHEM WEETAMOO

SQUAW SACHEM WEETAMOO

March 31, Friday (Old Style): The Massachusetts Council released *Nepanet* Tom Dublett (Praying Indian, 3d husband of *Kehonosquah* Sarah Doublett) from its Deer Island concentration camp and sent him off into the forest to deliver the following message to *Quinnapi*, a [Narragansett](#) leader, and [Weetamoo](#), the “squaw sachem” of [Pocasset](#), the captors of [Mistress Mary Rowlandson](#):

Intelligence is Come to us that you have some English (especially women and children) in Captivity among you. Wee have therefore sent this messenger offering to redeeme them either for payment in goods or wampum, or by exchange of prisoners.... If you have any among you that can write your Answer to this our messenger, wee desire it in writing, and to that end have sent paper pen and Incke ... provided he [your messenger] Come unarmed and Carry a white flagge upon a staffe vissible to be seene, which wee call a flagg of truce; and is used by civil nations in tyme of warre.

[Friend](#) “Low” (Zoar or Zoeth) Howland of [Newport, Rhode Island](#) was killed at [Pocasset](#), now [Tiverton](#), near the [Aquidneck Island](#) ferry (be careful not to confuse this location with Pocasset, Massachusetts), and his body found in a stream which would come to be known as the Sin and Flesh Brook. (At the end of the race war  a native American named Manasses Molasses suspected of having killed this [Quaker](#) would be sold into slavery.)

“KING PHILLIP’S WAR”

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



SQUAW SACHEM WEETAMOO

SQUAW SACHEM WEETAMOO



About April 21, Friday (Old Style): [Mistress Mary Rowlandson](#) was being hauled along with the Americans in their flight from the English army, clutching her Bible and her faith in the swamp, attempting to deal as best she



SQUAW SACHEM WEETAMOO

SQUAW SACHEM WEETAMOO

could with her distress and her hunger:

METACOM

The Nineteenth Remove: They said, when we went out, that we must travel to Wachusett this day. But a bitter weary day I had of it, traveling now three days together, without resting any day between. At last, after many weary steps, I saw Wachusett hills, but many miles off. Then we came to a great swamp, through which we traveled, up to the knees in mud and water, which was heavy going to one tired before. Being almost spent, I thought I should have sunk down at last, and never got out; but I may say, as in Psalm 94.18, "When my foot slipped, thy mercy, O Lord, held me up." Going along, having indeed my life, but little spirit, Philip, who was in the company, came up and took me by the hand, and said, two weeks more and you shall be mistress again. I asked him, if he spake true? He answered, "Yes, and quickly you shall come to your master again; who had been gone from us three weeks." After many weary steps we came to Wachusett, where he was: and glad I was to see him. He asked me, when I washed me? I told him not this month. Then he fetched me some water himself, and bid me wash, and gave me the glass to see how I looked; and bid his squaw give me something to eat. So she gave me a mess of beans and meat, and a little ground nut cake. I was wonderfully revived with this favor showed me: "He made them also to be pitied of all those that carried them captives" (Psalm 106.46).

My master [Qinnapin] had three squaws, living sometimes with one, and sometimes with another one, this old squaw, at whose wigwam I was, and with whom my master had been those three weeks. Another was Wattimore [[Weetamoo](#)] with whom I had lived and served all this while. A severe and proud dame she was, bestowing every day in dressing herself neat as much time as any of the gentry of the land: powdering her hair, and painting her face, going with necklaces, with jewels in her ears, and bracelets upon her hands. When she had dressed herself, her work was to make girdles of wampum and beads. The third squaw was a younger one, by whom he had two papooses. By the time I was refreshed by the old squaw, with whom my master was, Weetamoo's maid came to call me home, at which I fell weeping. Then the old squaw told me, to encourage me, that if I wanted victuals, I should come to her, and that I should lie there in her wigwam. Then I went with the maid, and quickly came again and lodged there. The squaw laid a mat under me, and a good rug over me; the first time I had any such kindness showed me. I understood that Weetamoo thought that if she should let me go and serve with the old squaw, she would be in danger to lose not only my service, but the redemption pay also. And I was not a little glad to hear this; being by it raised in my hopes, that in God's due time there would be an end of this sorrowful hour. Then came an Indian, and asked me to knit him three pair of stockings, for which I had a hat, and a silk handkerchief. Then another asked me to make her a shift, for which she gave me an apron.

CAPTIVITY AND RESTAURATION



SQUAW SACHEM WEETAMOO

SQUAW SACHEM WEETAMOO

Then came Tom and Peter, with the second letter from the council, about the captives. Though they were Indians, I got them by the hand, and burst out into tears. My heart was so full that I could not speak to them; but recovering myself, I asked them how my husband did, and all my friends and acquaintance? They said, "They are all very well but melancholy." They brought me two biscuits, and a pound of tobacco. The tobacco I quickly gave away. When it was all gone, one asked me to give him a pipe of tobacco. I told him it was all gone. Then began he to rant and threaten. I told him when my husband came I would give him some. Hang him rogue (says he) I will knock out his brains, if he comes here. And then again, in the same breath they would say that if there should come an hundred without guns, they would do them no hurt. So unstable and like madmen they were. So that fearing the worst, I durst not send to my husband, though there were some thoughts of his coming to redeem and fetch me, not knowing what might follow. For there was little more trust to them than to the master they served. When the letter was come, the Sagamores met to consult about the captives, and called me to them to inquire how much my husband would give to redeem me. When I came I sat down among them, as I was wont to do, as their manner is. Then they bade me stand up, and said they were the General Court. They bid me speak what I thought he would give. Now knowing that all we had was destroyed by the Indians, I was in a great strait. I thought if I should speak of but a little it would be slighted, and hinder the matter; if of a great sum, I knew not where it would be procured. Yet at a venture I said "Twenty pounds," yet desired them to take less. But they would not hear of that, but sent that message to Boston, that for twenty pounds I should be redeemed. It was a Praying Indian that wrote their letter for them. There was another Praying Indian, who told me, that he had a brother, that would not eat horse; his conscience was so tender and scrupulous (though as large as hell, for the destruction of poor Christians). Then he said, he read that Scripture to him, "There was a famine in Samaria, and behold they besieged it, until an ass's head was sold for four-score pieces of silver, and the fourth part of a cab of dove's dung for five pieces of silver" (2 Kings 6.25). He expounded this place to his brother, and showed him that it was lawful to eat that in a famine which is not at another time. And now, says he, he will eat horse with any Indian of them all. There was another Praying Indian, who when he had done all the mischief that he could, betrayed his own father into the English hands, thereby to purchase his own life. Another Praying Indian was at Sudbury fight, though, as he deserved, he was afterward hanged for it. There was another Praying Indian, so wicked and cruel, as to wear a string about his neck, strung with Christians' fingers. Another Praying Indian, when they went to Sudbury fight, went with them, and his squaw also with him, with her papoose at her back. Before they went to that fight they got a company together to pow-wow. The manner was as followeth: there was one that kneeled upon a deerskin, with the company round him in a ring who kneeled, and striking upon the ground with their hands, and with sticks, and muttering or humming with their mouths. Besides him who kneeled in the ring, there also stood one with a gun in his hand. Then he on the deerskin made a speech, and all manifested assent to it; and so they did many times together.



SQUAW SACHEM WEETAMOO

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Then they bade him with the gun go out of the ring, which he did. But when he was out, they called him in again; but he seemed to make a stand; then they called the more earnestly, till he returned again. Then they all sang. Then they gave him two guns, in either hand one. And so he on the deerskin began again; and at the end of every sentence in his speaking, they all assented, humming or muttering with their mouths, and striking upon the ground with their hands. Then they bade him with the two guns go out of the ring again; which he did, a little way. Then they called him in again, but he made a stand. So they called him with greater earnestness; but he stood reeling and wavering as if he knew not whither he should stand or fall, or which way to go. Then they called him with exceeding great vehemency, all of them, one and another. After a little while he turned in, staggering as he went, with his arms stretched out, in either hand a gun. As soon as he came in they all sang and rejoiced exceedingly a while. And then he upon the deerskin, made another speech unto which they all assented in a rejoicing manner. And so they ended their business, and forthwith went to Sudbury fight. To my thinking they went without any scruple, but that they should prosper, and gain the victory. And they went out not so rejoicing, but they came home with as great a victory. For they said they had killed two captains and almost an hundred men. One Englishman they brought along with them: and he said, it was too true, for they had made sad work at Sudbury, as indeed it proved. Yet they came home without that rejoicing and triumphing over their victory which they were wont to show at other times; but rather like dogs (as they say) which have lost their ears. Yet I could not perceive that it was for their own loss of men. They said they had not lost above five or six; and I missed none, except in one wigwam. When they went, they acted as if the devil had told them that they should gain the victory; and now they acted as if the devil had told them they should have a fall. Whither it were so or no, I cannot tell, but so it proved, for quickly they began to fall, and so held on that summer, till they came to utter ruin. They came home on a Sabbath day, and the Powaw that kneeled upon the deer-skin came home (I may say, without abuse) as black as the devil. When my master came home, he came to me and bid me make a shirt for his papoose, of a holland-laced pillowbere. About that time there came an Indian to me and bid me come to his wigwam at night, and he would give me some pork and ground nuts. Which I did, and as I was eating, another Indian said to me, he seems to be your good friend, but he killed two Englishmen at Sudbury, and there lie their clothes behind you: I looked behind me, and there I saw bloody clothes, with bullet-holes in them. Yet the Lord suffered not this wretch to do me any hurt. Yea, instead of that, he many times refreshed me; five or six times did he and his squaw refresh my feeble carcass. If I went to their wigwam at any time, they would always give me something, and yet they were strangers that I never saw before. Another squaw gave me a piece of fresh pork, and a little salt with it, and lent me her pan to fry it in; and I cannot but remember what a sweet, pleasant and delightful relish that bit had to me, to this day. So little do we prize common mercies when we have them to the full.



SQUAW SACHEM WEETAMOO

SQUAW SACHEM WEETAMOO

~~Early that morning a group of about a dozen [Concord](#) men, attempting to infiltrate Sudbury to reinforce it, had been intercepted on the river meadow. Some, it was said later, had been taken alive for torture.¹²~~



... in the Morning, assaulted and burned most of the Houses in *Sudbury* (save those that were ingarrisoned:) Upon which the Town of *Concord* received the Alarm, 12 resolute young Men hastened from thence to their Neighbor's Relief, but were waylaid, and 11 of them cut off;

Subsequent to this disaster, the men of Concord and Chelmsford who had been serving in the army would be released, to go defend their home towns.

12. A NEW AND FURTHER NARRATIVE OF THE STATE OF NEW-ENGLAND; BEING A CONTINUED ACCOUNT OF THE BLOODY INDIAN WAR. FROM MARCH TILL AUGUST 1676. London: Roger L'Efrange, October 13, 1676. Printed by F.B. for Dorman Newman, at the King's Armes in the Poultry.

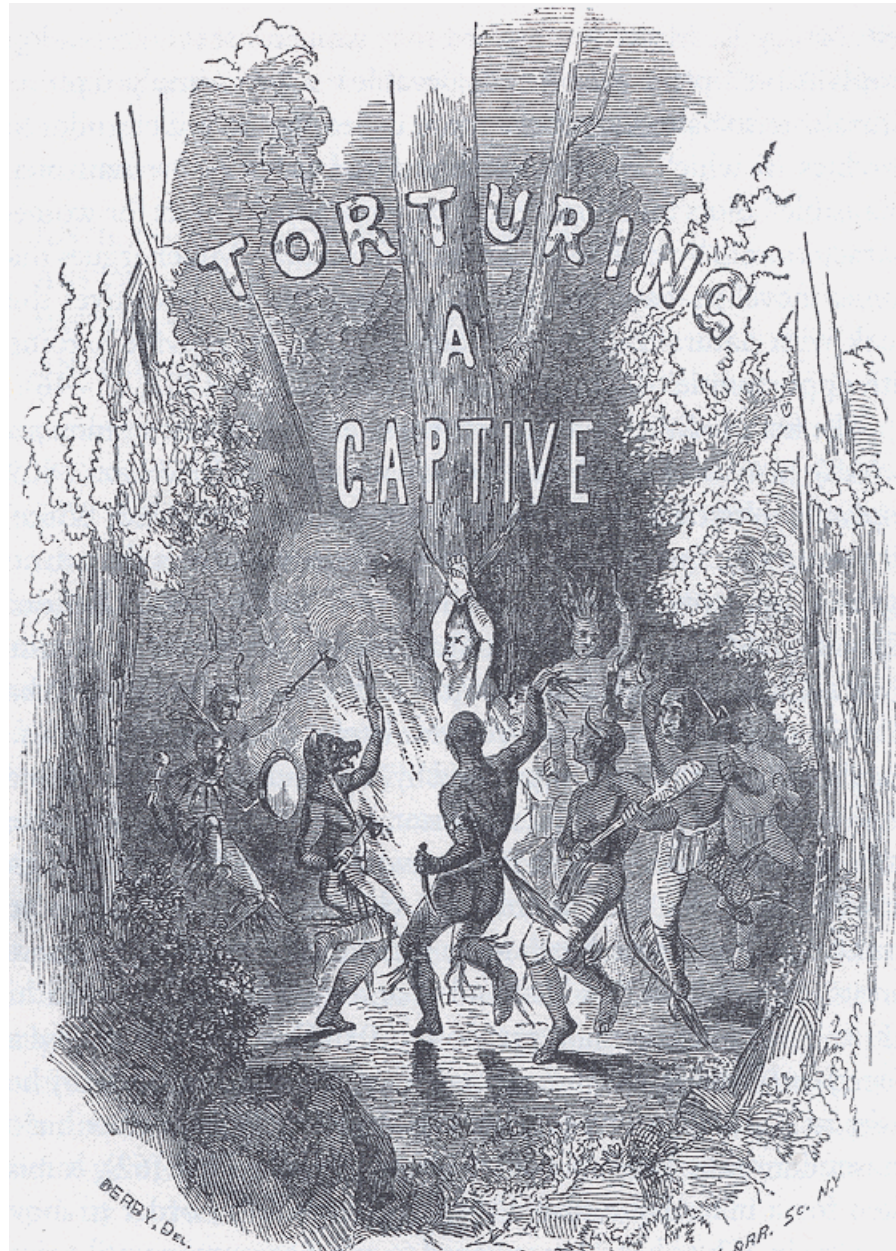
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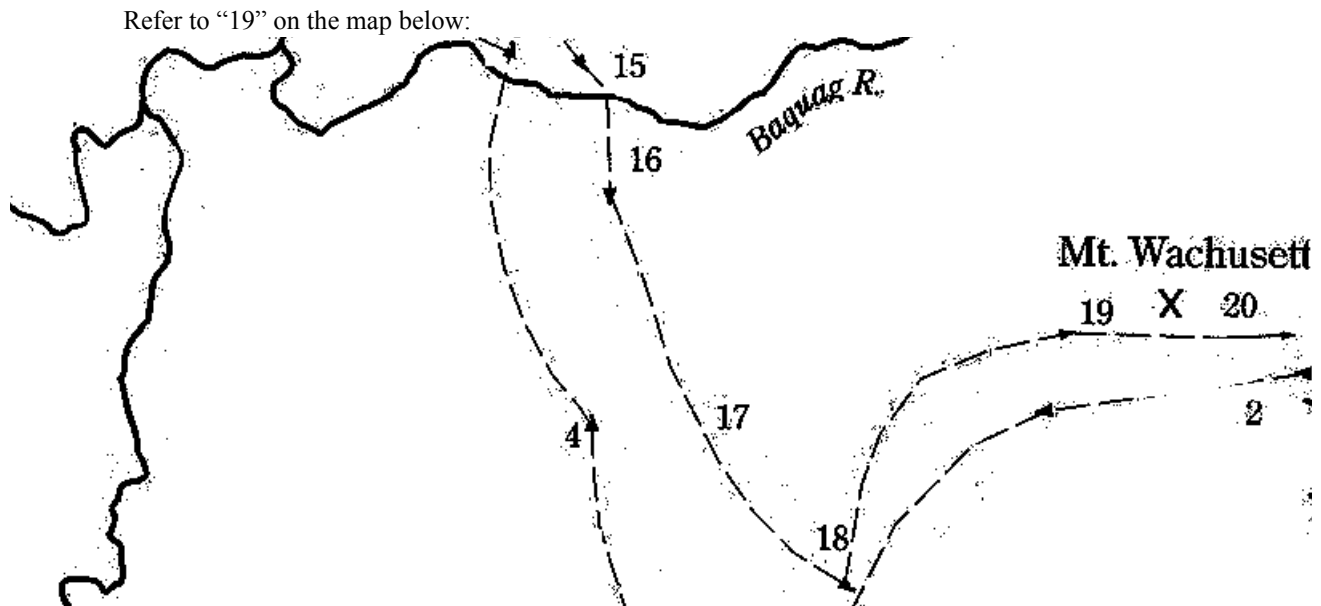


WHAT?



SQUAW SACHEM WEETAMOO

SQUAW SACHEM WEETAMOO



NO-ONE'S LIFE IS EVER NOT DRIVEN PRIMARILY BY HAPPENSTANCE





SQUAW SACHEM WEETAMOO

SQUAW SACHEM WEETAMOO

August 6, Sunday (Old Style): [Weetamoo](#), the squaw sachem of [Pocasset](#) (now [Tiverton, Rhode Island](#), and not to be confused with Pocasset, Massachusetts) who had allied with her kinsman [Metacom](#), was captured by twenty men of Taunton at Gardiner's Neck in Swansea, along with her few remaining followers. She made a break for it on a hastily constructed raft, attempting to get across the Taunton River. When her drowned body was discovered the English mutilated it and, cutting off the head, carried it into [Taunton](#) where they mounted it atop a pole on the village green.¹³

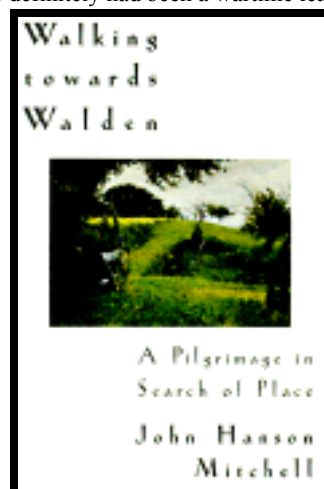


"KING PHILLIP'S WAR"

THE MARKET FOR HUMAN BODY PARTS

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

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





SQUAW SACHEM WEETAMOO

SQUAW SACHEM WEETAMOO

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



VALUES TO DEFEND!

On this same day, in [Concord](#), according to the historian [Daniel Gookin](#), superintendent of the native encampment at Deer Island, some white citizen sighted three of the local native American women with three of their children¹⁴ wandering a bit too far from their official encampment on the shore of Flint’s Pond, onto the “Hurtleberry Hill” just to the southwest of [Walden Pond](#) — the geographical feature that eventually would come to be known by the curious name [Mount Misery](#). This little group, led by John Stoolmester (a native American, who was armed because he had just been released from military service with the whites and had not yet had an opportunity to turn in his weapon), was, presumably, merely out picking “hurtleberries” or huckleberries or whatever, but the countryside around and about Concord had been declared to be a Vietnam-style “free fire zone.” They had ventured than the permitted one mile, indeed they had gone as the crow flies about one and one half miles, from their recognized habitation, all the way to the other side of Walden Pond

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

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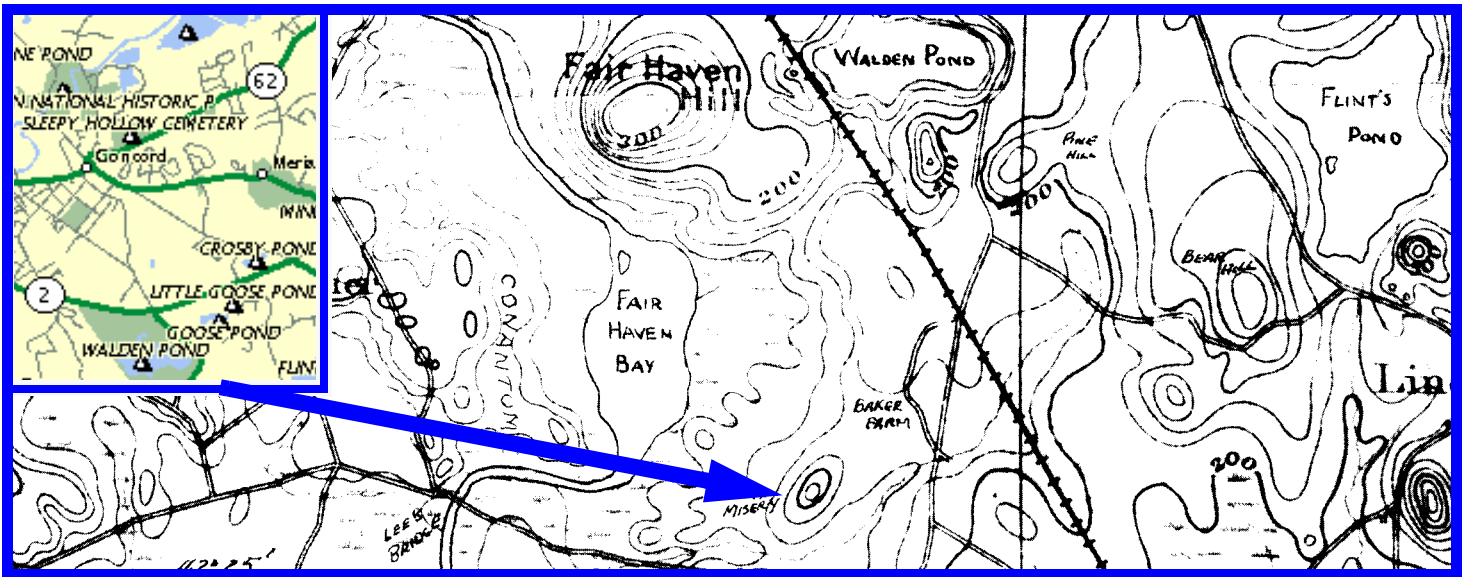
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SQUAW SACHEM WEETAMOO

and onto the Hoar farm! So after the local white men had exchanged some bread and cheese for some of the berries, four of them, [Lieutenant Daniel Hoar](#) (a nephew of [John Hoar](#)), [Daniel Goble](#) and his nephew [Stephen Goble](#) (who had no wife or child and probably was no more than 22 years of age), and [Nathaniel Wilder](#), went out to make themselves the death of this pic-nic. The three women and three children were chased by these four mounted armed white men and then murdered on the north slope of the hill. Their bodies were stripped of their coats and left to lie exposed. When the bodies would be found, some would be noticed to have been “shot through” while others would be noticed to have had “their brains beat out with hatchets.”¹⁵



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



SQUAW SACHEM WEETAMOO

SQUAW SACHEM WEETAMOO



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

— Van Wyck Brooks, THE FLOWERING OF NEW ENGLAND



Later, when Andrew Pittimee, a local Native American who had been serving as a sergeant of the red guides for the white troops fighting in the race war, would return to Concord, he would not be able to find his family.¹⁶ His wife had simply disappeared and was nowhere to be found. His two sisters also had disappeared; they were nowhere to be found. Inquiries revealed that three Indian women and three Indian children had been killed while out huckleberrying —where had they been buried — had their bodies even been buried— and Pittimee started going around making much trouble, talking of equal [hanging](#) for all. A lot of red men were being judged, why shouldn't some white men be judged? The white militiamen who had set up this afternoon's fun, [Lieutenant Daniel Hoar](#) (in charge, giving the orders, defending his family's farm), [Stephen Goble](#) and [Daniel Goble](#), and [Nathaniel Wilder](#), eventually found themselves judged, not only by red people whose opinions really did not count for much, but also by landowners, selectmen, white men whose opinions really did count, to be guilty of the crime of murder. But, gee whiz, weren't they just "following orders"?



[see next screen]

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



SQUAW SACHEM WEETAMOO

SQUAW SACHEM WEETAMOO

AT A COUNCIL Held in BOSTON,

August 30, 1675.

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

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

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

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

The Places of the Indians Residencies are, *Natick, Punguapaog, Nahoba, Wameet, and Hallanemait*: And if there be any that belong to any other Plantations, they are to Repair to some one of these.



SQUAW SACHEM WEETAMOO

SQUAW SACHEM WEETAMOO

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



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

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





SQUAW SACHEM WEETAMOO

SQUAW SACHEM WEETAMOO



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

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



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

— Russell Shorto



"MAGISTERIAL HISTORY" IS FANTASIZING: 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



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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.